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THE BRITISH, THE BOERS,  
AND THE ZULUS.

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**SOUTH AUSTRALIA :**  
**PRINTED BY J. WILLIAMS, KING WILLIAM STREET,**  
**ADELAIDE.**





ISANDHLWANA.

THE HISTORY  
OF THE  
BATTLES AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
THE BRITISH, THE BOERS,  
AND  
THE ZULUS,  
IN  
SOUTHERN AFRICA,  
FROM 1495 TO 1879,  
*Including every Particular of the Zulu War of 1879,*  
WITH A CHRONOLOGY.

---

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL FRANCIS MOODIE.

---

*"Oh blood and thunder! and oh blood and wounds!  
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,  
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds:  
And so they are—yet thus is Glory's dream  
Unriddled."—BYRON.*

~~~~~  
Colored Map and Numerous Illustrations.  
~~~~~

ALSO A  
SHORT SKETCH OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA,  
BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

~~~~~  
Adelaide:  
GEORGE ROBERTSON, PUBLISHER, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE,  
AND ADELAIDE.

1879.

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**TO**

**SIR W. F. DRUMMOND JERVOIS, R.E., C.B., G.C.M.G.,**

**WHOSE TALENTED SOLDIERLY SERVICES**

**WERE FOR SOME TIME EMPLOYED IN SOUTH AFRICA,**

**AND WHO IS NOW,**

**WITH MUCH ADVANTAGE TO THE CROWN AND COLONY,**

**GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**

*Adelaide,*

*October, 1879*



# ISANDHLWANA.

---

The Morning Star, studding the front of day,  
 Gleams on the distant wave in lambent play.  
 And on the Indian Ocean brightly flings  
 Such crimson hues as stain the wild bird's wings :  
 Fair smiles the slumbering earth beneath his rays—  
 There's nought abroad, unless some zephyr plays.  
 But hark ! the sound of booming bittern bird  
 Or rumble of an elephant is heard ;  
 Or is't the martial hum of thousands borne  
 Upon the listening ear of silent morn ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Now high and paling in the flushing sky,  
 Where the red bands in molten silver lie,  
 Bold Phosphor, herald of a coming fight,  
 Serenely gazes on th' unwonted sight.  
 Here in the East, where grass the highest waves,  
 The muttered buzz of countless Zulu braves  
 Alarms the ear, as hoarsely-breathed commands  
 Run thro' the waking and barbaric bands.  
 There to the West the sentry's measured tramp  
 Is heard along the scattered British camp,  
 Which, washed by rain and brightened by the sun,  
 Gleams like the bayonet on the sentry's gun,  
 And dots the carpet of the vernal lea  
 Like snowy crests upon an emerald sea ;  
 While close at hand, a sling's throw to the west,  
 A giant crag uprears its awful crest,  
 Which, soon to bellow with the cannon's boom,  
 Frowns darkly on the sons of pending doom.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! hearts of British mothers ! Harrowing scene !  
 Where late the dews impearled th' enamelled green  
 The death-shriek sounds, as rush the Zulu host  
 Upon the forces of th' unlaagered post.  
 Drunk—maddened with the steam of bloody splash,  
 The yelling savage, with a sickening clash,  
 Sinks his keen weapon in a mortal part,  
 And bursts the heartstrings of another heart !

Bellona roars, and raves in Battle's surge,  
 And mid the tumult plies her reeking scourge;  
 Death's horrid bird, whose shadow sweeps the green,  
 Screams as he wheels, and revels o'er the scene,  
 And whirling round in many a circle there,  
 Drinks with deep draughts the smoke-wreathed sulph'rous air.  
 Oh! fearful odds! The awful work goes on,  
 And, dying hard, full many a Briton's son  
 Fights to the last, and when no foe is found  
 He cheers his panting comrades all around,  
 And back to back, the ammunition done,  
 He plies the steel upon his empty gun.  
 In vain, alas! he sudden sharply cries,  
 And Death's drear shadow darkens o'er his eyes.  
 The war-worn man, of many a foughten field,  
 Piles up the dead, and scorns to sink or yield,  
 Till giant foe, the piercing point to fend,  
 Hurls a dead comrade on the bayonet-end.  
 Then comes the last—he drops from out the line—  
 Death rattles in his throat—he falls supine.  
 Brave to the bone, with martial fever mad,  
 Falls the "short service system" raw-boned lad,  
 To arms untrained, no power within him lies,  
 A martyr to a system bad he dies.  
 Here fell—hard fighting 'gainst their cruel lot—  
 The sons of Shepstone, Moodie, and of Scott;  
 And here the native aids in Britain's cause  
 Died warring to uphold Natalia's laws.  
 Bold Melville and his friend the Zulus braved,  
 And charging home, Victoria's colours saved,  
 Nor paused for breath till on their Sovereign's soil  
 They ceased the labours of their martial toil.  
 Then, bleeding, breathless, dead to all around,  
 They stretched their limbs on Britain's happy ground,  
 And bowed their heads, and nobly died to gain  
 The standard they had saved from captive stain.

\* \* \* \* \*

But lo! the star hath hid his conscious head  
 As Afric's sun glares fiercely on the dead;  
 And high upon the crag's embattled crest  
 Th' expectant vulture takes a moment's rest,  
 And, gloating on the dreadful scene below,  
 Croaks with foul beak his fatal note of woe.  
 With wings outstretched, he sits prepared to sail  
 With whistling pinions o'er the vivid vale,  
 And when the murderous work is fully sped,  
 With drooping talons swoop upon the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fast fall the troops along the British line,  
 Tho' many a black is cloven to the chine,  
 Here Pulleine, Durnford, Anstey, and the rest,  
 On honour's niche imprint their lasting crest,

While Stuart Smith, the bravest of the brave,  
Sheds deathless glory o'er his looming grave,  
And scorning flight, stands to his precious charge,  
Nor leaves his guns in Zulu hands at large,  
But e'en as home he drives the spiking nail,  
The stabbing weapon hurls him on the vale.  
Th' exulting foe, with hoarse resounding cries,  
Spreads slaughter as the scattered army flies,  
And as the westerling sun drops lingering now  
The parting horde descends the eastern brow.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now on high fair Dian's silvery sheen  
In midnight silence walks the blue serene,  
And, softly sparkling on the distant sea,  
Looks sadly down upon th' ensanguined lea :  
There, lying stark beneath the Moon's cold beam,  
Lies many a corpse, as in a peaceful dream.  
A strange, dead calm, with nothing to intrude,  
Reigns o'er this scene mid Nature's solitude.  
A desolation weird and silent still  
Sits brooding o'er the awful vale and hill,  
The ghastly dead lie thickly spread around,  
The Zulu spear has silenced every sound ;  
Nought now is heard saving prowling jackall's cry,  
Or hooting owl on solemn sentry nigh.  
And when the column of the soldier lord  
Recoiled against the river's rapid ford,  
They laid them down at midnight 'mongst the slain,  
And when sweet daylight broke on them again,  
And shewed the horrors of that gory glen,  
Deep choking sobs, ne'er heard before till then,  
Broke from the breasts of bearded veteran men  
To find their comrades stabbed like sheep in pen.  
There lay the friend whose hearty grasp at dawn  
Had cheered the soldier when he marched at morn ;  
But now that hand, in Death's cold grip enchained,  
Clutches the grass with crimson current stained ;  
Affection's eye, which beamed but yester morn  
In kindly feeling at the farewell warm,  
Now fixed in vagueness, with dull glazing dyes  
Appeals in muteness to the pitying skies.  
There lies, as if in sleep, in very sooth,  
The nestling figure of a tender youth,  
Done to an early death by Zulu spear,  
The waving verdure shrouds his body there ;  
No mother's hand or sister's fondness nigh  
"To hush the groan of Life's last agony."

D. C. F. MOODIE.

Adelaide, October, 1879.

## P R E F A C E.

---

"OH that mine adversary had written a book," says Job. I hope I *have* no adversary, but here's the "book"—the second that I have been so bold as to intrude upon the public in South Australia, thus rashly ignoring the teaching of Solomon, who, rather humorously, and as if the effort of writing Ecclesiastes after the Proverbs had fairly exhausted his literary capacity, gravely requests his "son" to be admonished of the fact that "of making many books there is no end."

In venturing to take the liberty of placing before the general public the present work concerning the History of South Africa and the Zulu War, I must plead as my excuse the wide spread interest of the question in hand, the prevailing misconceptions on many points involved in it, and the frequently expressed and eager desire on all sides for ample detail and fuller information as far as regards collateral and surrounding subjects. I have been, at a former period, a resident in South Africa for twenty years, and have, on two different occasions, spent many months in Zululand; on the first occasion accompanying my brother-in-law, the present Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal on an embassy to the late Zulu King, Um Pande, the father of the lately deposed Cetywayo, and on the second occasion, on a hunting trip. I speak the Zulu language

fluently, and considering that all my early associations (social, official, and otherwise) are connected with the localities in which the present scene is laid, and having for some time past gathered a mass of reliable and valuable material from various sources, and having intimate general knowledge of the matter in hand, I now respectfully and confidently place before the public at large the following pages.

It may be said that many books upon the Zulu subject have already emanated from the home press, and that the Zulu power is crushed, but in answer to this I would say, with all due deference, that, firstly, all the works which have come under my notice, with the exception of Mr. Farrer's little book on "Manners and Customs," and a pamphlet by an "Ex-Colonial Chaplain" (which is an epitome of some chapters from Messrs. Brook's and Mann's "Natal"), are absurdly unreliable, and that all the emanations which have rushed into print to catch the market are, in direct contradistinction to the present work, fragmentary and ephemeral; and, secondly, that the Zulu difficulty can hardly (even at this date, October, 1879) be said to be definitely settled.

It is hoped that this work will recommend itself to those who recognise the value of a contemporaneous history, and in answer to friends who fancy that I have gone to press after the interest of my subject is over, I would simply say that it is hardly possible to give a complete record of a lengthened tragedy until such tragedy is concluded. The Adelaide-London telegrams of 13th October, however, inform us that "Despatches have just been received from Sir Garnet Wolseley from South Africa, in which he formally announces the end of the Zulu War." I therefore at once close this book, and launch it forth for the kind approval of the public.



In the following pages I have made it my endeavor to supply minute particulars relative to every disturbance in South Africa, from the battle of Blumberg in 1806 to the beginning and to the end of the Zulu war of 1879, of which an exhaustive account is given, and have striven in doing so to anticipate the query which will at present doubtless be in the mouths of the public, *i.e.*—"Where can we get a general history of wars in South Africa and a complete and faithful account of the late Zulu war?" There will be, doubtlessly, many shortcomings and omissions in this my first attempt at a work of this description, so I must respectfully beg to leave myself to the clemency and indulgence of my readers, and to the loving-kindness of my friends the critics.

D. C. F. MOODIE.

I have to acknowledge having had reference to, amongst others, the following literary and pictorial authorities :—

- The Rev. W. C. Holden's "History of Natal."
- Trollope's "South Africa."
- Sergeant Williams' Diary.
- Bisset's "Sport and War."
- Harris's "Wild Sports of Southern Africa."
- Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* pictures (taken on the spot by their special artists).
- Brooks' and Mann's "Natal."
- "Ten Years in South Africa," by Lieutenant Moodie, 21st Fusileers.
- Silver and Co.'s "Transvaal."
- The "Bluebooks."
- South African and other papers (mentioned in text).
- South Australian Register*.
- South Australian Advertiser*.
- "South Australia," by W. Harcus.

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*J. Williams, Printer, 54, King William Street, Adelaide.*

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THE BATTLES AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
THE BRITISH, THE BOERS,  
AND  
THE ZULUS,  
IN  
SOUTHERN AFRICA.

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CHAPTER I.

Early History of Natal from its Discovery by Vasco de Gama in 1497 to the arrival of Lieut. Farewell in 1823.

At the close of a century which had given birth to the printing press, and during which the nations of Europe had been from time to time excited by reports of maritime feats and discoveries, each one more daring and more successful than the former, Vasco de Gama set forth from Lisbon on July 9, 1497, to make another attempt to accomplish the long cherished object of reaching the Indies by sea ; and thus secure to his king and nation a share in that commerce which had for so many years enriched the republic of Venice.

As early as 1412 the Portugese made the first addition to the knowledge of the African coast, beyond what had been the southern limit of the intercourse of European nations with Africa, by doubling the formidable Cape Nun and advancing as far as Cape Bojador. From that time,

till Vasco de Gama, in the voyage above referred to, succeeded in the great object of his ambition, the Portuguese were honorably distinguished among the nations of Europe by the interest taken by them in maritime discovery, and especially by the zeal and pertinacity by which they applied themselves to the exploration of the coasts of Africa. In selecting this field of investigation they were no doubt impelled at once by the traditions handed down by classical writers respecting the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians, and by the circumstance that the north-west coast of Africa was almost the only known line of coast open to the investigations of the mariners of the age, which yet remained unexplored. The accounts of the Phœnician enterprise, as interpreted by the limited knowledge of geography as existed in the fifteenth century, were so vague and indefinite as to detract little from the claim to originality and independent merit that the Portuguese may justly prefer in this field of distinction. Limited as was the intercourse of the central and southern nations of Europe with Russia and other northern states, and imperfect as was their knowledge of the Scandinavian Seas, the means of communication between them sufficed for all the exigencies of commerce; and the description of the coast obtained from the inhabitants of the shores of those northern seas would, notwithstanding their vagueness, dispel anything like mystery and romance that might be associated with naval expeditions in that quarter, and reduce the attractiveness of such an undertaking to a matter of mere bare utility. But such was not the case with Africa. That land of golden sands shone from afar with all the tempting lustre of rare riches and adventure. The eyes of King John of Portugal, and of his son, Prince Henry, were therefore directed to the shores of that continent, and they nobly commenced a series of voyages which after the rough sea had kindly forced their captains to be bold, and compelled them to leave the coast which they were hugging too closely for success, led first to the discovery of the Madeira Isles (where a colony was settled, and the vine and sugar cane were introduced), and were followed by results every way commensurate with the means employed. At the death of Prince Henry, however, in 1463, the discoveries of the Portuguese on the coast of Africa had not reached the

equator. It is interesting to us as Britons to remember that it was a nephew of our great King Henry IV who employed his talents and influence in improving the art of navigation, and extending the limits of geographical knowledge, and who while his cousin, Henry V of England, was gaining the honors of military renown on the fields of France, was opening new fields for commerce and turning his discoveries to practical account by the establishment of the first modern colony on African soil. The zeal for African exploration did not die with the Prince with whom it originated. It was pursued by the Portugese with various success, until, in 1492, Bartholemew Diaz reached the Cape of Good Hope. The destitute and shattered state of his fleet prevented him from personally ascertaining by further examination that he had reached the most southerly point of the African continent; but the results of his voyage and reports from other quarters left no doubt on the mind of the Portugese king, that these long continued efforts were now about to be crowned with success. A small squadron was forthwith fitted out for the purpose of continuing the explorations of Diaz, and was placed under the command of Vasco de Gama; and it was he who, after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and coasting along the shores of what is now the Cape Colony, arrived at length on Christmas Day, 1497, at the Bay of Natal, and in giving it a name associated it with the auspicious day on which it was discovered.

"Now shines the sacred morn, when from the East,  
Three Kings the holy cradled Babe address'd,  
And hail'd Him Lord of Heaven: That festive day,  
We dropped our anchors in an opening bay;  
The river from the sacred day we name,  
And stores, the wand'ring seaman's right, we claim;  
Stores we received!"

Thus, three centuries ago, wrote Camoens of the great navigator who, seventy-five years before, was the first man of European birth and Christian belief to set foot upon those shores. Vasco de Gama found there, in those days, a mild and hospitable race—and that race would have lived there to this day had the terrible uprising of the Zulu power not signalised its expulsion. British rule has done much to gather together under its wings the remnants of those devastated tribes, and it is now about to subvert

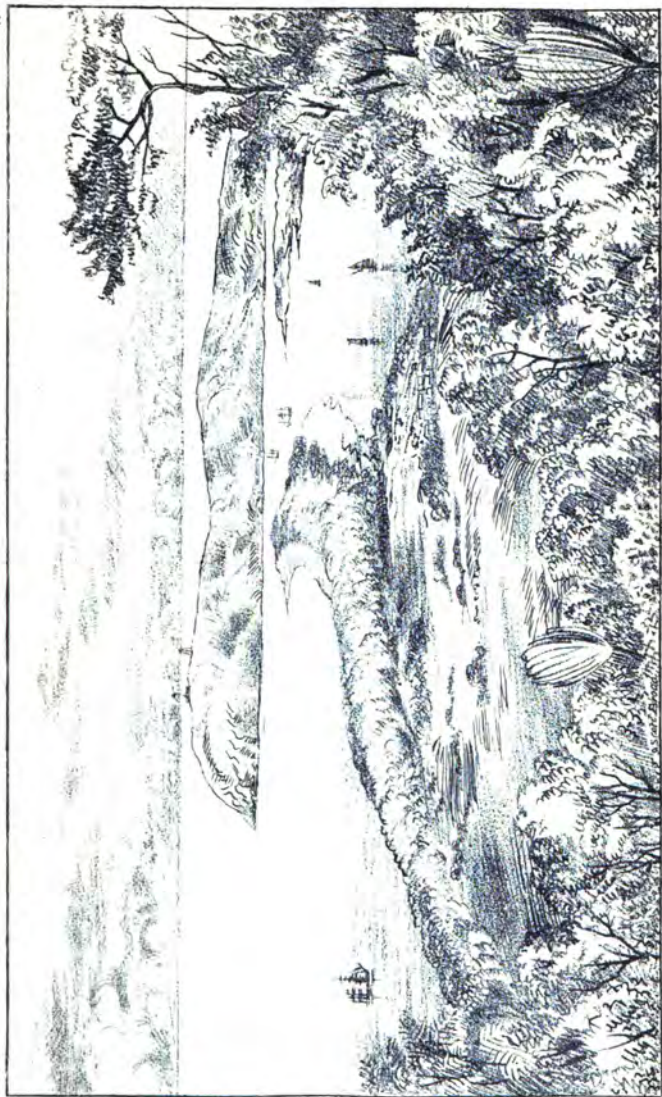
the stronghold of the power that has so long stood in the way of humanity and civilisation.

The coast and Bay of Natal were at various times visited by the Dutch, English, and Portuguese; occasionally by parties wishing to explore the country to ascertain its capabilities for the purposes of trade; but mostly by crews of vessels wrecked on its inhospitable shores.

The first time that Natal was visited by the English appears to have been in 1683, when an English ship having been wrecked near Delagoa Bay, the crew, about eight in number, made their way overland to Cape Town, and received the assistance of the unsophisticated natives of the tribes through whose territories they travelled. The account given by them of the land on the eastern coast agrees pretty well with the present characteristics of that region, though civilisation has driven some of the animals to seek their habitation in more retired spots of the interior. The castaways stated that "the natural fertility of the country travelled through made the inhabitants lazy, indolent, docile, and simple. The rivers are abundantly stored with good fish and water fowl, besides sea cows and crocodiles; their woods with large trees, wild cattle, antelopes, elephants, rhinoceri, lions, tigers, wolves, and jackals, also many sorts of fowls and birds, with ostriches."

In a MS. preserved in the Public Library at Cape Town, the Port of Natal is thus described:—"The river of Natal falls into the Indian Ocean in 30° S. latitude. Its mouth is wide and deep enough for small craft, but there is a sand bank which at the highest flood has not more than ten or twelve feet of water. Within this bank the water is deep. This river is the principal one on the coast of Natal, and has been frequently visited by merchant vessels." This statement is of importance as showing that a large river which formerly flowed into the Bay of Natal has now formed a mouth for itself some six miles to the northward. The description of the harbour applies to the present time.

In the year 1686 a Dutch ship, the "Stavenisse," was wrecked at the entrance of the Bay of Natal. After one or two ineffectual attempts to escape in the boats and by land, the crew set to work to build a small craft out of the timbers of the wreck. In a twelvemonth this vessel was



**VIEW OF NATAL BAY, FROM THE BEREA.**



completed, and sailed for the Cape, without compass or chart, leaving some of the crew behind (and amongst them four Englishmen and a Frenchman), who did not care to expose themselves to the dangers of such a voyage. The little vessel, however, arrived safely in Table Bay.

In the course of the next year, the Dutch Company at the Cape, excited by the accounts of the amazing fertility and strange productions of Natal, despatched another vessel to make further discoveries there and along the coast as far as Delagoa Bay. After completing the survey of that place, they sailed for Natal Bay, and there rescued two of the seamen left behind by the "Stavenisse," and when coasting along in latitude  $33^{\circ}$ , and off the territory of the Gcalekas and Gaikas, another seaman of the "Stavenisse" swam off to them. In 1721 the Dutch established a factory at Port Natal, but soon abandoned it; and until the arrival of Lieutenant Farewell, of the Royal Marines, and his party in 1823, the intercourse of the white man with the inhabitants of Natal was principally the result of shipwrecks along the rock bound coasts.

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## CHAPTER II.

Battle of Tugela, February, 1838.

The foregoing chapter has sufficed to give the leading particulars of interest connected with Natal, from its discovery by Vasco de Gama on Christmas Day, 1497, to the year 1823, but as after this date it becomes the stage upon which civilized man is to act his part, events thicken around us and call for a more detailed account as the subject becomes more deeply interesting to Englishmen.

It was shortly before this time that Tshaka (the grandfather of the present Zulu king, Cetwayo) swept like a devastating scourge over Natal with his terrible legions, making his name a terror to all who heard it, until no nation then in Southern Africa dared to stand before his wrath, but all fled like frightened birds or deer to safe retreats within the dense bush. Directly after Natal had been thus swept, Mr. Fynn and Lieut. Farewell reached its shores.

This portion of Natal history is distinguished by what may be fairly termed the "Knight Errantry of Natal," as the romantic and the chivalrous considerably tinge it. The Kaffir knights and squires who figured in the adventures of these times had their thousands of vassals, whom they could summon to fight against their enemies or against each other as occasion might require. They had not, certainly, their fortified castles, surrounded by moats, defended by ramparts, and mounted with guns, but they had what suited their purpose equally well, the dense bush into which they could flee with their people and remain until the enemy had wasted his energy or taken his departure. Accordingly, when the sound of alarm was heard from Tshaka or Dingaan a council

of safety was called, at the end of which the sage warriors would, if the majority approved, make a sudden onslaught and then dissolve or disappear into the bush as no warlike force but a Kaffir army can.

About this time Lieutenant Farewell applied to Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor of the Cape, to have his proposed colony fully recognised by the English Government as a regular dependency of the British Empire. The leading characters on the stage of Natal now were—Farewell, Fynn, Lieutenant King, and Jacob (a Kaffir interpreter). About the same period Captain Gardiner and the Rev. Aldin Grout (of the American Mission), also landed in Natal, with a Rev. Mr. Owen, whom the Zulu chieftain Dingaan permitted to reside with him as a missionary.

Such were the leading characters in this drama. Unfortunately the pioneers fell out among themselves, until disease carried off Lieutenant King, and Lieutenant Farewell fell by the hand of the assassin, and the scenes which immediately followed were of the most exciting nature. Henry Ogle and John Cane had been in the employ of Lieutenant Farewell, and now took his people and his cattle, which they divided between them, and fully entered upon their career of Kaffir chieftainship.

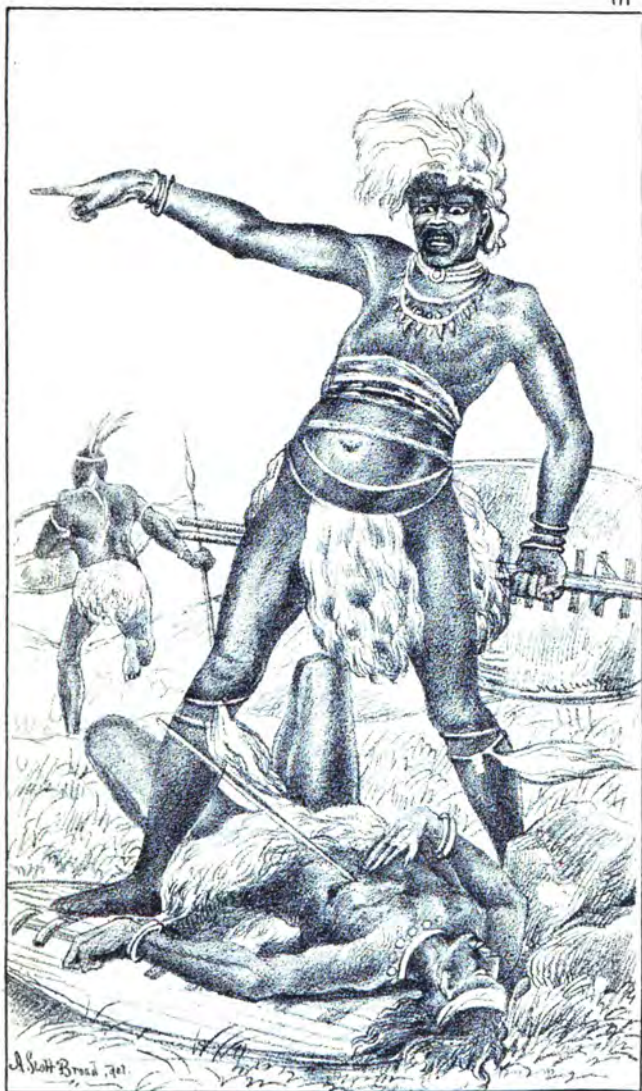
In the meantime the death of the terrible tyrant Tshaka somewhat disturbed the current of events.

This chief has been called the modern "Attila." In many things he differed from that "Scourge of God," but in others unhappily they bore too close a resemblance. Another of his designations has been the "Hyæna Man," as being descriptive of the revolting scowl and dark treachery of that ferocious beast, and he was also styled the "Great Elephant," as one who, with the weight of his ponderous body, could crush his victims beneath his feet. Tshaka early displayed extraordinary powers both of body and mind. His form was tall and well-proportioned; his appearance commanding, and when excited, terrific; his exploits were such as to compel wonder and fear. His mental powers were not at all inferior, as his deeds declare; but here the baser passions at once assumed the reins, and the intellectual powers became the servants of suspicion, jealousy, hatred, revenge, lust, and ambition, producing

relentless cruelty and unbounded ferocity. The circumstances in which he was placed afforded full opportunity for the development of all these evil passions combined, producing effects of the most appalling and sensational character.

By treachery and violence he got both his father and his brother cut off, and then took possession of the throne thus vacated, in a short time destroyed his early friend and guardian, and seizing his people and his country as a lawful prize. He then fought tribe after tribe in his own country, cutting many of them off, root and branch, and laying the remainder in abject wretchedness at his feet. He introduced the short stabbing assegai in the place of the long spear or assegai, in order that instead of a hazardous throw his men might give the mortal thrust, the deadly stab. It is thought that in a crush this murderous little weapon can be wielded more quickly than could a bayonet on a Martini. He would not allow his warriors to marry, lest they should be touched with the softer passions of the human breast; he wished them to be rendered more reckless of life, and to be wholly unencumbered. With armies thus prepared, his name became a terror through the land, but few being found who could stand before them. With these he swept the countries as with the besom of destruction, and wasted them until they were without inhabitants. He chased the other tribes as frightened deer to the mountain, or laid them dead in heaps on the plain. Desolation and destruction stalked in his fiery course, his path being tracked by blood and death.

Over the fertile colony of Natal this tempest of destruction swept, about the year 1820. Tshaka, before having conquered all beyond the Umblatoos, his nation's boundary, broke forth, like an irresistible flood, covering the land with a deluge of blood. According to every account, and indeed very numerous relics such as old stone kraals, grinding stones, broken earthenware, &c., &c., the country was swarming with human beings, but the whole were not able to oppose the force of his arms, or arrest the progress of his victories. One or two severe battles were fought; but the shades of gathering night dispersed the combatants, and the light of the following morning found those who had opposed the Zulus far distant, having availed



**TSHAKA,**  
*Formerly King of the Amasulus.*



themselves of the protection of darkness to escape, whilst the Zulus looked around for the foe but found him fled.

This mighty executioner of the human race not only spread terror abroad by the success of his arms, but was feared and dreaded at home, on account of the number who fell victims to his suspicions, revenge, or caprice. Captains, men, women, children, all fell before the motion of his head, or the flourish of his hand; life was cheap and blood was spilled like water. Terror reigned rampant, and pity and mercy fled withering, and savage human nature walked in state amid suspicion, horror, murder, and death. It was this chief who on his death bed ordered twelve maidens to be buried alive with him to administer to him in his Zulu Hades. The horrible deed was done. When he saw the vultures soaring, he said his chickens must be fed, and a score or two of men were at once knocked on the head. The exterminating principle obtaining among this people reminds one very much of the bloody battles described in the Pentateuch, where "every vestige" of the enemy was wiped off the face of *Bona Dea Tellus*. During one of the wars between the Zulus and the Amazwazis to the northward, the warriors belonging to a kraal of the latter people, had left their happy home upon a foraging excursion, when a fierce Zulu regiment, swooping down the adjacent hill side like a tornado, burst with terrible fury upon the few men left to defend the place, and slaughtered men, women, children, dogs, cats, even to the very kittens and chickens, and piling them on the wrecks of their habitations reduced the entirety to ashes, and danced their savage but not unmusical war dance round the horrible and unholy holocaust. When the shield-bearing and plumed warriors returned at noon the next day to their kraal, they stared mutely at the scene of desolation, in which nought was to be seen but a large earthenware pot, generally used for brewing beer from the "Kaffir corn," simmering over the live ashes of a fire. Upon removing the lid they found their unborn babes boiling in the fluid. \* \* \*

It is a relief to say that at last this savage monster, but martially and physically speaking, splendid barbarian, Tshaka, fell by the hand of his own brother Dingaan. One day about noon Dingaan came secretly upon Tshaka at the Umvoti River in Natal, whilst the latter was sitting in

council. Finding his dread fate at hand the great destroyer implored pity, but even as he never had shown mercy to others, none was now shown to him, and he was, at a sign from Dingaan, rushed upon and stabbed with fifty assegais.

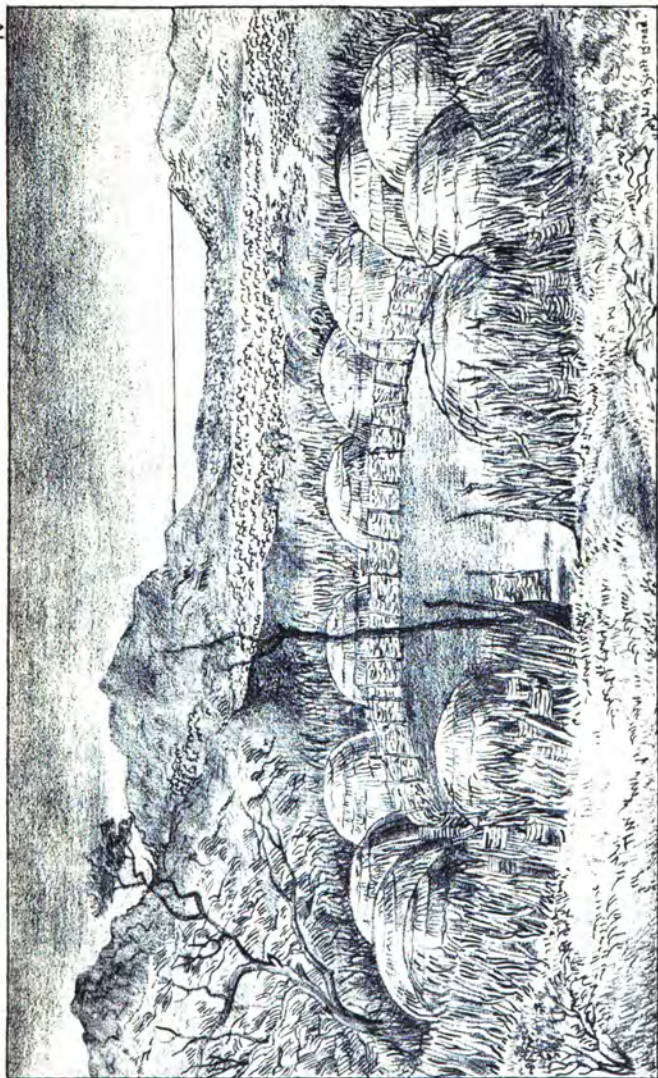
Dingaan, his brother, immediately mounted the throne of the Zulus without opposition, and became the rightful king over the Natal settlers. His first great work was to cut off all the captains and people who had been favorable to Tshaka, so as to remove those at once who might in any way endanger the safety and perpetuity of his reign. This proceeding, as we shall see, placed the Natal settlers in circumstances of delicacy and difficulty.

It was at first thought that the new rule would be more peaceful than the former, but there was not much difference. On various pretexts Dingaan sent "impis" or armies into Natal, who making some of their wondrous rapid marches had slaughtered half the men of a place and taken away all the cattle before the other half knew that the Zulu devils were upon them.

At length in 1835 Capt. Allen Gardiner of the Royal Navy, a near relative of Lord Bexley, concluded a treaty with the Zulu autocrat, by virtue of which the Natal Kaffirs and English settlers were allowed to live in peace; they on their part promising to send back to him all Zulu refugees. But matters did not long remain quiet, for the year 1838 broke upon Natal and Zululand with storms of blood and death, and civilization and barbarism were again brought into close and deadly contact.

In the early part of February of that year, Retief, with seventy picked farmers and thirty Hottentots, went to Dingaan's "great place" to negotiate the cession of Natal to the Boers, in which he was assisted by the Reverend Mr. Owen of the Church Missionary Society. But when the treaty had been drawn up and regularly signed, that treacherous despot had the whole party cut off, as more fully detailed hereafter. Immediately after this the Zulus invaded Natal, and butchered about six hundred Dutch Boers, including women and children, in the division of Weenen—or "weeping," so named because of the lamentation. Upon this a stalwart Boer, Piet Uys, and his clans, with as many farmers as they could muster, went into Zululand to avenge the death of their friends and families who had been so





A ZULU KRAAL.





wantonly cut off at Dingaan's kraal and in the Weenen county. Uys there met with a tragical end, and his devoted young son fell at his side by the Zulu assegai.

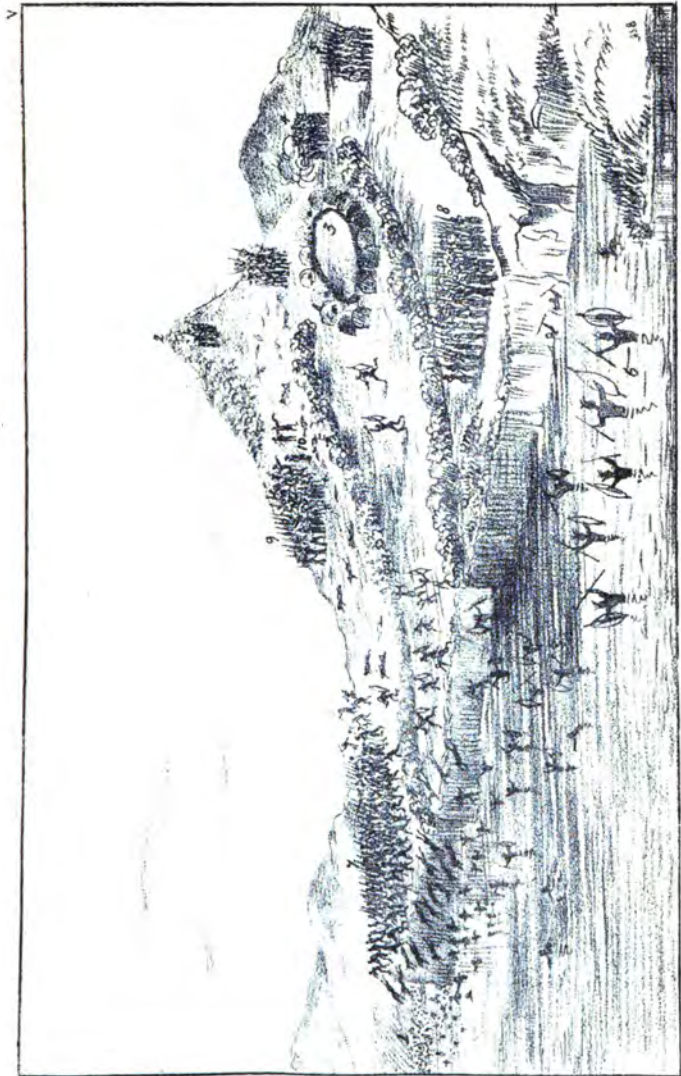
In the early part of this same year, 1838, John Cane, Robert Biggar, and several others, thinking that the losses caused to them by the Zulus had not been retrieved, determined upon another campaign against Dingaan, and collected a large force to carry it out. Their army consisted of about 18 English settlers, 30 Hottentots, and three thousand Kaffirs; 400 being armed with rifles and all ranged under their respective leaders, the numbers of whose companies were apportioned to their rank. Many of these leaders were men of dauntless courage and desperate character. This warlike party was designated "The grand army of Natal," and great demonstrations of joy and triumph were made; whilst all were equipped in the best manner which their circumstances allowed—and thus equipped started upon their perilous enterprise. Having crossed the Tugela River, the force belonging to a chief under them encountered some Zulu spies and fired upon them, thus opening the ball. Ascending the opposite hill they came upon the kraal of "Endonda Kusuka," that is, "tardy in starting" (marked No. 3 on the accompanying lithograph), and surrounded it before daylight. A detachment of Dingaan's army was lying here, upon whom they opened fire with their guns; when the inmates of the huts, finding the firing directed low, took hold on the tops of the huts, holding by the sticks which formed the wattle work. This plan was, however, quickly detected, on account of the huts sinking with the pressure, when the settlers directed their fire higher up, and the people fell wounded or dead. The whole kraal was destroyed, the people being killed and the huts burnt. As the morning of this awful day dawned, many of those who were attacked lying dead and others being in the pangs of death, one man said "You may do with me as you please and kill me; but you will soon see and feel the great Elephant," meaning Dingaan's army. This "Elephant" soon appeared and crushed them to death under his ponderous feet. The cut, No. 5, presents a very correct view of this terrible battle. The land was very hilly, the hills stretching out something like the fingers of a man's hand when extended, rising to ridges in the centre, and descend-

ing to deep ravines on each side ; the kraal being near the top of one of these ridges and reaching down the slopes on each side. It was at a short distance from this kraal that the "great Elephant" presented himself and uttered his piercing cry and terrific scream, which coming from thousands of infuriated savages wrought to the highest pitch of phrensy, must have had an appalling effect, being enough to make the stoutest heart quail. (In this picture V, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, and 9 represent the advance of the Zulus to the attack from several points. No. 4 displays the Europeans and those Hottentots who had firearms commencing their retreat. No. 10 marks the position of the Zulu chiefs who were in command and directed the operations.)

Dingaan did not appear in person in this notable battle, nor were the old warriors allowed to fight, the young men being destined to win the highest honors and take the weapons of their foes as trophies to perpetuate the memory of their conquest.

The Zulu captains commanding were Umahlebe, Zulu, and Nongalazi. These, with the old warriors, took their stand on the hill, from whence they could see all that passed, and issue their commands accordingly. (Marked 10 in the plate). Seven Zulu regiments, making about 10,000 men (each regiment containing about 1,500 men), were brought into the field of action. They were flushed with three successive victories—first, the cutting off of Retief and his party at the "great place;" second, the slaughter of the Boers in the Weenen district; and third, the defeat of Uys and the dispersion of his people. Besides they were full of rage at the loss of their cattle, women, and children, at Utunjambeli, and the destruction of the kraal before their eyes, for which they were burning to be revenged. These circumstances led them to fight with a fury which could only be quenched in death. When they were shot down, if they could crawl, they would take an assegai and try to inflict a fatal stab on one of their bitter foes, rendering it needful to fire upon them again until dead.

The Natal army had therefore to fight with the vigor of men whose lives were in a fearful balance, and who were made desperate by the greatness of the impending



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE NATAL KAFFIRS, UNDER JOHN CAPE, AND THE ZULUS, ON THE TUGELA RIVER.



danger. They were drawn up near the kraal in question, the English and Hottentots with muskets in front, and the native aids with assegais in the rear. The first division of the Zulu army came on with a fearful rush, but were met by the steady fire and deadly shots of their foes, which cut them down like grass. They were checked, broken, driven back, and defeated, many lying dead and dying at the feet of the settlers. Robert Joyce, or, as he was called, "Bob Joyce," a deserter from the 72nd Regt., had ten men under him with guns, besides Kaffirs; and such fearful execution did they do that they cut a pathway through the Zulu regiment as they approached until the Zulu commanders ordered a change in the mode of attack.

This first division, however, only retreated to make way for the Zulu forces to come from different points favored by the formation of the hill. Cane sent Ogle's Kaffirs to attack the Zulus on the south-west, whilst he, with the main body of the Natal army, took the north-east. When Ogle's Kaffirs had dispersed these, they were to come round and take the Zulus in the flank; instead of which, the hour of revenge being come for the affront which they received at Cane's hands, when they had dispersed the Zulus they fled to the drift (ford), on which the Zulu chiefs exclaimed, "O ganti baka balegana," that is, "They can run, can they?" The sight of them running inspired fresh courage into the Zulus, who now closed in from all quarters upon the diminished Natal army, coming down as an overwhelming flood, the mighty masses of which it was impossible to resist. The strife was deadly in the extreme. The Zulus lost thousands of their people; they were cut down until they formed banks over which those who were advancing had to climb, as well as over the wounded, crawling and stabbing, tenacious of life, and selling it dearly.

Cane fought hard and died of his wounds. A fine old Kaffir who was present gave me a description of his death. He was questioned about other matters, but as soon as he came to this his eyes appeared to flash with excitement, and his hands moved in all forms to express the firing of the guns and the stabbing with the assegai. He took a stick and held one point to his breast to show where the assegai entered Cane's chest. He then gave his companion another

stick to show how a second assegai was buried between Cane's shoulders, whose gun was lying on his left arm, his pipe in his mouth, his head nodding until he fell from his horse and died. His horse was killed close by. (See picture No. VI, representing the close of the battle and the death of Cane and Biggar, the leaders of the Natal Kaffirs. The remains of the burnt kraal which was the first point of attack by the Natal party is seen on the centre of the hill.) The last deed of this man was tragical. One of his own people who had thrown away his badge was coming to snatch the assegai from his back, when Cane supposing him to be a Zulu shot him at once over his shoulder. Stubbs, another of the leaders, was stabbed by a boy, and when he felt it was his death wound exclaimed, "Am I to be killed by a boy like you?" Biggar fell close by. The Natal army being surrounded and cut up, heaps of slain lay dead upon the field to be devoured by beasts of prey, their bones being left to bleach under many summer suns. About ten years ago the ground was white in parts with them.

The work of destruction was, however, not yet complete. No sooner had the leaders fallen than the Natal Kaffirs threw away their badges and shields and seized the shields of the Zulus in order to favor their escape, whilst the swiftness with which they could run was their best defence. But in making their escape the Zulus knew their ground and that the river must be crossed, and they therefore so surrounded them as to compel them to take one only course. No. 1 on the extreme left of the picture (V) shows how the Zulus were mustered in force there to prevent escape, whilst the position of the various divisions on the right shows the impossibility of escape there. In flight then these wretched beings had no alternative but to take the path shown, at the bottom of which there is a descent of 100 feet perpendicular to the river, having deep water at the bottom; and so numerous were the bodies heaped upon each other in this great grave that at length, instead of leaping as represented, they walked over the bodies of those who filled the chasm. One of those who made the leap was Upepe, who was stabbed as he went under water by a Zulu, who cursed him and said—"I have finished you;" but the death wound was not given, for the man escaped.

In order to complete the dire destruction of this day of

blood and death a division of Zulus were sent round to cut off those who might escape by the river. In the picture these men are seen up to the arm pits in the stream, stabbing any who might be in danger of escaping; and very few gained the opposite bank and lived. It was here that another leader, Blankenburg, was killed. Of the few who escaped some swam, some dived, and some floated along, feigning to be dead. One Goba crossed the river four times and was saved at last. Petrus Roetzie, or "Piet Elias" as better known by many, entered the river lower than most of the others and got into the long reeds of the opposite bank, where the Zulus searched for him in vain.

In this terrible battle fell John Cane, Robert Biggar, John Stubbs, Thomas Carden, John Russell, — Blankenburg, Richard Wood, William Wood, Henry Batt, John Campbell, — Lovedale, Thomas Campbell, with two or three other white men, leaving not half a dozen to return and tell their tale of woe. Of the Hottentots three or four returned; and of the Kaffirs very few except Ogle's. The few who escaped arrived at home singly, many of them having been pursued nearly to the Bay of Durban and owing their deliverance to the shelter of the bush and the darkness of night. Most of the particulars herein recorded I can vouch for as being correct, having conversed with several who were engaged in the transaction, and others who were residing in Natal at the time.

The honor of this victory was claimed by Panda (the father of the present king Cetwayo), who was at that time Dingaan's chief "Induna," and on whom it devolved to call the army and direct the various preparations, including the incantations of the doctors by which the warriors were made strong for battle and success obtained!


This defeat was quickly followed by Dingaan's army coming down to the Port of Natal—an event which hapt a few weeks afterwards—when the English residents took refuge on the island in the middle of the Bay, where they remained through the day, and at night went on board the "Comet" which was lying at anchor there at the time. Amongst those thus circumstanced was the Rev. D. Lindley of the American Mission, and the Rev. Mr. Owen of the Church Missionary Society, who had just returned from Dingaan's kraal, after the slaughter of Retief and his



party. These, and many more, had for two weeks and upwards to live exposed to danger and death, and to look on whilst an army of furious savages were destroying their property. The Zulus left not a vestige of any thing remaining, except perhaps the walls of some of the houses. Furniture, clothes, dogs, cats, poultry, and every thing they could seize were utterly destroyed. They advanced as far as the Umlazi River and threw a firebrand upon the roof of the house of Dr. Adams, but it did not ignite and no damage ensued.

No events of great interest transpired after what has now been related. The occupancy of Natal brought an additional number of English traders, and things began to assume more of the settled character of civilized society. But the English and the Dutch did not amalgamate. The Boers were jealous of the English; and it is stated that they shot Biggar whilst the lives of others were in great danger from the same cause. It was the occasion of great pleasure to the English settlers when they heard that the home Government were about to take possession of Natal, and that Captain Smith was ordered to move forward from the Umgazi post for this purpose.

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DEATH OF JOHN CAINE AND ROBERT BIGGAR, AT THE BATTLE ON THE TUGELA.



## CHAPTER III.

The Emigration of the Dutch Boers to Natal, with the Slaughter of Retief and his Party at Dingaan's Capital.

The Dutch Boers now form a very large portion of the white population of South Africa, and are spread over an extensive tract of country, including the Cape and Natal colonies, and what is now called the "Orange River Free State and Transvaal Republic."

Their character and manners are very simple, approaching sometimes to the rude. They are very hospitable, especially among their own class, and also to those whom they know amongst the English population. The families are often large, including many children and grandchildren; but so long as the father lives he is the head of the establishment, and is generally looked up to with considerable veneration, and treated with great respect by the younger members of the family. The children usually marry young, the girls at the age of fifteen years, and the boys about eighteen or twenty. After marriage they often remain under the roof and care of the parents of one of them for a long time, and move off only when they are in circumstances to provide comfortably for themselves. Their habits are mostly inactive. The old lady of the house takes a seat beside the table against the wall upon or near to which the coffee-kettle or teapot is usually found, and when a friend has sat down in a few minutes he is accosted with, "Wil Mynheer een kop koffie drink?" ("Will my lord drink a cup of coffee?") which is no unwelcome question if the visitor has been travelling far in the dust and the heat, and the coffee is found to be a refreshing beverage. A little girl or boy, or a Hottentot, follows

with some warm water and a towel, which greatly relieves the skin of the hands and face if they were before burning with heat. The two principal meals are taken about 11 o'clock in the morning and 7 in the evening, and if you go three hours or three minutes before they sit down to table, it is all the same, for, as in America, the hours fixed for the meals are strictly adhered to, and you eat no sooner for being half an hour before time. The males are generally stout when the season of youth is past, but the females are, in the fullest sense of the word, fat. It not unfrequently happens in the sleeping arrangements that four or five beds are found in one room, and two or three married couples occupy them. This appears passing strange to a respectable pair of English strangers on their first visit to these domiciles; but the Dutch usually do not undress, or only partially so, on going to bed.

The men frequently do but little beyond taking the oversight of the cattle, etc., night and morning. A good wagon and a fine "span" of 12 oxen are regarded as an indispensable appendage to the establishment, and with these the farmer finds his home in any part of South Africa. But the Boers cannot endure to be annoyed with wild animals or troublesome natives. Their large flocks of sheep with heavy tails of fat, their extensive herds of cattle with long horns, and their fine troops of horses with sleek skins, must all dwell in peace and safety, or very soon the exclamation from the "groote heer" (great master) is significantly heard, "Myn vrouw, wy moet trek" (my wife, we must travel).

The dissatisfaction which caused the Boers to "trek" from the Cape Colony arose chiefly from the manner in which the English treated the natives:—1st. In connection with the Hottentots leaving the employ of their masters, and going upon mission stations. 2nd. In the liberation of the slaves on the 1st December, 1838, which, occurring just in the midst of harvest, and all the slaves leaving on the very day of their liberation, the farmers were left in a very destitute condition, and their agricultural operations were brought to a stand for the time being. 3rd. With regard to the unsatisfactory manner in which the Kaffir question was settled after the war of 1834, when Sir Andreas Stockenstrom became Lieutenant-Governor of the

Eastern Province, and the Glenelg treaties were brought into operation, which worked so unfavorably, and have been succeeded by two other most calamitous wars.

Having at that time heard something of the Natal country, they sent out a party to explore it. This party collected fourteen wagons, and were headed by Piet Uys, Cobus Uys, Hans de Lange, Stephanus Maritz, and Gert Rudolph, started from Uitenhage in the beginning of the year 1834. Their arrival at D'Urban in Natal pleasantly surprised the English residents, Messrs. Ogle, Toohey, and King, now all passed away. They loitered awhile in Natal shooting the elephants, &c., &c., which at that time abounded, and then hearing of the third Kaffir war in the old colony they started home.

At the close of the 1835 Kaffir war they were again so dissatisfied at the arrangements made by the English with regard to the Kaffirs that they determined on leaving without delay, and seeking in the interior and in Natal freedom from the odious yoke of the British Government. Accordingly in the early part of 1836 Hendrik Potgieter crossed the Orange River, and being quickly followed by many others from the divisions of Albany, Uitenhage, and Graaf Reinet, spread themselves in different parts of what is now called the Orange Free State, locating chiefly along the Modder, Vet, and the Sand Rivers.

Their numbers were about that time also increased by another large clan, headed by the Venerable Patriarch Jacobus Uys, then about 70 years of age, and his elder son Pieter Uys, who having visited this district before, cherished the idea of settling down here in preference to going further into the interior of the Continent. This party issued a manifesto declaratory of their intention to shape their course towards Natal, and to secede from all those parties who seemed more intent to occupy the banks of the Vaal River, and even to proceed eastward to Delagoa Bay.

This determination of the clans of Uys, and Moolman, and Potgieter seems to have induced Retief also to follow their tracks; and he sent exploring parties from Sand River, who at length succeeded in finding two or three paths across the Drakensberg which might be made passable for wagons; for up to that time every attempt to cross that mountain range by wagons from the Zuurberg to the west

up to the Oliviers Pass at the north-east extremity had failed.

Pieter Retief and his party succeeded in crossing at one spot, but finding English residents in Natal, and fearing disputes about land he determined to go to Zululand to Dingaan's capital, and obtain from him such cession of land as would be sufficient for his party. Upon his arrival there Dingaan readily promised him the cession of what is now the colony of Natal, provided that the Boers would wrest from a neighboring black potentate a great number of cattle which had been carried off from the Zulus. This service Retief satisfactorily performed. In the meantime, in 1837, nearly a thousand Boer wagons had descended the Drakensberg into Natal, and the Boers spread themselves over the upper portion of Natal where, as before said, thousands and thousands of old stone kraals pointed to the relics of a former dense population upon the fertile soil, which population had been annihilated by Tshaka or partly incorporated into his standing army.

Upon Retief's return to the upper part of Natal, and on his way to the Zulu King with the cattle that he had taken from Sikonyella, a sad presentiment of evil seems to have pervaded the minds of some of these stalwart and hardy pioneers of civilization. Gert Maritz proposed that he should, with five or six men, take the cattle to Dingaan, as the insignificance of the force would be its best protection. The present city of "Pieter Maritzburg" in Natal was named after these two Boers—"Pieter" after Retief, and "Maritz" after that name "Burg" means mountain. But Retief appears to have desired to show Dingaan something like a respectable force, and insisted upon taking some 40 or 50 of his best horsemen with him, leaving it optional to the rest to go or not. This only induced an additional number of spirited young men to join, and during the last week of January, 1838, Pieter Retief, accompanied by seventy of the most respectable and picked men, with about 30 young Hottentots and servants riding or leading their spare horses, formed an imposing cavalcade with which he crossed the Buffalo River and shortly afterwards arrived at Dingaan's capital, and handed over the captured cattle. The Zulu chief feasted them for two days, and ordered up several of his regiments, which in sham fights afforded a fearful representation of their mode of warfare.

The formal cession of what is now Natal was then made out by the Rev. Mr. Owen, who interpreted it to the king, who then signed it with his headmen, and the "isibongi" (crier or praiser) proclaimed to the people present that Natal had been ceded to the Boers and their issue for ever.

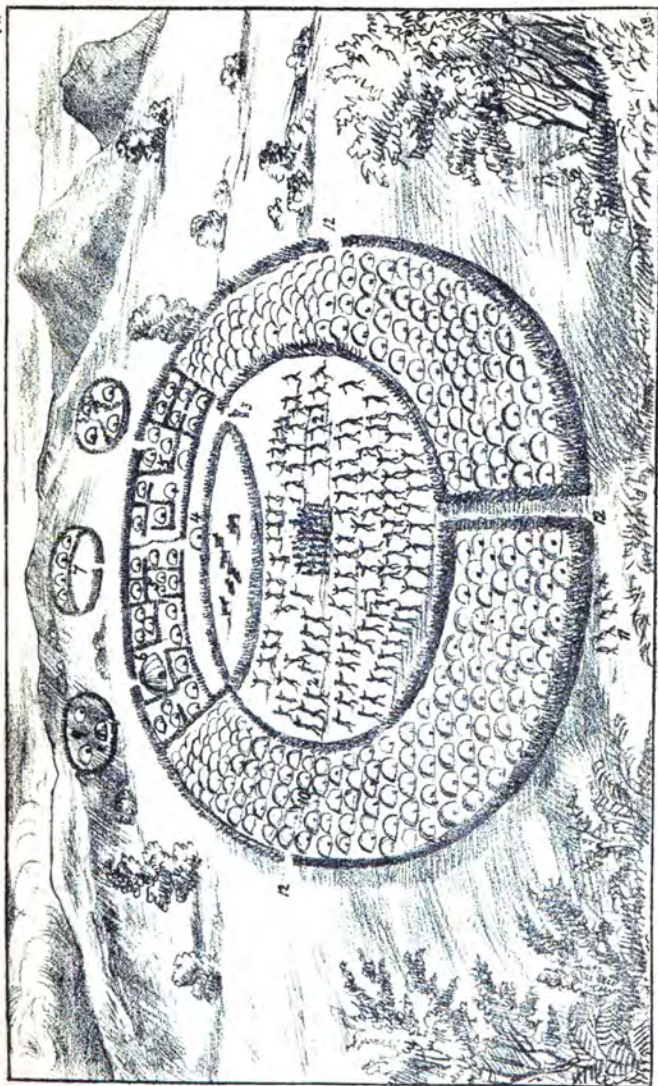
Retief's business being thus satisfactorily ended he made his arrangements to depart the next morning, when Dingaan invited him to enter his kraal once more to say good-by—requesting, however, that his party should not enter armed, as this was contrary to their usage; and to this Retief unguardedly assented, leaving all their arms piled up outside the kraal, while they sent their servants to saddle up their horses. Upon approaching Dingaan in his kraal they found him surrounded, as usual, by two or three of his favorite regiments, who after conversing with Retief and some of his leading men in the most friendly manner, he pressed them to sit down a little longer, offering them the "stirrup cup" in some native beer. This was handed round to the whole party, who partook freely thereof, and while a number of them were sitting down with the bowls in their hands, Dingaan suddenly jumped up and exclaimed—"Bulala amatagati" (kill the Wizards), and in an instant three or four thousand Zulus assailed them with their "knobkerries" (something like the waddies of the Australian aborigines, only heavier); and although many of the Boers, instantly drawing their clasp knives, made a determined resistance and took the lives of several of their assailants, yet they soon fell one after the other under the overwhelming pressure of the thousands by whom they were charged and beaten down; and after a desperate struggle of half-an-hour's duration their expiring and mangled corpses were dragged out of the kraal to an adjoining hillock, marked and infamous as the Aceldama, or rather the Golgotha, where the bones of victims to the fury of this despot were hoarded up, and became a prey to the wolves and vultures.

This tragic scene forms the subject of the accompanying picture VII. Figure 1 shows Retief and his party in the middle of the kraal; 2 represents the Zulu warriors with bludgeons. It was a capital crime to carry an assegai into the king's "great place," so that Dingaan in requesting the Boers to leave their guns outside, was, the Dutch knew,



observing a law of his country. Figure 11 at the bottom of the picture denotes the muskets of the Boers, and 2 exhibits the furious onslaught. The person indicated by figure 3 is Dingaan retiring towards his labyrinth, 4 is the sentry's hut at the gateway leading into his labyrinth, 5 shows the labyrinth, 6 the "intunkulu" (great thing), the high abode of the great Zulu King and despot. The king's wives and servants occupy the rest of the houses in the "sigohlo" or labyrinth. No. 7 (outside) represents the "Emposeni" (seraglio) where the king's chief wives dwell, and to enter which is certain death to any man except the sacred person of the king; 8 is the "wamabele" (provision kraal); 9 represents the "tlabankomo" (slaughter house), where the beasts are killed, which supply the royal table and feed the thousands of retainers about the chief. The figures 10-10 are "izinhlulu ze nutu" (multitudes of houses), which accommodate about eight thousand soldiers. The figures 12 and 12 exhibit "intuba" and "isango," the entrance into the kraal and huts of the people.

Dingaan, following the precept of Cæsar, who deemed nothing done as long as anything remained undone, at once ordered ten of his regiments to descend into Natal to attack the Boers who, in perfect security, were spread over the district awaiting the return of their friends who were heaped on the Zulu Golgotha. The young men were enjoying the pleasures of the chase, and the women fondly looking forward to the return of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, when the Zulu army, having divided itself into small detachments, fell, at break of day, on the foremost parties of the emigrant Boers, near the Blauw Krantz River, and close to the present township of "Weenen," which, as before stated, has obtained its name (wailing) from the sad events of that day. Men, women, and children were at once surrounded and barbarously murdered with horrors which would be sorrowful to dwell upon in detail. Other detachments of Zulus surprised in other places similar small parties, who all fell under the Zulu assegai. But from one wagon a solitary young man escaped who spread the alarm, and the Boers flying into "laagers" (a hasty fortification formed by drawing up the wagons in a square and weaving boughs, when obtainable, betwixt the open places, and a cannon at each corner) in



VIEW OF THE KRAAL, OR CAPITAL, OF THE KAFFIR CHIEF DINGAAN.



every instance repelled the impetuous and daring onsets of the redoubtable Zulus. A strong party of Boers had thrown themselves into "laagar" at "Vecht Laagar" (Fighting Laagar) at Bushmans' River, where they sustained a furious engagement which lasted throughout the whole day, but where, when their ammunition was nearly exhausted, luckily their last shot from a three pounder, struck down some of the leading Zulu chiefs, and forced them to a precipitate retreat.

The moment these attacks were thus repulsed, the Boers sallied out of their laagers to rescue, if possible, any of their friends who had been in advance, and to ascertain the havoc which had been caused among them, when upon reaching the stations which the latter had occupied, a scene of horror and misery was unfolded which no pen can describe. All the wagons had been demolished, the iron parts had been wrenched from them, and by their ruins lay the mangled corpses of men, women, and children, thrown on heaps and abandoned to the beasts of prey. Amongst those heaps at the Blauw Krantz River they found, literally amongst the dead corpses, the bodies of two young females, about 10 or 12 years of age, which appeared to show some signs of vitality. The one was found pierced with nineteen and the other with twenty-one stabs of the assegai, leaving every part of their little frames perforated, and every muscle and fibre lacerated. The one was named Johann Vander Merve, and the other Catharina Margareta Prinsloo. They were taken up and tended with the utmost care, and strange to say, live to this day, the sole survivors of the immediate branches of those families; but they are, and will ever remain, perfect cripples, although one of them, still more strange to say, has married and is the mother of two or three children. But with these solitary exceptions all those small parties which had not been able to combine and concentrate in *laagers* were utterly destroyed, and in one week after the murder of Retief and his party, six hundred more Boer victims were thus immolated by the fury and treachery of Dingaan and his army.

The survivors of this fearful catastrophe, after recovering from the panic into which they had been thrown, resolved to avenge themselves for their fearful loss.

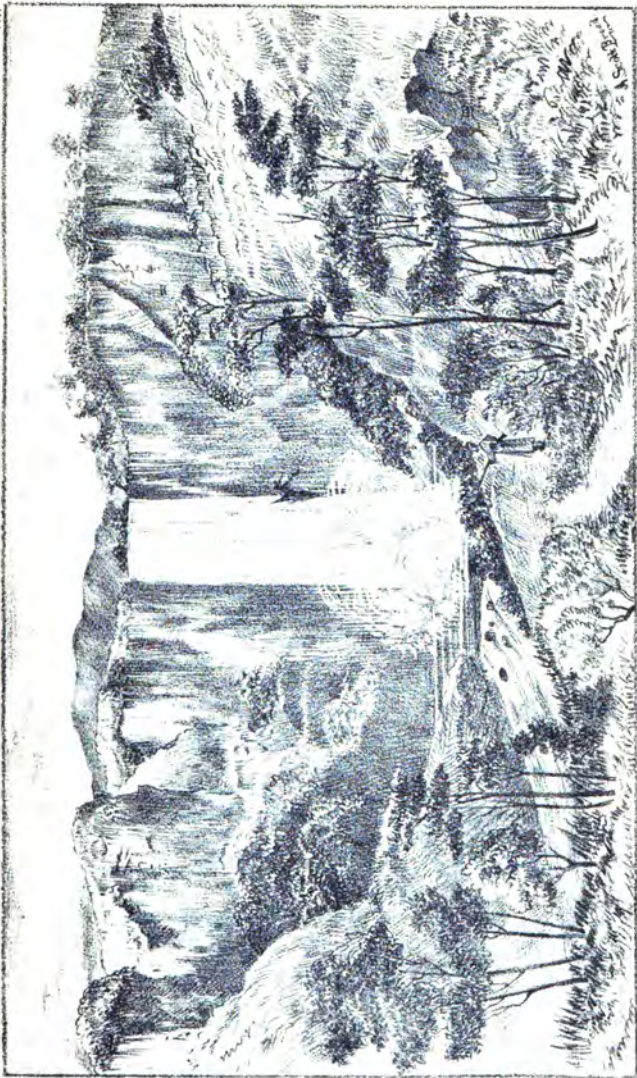
The whole clan of Uys, which from some little feeling of jealousy of Retief, had lagged behind upon the Drakensberg, and had thus escaped this onslaught, on hearing of this destruction came down into Natal with many other small parties of farmers who were advancing towards Natal, and their precarious position was soon made known to the English party at the Bay, when, as before stated, the latter under Biggar and Cane, determined to act in concert with the Boers against Dingaan.

Dingaan himself, however, with his principal forces was watching the Dutch Emigrant Farmers, who having collected 400 fighting men in Natal, placed themselves under the command of Piet Uys and of Hendrik Potgieter, and advanced upon Dingaan's capital with the intention of burning it and expelling the king from the country.

This wily chieftain allowed the Boers to advance to within a few miles of his capital, where the approach to the town is closed in between two hills; and there the Zulu forces first showed themselves, but, gradually retiring, drew the Boers still further into this hollow way; when another division of the Zulus emerging from behind one of these hills, and cutting off all retreat, a desperate hand to hand fight ensued, the Boers being so hemmed in that they could not fire, then fall back rapidly on horseback and again load and charge, as was their usual efficient mode of warfare. They accordingly, as by one consent, directed all their fire on one mass of the Zulus, when, their fatal aim having cleared the path by bringing down hundreds in this volley, they rushed through and thus escaped. But their chief and unquestionably most gallant commander, Piet Uys, having taken a somewhat different course, in a country but little known to them, found himself surrounded with a small party of about twenty faithful followers and his favorite son, a lad of 12 years of age, before a ravine which their horses could not get over or clear.

Finding himself wounded he called to his followers to fight their way out, as he could not follow. All obeyed his command except his loving son, who remained by his father, till both fell pierced with wounds. The remainder of the party, and the great majority of the Boers, having ultimately succeeded in fighting their way out of this trap, which had been so ably laid for them, effected a retreat out of the





SKETCH OF THE UMGENI WATERFALL, ABOVE PIETERMARITZBURG.



country without any further great loss of life ; leaving, however, the prestige of victory with the Zulu chieftain, to whom the loss of several hundreds and sometimes thousands of his best warriors was always considered but of little moment, imparting only an exciting interest to his fiendish propensities and habits.

The Boers were, however, so disheartened by the result of this attack, and that of the Natal English army from the Bay upon Dingaan's forces, that they gave up all hope of resuming hostilities for the present. They had been taught a lesson of prudence by the talent and daring displayed by the Zulu armies ; and they accordingly kept a watchful eye upon their northern frontier, and they sent out messages to all parts imploring accession to their numbers. Many parties, on hearing of their distressed state, came to join them, but this at the moment only increased their misery and wants, as their cattle and herds having been swept away, and having been prevented from cultivating their lands, they were not only exposed to the severest want, but were actually in a state of starvation, when some liberal-minded countryman of theirs at the Cape, hearing of their distressed condition, sent them supplies of food, medicine, and other necessities of life ; which helped them through the miseries of the winter of 1838, during which season want, disease, and famine stalked over the land, making fearful ravages amongst them.

Dingaan, ever watchful when to attack his foe with advantage, being fully informed of their wretched condition made another attack upon them in August, 1838 ; but on this occasion, the Boers, having their scouts always out to give them timely information of his advance, were everywhere prepared to give him a warm reception ; and at every *laager* the Zulu forces were driven off and defeated with great loss, only two or three lives having been lost among the Boers during the series of actions.

But although Dingaan was thus defeated, the Boers were still contending with great difficulties. Small parties were pouring in to join them, but bringing little effectual support, until the beginning of December, when the season appearing propitious, and a number of young men having come in from the Free State, 460 fighting and mounted men put themselves under the command of Andress



Pretorius, who had also recently joined the emigrants, among whom he had made himself extremely popular.

They were powerfully aided by the brave and sterling Carl Landman, who joined them with all those Boers who had settled down at the Bay of Natal; and these combined forces, profiting by the experience of the past, advanced with great caution, securing their position every evening, so that when they had nearly reached the Umslatoos River, they were fully prepared, as, at the earliest dawn of day, on Sunday, December the 16th, 1838, the whole of Dingaan's forces, about 12,000 strong, attacked their position with a fury far exceeding all former attacks. For three hours they continued rushing upon them, endeavouring to tear open all their defences, and force their camp, until Pretorius, finding the Zulu forces concentrating all their efforts upon one side of the camp, and their own ammunition nearly failing, ordered 200 mounted men to sally forth out of one of the gates at the rear of the line which the Zulus were attacking; and these mounted warriors, charging both flanks, and pouring their deadly volleys upon the immense masses which were gathered together within a small space, at length beat them off with fearful loss. The emigrants assert that nearly 3,000 Zulus bit the dust before they retreated; and their defeat must have been complete, since Dingaan fled quite panic-stricken, set fire to the whole of his town, Umgungunhlovo, and hid himself, with the remainder of his force, for a considerable time in the woods skirting the Umvolosi River.

The emigrants having had only three or four men killed, and as many wounded, in this decisive engagement (amongst the latter of whom was Andreas Pretorius himself), advanced upon Dingaan's capital above alluded to (and sketched forth in the accompanying picture VII), and found it still smouldering, and, upon the awful hillock outside the town, they beheld in one vast pile the bones and remains of Peter Retief and his one hundred companions in arms, who, ten months before, had fallen victims to Dingaan's treachery, but whose deaths they were then in fact avenging. Many of the thongs or "reims" by which they had been dragged to this place of slaughter were found still adhering to the bones of the legs and arms by which they had been drawn thither. The skulls were

frightfully smashed, exhibiting marks of the knobkerries (large-headed clubs or bludgeons) and stones with which they had been fractured; and singular to relate, the skeleton of their ill-fated leader, Retief, was recognised by a leathern pouch or "bandolier" which he had suspended from his shoulders, and in which he had deposited the deed or writing formally ceding the Natal Territory to the emigrant farmers, as written out by the Rev. Mr. Owen on the day previous to the massacre, and signed with the mark of Dingaan, by which he agreed "to resign to Retief and his countrymen the place called Port Natal, together with all the land annexed, that is to say—from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu River, and from the sea to the north, as far as the land may be useful and in my possession." These are the very words of the original document, which was then found, still perfectly legible, and is now among the archives of the Colonial Office in Pietermaritzburg, in Natal.

After decently interring the remains of their unfortunate countrymen, the Boers found that their horses and their ammunition were ill-calculated to continue a harassing warfare upon Dingaan in his fastnesses, and they therefore resolved gradually to fall back, which they did with little loss, taking with them some 5,000 head of cattle, which they distributed among themselves, as the lawful and hardy-earned trophies of this campaign.

On their return from this successful inroad they were not a little surprised to find that Sir George Napier (who succeeded Sir Benjamin D'Urban in the Government of the Cape Colony) had sent a small detachment of Highlanders, under the command of Major Charteris, to take possession of the Bay of Natal. This measure had been evidently taken, and in fact was acknowledged in a proclamation of the 14th of November, 1838, to have emanated from a desire to put an end to "the unwarrantable occupation of parts of the territories belonging to the natives by certain emigrants from the Cape Colony, *being subjects of His Majesty*," and that proclamation gave the officer commanding these forces the further power to "search for seize, and retain in military possession all arms and munitions of war, which at the time of the seizure of Port Natal, shall be found in the possession of any of the inhabitants."

Major Charteris returned immediately to the Cape, when the command of the detachment devolved on Capt. Jervis of the 72nd Regiment; and from the vague and ill-defined nature of his instructions, some serious difference, if not conflict, might have risen between him and the Boers in regard to the authority and orders he had received to seize upon their gunpowder and ammunition; but the good sense and good feeling of that officer soon smoothed away every difficulty between them, and he delivered them up their gunpowder, which he had previously seized, upon their engaging not to use it in aggressive hostilities against the natives. The necessity for keeping and maintaining the detachment led to some regular demand for supplies, which kept up a mutual interchange of wants, and the most friendly intercourse was afterwards maintained between them. In the mean time the main party of the Boers, some fifty miles up country, laid out the town of "Pietermaritzburg" (named, as we have said, after Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz), and also what is now called the seaport town of "D'Urban" after Sir Benjamin D'Urban—Landdrosts or Magistrates were appointed to both townships. They established a more regular system of government; and with the able assistance of Mr. Boshoff, who about this time arrived in the district with his entire clan, various laws and regulations were framed which gradually redeemed them from the state of anarchy into which they were fast falling.

While the winter of 1839 was thus taken up by these duties and labors, Dingaan, somewhat recovering from the effects of his late defeat, commenced sending in some special messengers, first delivering up 316 horses which he at various times had captured, and thereafter professing every disposition to enter into amicable relations with the Boers. Their answer was plain and manly—that they would not enter into any treaty of peace with him, unless ample restitution had been made of all their cattle and sheep, and until the value of their property, taken or destroyed by him and the Zulus, had been paid for. This led to frequent embassies, promises of restitution, and fixing places where, at least, some of the cattle and some guns were promised to be delivered. But the Boers soon saw that these messages and promises were mere pretexes to keep up a system of espionage upon them, as when one of

these pretended messengers or spies being caught admitted that he had been sent by Dingaan to see whether the Boers were returning to their farms or were in laager, evidently contemplating another raid upon them. This naturally paralysed all their agricultural enterprises, and prevented them from spreading themselves about to carry on their farming pursuits, being thus kept constantly on the alert; when, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence one of those events was brought about for which they were quite unprepared, and in which they were not even the chief agents, but which led to their undisputed possession of the whole colony of Natal.

There were at that time remaining alive only two brothers of Tshaka and Dingaan; the elder Um Pande (the "Um" being a prefix corresponding to a kind of "Mr.") and a young man Klookloo. Pande had just reached manhood, but brought up in the midst of debauchery and sensuality, he was only known for his unwarlike habits, and became an object of derision with the warriors, and of contempt with Dingaan, and he seemed for a time to give full scope to the indulgence of his passions, as most conducive to his own personal safety; whilst Dingaan's appetite for war was so burning and insatiable that notwithstanding his signal defeat by the Boers in the previous December he again mustered a strong army, and furiously attacked Sapusa the Amazwazi King, but was again defeated with fearful slaughter.

It was therefore not unnatural that even among the Zulus, a party was forming, deprecating these murderous wars, and apparently inclined to support Um Pande, with a view to bring about peace with the Boers and the surrounding natives. From that moment Dingaan determined to watch the opportunity of murdering his brother, but it appears that a hint of his intentions to this effect had transpired. Pande at once fled, with a number of followers, and crossing the Tugela near its mouth, and near where Fort Pearson now stands, took possession of some lands near the Umvoti, and sent messengers to the Boers asking their support and protection. Some suspicion was at first entertained that this was a deep laid plot between the black brothers to inveigle them into Zululand, but after repeated conferences, which were managed with

great tact and ability by the Landdrost Roos of D'Urban, G. Kemp, Moolman, Morewood, Breda, and several others, a formal treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was concluded with him by the terms of which the Boers pledged themselves to support and defend Pande, while he on the other hand promised to support them in any attack upon Dingaan.

The beginning of the year 1840 being considered the best season for commencing offensive operations, the Boers again mustered a force of 400 mounted warriors, who, under the chief command of Andreas Pretorius, joined Pande's army, which was about 4,000 strong, and this combined force, in January, again entered Zululand by the Sunday River and Biggar's Mountains, but, with proper caution, the Boers kept themselves at some distance from Pande's army, which, under the able guidance of Nonkalaas (still alive and with Cetwayo), seemed quite intent upon coming into action.

Whilst this "commando" was mustering its forces, one of Dingaan's principal messengers, Tamboosa, arrived with a specious message and offer of peace. He was, however, with his assistant, seized, and upon being rigidly questioned, frankly admitted that he had been sent to report upon the affairs of the combined army under Pande (as the Zulus pronounce it—"Panda," the name is usually pronounced by whites).

The latter, evidently embittered against this person (Dingaan's principal counsellor) charged him with having been the chief cause of the murder of Retief and his party, and that he had plotted and advised his (Pande's) death, and, in short, brought such a series of charges against him, that, contrary to every usage of civilised life, he was taken along with the army as a prisoner until they reached the banks of the Buffalo River (about eleven miles from where the 2-24th were annihilated by Cetwayo's Zulus at Isandula), where a court martial was formed which, under the excited feelings of the occasion, soon passed sentence of death upon the unfortunate prisoners, which was carried into execution a few hours afterwards. Tamboosa not only nobly upbraided his executioners with the violation of all usages towards messengers, but expressed his perfect readiness to die. The Boers did not want to shoot his attendant,

named Kombazana, but the man, faithful to his master, declared that if they shot his master they must shoot him, separated they should not be. Both accordingly fell under one volley.

This may be said to be the only blot which seriously reflected on the conduct of the Dutch Boers in their engagements with the Zulus, for they otherwise constantly endeavoured to spare the women and children from massacre, and have uniformly conducted their wars with as much discretion and prudence as bravery.

A few days after this sad execution, the Zulu army, under Um Pande, encountered that commanded by Dingaan, whereupon a bloody and desperate engagement ensued, in the course of which, and in a critical moment, one or two of Dingaan's regiments went over in a body to Pande, upon which two of Dingaan's best regiments, who were fighting bravely for him, were totally destroyed to a man, and the battle ended in his utter defeat and flight. The Boers, not having been engaged in this action, followed up this success as soon as they heard of it with great vigor. They drove Dingaan over the Black Umvolosi, and from thence still further to the banks of the Pongolo, where, deserted by almost all his followers, he endeavored with about 100 warriors to find shelter amongst a small tribe living near Delagoa Bay, named the Amasuree, but who, it is supposed, murdered him to insure their own safety from his constant and fearful forays upon them and the adjacent tribes.

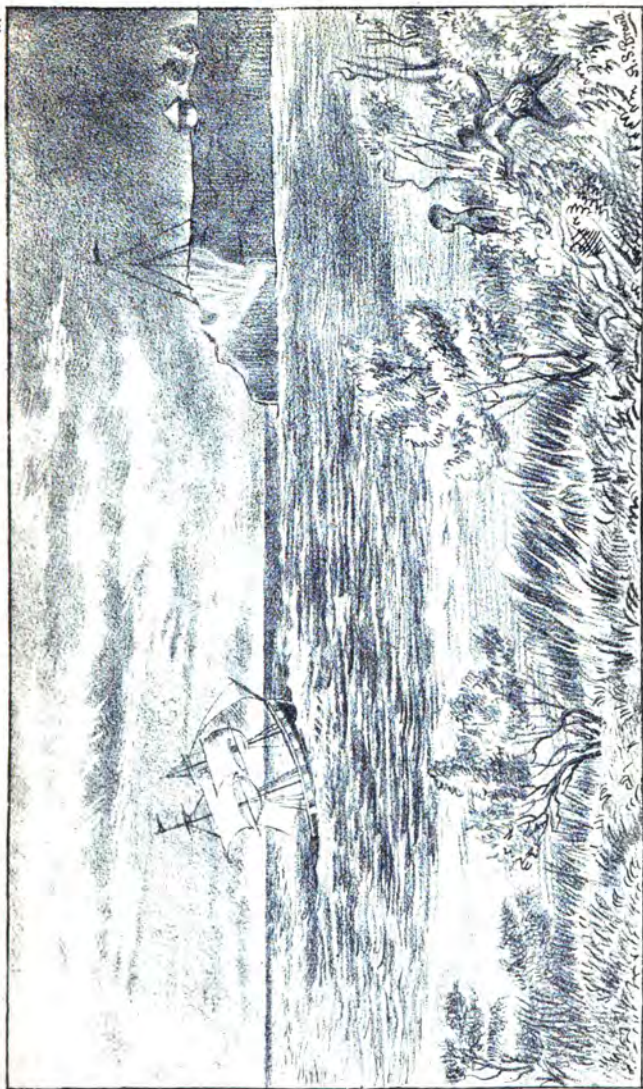
There existing, however, no doubt as to his death, and the dispersion of all his army, the Boers assembled in great state on the banks of the Umvolosi on February 14th, 1840, and there, under the discharge of their guns, Andreas Pretorius proclaimed Um Pande the sole and the acknowledged king of the Amazulus; and by a proclamation issued by him, and attested by the other commandants, they declared their sovereignty to extend from the Umvolosi Umfana, or the Black Umvolosi, and the St. Lucia Bay, to the Umzimvubu, or St. John's River, and, in fact, by their proceedings of that day, assumed a certain authority over UmPande himself, from whom they received, as their indemnity, 36,000 head of cattle, 14,000 of which were delivered to those farmers who resided

beyond the Drakenberg, and had only come in as allies to their friends ; and the remaining 22,000 (or rather the sad remains of them, for many were lost and embezzled on the way) were brought to the foot of the Zwatkop, near the town of Pietermaritzburg, where, at a spot still named the *Deel Laager*, they were distributed among such farmers as belonged to the Natal district, and had claims for losses sustained in the previous wars and engagements.

A few days before the emigrant farmers started on their last and crowning victory over Dingaan and his forces (it may be here said that when in the sanguinary conflict above described, Pande's chiefs called out, "The Boers are coming !" his own Kaffirs were elated in a degree corresponding to the dejection of Dingaan's warriors), Sir George Napier having been ordered to send the 72nd Regt. home, and finding that the Secretary of State for the Colonies still continued little inclined to support his policy of occupying the Natal district, sent a vessel to the Bay, with orders to Captain Jervis to embark with his whole detachment, on which occasion he addressed a letter to Landdrost Roos, at D'Urban, which, after referring to some complaints of natives as to encroachment on their gardens, contained the following farewell address and peroration :—  
"It now only remains for me on taking my departure, to wish you, one and all, as a community, every happiness, sincerely hoping that, aware of your strength, peace may be the object of your counsels ; justice, prudence, and moderation be the law of your actions ; that your proceedings may be actuated by motives worthy of you as men and Christians ; that hereafter your arrival may be hailed as a benefit, having enlightened ignorance, dispelled superstition, and caused crime, bloodshed and oppression to cease ; and that you cultivate these beautiful regions in quietness and prosperity, ever regardful of the rights of the inhabitants, whose country you have adopted, and whose home you have made your own."

From these expressions, enunciated by the officer commanding the forces on the eve of his departure, and from the general tenor of the intelligence received by them at the time from the Cape, there can be no doubt that the Boers became then fully impressed that Her Majesty's Government had determined, by no consideration to swerve





THE MAYFLOWER CROSSING THE BAR.





from that line of policy which had already declared that nothing would induce Her Majesty to assert a sovereignty over these territories. They therefore conceived that by this act of abandonment, and by their conquest and installation of Pande, as a chief set up by themselves, they had become both *de facto* and *de jure* the undisputed rulers of the country. They saw themselves respected and dreaded by all the neighboring tribes ; every farmer had now for himself the opportunity of sitting down under his own vine and fig tree, none making him afraid ; and there is further no doubt that if they, as a body, had possessed sufficient intelligence to feel the exact position in which they were *then* placed, Her Majesty's Government would have bestowed upon them all the advantages of self-government, consistent with a mere acknowledgment of their allegiance to Her Majesty and her heirs.

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## CHAPTER IV.

*Natal taken by the English from the Dutch.*

In closing the last chapter we left the Dutch in quiet and happy possession of Natal; Dingaan, the immolator of Retief and his party, was no more. Um Pande was a king of their own making, holding his position between the Umvoti and Umhlali by their permission, so that now, after their many wanderings and great privations and sufferings, they fondly hoped that a long course of repose and prosperity lay before them, in which they might frame their own laws, establish their own institutions, consolidate their power, bring up their families, secure their own possessions, and, as soon as possible, obtain their own ministers, worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. A church and minister's house at Pietermaritzburg were amongst the first buildings to be erected.

But how soon were these hopes to be blighted and a dark cloud cover the horizon! How soon was their bright sunshine to be succeeded by shadows, darkness, and death!

The English Government had once or twice informed them that although military occupation of Natal had ceased, yet the Boers were still considered as British subjects, and they would not be allowed to establish a Republican Government of their own.

Attempts at an amicable arrangement were tried, but these failing, recourse was had to force, and Captain Smith, of the 27th Regiment, being appointed military commander of Natal, was directed to march from the Umgazi post to Natal with the ridiculously small force of 200 men

and two field pieces. Captain Smith left the Umgazi on the 31st March, 1842, and arrived at Natal on the 12th of May following.

A bugler of the 27th, writing to a friend, says:—"Our march was chiefly along the coast the whole way until near Natal. We came across many pieces of wrecks, and came across numerous footprints of elephants, lions, and other large game in woody places. We crossed 122 rivers, having to swim over most of them, some of them 700 yards in breadth. We stopped two days at the Umkomanzi River—muster, parade, and articles of war. The next day we left this river; and when the guns went over, they loaded with grape, and every company, according as they reached the other side, all loaded with ball, for the captain did not know when the enemy might approach. Due precaution taken every night in pitching the camp. When we arrived at D'Urban the English agent, Mr Dunn, paid us a visit. The Dutch banner was displayed on the fort at the harbor. Next morning the captain and the engineer officer, with all the Cape Corps, and a few artillery, went down to the Port and hauled down the rebellious flag, and hoisted the British Union of old England, and spiked their gun alongside of it—a six-pounder. The next day we marched to our camp, where we remained with fixed bayonets, and the officers in full uniform with their swords drawn. At this time the Boers were some twenty miles from town, at a place called "Long Kloof." A great number of Kaffirs came to the camp, and showed us their backs unmercifully flogged by the Boers. All night we heard wagons tracking northwards to the Dutch village of Kongella. Our captain made all preparations for action that night.

Next morning we went towards the village, and saw many armed Boers galloping through the woods towards it, and others running about in confusion—the women and children roaring and crying. Their valiant old chief coming out to meet us, the Captain halted us and made us order arms and stand at ease. The Dutch chief was about six feet high, and had a belly on him like a bass drum. The Boers were all mounted, and had beautiful horses."

On Monday, the 23rd, the first aggressive act was committed by the Boers. They commenced by seizing

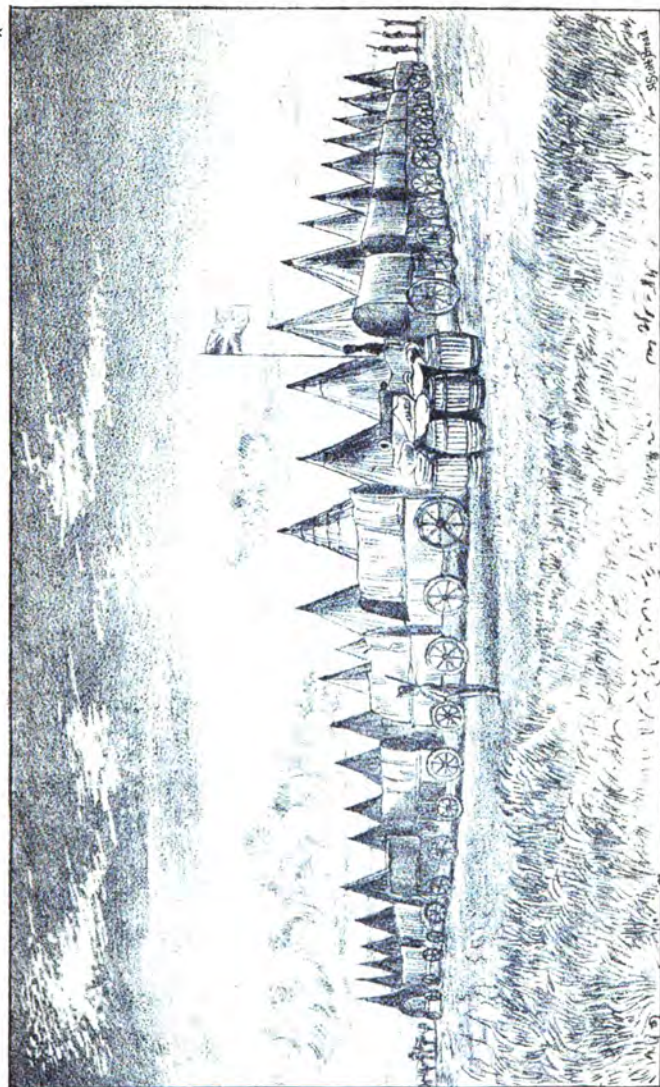
about sixty oxen, and then moved down upon the camp, after having refused to lay down their arms as required. On this Captain Smith opened fire upon them with one 18-pounder.

The attack on the Boer camp at Kongella was made by our troops on the night of the 23rd, near midnight. The troops had to march all along the beach below high-water mark, sinking over their ankles in the wet sand and mud.

The fair moon from the spangled heavens was pouring her gentle rays upon the gallant little band, as, borne on by dauntless courage, they march till within a short distance of the Dutch camp, when suddenly, from the last point of the mangroves at the north-western side of the indented bay, a deadly fire is opened on them. Their assailants being hid and protected behind the trees, and being dead shots, and having advantage of the bright moonlight, while being in the dark shade themselves, our gallant troops became a target into which the Boers fired with fatal effect. Some of the draught oxen drawing the gun carriages being also wounded, much confusion was caused in the little army by the detention of the guns, and by the maddened oxen rushing through and scattering the ranks. One serious drawback was that the howitzer, under cover of which the troops were to advance to the attack, miscarried, as the boat in which it was, is said to have stranded.

The soldiers who were not killed or wounded returned in considerable disorder, with all possible speed, to the camp, in order to protect it, as the Boers were close on their heels.

Captain Smith, writing from D'Urban to Colonel Hare, the Lieutenant-Governor, on May 25, 1842, says:—"Sir—It is with feelings of deep regret I have the honor to communicate to you the disastrous result of an attack made by the force under my command on the emigrant farmers, congregated at the Kongella Camp, at this place." After repeating the story as above, the Captain says—"Finding that I was not likely to accomplish the purpose for which I had put the detachment in motion, and that the men were falling fast, I thought it expedient to retire, effecting this object after some delay, the rising tide



THE BRITISH CAMP, HASTILY FORMED "IN LAAGER" NEAR KONGELLA, NATAL.



rendering the road difficult—the troops, however, reaching the camp about two o'clock in tolerable order, leaving behind them the guns, which the death of the oxen rendered it impossible to remove.”

“Thinking it possible that this partial success of the farmers might induce them to make an immediate attack upon the camp, I made such preparations as I thought necessary, and found my suspicions realised shortly afterwards, a large body of them opening fire upon it from three sides. This was met by a spirited resistance upon our part, and they retired about an hour before daybreak. I have, with deep regret, to report the death of Lieutenant Wyatt, of the Royal Artillery. He was killed early in action. The whole of this day the Boers have made no movement, but I have to give them the credit of treating such of the wounded which fell into their hands with great humanity. These, with the bodies of those who fell, they sent to the camp in the course of the afternoon, and to-morrow the sad duty of interring our departed comrades will take place.”

A large grave with an upright stone slab in the burial ground of the seaport town of D'Urban still records the names of the 34 gallant fellows killed in this action. An old Boer told the writer of these lines that he should never forget taking two wounded young officers out of the water as they, unable to move, were drowning in the rising tide. He and his mate tended them, but they did not survive the night. Another Boer showed me an enormous elephant gun, throwing about four balls to the pound, with which he had shot an unfortunate sentry from amongst the brushwood near the camp. He had crept close up to him, and the enormous bullet silenced the poor fellow for ever.

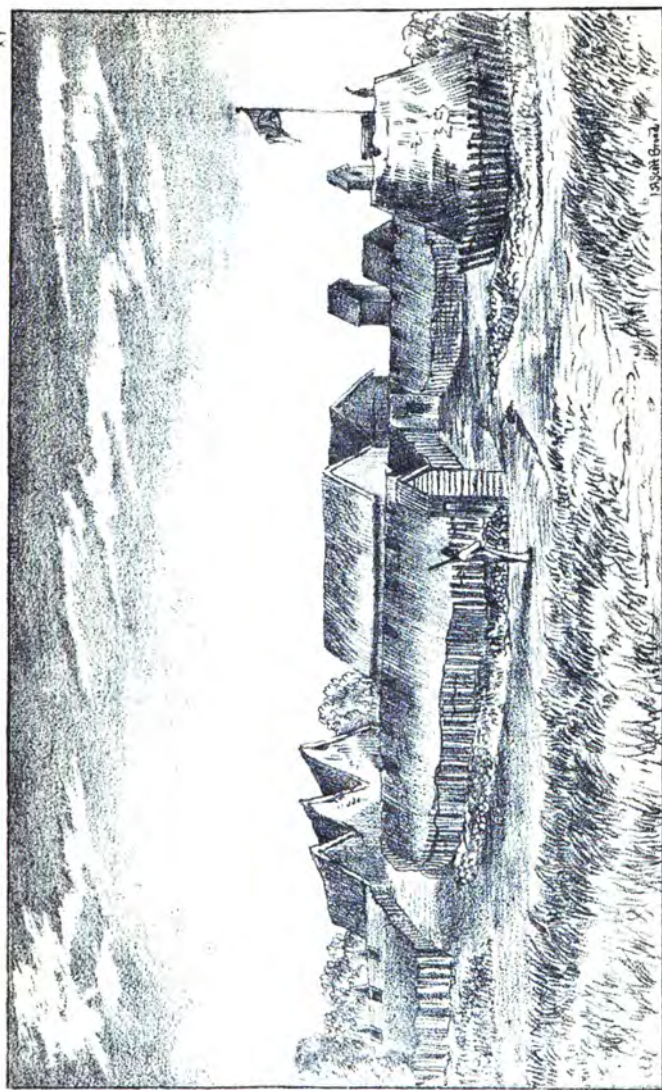
On the morning of the 26th about 150 Boers attacked and took the “Point,” as also the two vessels in the bay, the “Mazeppa” and the “Pilot.” Both were ransacked and the goods therein, and all the Boers could find in the town they appropriated to their use. The following persons were taken prisoners:—a sergeant and guard, Messrs. G. C. Cato, Benningfield, Ogle, Toohey, Douglas, Armstrong, Hogg, and McCabe. They were sent to Maritzburg and put in chains in the night and the stocks in the day time.

Capt. Smith and his devoted little band were now



cooped up in their camp, with prospects as poor and hopes as forlorn as ever fell to lot of mortals, but there is a courage and power of endurance in British soldiers which is truly astonishing, as will be seen in the sequel, when these determined fellows were reduced to horse flesh, crows, and stirrup leathers, and yet were determined to hold out. In this dire extremity Capt. Smith applied to Mr. Cato, who had managed to procure his freedom, to provide him with means of forwarding to the Cape overland, his despatches for relief. On this difficult but urgent mission *Mr. Richard King at once volunteered to go*, and was conveyed across the Bluff Channel, with two horses, in two boats, by Mr. Cato at midnight, in order to escape the notice of the Boers by taking the path along the shore of the Bluff. There were six hundred miles to be traversed through the heart of Kafirland, two hundred rivers to be crossed, and tribes of hostile savages to be passed through, the journey being enough to damp the courage and break the heart of any one but a hero.

This herculean task was successfully performed in ten days. Many of the rivers had to be swam from bank to bank, so that taking the whole journey into account, it was one of the most wonderful performances ever recorded in the pages of history, reminding one of the determined deeds of daring done in the olden times. Mr. King travelled the whole distance alone, and so prompt were the measures taken by the Governor of the Cape, that in thirty-one days succour arrived for the almost famished little force. But before it did arrive Capt. Smith had his hands full. The Boers on the 31st made a desperate attack upon the camp, throwing into it during the course of the day 122 round shot, besides keeping up an incessant fire of musketry. On the second day they threw in about 124 round shot, and on the 2nd opened fire with the 18-pounder, which they had contrived to get up from the "Point," and they still continued their discharges of musketry. Our practice from the camp was excellent, a shot from the 18-pounder having dismounted one of the 6-pounders of the enemy, besides wounding several attached to it. Capt. Smith says—"On the night of the 8th I sent a party out to destroy some works in our front, which was accomplished without loss. In a subsequent sortie made upon the night



THE BRITISH CAMP REGULARLY FORMED, ON THE ROAD TO UMGENI, NATAL.



of the 18th, we were less fortunate, although the duty was performed with great gallantry, the Boers being surprised in their trenches, and many bayoneted after a stout resistance. In this attack, which was headed by Lieut. Molesworth (27th), I had to regret the loss of Ensign Prior, and two privates of the same corps who were killed. I now calculated that by dint of great care we could hold out a week or two longer. We had sunk a well, and we had eleven bags of seed oats, and some dried horseflesh.

"On the night of the 24th several rockets, apparently in the Bay, assured us that relief was at hand. These we answered. On the night of the 25th the many rockets from seaward assured us that not only was a vessel in the Bay, but that she was communicating with another in the offing—a surmise corroborated, on the following day, by the landing of the party under Colonel Cloete, and their final relief of the post in gallant style, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon."

The deplorable situation of the troops in their entrenchments, their privations, and praiseworthy endurance, are well told by Capt. Lonsdale, of the 27th, in a letter to his mother. This is his description of the Boers as an enemy:—"Before proceeding further, I must tell you that the Boers' mode of fighting is much on the same principle as formerly in America—not in a body, but in skirmishing order. They have the very best description of arms, that carry from eight to seventeen balls to the pound. They have almost all of them horses; they will ride within shot, dismount, fire, then mount and retire. They are most excellent shots."

He proceeds—"I was lying in my tent, down with fever, and we were doing all we could to fortify the camp. On the morning of the 21st of May, just before sunrise, we were saluted by a six-pound shot, which passed through the officers' mess tent, knocking their kettles and cooking apparatus in all directions. Every one of course went to his station in the ditch, and the Boers then kept up an incessant fire from four pieces of artillery and small arms, never ceasing for a moment during the whole day till sunset. During the whole day Martha and Jane were lying on the ground in the tent close by me. Many shots, both large and small, passed through the tent close to us.

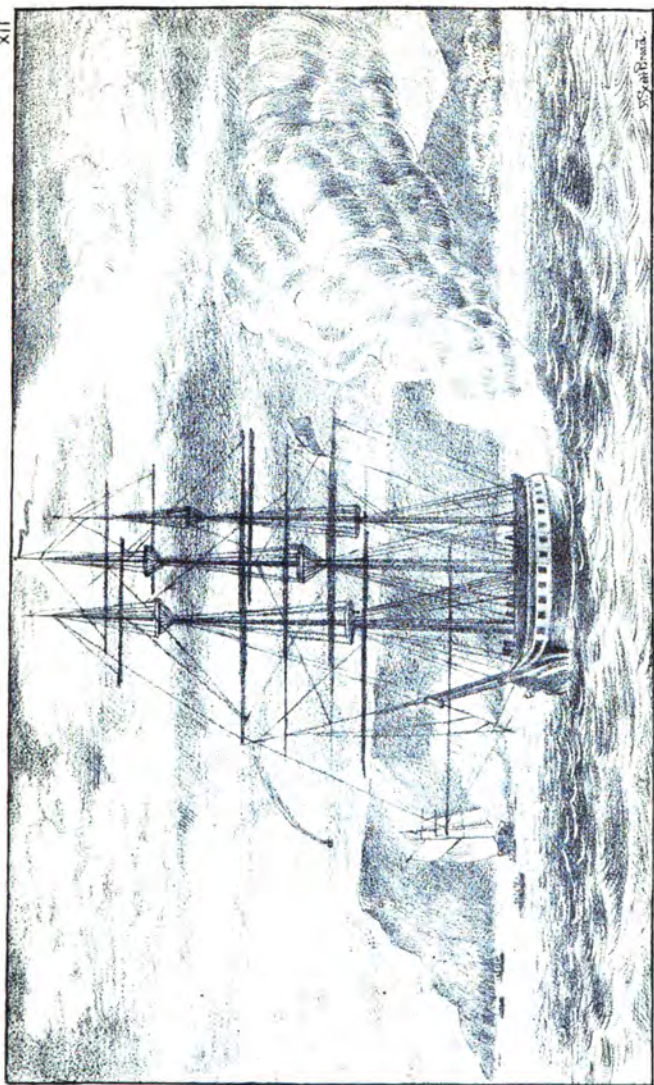
James was lying in my other tent on the ground, with his legs on the legs of a table, when a six-pound shot cut off the table-legs just above him, and the splinters struck him in the face. When the attack was over all the officers came to our tents, expecting to find us all dead. I said if they attacked us next morning we should all have to go into the trench. Margaret then got up and put on a few things, and assisted me in putting on something. I had scarcely got on my trousers when we were again attacked. Margaret and the children ran immediately to the trench, and I was carried into it, and we all lay down or sat up. The fire continued all day, as on the day before. About the middle of the day the children were getting very hungry. Jane said there was a bone of beef in the tent, and she would go for it, but we did not wish her, as she might have been shot; but before I knew much about it she was back with the bone.

'We all slept in the trench this night. Next morning we were awaked by a shot from one of the great guns passing just over our heads. Shortly after a flag of truce came, and Margaret and the children went under the escort of Boers to board on board the 'Mazeppa,' in their possession. They asked Margaret if she was old Capt. Smith's 'vrouw.'

"On the 10th of June the 'Mazeppa' slipped her cable and put out to sea, but not before she received a salute from the Boers at the Point, but she did not receive any injury. After the children and she left, and they did so in such a hurry that they had not a change of clothes, the Boers continued the attack, and they made trenches all round us, so that no one could go outside the camp, or into a tent, without having a shot at him. We attacked one of their trenches, surprising them. They fired one round and killed poor Ensign Prior, of our regiment and two men. Our fellows did not give them time to load again, but rushed into the trench and bayoneted almost all of them. The wounded suffered very much, as the doctor had nothing in the way of medical comforts for the poor fellows. I was lying prostrate in the trench twenty-seven days, hardly able to move, and with not so much as a jacket on."

During the short respite referred to in the preceding





LANDING OF BRITISH TROOPS FROM THE "SOUTHAMPTON"



letter, a number of families and individuals embarked on board the "Mazeppa." It was in May, 1842, that this gallant little vessel left the Bay, under the fire of a four-pounder from the Boers, besides small arms. Fortunately, the only gun likely to do any damage, the eighteen-pounder, could not be brought to bear in time. The picture on this subject gives a sketch of her just having slipped her cable, and spreading her sails to the wind. But it was a hazardous affair—neck or nothing. She was in charge of Mr. Joseph Cato, and his mission was to look for a man of war along the eastern coast. He failed in finding one, but on returning to Port Natal found that the "Southampton" had arrived already and relieved Capt. Smith.

Her Majesty's ship the "Southampton," attended by the "Conch" with the boats in tow (as will be seen by the annexed sketch), had to cross the formidable bar which is such an obstruction to the entrance of the beautiful and safe Bay of Natal—a difficult thing at all times, but especially so when exposed to the fire of an enemy. The "Conch," landed a few men on the rocks of the Bluff, but tried in vain to land men upon the "Back Beach." In this position a few Dutch on the Bluff, and a few more at the "Point," might have driven the boats back to the ships with great loss; but fortunately for the English, and fatally for the Boers, the latter had no expectation of such an attack from such a quarter, and therefore were not prepared for it. They had one field piece on the Bluff (as will be seen in the frontispiece, standing out into the sea to the left), but a shell from the "Southampton" silenced it at once, and those who worked it ran away with all convenient speed; and as there were only a few Boers at the "Point," they made little resistance. Under these circumstances, the "Conch," commanded by Captain Durnford, of the 27th Regt., came on with her line of boats, filled with those who by their courage were to take possession of Natal in the name of Her Britannic Majesty, and who, after landing, at once tore down the Republican flag that was flying at the "Point." The "Conch" was despatched by Colonel Hare from Algoa Bay, and contained a detachment of one hundred men of the 27th Regt., two small howitzers, and stores.



In Colonel Cloete's report, he says :—" Having thus raised the Port, and landed the men from the 'Conch,' the troops were immediately formed, Capt. Durnford was ordered to enter the bush upon the right and drive the Boers before him, whilst I placed myself upon a roadway in the centre, Major D'Urban taking the left along the harbor beach. In this order we advanced through the bush, the character of which it is difficult to describe, and which might have been held by a handful of resolute men against any assailants. On reaching the open ground we found the direction of Capt. Smith's entrenched camp by the firing of his one heavy gun. We marched upon the "Point." Capt. Smith now threw out a party, and we joined him at four o'clock. Having thus executed your Excellency's commands with all military promptitude, by extricating the brave detachment of troops under Capt. Smith's command, I strengthened his post by Capt. Durnford's detachment, and directed Major D'Urban to a house nearer to the "Point," to arrange a post of defence with such of the troops as I expected would have been landed."

It is stated that the report of the firing was heard as far as Algoa Bay in the south, and Um Pande's kraal in the north.

In another despatch to Sir George Napier, Colonel Cloete says :—" I regret to be obliged to close this despatch with a report that reached me last night that the Kaffirs had begun to set upon the Boers, and that three had been killed by them." The following notice was then posted up :—" A report having been brought into me that the Kaffirs had killed three Boers, the insurgent Boers are warned of consequences such as these which it will be impossible to arrest, while they continue in arms against Her Majesty's authority, and thus draw all the evils and horrors of Kaffir murder and devastation on themselves, their families and properties, in spite of every endeavour on the part of Her Majesty's troops to prevent them."

The following is the official account of the termination of hostilities :—

" Lieut. Colonel Cloete left Port Natal on the 21st on board Her Majesty's ship "Isis," and has reported to His Ex. the Governor the final cessation of hostilities between

Her Majesty's troops and the insurgent Boers, no further hostile demonstration having been shown by them after the troops under Col. Cloete were landed.

"The Emigrant Farmers having made a solemn declaration of their submission to the Queen, having released the prisoners, whether soldiers or civilians, having given up the cannon captured, as well as those belonging to themselves, and having restored all public as well as private property seized by them, the Lieut. Colonel, acting under the powers vested in him by the Governor, granted a general amnesty or free pardon to all persons who might have been engaged in resistance to Her Majestys troops and authority, with the exception of Joachim Prinsloo, A. W. Pretorius, J. J. Burgher, Michael von Breda, and Servaas von Breda

After these things Andreas Pretorius became, after years of trouble, the head and representative of the Vaal River Dutch Republic, now the Transvaal. This man's head was worth £2,000 in 1848, which amount was offered by Sir Harry Smith; but in 1852, four years later, he first treats with Her Majestys Commissioners *re* the Sovereignty, and concludes with them a treaty, in which the existence and future independence of the Dutch Transvaal Republic are acknowledged, and then, as the representative of that Republic, visits Natal, and many of the gentry of Pietermaritzburg and D'Urban go to meet him on his approach and escort him with much honor into their respective towns.

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## CHAPTER V.

Establishment of the English Government in Natal—Battles between the British and the Boers.

The Revd. W. C. Holden in his History of Natal says "About this time the Home Government were most anxious to give to Natal an enlightened, liberal, and efficient Government, and for this purpose persons of acknowledged skill and ability in colonial matters were selected. Martin West who had been Magistrate of Graham's Town was appointed to the onerous position of Governor, and Mr. Moodie late of the Royal Navy, who had displayed deep acquaintance with colonial affairs, and especially those relating to South Africa by the publication of the 'Records of the Cape of Good Hope' was chosen as the first Colonial Secretary. Mr. (now Sir Theophilus) Shepstone, late diplomatic agent at Fort Peddie, was placed in charge of the native apartment, and Major Smith of the 27th Regiment was Military Commandant, but was shortly afterwards succeeded by Col. E. F. Boys of the 45th Regiment. Henry Cloete, Esq., L.L.D., was Recorder, W. P. Field, Esq., Collector of Customs, and Walter Harding, Esq., filled the position of Crown Prosecutor; whilst Dr. Stanger, who from his connexion with the Niger Expedition, his scientific attainments, and unswerving integrity, was adjudged a very suitable person to fill the post of Surveyor-General." Since Mr. Holden's time Natal has in turn been governed by Sir Benjamin Chilley, Campbell Pine, John Scott, Robert Keate, Col. Maclean, of British Kaffraria celebrity; Col. Bisset (now Major-General) who joined as a volunteer in the first Kaffir war and afterwards gained an ensigney in the Cape Mounted Riflemen, and who after a long series

of engagements lasting through the Kaffir wars up to 1853, in one of which he was severely wounded, went home and published his book entitled "Sport and War in South Africa," which is full of incident and very interesting; and although not overladen with the doubtful art of the wordy literary florist and perhaps sophist, but couched in blunt, honest, soldierlike language, bears the stamp of genuine truth to the minutest detail. Mr. (now Sir Anthony) Musgrave was the next Governor, and was succeeded by Sir Lytton Bulwer, who is now (1879) at the head of affairs in Natal.

We have now brought the account of the battles between the British and the Boers nearly to an end as far as they are concerned as opposed to each other, and now, in dismissing this part of our subject, it only remains to give a short account of their next collision which occurred at Boom Plaats in the Orange River Free State, and which was brought about by the vacillation of the English home policy regarding the Boers in South Africa, and owing probably to the conflicting opinions of successive leaders of British Cabinets. The unfortunate Boers, leaving the Cape as we have seen, trekked through strange wildernesses, fighting a series of battles with Zulus, wild beasts, &c., which were accompanied with great suffering, privation, and bloodshed, force their way into Natal, and are no sooner comfortably settled down than Britain says, "I can't allow you to erect a republic and threaten me, as you do, with the arms of Holland," and steps in and takes the land. They then trek over the Orange River and set up a Free State. Before crossing the river an "influential deputation" of Boers waited upon Governor Stockenström in 1835 and inquired as to the legality of their proceeding, and the Governor said "I am not aware of any law which prevents any of His Majesty's subjects from leaving his dominions and settling in another country, and such a law, if it did exist, would be tyrannical and oppressive." Sir Harry Smith, however, directed by his orders, claimed all the land between the Orange and Vaal Rivers for England, and announced his intention of supporting his claim by force of arms. Andreas Pretorius was again selected by the Dutch as a leader, and he at once collected a "commando," or army, of about one thousand men, and on the 29th of

August, 1848, was fought the "Battle of Boom Plaats," which latter place is situated a little above the 30° of latitude, near where it is cut by the 26° of longitude. Sir Harry's forces numbered about seven hundred, supported by a small body of Griquas. More English were killed than Dutch. "About a dozen Boers" (says Trollope) "fell, and about four times that number of English. But the English beat the Dutch, and Pretorius and his friends again resumed their wanderings, and trekked across the Vaal River, and there founded the Transvaal Republic," where, as we are aware, the pertinacious John Bull again followed them and again took their land from them, when (to refer to recent times) they yet once again "inspanned" their wagons, and gathering their relations and flocks and herds about them, penetrated the remote interior towards the Great Lake—anywhere to get rid of contact with the hated British. Late South African papers (1879) say that many of these unhappy wanderers had to abandon their wagons and all their goods, and make the best of their way back to the Transvaal, through hostile blacks and wild beasts, owing to their cattle and draught oxen having perished for want of water. It is truly a sad subject to contemplate—the repeated expatriation, wanderings, sufferings, and hardships of these peculiar people, whose cross-grainedness would never permit them to dwell in harmony with the English. They simply said, "We thoroughly dislike you and yours, and simply wish to go anywhere where there is game to be had, water to drink, and grass for our cattle." But the exigencies of British rule did not somehow seem to admit of this, and so, as before said, they resumed their wanderings again and again. As an instance of their antipathy to the British, we may mention the following:—An English gentleman of considerable attainments, during a journey with a friend, dismounted for a moment and called at a Boer's house for some little refreshment. The friend was afterwards told, by some one who was in the house at the time, that when the gentleman of attainments rose from his chair and departed on his journey, the "vrouw" got up and fetched a damp cloth and wiped the seat of the chair. The friend she could tolerate, as, although an Englishman, he had been in the country a long time, and spoke Dutch, or

rather the *patois* composed of Dutch, Malay, Portuguese, &c., spoken by these people in South Africa; but the raw "Bagelsman" she couldn't stand, as she said he reminded her of the abominated red-jackets, who followed her nation about like a lot of fiery-eyed stoats or weasels. As I was once coming southward from a trip into the far interior, we bivouaced under the bright moon by some giant trees, which threw their great arms more than half across a deep dark stream which passed silently away eastward, and near the abode of one of these Dutch wanderers of the wilds; and it sounded passing strange, and rather feelingly deepened the interest in the lovely scene, to hear the solemn strains of the hymns of David borne upon the night air, and emanating from the old Boer's residence. Where'er these poor people wander, there is 'he old-fashioned and ponderous Bible, with clasps fit for the Gates of Gaza, with them, and when the groaning board has been cleared, all sit round the room, and the black folk are called in, and the venerable volume is produced, and the farmer puts on his spectacles, and shading his eyes with his hand from the flare of the mould candle, reverently reads aloud a chapter from the good old Book; after which the most plethoric-looking stumps of clasp-bound hymn-books (which look as if they might be wielded with effect against British troops) are brought in, and a hymn concludes the proceedings of the evening.

As an additional instance of the ill-feelings of the Boers towards the British, we may mention the following:—In the very early days of the Cape, and shortly after the French Republican army drove the Prince of Orange out of Holland, and he gave up the Cape to the British, who sent out General Baird and afterwards Lord Macartney to administer British rule in the Cape, five Dutch Boers were publicly hanged by the English authorities for rebellion, on a neck of land ever afterwards called "Slagter's Neck" (Slaughterer's Neck) by the Boers, who swore they would never forget it. These poor fellows were hung twice over. The hanging apparatus, overweighted with the number, broke down, when the poor wretches dropped down upon the platform. They were half killed by the ropes, but gradually struggled back to life. There arose prayers then that now, at least, they might be spared, and force

was attempted, but in vain. The British officer in charge had to see that they were hanged, and hanged they were a second time, after the interval of many hours spent in erecting a second gallows. It was the followers and relations of these men that trekked away northwards and eastwards, till after many a bloody battle they arrived at Natal. And long afterwards Sir Harry Smith hanged a Boer rebel of the name of Dryer at or near Boom Plaats, in the Orange Free State, in 1848. The Boers at the time were very indignant at what they called a most wanton outrage to their dignity. They handed the deed down to posterity by setting to music a song beginning—

“Engelsman, des lands verayer,  
Gedinkt u oor de dood van Dryer.”

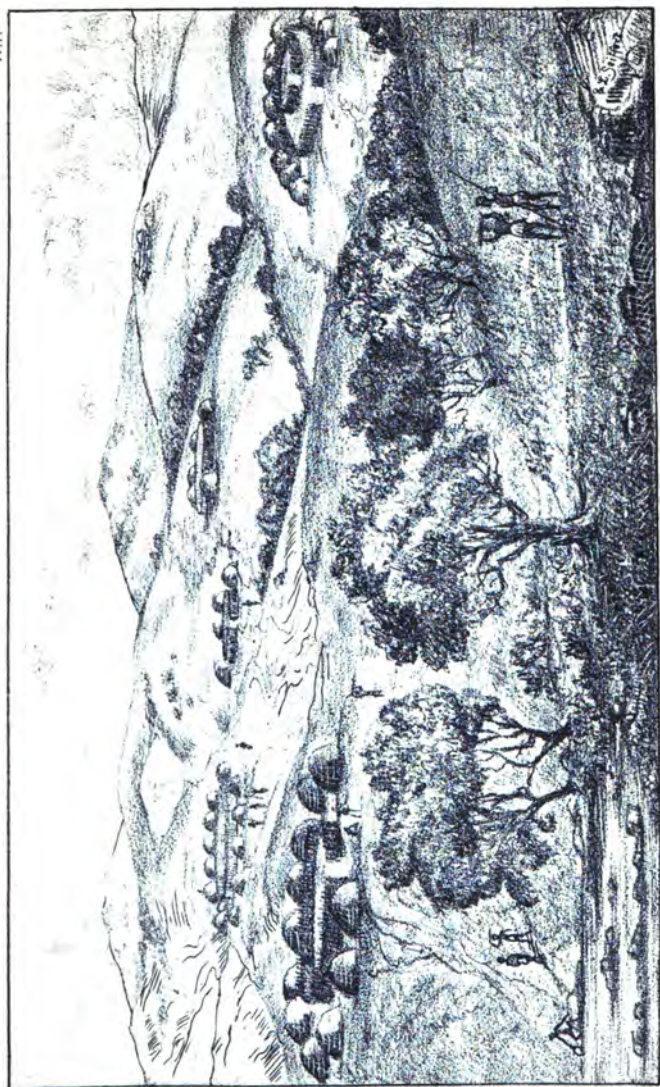
Or,

“Englishman, the land's betrayer,  
Bethink you on the death of Dryer.”

“Verader” is, I believe, the proper Dutch word for “betrayer,” but it wouldn't rhyme.

In 1853, the War Minister at home (who, according to Trollope, was also Colonial Secretary) had quite enough of fighting in hand without having to fight the Basutos in defence of the Dutch, or the Dutch in defence of the Basutos; and it was decided that the “Free State” should be abandoned. We had claimed the Dutch as our subjects when they attempted to start for themselves in Natal, and had subjugated them by force of arms. Then we repudiated them in the nearer region across the Orange. Then again we claimed them, and again subjugated them by force of arms. Now we again repudiated them. In 1854 we executed, and forced them to accept, a convention by which we handed over the government of the country to them—to be carried on after their own fashion. But yet, even then, it was not to be carried on exactly as they pleased. There was to be no slavery, and the natives were not to be forced to labor. Then came terrible days of fighting between the Basutos and the Boers, and of renewed fighting between the Basutos and other tribes; during which time the Basutos were so famine-stricken as to resort to cannibalism. Then they asked for British intervention, and at last, in 1868, Sir Philip Wodehouse issued a proclamation, in which he declared them to be British subjects, and a line of





KRAALS NEAR PIETERMARITZBURG.





boundary was made between them and the Orange Republic. The Boers did not like this, but the matter was ultimately arranged, and the Basutos, under a son of the old chief Moshesh, or Umtywetywe, as they pronounce it, are now a happy and flourishing people.

The fights between the Boers and the Basutos were up to date (April, 1879), the last conflicts between Dutch and Kaffir, but in concluding the subject of the battles between these people we will go back to October, 1854, and describe a slaughter of Boers by the "Makatese," under "Makapan," or "Umgobana" as his own Kaffirs pronounce the name, and the terrible retaliation upon them by the Boers under Commandant Potgieter and young Pretorius (as he was then, but now President of the Transvaal Republic, and son of the old general before alluded to). I have been at Makapan's kraal. (I may here parenthetically explain that the term "Kaffir" is of Arabian origin and means "infidel," and is a *generic* appellation; the Zulu—who is the highest by far in the scale of Kaffir worth—the Basutos, also called Makatese; the Korannas, the Bechuanas, the Fingoes, the Gcalekas, and the Gaikas, and such like, being *specific* terms).

It appears that the Kaffirs had given the Boers most dreadful offence. They had murdered seven or eight of the latter, including a "field cornet," or officer of colonial levies, and had put to death several Dutch women, with circumstances of the most frightful barbarity. Accordingly, General Pretorius, accompanied by Commandant-General Potgieter—a brother of the slain "feldt kornet"—proceeded on an expedition to avenge the blood which had been shed by the Kaffirs. The force altogether was about five hundred strong, the greater part being mounted; and they had one hundred and sixteen wagons and two field pieces. Towards the end of the month they reached certain subterranean caverns of vast extent, in which the offending Kaffirs, under their chief, Makapan, were known to have entrenched themselves. These extraordinary caves are described as being upwards of two thousand feet in length, and from three to five hundred in width, intersected by several walls—we presume of natural construction—and so dark that no eye could penetrate the gloom. Arrived at this retreat, General Pretorius appears to have

debated, without scruple or hesitation, how he could exterminate his enemies with the greatest facility, and at a council of war it was resolved to blast the rocks above the caverns, and thus crush and bury the savages alive under the ruins. This scheme failed, in consequence of the stone proving unfavorable to the operation. The caves were then surrounded and rigorously watched day and night, to prevent the entrance of any supplies; so that the wretches within, who seem by the accounts to have represented the whole population of a large Kaffir village, wives and children included, might be reduced to the extremities of famine. At first fences or barriers were constructed round the rocks, behind which the Boers maintained incessant watch; but as the work proceeded enormous loads of timber and stone were brought up and thrown into the openings of the caverns. Fifty "spans" of oxen (teams of twelve or fourteen), with an adequate number of labourers were employed upon the work the first day. During the next five days 1,500 drags of trees and stones were thrown down the caverns by 300 Kaffir allies; it was here that the handsome, tall, and gallant Commandant Potgieter was shot. Pretorius says in his account of the affair that his colleague was standing at the top of a small precipice, urging on the friendly Kaffirs, when a shot from the caves entered his right shoulder, and came out between the left shoulder and the neck, and he fell down the "krantz" right in front of the enemy's fence. Pretorius, however, and those with him stormed the fence and recovered the body. The pangs of thirst soon forced through the obstacles thrown in their way. Some of the miserable creatures within, and a large number of women and children, suffering for want of water, sallied forth, but died after they had drank a little. Meantime patrols kept ward night and day, and with their rifles laid every Kaffir dead who showed himself in his exhaustion or misery at the cavern's mouth. As this dreadful siege was protracted through the greater part of three weeks, it is plain that the savages must have had some small amount of provisions with them; but the work at last came to an end. On the 17th of November the besiegers, as they advanced towards the rocks, encountered little opposition, and the silence of the caves, together with the horrible smell of the dead, told

them how effectually their object had been accomplished. The miserable savages had perished in their holes, and the estimate of their losses gives a frightful idea of the tragedy. Women and children in considerable numbers appear to have escaped, but upwards of nine hundred Kaffirs had been shot down at the openings of the caves, and the number of those who had died by inches within was, the Boers themselves say, "much greater."

The above account points to the difference between our mode of procedure with natives and that of the Boers. Judging from experience, we could not have done as much to curb the Kaffirs in a long and tedious campaign as General Pretorius did in two short months with a handful of volunteers, at little or no cost to his countrymen, and with a loss of only two killed and five wounded. The whole expedition was contrived with a rude simplicity which, though barbarous enough in its results, was successfully adapted to the purpose in view. The settlers of the Transvaal Republic simply turned out to hunt savages after a savage fashion. The Kaffirs had not only barbarously butchered their countrymen, but pots were found containing the roasted limbs of the victims. To such offenders no more mercy was shown than to so many wolves; and when they had been tracked to their dens they were starved and shot without respect to the usages of more civilised warfare.

We English, it is plain, do not fight with savages on fair terms. All Kaffirs, in passing from peace to war with us, forego little, sacrifice little, and hazard to a small extent their own savage lives. We export thousands of soldiers thousands of miles, every man of whom has cost us the worth of a Kaffir province in training, and who are expected to encounter treacherous and sanguinary barbarians in their own wilds according to the punctillios of regular war. The result is that the losses are almost exclusively our own. The Treasury is drained of million after million; our best officers and men are surprised, surrounded, and killed; and after the lapse of a year or two the "Kaffir War" is concluded, to be followed in a few months by another. Not near as many Zulus have been killed in Zululand up to this date (April) by all the thousand bayonets, bullets, and swords of our thousands of

regular troops in that country as were destroyed in this single expedition by Pretorius. An old number of the *London Times*, from which we glean the above, says:—"It would be hard indeed to argue that such an example should be followed; but of this we are convinced—that if the colonization of South Africa is to be continued, the savage tribes can only successfully be encountered like the savages of all other regions—by acts resembling their own. The backwoodsmen of Kentucky pursued the red Indians as the red Indians pursued them, and victory in the end fell to the superior race. It would probably be the same in South Africa; but to expect that the contest should be conducted without offence to civilised feelings is altogether vain. We simply put the case by aid of this illustration before the eyes of the reader. Handled as those on the spot could handle them, the Kaffirs—those bugbears of our statesmen and economists—could be kept down with comparatively little outlay or trouble; but the system would be only too sure to involve shocks and scandals to the humanity of the nation. This, however, we must needs add—that if such an alternative be rejected, the border provinces ought to be relinquished altogether; for the country can no longer afford or tolerate these periodical wars, of which the cost is found so great and the fruit so little."

With the following account of the battle of Zwaart Kop, which place is close to Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State, we conclude the accounts of the battles between the British and Boers. I have not as yet seen any writer of South African works touch upon this engagement, and the following short notice I glean from a diary kept by Sergt. Williams, late of the 15th Hussars, 7th Dragoon Guards, and also of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, who was present in this action, as well as in most of the engagements during the 1850-1-2-3 Kaffir wars in and about British Kaffraria. He bears the good conduct and Kaffir War medals. This sergeant is now in Adelaide, South Australia, seeking the means of an honest livelihood. The sergeant, who was then quite a stripling, says, after an allusion to some family matters:—"I accompanied a friend of my brother's to Maidstone, where we attended some theatrical benefit, during which I made the acquaintance of Cornet Sleight,

of the 15th Hussars, the son of an old brother officer of my father's, who had been together for many years in the same regiment. After the performance was over we retired to have refreshment together, and then took leave of each other, promising to meet again the following day. Soon after rising the next morning I ventured for a walk through the town, when I soon found myself in proximity with the cavalry depôt, and the dashing dragoons who paraded through the square, mounted and dismounted. I had not long been looking on when I was addressed by a smart sergeant of the 15th Hussars, who soon enticed me to retire with him to a small parlour, where, after partaking of sundry refreshments and being well washed over with "soft soap," he gave me to understand that I belonged to his noble and gallant corps, the 15th Hussars, and he took good care to keep me in liquor till I was properly attested and sworn in, lest a friend should get hold of me, pay the "smart," and release me. In those days recruits were marched to the hospital and put into the itch ward; their own clothes were taken from them, and hospital garments were served out instead. After the lapse of forty-eight hours they were put into other wards, and kept there until their military uniform was ready, when they would be marched to the tailors's shop, and from thence to their respective corps. Little did I know, or even guess, of the new career I had bound myself to for twenty-eight years to serve Her Majesty! With many a heaving sigh and sore heart did I often retire to my barrack room and bed, pondering over my fate. However, as time rolled on I got used to my new pursuits, and bore up with them. After spending six months at the cavalry depôt at Maidstone, volunteers were called for to make up the 7th Dragoon Guards to their full strength, that corps having been ordered to the Cape of Good Hope for service in that country, being the first heavy cavalry regiment that had been ordered abroad for foreign service for many years, and the first European cavalry that had ever been seen in the Cape. Being desirous of a change, and wishing to travel and see a part of the world I had read so much about, I volunteered my services from the depôt of the 15th Hussars (which regiment was in India at the time), together with others from the several regiments stationed

at Maidstone. We left *en route* for Gosport Barracks, to join the 7th Dragoon Guards, on or about the 2nd of April, 1843, which corps embarked on board H.M. ship "Rodney" at Spithead on the 6th of April, 1843, and sailed on the 10th, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, with 1,617 souls on board, comprising 7th Dragoon Guards, detachment of artillery, Sappers and Miners, women and children, ship's crew, and marines. On our way we put into Madeira and Rio de Janiero harbors. On our arrival at the Cape one division of the 7th were disembarked and sent to Cape Town to take up the horses purchased by Capt. Le Merchant, who was sent on before the regiment for that purpose. They proceeded overland to the frontiers, a distance of 500 miles, whilst the remainder of the troops, who were transhipped to the "Isis" frigate and a transport ship, proceeded by water to Algoa Bay, from whence they marched to Graham's Town, on the frontiers, being played in by the band of the Cape Mounted Riflemen. The party sent to bring the horses overland arrived almost as soon as we did, and a fresh lot were brought down the country by Capt. Le Merchant. The whole of them were very young and wild, and having the habit of "bucking," they surprised many of our best riders. After a short stay in Graham's Town, head quarters proceeded to Fort Beaufort, leaving one troop behind. After getting our appointments and accoutrements cleaned up, we assumed our regular duties of drill and training the young horses. It may be as well to remark that our arms formerly belonged to the 60th Rifles, an infantry corps, so that we had to learn the infantry drill—fixing bayonets, &c., &c. We found these arms very awkward to load when mounted; when dismounted, we had to place the rifle between our two knees to insert the ball, which most of us found very tedious after firing some fifty or sixty rounds of ammunition during the Kafir warfare, the barrel becoming so heated that the ball would often melt and become so soft that it could not be rammed down. This occurred to me after firing sixty-three rounds when in the rear guard of the regiment, coming through the Fish River Bush about the month of July, 1846. The regiment being too conspicuous owing to the brightness of their clothing, accoutrements, &c., &c., were dismounted, the rear guard giving up their horses to

the main body to lead with their own. Having dwelt sufficiently long on the arms, I must now say that before we could get the horses properly trained the regiment was ordered up the country, a distance of 300 miles, against the Dutch Boers, to protect the Griqua tribe, who were under British protection. The second division of the 91st Regt. and the Griquas were engaged with them when we made our appearance. The Boers had much the advantage through being all mounted, and having guns that reached further than those in possession of our troops. They much annoyed and harrassed the infantry by dismounting, laying their "Snelders" (long guns with hair triggers) across the saddles on their horses, firing, reloading, and remounting, to gallop out of range of our Brown Besses; and our troops kept patiently following them up until they took to the entrenchments of their camps, and posting themselves in the rocks, prepared to receive the "bloodhounds," as they termed us, when they beheld us charging over the plain. On our approach they poured in a volley from all their places of concealment, which had but little effect at the pace at which we were going. After returning them the compliment, a portion of the regiment was sent round both sides of their ambuseade, while the main body stormed the hill they occupied. All those of the Boers who could get to their horses in time made their escape, taking with them all their vans, laden with brandy and other provisions. Two field pieces were left in our hands, at which were captured two deserters from our army, who had been with the Boers some time. These men were afterwards sentenced to death, but the Governor changed their sentence to transportation for life, but they escaped out of gaol, and have never been heard of since. Many fell victims in this encounter, especially the infantry, who fell fast from the well-directed fire from the rocks. Many also fell among the Boers, and several prisoners were taken, together with several horse-vans laden with provisions, clothing, &c., &c. The following morning we followed them up to their chief encampment, when they hoisted the flag of truce and surrendered. Many of the tents and houses were found full of dead bodies, which they covered up on our approach. Many of those who had been wounded and died were found among the hills some time



after. Thus ended the battle of Zwaart Kop in 1844. This was my first appearance on a field of action, at the age of twenty."

The above, I hope, will be found interesting and amusing, especially the fact of the Dragoon Guards loading long infantry rifles on wild young bucking horses.

Cavalry are very useful against South African natives, especially against people like the Zulus who come out into the open, but it is hardly advisable to take the course so often adopted in sending cavalry to South Africa, namely that of sending out stalwart dragoons who, with all their heavy trappings, are much too heavy for the little Cape horses. English horses, imported with the men, would do well, especially if landed after the "horse sickness" months, viz., January and February.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## Kaffir Wars.

Although, for the sake of brevity, only the Zulus are alluded to in our title page, yet there are other Kaffir tribes which played most important parts in several periods embraced in this little history. The Basuto tribe under their chief, Moshesh, immediately beyond the western boundary of Natal, and the Amaxosa Kaffirs of British Kaffraria had many engagements with our troops; especially the latter, and they will be touched upon further on, but at present, following the diary of Mr. Williams, we propose giving a sketch of an engagement of the British with the Basutos.

"About the month of July, 1852, the Regimental Sergeant-Major having been appointed to a commission, owing to the death of Lieut. Pelachois, on our way to Fort Armstrong, the Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Division of the corps was called upon to take his place, and your humble servant was appointed Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Division, which removed me to Kaffraria, where I was but a short time when a fresh breakout took place with Moshesh's tribe. The war being nearly ended in Kaffraria, all that could be spared from the 1st and 2nd Divisions were ordered by General Cathcart, who had been sent out to relieve Sir Harry Smith, to march forthwith up the country to meet the new enemy. After a tedious march of about two hundred miles we reached our destination, a spot then British territory, opposite Berea, in Basuto land, just below latitude 29°, and exactly longitude 28°, near where the Battle of Berea was so shortly to be fought. On our arrival the General formed a camp on what was then

English soil, and in what is now the Orange River Free State, and sent to the Chief Moshesh, in order to try and settle matters amicably. A meeting took place the following day, when it was thought that everything was settled, but it proved otherwise, and the chief not sending in either the prisoners or the cattle promised on the stipulated day, the General ordered a number of troops, mounted and dismounted, to be in readiness the following morning to march in the supposed direction of the enemy; but, seeing nothing of him, they crossed the river which divided them from his territory. Col. Hare of the 73rd Regiment, in command, ordered a squadron of the 12th Lancers, and a troop of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, under the command of the Major of the 12th Lancers, to reconnoitre round the hills. They had not been long away when they observed the enemy in great force crossing the plains, evidently driving their cattle into the mountains, and the women and children carrying the food, baggage, &c., &c., towards the interior of their country. In the meantime the native commander sent another force of Kaffirs to where it was expected we would cross over into their territory, and suddenly our mounted men found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming force of natives, with whom they fought desperately until their ammunition was expended. Finding it useless to compete with them any longer, as they were becoming too numerous, the Major gave the order to retire. The enemy, both mounted and dismounted, having the advantage of knowing the country, emerged from all sides, and pursued them so closely that they were compelled to make out of their way by jumping over rocks and places unfitted for horsemen; more particularly the Lancers, who were too heavy for their horses, and owing to which they lost twenty-nine of their number. One Sergeant of the Cape corps, having been thrown from his horse, fell into their hands. Many men and horses were also severely wounded, and many men had their horses shot from under them, or disabled in jumping over the rocks. Thus hotly pursued—two men on a horse—they retreated until they got to the river, about a quarter of a mile from the camp, from which they were observed by the officer in command. He at once sent a strong body of infantry to the river under cover, who, as soon as the enemy came near enough.

and after our men had crossed the river, jumped up from their hiding places, and poured such a rattling volley into them as to cause them to break, scatter, and retire pell mell, being pursued by fresh troops who had come up to the support. The Major of the Lancers had a narrow escape of falling into their hands—surrounded by seven of the enemy, he shot some with his revolver, and then drew his sword, but two of the Cape corps seeing his desperate position galloped up to his rescue, and aided him in polishing off the remainder; and so all of the seven Kaffirs bit the dust. A horse, belonging to an officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles, after nobly bearing his rider, severely wounded as he was, safely into camp, dropped down dead. Col. Hare having communicated with General Cathcart, at the head of the infantry, with two field pieces, marched to oppose the enemy, who showed themselves in great force upon the hills. On approaching them, and finding that they were endeavoring to surround him, he formed up his troops, and waited till they approached sufficiently near to open fire on them with the big guns; which by no means dismayed his opponents, who still advanced before him in overwhelming masses. General Cathcart, on receiving this intelligence, ordered the whole of the troops he could spare from the camp to march to Col. Hare's assistance, with instructions to join him the following day; while he, at the head of one hundred and fifty of the cavalry, proceeded to join the fighting division. On his way about four hundred of the enemy shewed themselves on the hills. He at once formed up his men, and prepared to attack them; but as he was about to charge he found that instead of hundreds he had to deal with thousands. He was then obliged to retire, and take a different route to join Col. Hare's division, which he reached in the fore part of the evening, just in time to witness a severe contest between him and the enemy, who had kept concealed in the bush, awaiting the force that he had met on the road. On the arrival of the General and the Colonel, the enemy emerged from the bush, not like a disorganized mob of natives, but like French disciplined troops. Three successive times that evening they furiously charged the division, and were repulsed; the last time was between seven and eight o'clock at night, when the troops were ordered to lie down

under cover of an eminence, and commanded not to pull a trigger till the enemy came within an hundred yards. The big guns were loaded with grape and canister, and on their close approach volley after volley was sent in among them, which threw them into such utter confusion and slaughtered such numbers of them, that they fled helter-skelter to the bush, and were never seen afterwards. The following morning the bodies were found in great numbers, although many had been carried into the bush, traces of which were to be seen by the blood on the way. Our casualties were few considering—the dead were buried, and the wounded carried on stretchers till we overtook the rest of the troops, when they were placed in the wagons for the sick. A flag of truce having been sent to General Cathcart with a request for the cessation of hostilities, and with a promise to send in the aggressors and the cattle demanded, the troops returned to their former encampment. The following day, agreeable to promise, the chief leaders of the war and the cattle were sent in, accompanied by Moshesh and his followers. Moshesh stated that he was sorry for what had happened to the troops, as the steps taken were against his wishes, but that he and his people had got a lesson they would never forget. The prisoners and the cattle having been handed over, Moshesh departed on amicable terms with the General. That day the cattle were sent on in front to Blomfontein, with a strong escort of mounted men to guard them on the road. On their arrival they were handed over to the Commdt. of the Garrison, who distributed them amongst the different settlers, who had had their cattle stolen by Moshesh's Kaffirs. Some were disposed of to realise prize-money for the troops which, however, was never seen or heard of since by the soldiers; similar to that realised in the two Kaffir wars for the cattle taken from the enemy in Kaffraria. Twelve and sixpence per man was all that was credited in the accounts of the men of Her Majesty's Dragoon Guards."

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PRINCE ALFRED SHOOTING IN THE COWIE BUSH.

## CHAPTER VII.

Wars between the British and the Amaxosa and other Kaffir tribes in British Kaffaria.

Having now devoted several chapters to the battles between the Boers and the British, and between the Boers and the Zulus, &c., we will proceed to a relation of the wars between the British and the Kaffir races of British Kaffaria, taken chiefly from the book of Major General Bisset, C.B., and entitled "Sport and War, or Fighting and Hunting in South Africa."

"The Kaffir war of 1834-5 broke out a day or two before Christmas. Kaffir wars generally do break out about that time of the year, because the crops in British Kaffaria are then standing and advancing towards maturity; and as the Kaffirs carry no commissariat with them they are thus enabled to find food everywhere; and another reason is that the weather is then warm, the days long, and the nights short.

"I was at the time but a boy of fifteen years old; nevertheless as martial law was proclaimed, all civilians had to serve under arms, and I joined the Bathurst Volunteers under Commandant Bowker. The Kaffirs had already entered Lower Albany, in the Cape Colony, and a patrol was sent to warn the farmers to give assistance where they could. The patrol consisted of about twenty civilians, of which I was one. We proceeded first to the Kereiga River, and on reaching Botha's Farm we saw the Dutch mothers snatching up their children and running in all directions. This was occasioned by some native leaders and drivers of wagons having run home from the "Cowie Bush"—a distance of six or seven miles—reporting that their masters

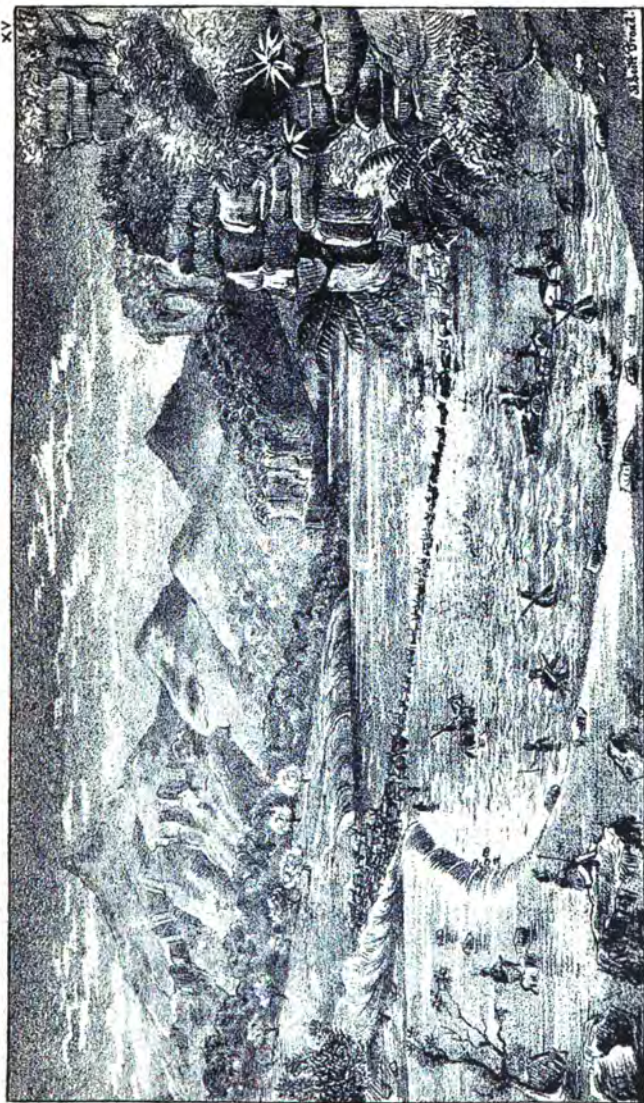


were attacked and surrounded by Kaffirs. They had left the farm that morning with two ox wagons to fetch rushes for thatching, and while returning from the Cowie River were attacked by Kaffirs. The native servants fled, and the three Dutchmen were surrounded and left to fight it out; two only of them had guns. They retired, but when out of the main bush had to take 'cover' in a small round clump of bush in the open. This small bush was surrounded by the Kaffirs, who were afraid to enter, but kept throwing their assegais into it. The Boers loaded and fired as rapidly as they could, and we could hear this firing at a great distance, and raced as fast as our horses could carry us to their assistance. On our approach the Kaffirs fled into the forest, and we found two of the Dutchmen in a most exhausted and deplorable condition—one had nineteen and the other twenty-three wounds; and strange to say, the man without the gun was untouched. There was no doctor with our party, so Paddy McGrath the farrier had to attend to the wounded. One poor fellow had a bad spear wound in the stomach, through which a portion of the entrails were protruding, and I had to hold him while Paddy McGrath put back what was outside. It was a nasty beginning of war, and three men actually fainted from the sight. McGrath was sufficiently a doctor to know that the man alluded to could not live, for he found one of the intestines cut in two. The poor fellow died a few days afterwards, while the one with the twenty-three wounds recovered. It was impossible to follow the Kaffirs into the forest, so we returned with the wounded to the farm, and escorted the whole family into Graham's Town as a place of safety."

In describing a passage of the Fish River, General Bisset relates a joke which ought not be lost sight of. The river being swollen it appears that a plucky little auctioneer got washed off his horse, and adopting the parlance of his tribe, shouted out—"Going, going, gone by God—," and down he went; but somebody caught him by the collar as he sunk and pulled him out.

The affair of "Murray's Krantz" is next described. "Krantz" means a precipice, and the place was named after Capt. Murray of the 72nd Highlanders, who was wounded on the occasion.

To resume the text, "the Kaffirs were quite prepared



**CAPTURED CATTLE CROSSING THE KEI RIVER.**



for us, for they commenced at once to throw down great rocks and spears, &c., from the precipices above, which former had evidently been collected for the purpose. We, however, forced our way on, until we came to the bluff or acute angle of the cliff itself; here only one man could pass at a time, and as that man came to the corner he was either shot down or assegaied. I was at this time a volunteer in the Corps of Guides, under my old friend Richard Southey, afterwards Lieut. Governor of the Diamond Fields. Driver was the particular guide on this occasion, and was himself wounded in the nose by an assegai as he endeavoured to get round the corner. Capt. Murray, 72nd Regt. was wounded on the hip, and several men were killed and wounded. The first assegai thrown wounded a man, and passed quivering into the ground not far from where I was standing. Walter Currie and myself stepped across to withdraw this assegai, and as we drew it from the earth twenty spears entered the same spot, as it came within line of vision, from some hundreds of Kaffirs who were in mass but beyond the corner.

"Sir Harry Smith had in the meantime detached some companies of native battalions to pass round the northern extremity of the precipice, and thus outflank the Kaffirs holding the point; but before they could accomplish the distance a plucky discharged soldier from the 75th Regt. named O'Toole had got into such a position at the point that he could fire 'round the corner' as fast as the men could hand loaded muskets to him; and it was supposed that he was doing great execution, as we could see such an amount of the wooden shafts of assegais that it looked like a waving field of corn. We very soon heard the rattle of our own musketry on the other side of the body of Kaffirs, and they were taken so unawares by the outflanking party that they had very little chance of escape. Many, however, did get away by leaping and throwing themselves down the declivities of the rocks. Louis Arnoldus, a rebel Hottentot, who was in command of the Kaffirs who had held this place, himself got so jammed in the cleft of a rock that he could not extricate himself; and although his gun—a great elephant gun, four to the pound—was shot to pieces he himself was untouched, and he was taken prisoner in that helpless position. When the stronghold at the point

was carried it appeared that O'Toole's zeal had been thrown away, as every ball had struck a rock in the line of fire immediately round the corner. A little further on, where our men met those coming from the north, there was a good deal of slaughter ; but the greater number escaped down the precipice, many of them being no doubt killed in the descent. The number of cattle on the plateau above was something incredible. A little way to the west there was a cattle track leading down to the Governor's Camp, and a stream of cattle came pouring down this during the whole day. No less than 22,000 head of cattle were captured on this occasion."

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NOVEL CHARGERS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## The Death of Hintza.

During the war of the above period the troops under Sir Benjamin D'Urban crossed the Kei River and carried the war into the Transkeian territory. The head quarters of the army halted at Butterworth, but a strong force, under Sir Harry Smith, moved up the left bank of the Kei towards the source of the Tzomo River. This advance was performed with forced marches, and enabled the troops to overtake vast herds of cattle, which were thus captured from the enemy. A great many troop horses "knocked up" upon this expedition, and were shot to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. The infantry officers' horses were in like manner destroyed, and it was curious to *see officers riding* at the head of their men *on pack bullocks*, guided by a thong through the cartilage of the nose of the ox. Besides, the skin of a bullock is so loose on its body that it is difficult to keep either yourself or a saddle on its back.

The return into camp of this large patrol took nearly all day, from the long lines of cattle that had been captured and were being driven in. The next day the paramount chief of all Kaffirland, Hintza, surrendered himself to the Governor and came into our camp, with a number of his head councillors and others. It is customary on these occasions to present the great chief with one or more head of cattle for immediate slaughter, according to the number of his retinue. On this occasion only one was presented, and the Kaffir's mode of killing it deserves to be recorded. As



showing the savage nature of these men (of whom many people erroneously judge by the standard of civilised ideas) the great ox was caught and pulled to the ground, while some of the menials were preparing a fire; the front and hind feet of the animal were tied together and stretched forwards and backwards by men pulling at them, the ox being turned and kept on its back. A Kaffir wizard or doctor, as they are sometimes called, plunged his assegai into the live bullock's stomach, making the hole sufficiently large in withdrawing the blade of the spear to admit of a man's hand and arm. The fat or covering of the inside immediately protruded, and this was pulled out, cut off, and thrown over the blazing fire; it frizzled up and became cooked almost instantly, and was then handed to the chief, who partook of it and handed portions to his head men. Not until this ceremony took place was the process of killing the ox continued. The witch doctor then plunged his arm into the hole, and he killed the animal by dividing the heart strings and blood vessels with his hand. Such are the Kaffirs in their savage life, and I am sorry to say I must detail a still more horrible scene that took place the next day, before I proceed to relate the circumstances attending the death of Hintza.

We had moved back towards Butterworth, and were encamped for the night, when an alarm arose that the Fingoes were attacked by the Kaffirs. Now, the Fingoes had previously been serfs of the Kaffirs, and were living in great numbers amongst them. They were originally the dispersed tribes from Natal, who had fled from the vengeance of Tshaka, and taken refuge amongst these Kaffirs; and it having become known that Sir Benjamin D'Urban intended liberating these men from bondage, the Kaffirs rose on them, and the barbarities committed were atrocious. Men and women were killed and mutilated, and the young women had their bosoms cut out. The sight of these people flying in all directions into our camp was indeed most terrible to see.

Shortly after this Hintza, failing to have the cattle he was judged to pay over brought in, suggested that he himself would go into the heart of his country with a small patrol and bring them in.

This arrangement was agreed to, and Sir Harry

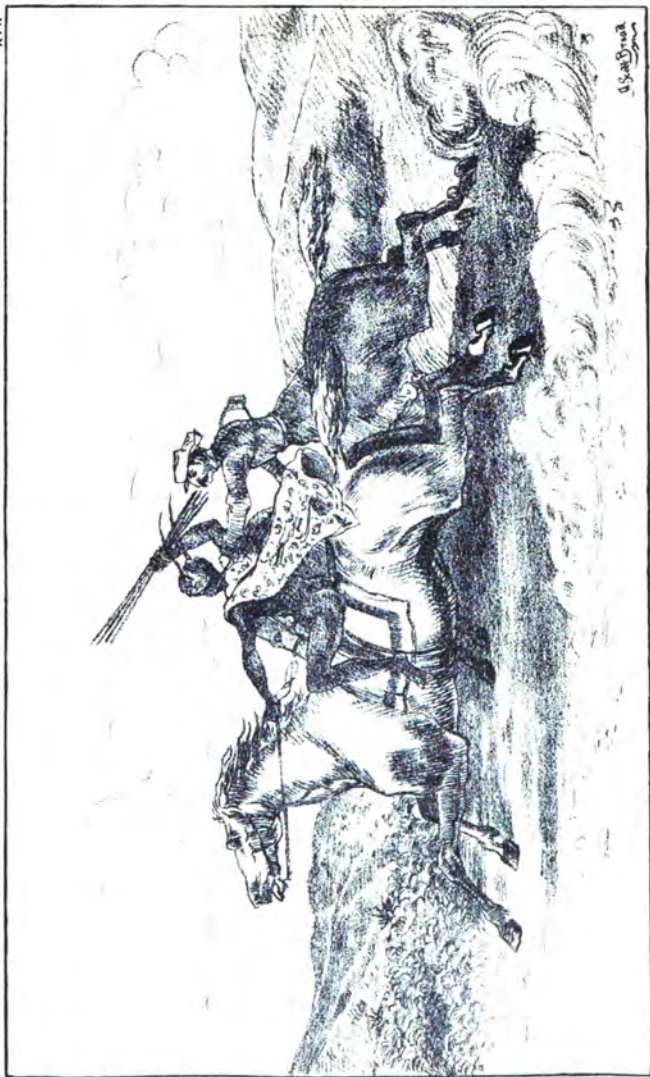
Smith was named to command the expedition. I myself was at this time (May, 1835) a volunteer in the Corps of Guides, and was appointed one of Sir Harry's body guard.

\* \* \* \* \* Hintza now became very restless. Several messengers had been sent to him the day before, and his witch doctor was seen to tie a certain charm round his neck. Hintza used to ride his own horse, a splendid dark bay half-bred English horse, presented to him a year before the war by Piet Uys, a celebrated Dutch Boer, a great hunter and breeder of superior horses. Sir Harry was leading the column, with Hintza at his side, followed by a few Cape Mounted Riflemen and the Guides. Hintza at one point pushed past Sir Harry, who had to restrain him.

On reaching the top of the high table land, a grand sight met our view. As far as the eye could range we saw thousands upon thousands of cattle being driven away from us. Sir Harry had his spy-glass out, and was looking at these masses. Hintza had been edging his way to the right, when all at once there was a shout, "Hintza has bolted!" And indeed he had got a start of at least fifty yards before any one saw him. Sir Harry threw down his glass, and we one and all dashed after the fugitive, but no horse but the General's was equal to that of the chief. After about half-a-mile's race, Sir Harry overtook Hintza, and ordered him to pull up, but instead of so doing the chief made a stab with a bundle of assegais, which he had been allowed to carry, at the General. It was lucky it was a bundle and not a single assegai, for although parried with his right arm, the points of the seven assegais penetrated his coat over the right breast and entered the skin. In self defence Sir Harry drew a pistol and again closed on the chief, directing him to pull up, when he again attempted to stab him. Sir Harry then snapped the pistol at his head. By this time we, being still behind, could see about ten thousand Kaffirs crowning the hills in all directions. Hintza was making direct for his people, and there was no time to be lost. *Sir Harry once more closed with the chief*, and this time seized him by the collar of his tiger skin robe, and slightly dividing the space between them, hurled the chief headlong to the ground. Hintza was on his feet in an instant, and drawing one of his

assegais, threw it after Sir Harry; but his horse had bolted from fright at the chief's fall, and the assegai fell short, but under the horse's legs. Hintza was by this time at the edge of the table land, and running down the steep face of the mountain. We coming up, Sir Harry directed us to dismount and give chase, the ground being too steep for horsemen to follow. I fired two shots at the chief, but he gained the bush at the bottom of the hill and disappeared. William Southey, Driver, Balfour, and myself were the first to arrive on the spot, and Southey and Balfour entered the bush above, and Driver and myself below where the chief had disappeared, in order to work towards each other. Southey was the first to come upon Hintza, who was half in the water. He had an assegai drawn and poised, and was in the very act of hurling it at Southey, when he put up his gun and blew the chief's brains out. The ball had entered the forehead and completely smashed his skull. I took the assegais and the charm from around his neck, and left immediately to carry the news to Sir Harry, who, though he did not wish the chief to escape, regretted that he had been killed. I received my first commission as an officer on this day."

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SIR HARRY SMITH AND THE CHIEF HINTZA.



## CHAPTER IX.

## The Witch Doctor.

"When a youngster, and stationed at Fort White, at the termination of the 1834-5 Kaffir war, I witnessed the following extraordinary and revolting sight. A rich Kaffir, residing in the neighborhood, became what he called 'bewitched,' and nothing could persuade him that animals or reptiles were not devouring him. He had great pain all over his body. Our doctor went to see him, and declared him to be suffering from acute rheumatism. He would not, however, hear of any treatment by the white man, but sent for a celebrated witch-doctor from the interior. This hag at last presented herself, and the imagination could hardly picture such a hideous creature—Medusa must have been a beauty in comparison. She was wizened, with thin legs and body, except that part below the belt, which stood out like a barrel-organ; and the bosoms, the great charm of the fair sex, were in her the most repulsive feature of all, in fact, they were mere leather bags, the one hanging far down below where her waist ought to have been, and the other thrown over her shoulder. Her eyes were like those of the cobra. Her hair a tangled mass of close clotted wool, like that of an uncombed poodle, with fishes' bladders and insides of reptiles tied to each point or extremity of her tangled locks. This she-devil or witch-doctor first began to 'smell out' the bewitching matter. This she did in a variety of ways, by crawling about the hut, and round about it outside—by making piles of cow-dung and burning charms—with gesticulations, yells, and exorcisms of all sorts; but first of all demanding ten head of cattle, five of them to be paid at once, and the remainder

to be guaranteed on the cure being effected. First the patient had to be overhauled by this fearful specimen of humanity. He was evidently in great pain, but she had no mercy; his arms and legs were pulled, his body punched, jumped, and squeezed until he fairly bellowed like a bull. At last she found the most tender point, at the extremity of his right shoulder blade; then she began to make all sorts of fantastic gyrations, and declared that the reptiles were there, and that she would bring them forth and exhibit them.

"Again she howled and crawled round the hut, and returned with a dry 'cob' of Indian corn, with the grain taken off it, which leaves the 'cob' like a round, rough rasp. With this improvised instrument she approached the sick man, and commenced to rub him on the shoulder blade until she had nearly rubbed through the skin. She then applied her mouth, and commenced to suck at the spot until a regular stream of blood followed.

"At this stage of the proceedings, the hag, yelling and gesticulating, rushed from the kraal to a little rivulet close at hand, where she had been seen to go several times in the morning. She returned again in a few minutes, and again applied her mouth to the now open wound, and brought forth a renewed stream of blood. She now desired everyone to search her, and I assure you she had very little clothes on in which she could hide anything, but she made us look into her mouth and even into her ears. She then re-applied her mouth to the sick man's sore, and spat out a quantity of blood and—and a grasshopper! 'There,' said she, 'is the monster, but there are more;' and, after opening her horrible blood-stained mouth to us again, she proceeded to suck, and this time spat out a black beetle! The wonder became great, and the Kaffirs exclaimed 'mar-whow!' (a wonder!); but she again acted the vampire, and out came a lizard—a long, slimy, crawling reptile. The sick man became excited and said he was better, but the witch-doctor was not yet satisfied. Sucking the wound open again, she spat out another mouthful of blood, and in it a matted clot of hair. 'There,' said she, 'is the bewitching matter,' and the bewitched man is disenchanted! We young fellows all looked amazed, and the Kaffirs were fully persuaded of the witch's spells and power of cure;

and what is strange, but natural, the sick man got quite well. Here was a pretty mystery to unravel, and we were determined to do it. We subscribed the sum of five pounds to get the 'she-devil' to reveal the mystery to us, but she refused. After tempting her with the money in all sorts of forms we converted it into tinder-boxes, steels, brass wire, beads, looking-glasses, knives, handkerchiefs, &c., &c. This looked such a quantity of riches that she gave way, and making us swear by the God of the white man that we would not divulge her craft, in the greatest secrecy and quietude she revealed to us the secret of her diabolical process.

"It was simply this: She had collected the reptiles we saw her produce, and had them enclosed in a calabash. She had gorged herself with water to such an extent that she could contain no more, the habit of which had given her the graceful figure I have alluded to, and when so gorged she swallowed, not only what we saw her produce, but as many more of the most horrible things in the world; and she had the power by an effort of nature to bring these living monsters back into her mouth. The counter irritation, the bleeding, and the imagination cured the 'bewitched' of his rheumatism, but he and his benighted brethren would never but believe that the living creatures had been extracted from his body."

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## CHAPTER X.

British Kaffraria—The War of the Axe—Battles with the Amaxosa Kaffirs.

“With savages wars do not arise from political causes, but chiefly from the wish of the young men to distinguish themselves and become warriors. Up to the age of sixteen the boys remain boys. The rite of circumcision is performed on all the young men at the age of sixteen, who are made men, or “amadodas.” Although they then become nominally men, they only become warriors after a war or some other act by which they have distinguished themselves—hence after a few years there are so many young men that their counsels outweigh the counsels of the old men, and they declare for war. Once in this condition there is no difficulty in finding a pretext, and the war of which I am now writing (says General Bisset) was called the ‘War of the Axe,’ from the trivial circumstance that gave rise to it.

“Fort Beaufort and the town of that name were then situated on the very borders of Kaffirland. Two Kaffirs, men of some importance among the tribes, stole an axe from a shopkeeper in the town of Beaufort; they were caught in the very act and secured.

“Criminals at the Cape are tried at the Circuit Courts about every six months; but the circuit judges do not go to all the small towns, and the prisoners from Fort Beaufort had therefore to be sent to trial at Graham’s Town, a distance of over fifty miles, and the main roads from the two places ran almost parallel with the Kaffir border.

“The prisoners were sent from Fort Beaufort in charge of constables, and when they had got about twelve miles



A WITCH DOCTOR.



AMAXOSA KAFFIRS, MAN AND WOMAN--BRITISH KAFFIRIA.



on the road they were attacked by a body of Kaffirs from across the border, and although the constables made a fight for it, they were overcome, and the prisoners were rescued by the Kaffirs. It so happened that the two Kaffirs, whom they were most desirous to release, were handcuffed to two other prisoners, who were British subjects; and as time was precious, in order to escape with their countrymen, they murdered the two men to whom they were attached, and cut off their arms at the elbow joints in order to free the Kaffir prisoners. Hence the War of the Axe.

"The Government demanded that the prisoners should be restored and the murderers surrendered; but the demand was treated with contempt. The young men wanted war and war they would have.

"First a 'palaver' took place at Block Drift Mission Station, afterwards Fort Hare, where the then Lieutenant-Governor and senior military officer on the frontier met the Gaika chiefs, with a large retinue of their people. The Lieutenant-Governor luckily had a small body of troops with him, who were drawn up in line while the negotiations were going on, in the presence of the three Gaika Commissioners. The Kaffirs were in number as ten to one; and as they were drawn up facing the troops in a great mass, they repeatedly opened out, extending their front, so as to outflank the European troops; and this was only prevented by judiciously extending the rear-rank men right and left. This manœuvre probably saved the small force from being surrounded and attacked, as it was afterwards ascertained that the Kaffirs had fully intended to attempt this treachery.

"The meeting, however, broke up without collision, and the troops returned to Victoria Post, a new military position which had recently been established east of the actual colonial border, on what was formerly called the neutral territory, between the Kat and Keiskama Rivers.

"After some considerable delay, the troops were ordered to take the field and enter Kaffirland, with a view to bring the refractory chiefs to order.

"Two columns of troops left Victoria, one under Colonel, subsequently General Sir H. Somerset, and the other under Colonel Richardson, 7th Dragoon Guards. Very little except ordinary skirmishing took place for the first two or three days. On the third day a combined

camp was formed on the Debe Flats, just under the 'Taba n 'Doda Mountain. "Taba n 'Doda" means "Mountain of the Men." This was the same locality where Sir Benjamin D'Urban formed his camp in the war of 1835 ; and I remember going to look at the very spot where Sir Benjamin's tent stood when he was very near being assassinated by a Kaffir, who, favoured by darkness, had crept through the sentries into camp, and had penetrated into the Commander-in-Chief's tent, and was in the very act of stabbing him, when he was shot by the sentry over the tent.

"On the fourth day the camp broke up, and the two columns, forming one division, entered the Amatola Mountains in the direction of Burns' Hill, a missionary station, also the residence of the august paramount chief, Sandilli. I was sent on with an advance guard, or reconnoitering party, to take possession of the chief's kraal. The mission station was in the most deplorable state. The missionaries had fled, the furniture was smashed to pieces, and the Bibles and books scattered to the winds, but up to this time the houses had not been burnt. Sandilli's kraal was also deserted, but at the door of his hut I found his emblem of royalty, viz., two lions' tails dried, on sticks stuck into the ground on each side of the door of the hut ; inside the hut I found a musket and some gourds of sour milk.

"The troops soon followed, and a combined camp was again formed at the mission station. During the day Major Sutton also joined the force with a "commando" of Hottentots from the Kat River settlement, and formed a separate camp on a peninsula across the Keiskama River.

"At daylight the next morning the troops took the field in three columns. The right or infantry column, under Major Campbell, 91st Regiment, entered the Amatola Mountains at the gorge of the Amatola Basin, with Mount MacDonald on the right and the Seven Kloof Mountain on the left. The centre column consisted entirely of horsemen ; the Cape Mounted Rifles under Major Armstrong and the Kat River burghers under Major Sutton. This column, after crossing the Keiskama River, climbed up one of the ridges of the Seven Kloof Mountain to its summit. The third column under Generals Somerset and Richard-

son, consisting of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Rifles, continued on under the Seven Kloof Mountain in the direction of the Chumie Hoek.

"I was with the centre column, and as we reached the summit of the Seven Kloof Mountain we could hear the infantry in action in the Amatola Basin on our right; but immediately on our right front a large body of the enemy were drawn up in the shape of a crescent, with a dense forest immediately in their rear; and to make the position more difficult there was a tangled mass of bramble, bush, and swamp between us and them.

"The Kaffirs having challenged us to battle a consultation took place between Majors Armstrong and Sutton, who decided that we could not in their then position attack them. I (proceeds the General) was only a subaltern in those days, but I remember we were very much disgusted at the disappointment; and to make things worse as the column was marching right in front the Major wished to counter-march it in the face of the enemy to make the men front towards the Kaffirs when halted. My friend Johnny Armstrong (Lieutenant then) commanded one squadron and I another, and we both remonstrated against this move, but halted and fronted to our right. This brought us at once face to face with the enemy, although inverted by threes. We were both reprimanded for this afterwards, but I am quite sure it was the only thing to do. Had the counter-march been continued it would have appeared to the enemy like a retreat, and an immediate attack from them would have followed while the men were in confusion, for the Kat River volunteers knew very little of any drill. As it was our front and advance dispersed the enemy at once, in so far that they moved back into the bush. But we had scarcely moved on in the direction to join General Somerset when the Kaffirs attacked our rear, and we had to make a sort of skirmishing fight until we cleared the ridge of the mountain and got somewhat into the open. All this time there was very heavy firing going on with the infantry column on our right. As we moved down a hill on to a low ridge dividing the Amatola Basin from the Chumie Hoek, at the base of the Hog's Back Mountain, the infantry column made its appearance coming up the face of a steep hill out of the valley of the Amatola. They had been

attacked immediately after entering the gorge of the Amatola Basin, and had some desperate fighting all the way to where we saw them still in action, and were very much pressed by the enemy. There were no means of carrying the wounded, and most of them fell into the enemies' hands." ("God forgive," says Sergt. Williams in his diary, "any poor soul that fell into the hands of the Kaffirs—the many tortures they were put to is almost too dreadful to relate. Some would be tied to the wheel of a captured wagon, stripped of every thing, a slow fire placed under them, and whilst in that horrible agony they would be prodded in all parts of the body with assegais, the latter being generally left to the women to practise on, while the men were plundering the wagons and unyoking the bullocks, which they would drive away. Other poor fellows were crucified on the ground and stripped, and the women surrounding them would run at them in turn and prod and gash them with assegais until they were perfectly riddled. Moreover, they would cut their finger ends off, their toes, scoop their eyes out, cut their ears off, their nose, their tongue, and other parts of the body, and cram them down their throats.")

"Between us and the infantry was a steep rocky ledge, so that it was quite impossible for the cavalry to go to their support. The infantry, however, fought their way towards us where the ground became comparatively open. Several men fell between the ledge, and where we were drawn up ready to charge should the enemy come into the open; and as the Kaffirs showed in some force there we charged down on them, dismounted on the brink of it, and drove them back on foot. Two men were shot in this charge—Booy Daries and Witbooy Klein, one at my side and the other next Lieut. Carey, and some few men and horses were wounded. We very soon drove the enemy back, and held the rocky ledge until we were recalled, after having been reinforced by Capt. O'Reily's troop. Our holding the ledge enabled the infantry to carry back the wounded who fell after they passed over it.

"By this time General Somerset had come from the direction of the Chumie Hoek to our support, with the two field guns which accompanied this column from the camp at Burns' Hill. These were soon got into position, and

the enemy was shelled out of the bush and rocks in a very short time.

"Here again, as in all Kaffir wars, the Kaffirs had such powers of dispersion that they soon disappeared except on the distant hills. The troops were ordered to reform, the wounded men were placed upon the gun limbers, and the whole of the troops then marched down the slope to the Chumie Hoek. At the foot of the hill we were joined by Capt. Donovan, Cape Mounted Rifles; Capt. Pipon, who had been detached by General Somerset up the sources of the Chumie River, where they had captured about 2,000 head of cattle and a number of goats and other animals.

"Major Gibson, 7th Dragoon Guards, and the remainder of the troops had been left in charge of the camp at Burns' Hill, and as it was now late in the afternoon, and it was quite impossible to guard these cattle back over the bushy country to Burns' Hill, General Somerset decided to form a camp for the night in the open plain just under the high point of the Seven Kloof Mountain between the sources of the Yellow Wood stream. Before so doing he dispatched a party under Lieut. Stokes to communicate with the camp at Burns' Hill directing Major Gibson to march, guarding the camp the next day, and join us at the Chumie. This party had to fight its way the whole distance to Burns' Hill, losing two men and several horses wounded.

"The camp at Burns' Hill had also been attacked during the day, and a number of the draught and slaughter cattle captured by the enemy, and a squadron of cavalry was sent out under a fine old Waterloo officer, Capt. Bambric, 7th Dragoon Guards, to endeavor to retake the cattle. This party which consisted of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Rifles, the latter under Lieut. Boyes, followed the Kaffirs into the bush when they were attacked in such force that they had to retire, not, however, before the gallant old Captain had fallen a victim. The Kaffirs stripped his body and held it up in triumph; and although several attempts were made by the troops they could not recover the remains."

The Sergeant, before quoted, in alluding to this attack on the camp at Burns' Hill, says—"Capt. Bambric of the troop 7th Dragoon Guards left behind, who commanded my troop, had ordered a stripped saddle inspection, also one



of the men's kits. Capt. O'Reily of the Cape Mounted Rifles with good judgment and prudence kept his horses saddled up, and the men in readiness for any emergency. The former officer was in command of the whole, and his men had their saddles and their necessaries all laid out on their horse blankets, and were most of them down at the river washing and bathing. Myself and another man were sent out upon an adjacent hill on piquet duty to ride in and give the alarm should we see any of the enemy approach. About 4 p.m. we observed a number of the enemy coming towards the camp, from the direction in which the engagement took place in the forenoon. Before we could gallop in they had taken possession of a number of the cattle belonging to the camp wagons. Then followed an uproar—Captain Bambric roaring out to his men to saddle up, the trumpets and bugles sounding in all directions, the men to stand to their arms! Those of the men who were down at the river washing whipped up their articles of clothing and rushed in, half naked, to the camp, uttering many blessings for their Captain, particularly when they saw Capt. O'Reily with his men, two field pieces, and a company of infantry moving off to intercept the enemy with the cattle, which were soon afterwards abandoned by the enemy, who made for the bush. One half of the force on the arrival of our men, who came up by twos and threes as they got saddled, were headed by Capt. Bambric, and marched up to the bush which they strove to make their way through to get at the enemy. The attempt was a most ridiculous one, Capt. Bambric having been induced by a son of Barrack-Master Boyes, who accompanied him as a supposed guide, to follow him through the bush, which enterprise was speedily checked, he, Capt. Bambric, receiving a shot through the heart, fell into the hands of the enemy. The remainder of the force made their exit as speedily as possible out of the bush, some without caps and swords, scabbards torn off in the rush through the bush, and at length with torn faces and clothes regained the other division under Capt. O'Reily. Capt. Bambric's horse joined us shortly after covered with blood. The whole division was then taken by Capt. O'Reily to try and recover the body, which proved a failure. The troops were beaten back from the dense bush as fast as they made their approach,

although the two field pieces were kept playing hotly on the enemy with shell and rockets. They stood their ground, and showed us the Captain's body which they held up in their hands at arm's length, and displayed in triumph from the eminence on which they stood."

"I must now (says the General) return to the camp at the Chumie Hoek. I had the formation of this camp which formed a square of 120 yards each way, the men lying on their arms and facing outwards, the horses being linked in rear, and the cattle and goats in the centre.

"Sentries had to be posted between the horses and the cattle, and videttes at a short distance outside the square. The camp was twice attacked on one side during the night, and after the videttes ran in, that side only returned the fire of the enemy, although in the dark of night, the other faces of the square merely standing to their arms. This showed great steadiness on the part of the soldiers.

"The next day was a most memorable one in the annals of Cape warfare. As the camp began to move from Burns' Hill, with its long train of bullock-wagons, over one hundred and twenty in number, besides Royal Artillery guns, limbers, and ammunition wagons, thousands upon thousands of the enemy were seen pouring down from the mountains in all directions. The road, a mere wagon track, ran for the first few miles along the bank of the Keiskama River; the river then, turning suddenly to the right, ran round a peninsula of high ground, upon which Fort Cox was afterwards rebuilt. At the base of this peninsula, which the road crossed before descending to cross the Keiskama River, the wagon road ascended a stony, precipitous, and bushy space of about half a mile. The Kaffirs were all massing towards this point for an attack. The front wagons, which consisted chiefly of those belonging to General Somerset's column, were so well protected by the advance guard that they passed safely over this difficult point, and descended towards the Keiskama ford. The Kaffirs, however, made such a vigorous attack on the centre of the long line of wagons that they drove the escort defending them back on the main body of the troops in the rear, thus capturing the wagons in the narrow part of the road. The Kaffirs immediately cut the oxen loose from the yokes, thereby

entirely blocking up the road, so that no other wagons in the rear could pass. During all this time all the available troops from General Somerset's camp were sent to the assistance of Major Gibson—Major Sutton, with the Kat River people, and Captain Scott, with one hundred and twenty of the 91st Regt.; but the Kaffirs came down from the mountains in such overwhelming numbers that Major Gibson was obliged to abandon the whole of the wagons (fifty-two in number) belonging to Colonel Richardson's column. The baggage wagons of the 7th Dragoon Guards contained all the valuable mess plate, &c., belonging to the officers, besides their kits of some £900 or £1,000 in value. Some officers had two or three guns in their wagons by the best makers—Purdy, Rigby, Wilkinson, Moore, Westley Richards, &c., &c. These superior arms unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy. Major Gibson had to make a detour to the left along a bushy slope with guns, limbers, and ammunition wagons, and with these had to fight his way across the Keiskama River, and up the long bushy valley under the Seven Kloof Mountain.

"I had been sent forward by General Somerset to hold the ford of the Keiskama River, and to defend the rear of the first division wagons, directly I was replaced at the ford by the advance of Major Gibson's force. I came up to the rear of the wagons whilst being fiercely attacked; and as Lieut. Cochrane (91st Foot) was at that moment wounded, the command devolved upon me. There was very hard fighting for some distance, but at last we cleared the bush country and gained the open. We reached the camp without further fighting. During this day my charger was shot under me, my gun was shattered to pieces in my hands, and several men were killed and wounded. General Somerset's orderly was shot, and the general's charger, which he was leading, fell into the hands of the enemy.

"During all this time Major Gibson was fighting his way over the same ground, with the Royal Artillery guns, limbers, and ammunition wagons which he had saved from falling into the hands of the Kaffirs. As night was closing in Major Gibson's column made its appearance in the open, about three miles from our camp. As they were leaving

the bush country the enemy made a general rush on the rear, but the guns opening almost in the dark upon them, they were repulsed, not, however, without two or three wounded men falling into their hands, as also a Royal Artillery limber wagon, with gun ammunition. This was on account of the bullocks knocking up and being unable to proceed. Major Gibson then marched on and joined our camp. Early in the morning of this day Lieut. Boyes, with ten men, had been sent from Burns' Hill Camp with a despatch reporting the occurrence of the day before and the loss of Captain Bambric, and his small escort had to cut their way through large bodies of the enemy. Five of his men were killed or wounded.

"The camp was several times attacked during the night, but the enemy were beaten off without much loss on either side. Orders were also given for the camp and troops to move the next day to the mission station at Block Drift. As daylight broke the whole of the mountain range above the camp was seen to be densely crowded with the enemy, and masses of mounted men were formed on the lower grounds of the Chumie Range. Before the troops moved off I was sent back with my squadron of Cape Mounted Rifles to endeavor to recover the ammunition wagon abandoned the evening before. As I marched towards the bush country large bodies of Kaffirs moved down the mountain, but did not come into the open. As I approached the ammunition wagon, a most horrible and appallingly ghastly sight met our view. One of the wounded men who had fallen into the enemy's hands the night before had been lashed to the limber of the wagon and roasted alive. A most ghastly grin was on the poor man's face; his wrists and legs were lacerated with the thongs, and his belly ripped open so that the bowels protruded.

"A portion of the camp had already moved off before I returned, and I was told off with my squadron to form a rear guard. As the leading wagons moved from the camp the two great masses of the enemy poured down from the mountains, and extended along the whole line of route; and as the wagons approached the bushy country towards Block Drift, the whole line was simultaneously attacked in front, centre, and rear; but the guns being brought into

action the enemy were driven back with considerable loss. Colonel Richardson commanded the centre and rear of the wagons, and the 7th Dragoon Guards had several times to charge the enemy.

"Just as I was moving from the camp ground with the rear guard, I saw a splendid fellow of my regiment, Corporal Telemachus, and one man, come galloping in from the direction of the affair of the day before. They turned out to be all that were left of an escort which had started from Victoria Post to follow the troops with despatches from His Excellency Sir P. Maitland, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who had arrived on the frontier from Cape Town. The corporal had been despatched with six men, and followed the "spoor" of the troops first to Debe Flats; then pushing his way towards Burns' Hill, he was met at a "neck" dividing the Amabalas from the Taba n 'Doda by a body of Kaffirs. These he charged, but lost two of his men. He then pushed his way on, and seeing the line of wagons taken by the enemy the day before, for a moment thought it was the camp on the move, but found the wagons in possession of the enemy, who were still burning them. He was then headed at the Keiskama River, where he lost two more of his men, and he reached the camp at the Chumie with only one man, both their horses being wounded, one through the saddle flap into the side, and the other in the thigh. I sent the despatches on to the head of the column by post orderlies, and mounted the corporal on a spare trooper.

"A few minutes after this despatch party had left Victoria Post, Captain Sandes, of my regiment, with his mounted servant and a pack-horse, also started with the intention of overtaking the little party and accompanying it to join the troops in the field. He did not, however, overtake Corporal Telemachus, and nothing more was then heard of Captain Sandes and his orderly. They must have fallen an easy prey to the Kaffirs. Some time afterwards it was known that they were killed before they got to the Debe Flats.

"As the column approached Block Drift, General Somerset moved on with the advance and took possession of the ford on the Chumie River, moved two of the Royal Artillery guns over the water, and taking up a good

position, brought them into action on the masses of Kaffirs who were still endeavoring to break the line of moving wagons. About two miles from Block Drift there is a conical bush hill, which the Kaffirs held in great force. As the wagon track passed at its base, and thence on to the Chumie Ford through a thicket of mimosa and other bush, there was a good deal of close fighting all along this space; and the rear was so hardly pressed that the guns had repeatedly to be brought into action, and the Kaffirs driven back by canister and shell. Two men of the 91st were shot close to the road while defending the wagons, and the Kaffirs were so daring that they rushed in and were stripping the bodies, when they were shot down and fell over the dead.

“There was great delay owing to the banks of the river being very steep and slippery, and each wagon stuck fast in turn, and had to be assisted out by soldiers. During all this time the fighting in the rear continued. Lieut. Butler (7th Dragoon Guards), with his men, dismounted, holding the banks of the river below the Drift; while Lieut. Ougan, with the 91st Foot, held it above.

“The ammunition of the rear guard becoming expended, volunteers were called for from the cavalry, when both the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Riflemen stepped to the front, and proceeded on foot to replace the rear guard.

“One wagon had to be abandoned between the conical hill and the ford, owing to the oxen being shot. This happened to be the hospital store wagon, and the Kaffirs at once fell to plundering it, and not a few of them died on the spot from drinking bottles of poison. One Kaffir was shot with a quantity of blister ointment in and about his mouth, their notion being that English medicine makes you strong.

“To make a long story short, I may conclude by saying that the wagons were at last got over, the Kaffirs beaten back, and a camp formed at Block Drift, taking advantage of the missionary buildings.”

## CHAPTER XI.

## The Affair in the Cowie Bush.

The troops, after the first three days fighting near Burns' Hill and the Amatolas, marched to Block Drift (afterwards Fort Hare); and the Kaffirs, having passed into the colony, were committing great ravages and depredations in Lower Albany—so much so that the greater part of the troops had to march back *via* Graham's Town and follow up the enemy into Lower Albany. A large body of Kaffirs were seen just as the day was breaking, making from the direction of Oliphant's Hoek towards the Cowie Bush, not knowing that a column of troops had followed them into Albany. The Kaffirs were pursued, and had taken cover in a wooded ravine joining the Cowie Bush, and were holding their own against a few men when we arrived. These men had cut off the enemy's escape into the forest by occupying a narrow part of the ravine below where the Kaffirs were. The patrol consisted of a couple of squadrons of Cape Mounted Riflemen and a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards under Captain Hogge, and a couple of guns had also been brought from the camp. Half the patrol were dismounted and sent into the bush, while the party from the camp held the ground below, thus preventing the escape of the Kaffirs. Savages, when penned in, will fight with great determination, and we found it so on this occasion. They "pre-occupied" the ground, and had selected their positions to great advantage. For instance, they held the bed of the river, with protecting banks in bends of it, that formed natural "parapets." We had to advance through thick bush, exposing the whole of our bodies, while only their heads would be above the banks ;

and, moreover, there was a tangled mass of "waghten betjee," or "wait a bit" thorn, through which it was almost impossible to make our way, and while so doing we were under heavy fire. Several men had been knocked over, and I was hesitating whether we ought not to retire, as it was quite impossible to get at the Kaffirs. Other men had been wounded on the right, and two were shot right and left of me, one a half slave sort of fellow, who roared like a bull when hit. We were so close to the Kaffirs who held the river banks, that the coarse-grained powder from the muzzles of their guns burnt my hands in several places. It was at this time that I suggested to old Joe Salis whether we had not better retire; but the fine old fellow, a true soldier to the back-bone, said, in his own drawling way, "No, Bisset, we can't retire; we must stay here and die." Now this was rather severe on me, for I was Joe's senior officer, and commanding the troop. At this particular time the wounded men were sent to the rear, and the General who was with the supports, sounded the recall. "Noo, Bisset," said old Joe, "we can retire with honor;" and I can assure you we were not sorry to do it. But the party extending across the narrow part of the Kloof was first reinforced and left in their position to prevent the Kaffirs from getting into the large forest.

When we got back to the dear old General, who was always most considerate about his men, he exclaimed—"Oh, this will never do, to have my men killed in the bush in this way—we must leave them alone." But Armstrong and I both implored him not to do so, as in that case the Kaffirs would book it as a victory to them, and would give them more courage in their attacks on the colony. After a deal of persuasion the General said—"If you must go at them again you must take volunteers;" but when both our squadrons immediately stepped to the front he said, "Oh, this will never do—tell off from the right and left of squadrons, and the centres of threes stand fast." Thus we got two-thirds of the men, and the remaining third, or centres of threes, were left to hold the horses.

We proceeded to where the Kloof was held by the party posted to prevent the enemy's retreat, and extending so as to take up the whole breadth of the bush on the banks of the ravine, we advanced up it. A great many of the



Kaffirs must have been panic struck, and were hiding in great antbear holes and caves. Those near the surface, or at the entrance of the caves or holes, could make no resistance; and I am sorry to say the men were so embittered against the enemy from the sight of their wounded companions that they showed no mercy, and a promiscuous fire was poured into these places, which killed the Kaffirs who were fighting as well as those who were unable from their position to fire outwards. No less than eight dead Kaffirs were taken out of one of these holes.

I was leading my men up the bed of the river, most of it dry, but here and there we came upon pools of water. As we came to one of these the thin or wooden ends of a bundle of assegais floated up to the surface of the water, thus we knew that a Kaffir or Kaffirs must be there, and, as we supposed, under the water; so we remained some short time for him to come up to breathe; but no, there was no appearance. A yellow Hottentot next to me, named Groenwald, went to the edge of the pool to where there was the smallest possible tuft of grass, and stooping down, he divided it with his hand, and there appeared the nostrils of a great Kaffir, not another part visible. He gave the spot a poke with the ramrod of his gun, and up jumped a great big greased Kaffir, the water running off him as it would off a duck's back. Kaffirs never give or take quarter, and this one immediately seized his assegais, and was in the act of throwing one, when he was shot down, although I tried to prevent it. We then advanced, and about fifty yards ahead we came to a perfect stack of skin robes, blankets, and black sticks, which they always carry to beat and drive cattle with. There was a pile some four or five feet high of these things, and we all knew that when they throw these articles aside they mean to fight. It was just at the spot Joe Salis and I had been trying to get at, near the bank of the river, and where the channel gave a bend in the shape of a reaping hook or sickle. I was leading and about to step across the bed of the river at the very bend, when a little Hottentot of my troop named Hendrik Dragonder caught hold of me by the pouch belt and pulled me back, saying, "Waght Baas," or "Wait Master." At the same time he picked up one of the black sticks, and putting his forage cap on the end of it he held it across the

bend of the river at the exact spot where I was going to stop. Instantly twenty bullets riddled the cap and splintered the stick to pieces. The "tottie" then said, "Neuw, Zur, gaat aan;" "Now Master, go on." We rushed across and found about fifty Kaffirs standing in water up to their knees, just round the bend formed by the wash of the rivulet, nearly the whole of whom were shot before they could reload, the remainder escaping into the bush. This was the same position they had held before the recall, but, from the direction in which we were then approaching, they were entirely protected by the high bank of the river, for nearly all the rivers or water washes have a high bank on one side and a flat or slope on the other.

As we continued to advance a curious thing happened. Some of the Kaffirs had got into the tops of trees to hide themselves. One great fellow had got so far into the branches of a Kaffir plum tree, which is very brittle wood, that as we were passing under the tree, the branch broke and the black warrior fell some forty or fifty feet, and did not require any further killing. By this time we were near the head of the ravine. Two guns had been brought up from the camp, and a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards under my old friend Capt. Hogge, and several charges of grape and canister had been fired into the bush and caused a great panic. Capt. Hogge's troop and these guns were on the opposite side of the Kloof to that of the General and the Cape Mounted Riflemen. The residue of the Kaffirs, or those who had not found secret cover, made a rush out of the bush just at the spot where the troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards was; and although the troop charged only three Kaffirs were killed before they got into the next ravine adjoining the Cowie Bush. This was the end of the day's work, and the troops returned to camp at McClucky's Farm.

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## CHAPTER XII.

## The Passage of the Fish River.

During the early part of the Kaffir war of 1846-7, Fort Peddie was besieged by the enemy, and it became necessary to send a column of troops with a convoy of supplies to its relief. This force consisted of Cape Mounted Riflemen, under General Somerset; 7th Dragoon Guards, under Colonel Richardson; and detachments of infantry, native levies, Fingoes, &c. They marched from Graham's Town, and halted the first night at Commety's Drift, on the Fish River.

From Commety's Drift to Breakfast Vley the road wound up the bush-covered heights of the Fish River. The troops marched early, and were allowed to proceed for some distance unmolested. There was a large convoy of wagons, which extended for some miles along this narrow road in the bush, and as the head of the column commenced to ascend the steep hill towards the first "open" in the direction of Breakfast Vley, the advance guard was attacked by a strong party of Kaffirs, who held a ledge of rock in the bush on the right of the advance. It was in such a position that they could not be outflanked or dislodged from it. Lieut. Armstrong (says the General) dashed forward to support the advance guard, with a troop of the Cape Mounted Rifles, followed by Major Gibson, with a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards. Each party in succession had to fight its way through the rocky position held by the Kaffirs. I was as near losing my life on this occasion as I ever was. After joining the advance guard, we were advancing, when a volley was fired by some Kaffirs holding a second rocky ledge to the right, which



A HOTTENTOT HUNTER.



knocked over several men and horses. I was carrying my double-barrelled gun at the advance, or rather with the butt of it on my left thigh, when a ball grazed my forehead and struck the right-hand barrel of my gun, entirely denting in the metal. I felt the shock in my hand, and looking down I saw my left thumb bleeding profusely. Many of the Kaffir bullets were made of zinc, or pewter, stripped from the farmers' houses, and were of so hard a nature that when they struck anything they would break and fly in all directions. It thus happened that my hand became lacerated from the ball.

These Kaffirs became so daring that they were rushing in upon us, and one was in the act of seizing my horse's bridle, when I shot him. Luckily I pulled the trigger of the left barrel, for at that time I did not know that the right barrel had been flattened by the ball which had splintered and wounded my hand. As it was, I shot the Kaffir; but had I fired the right barrel the gun must have burst, as the ball could not have passed the flattened part. We, however, had to push on, as it was important to gain the top of the hill, where there was a small open space, and to hold it until relieved by the next advance.

Major Gibson was also warmly engaged at the same spot, and his first charger was shot dead under him. After we once gained the top of the hill the enemy deserted their stronghold, in order to take possession of other ground in the bush as we advanced.

From the top of the hill there was about three miles of thick bush to pass through, with only a narrow wagon track cut through it. The Kaffirs held this bush in considerable strength, but the column of cavalry forced their way through it on to the open ground beyond, the wagons being guarded by the infantry. As they entered this bush there was a general attack upon them along the whole line.

The fight became hottest in the middle of the bush. The cavalry having formed up upon the "open" beyond, detachments were sent back on foot to support the infantry. Both Armstrong and I had volunteered, and went back in this manner, accompanied by Captain Walpole, R.E., who obtained on this day the name of the "British Lion."

We reached the leading wagons at a moment when

there was a complete block. Several of the oxen in the leading teams had been shot, and until they could be cut loose from their yoke gear and pulled by main force out of the road no other wagons could pass. It was during this that Walpoles's peculiar bravery became conspicuous. During all this time we were under fire from the Kaffirs in the thick bush, without being able to see any of the black devils themselves. You had to take the oxen by the horns and tail, and so pull them by main strength out of the road.

Walpole was short-sighted, and carried a double-barrelled pistol. The Kaffirs would creep up and fire from the edge of the bush; Walpole would make a dash at the spot where the smoke was visible, stoop down, open the bush, and look for the Kaffir. Probably at that moment another shot would be fired at him from the other side of the road, when he would bound over there, just as a lion bounds to where the ball strikes, and the same search would take place until another shot would be fired at him and the same thing repeated. Nothing reminded me more of a lion or a bulldog than this brave folly; for directly the Kaffir fired he would rush back into the thicket—and you might as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay as for a Kaffir in a forest.

It took several hours before we could successfully fight the whole of the wagons through this three miles of bush, and there was not a span of oxen that had not two or three of the team killed, but very few of the troops were shot. It was quite dark before we got all the wagons up and the camp formed for the night. The latter duty devolved on me as staff officer.

In Kaffir wars a good deal depends upon the judgment of taking up ground for a night camp, because you are sure to be attacked and fired into before daylight. So it happened on this occasion. We formed on the slope of a hill, leaving the horizon of the slope a little beyond the line of sentries, so that they could see the enemy approach over it without being seen. On the other side of the lower end of the camp piquets were posted in such positions as entirely to command the camp. Only two or three men were wounded during this night attack. The next day's march was through comparatively open country, and the

troops reached Fort Peddie without any more fighting, and so relieved that outpost, which had been surrounded by the enemy, and had had its supplies cut off for some time.

(It must be borne in mind that the foregoing description of fighting alludes solely to the Amaxosa Kaffirs of British Kaffraria, for, as is elsewhere pointed out, the Zulu mode of fighting is entirely different, as the latter always carry any desired position with a rush.)

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## CHAPTER XIII.

## The Battle of the Guanga.

At the beginning of all wars at the Cape of Good Hope the Kaffirs generally have it all their own way, from the fact that neither the Government nor the colonists are prepared for the outbreak ; hence the enemy overrun, devastate, burn the homesteads, and carry off the flocks and herds throughout the frontier districts before sufficient force can be organised to stem the savage torrent. Such was the case (says General Bisset) just previous to the battle I am about to describe.

Several of the outposts had also been besieged by the enemy, and convoys of provisions sent to replenish them had been attacked, the escorts driven back, and in one case a large convoy of wagons had been captured by the Kaffirs. In consequence of this state of things a strong column of troops under the command of the gallant General Somerset forced the passage of the Fish River Bush and relieved the outpost (Fort Peddie), which had up to that time been surrounded by the enemy, and cut off from all communication with the rest of the colony.

At the same time two of the most powerful and warlike chieftains, Umhala and Seyolo, had massed their warriors on the Keiskama River, and a discussion arose between these two chiefs, to the following effect :—Seyolo, the most daring chief, at a council of war proposed that as they, the Kaffirs, had so far beaten the white man in all encounters, their combined force should march the next day and attack an outpost situated on the Fish River—Trumpeter's Post—take the place by storm, possess themselves of the magazine, and thus obtain a supply of ammu-

dition. Umhala, the more wary old chief, replied, "Yes, Seyolo, your advice is good, but we cannot cross the open country between the Keiskama and the Fish River Bush in the day time—we should go by night." Whereupon Seyolo exclaimed, "We have beaten the Englishman at all points and taken his cattle, we only require this ammunition to drive him into the sea." Again the old chief replied, "Seyolo, do you know my war name?" "Yes," said the more impetuous Seyolo; "you are called Umbozhlo." "And do you know what that implies?" asked Umhala. "Yes," replied Seyolo, "it means 'wild cat.'" "It is well you know it," answered Umhala; "we have just received intelligence that white troops are near us, and the 'wild cat' does not roam by day—he prowls by night." On this further words passed between the Kaffir Chiefs, and the word "coward" was used, but the elder chief terminated the dialogue by saying that he would not take umbrage at the epithet used by the more impetuous warrior. He, "the wild cat," would cross the open country that night in the dark, and wait for the brave man who might cross the open in the day time under the sun.

It thus happened that Umhala and his warriors crossed the open country between the Keiskama and the Fish River Bush during the night, about the same time that a column of troops under General Somerset was moving from Fort Peddie up the belt of open country dividing the two rivers in search of the enemy.

As daylight broke we, for I was with the column, came upon the track or spoor of this body of Kaffirs at right angles with our own march, who must have passed over the open just before us. The trace showed a broad space of about twenty yards wide, with the grass trodden down and the dew dispersed from it. The General at once followed up this "spoor," and as the sun rose we came suddenly upon a large mass of the enemy, who had fires lit, and were at their morning repast of dried flesh and parched Indian corn.

We were on a slope looking down on them at about 600 yards distance, the Kaffirs being in an open, surrounded by bush, with the Fish River jungle immediately in their rear.

Our forces consisted of two six pounders, two twelve

pounder howitzers, and a rocket tube; two squadrons of the 7th Dragoon Guards, two squadrons of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and detachments of infantry of the line, levies, Fingoes, &c. The cavalry and guns were in advance, and while the infantry were coming up the cavalry wheeled outwards, to allow the guns to come to the front and come into action. Unfortunately it was the beginning of artillery practice. The shot and shell had been in store since the previous Kaffir war of 1835 (some twelve years back), and the fuses were all wrong. The first discharge of shell burst at the cannon's mouth, and the rocket exploded in the tube, while the round shot did little or no damage. The second discharge was equally ineffective, as the shells burst far beyond the then fast dispersing mass of Kaffirs.

By this time the infantry, having come up, were sent to the attack, and the cavalry was detached to the flanks to intercept or attack. The Kaffirs fought desperately at first, but as in all Kaffir wars or bush fighting, when the savages find the tide of fortune going against them, they disperse in a manner which no other troops in the world possess. They disappear like needles in straw. Detached knots, however, held their rocky fastnesses or in gullies protected by bush and natural banks, until they were eventually routed.

I myself was a staff officer, and had been carrying orders to the detachments engaged. On one occasion, after the enemy had been driven into the bush beyond our reach, and were firing long shots at us (in two senses of the word), I was watching the result, when all at once I heard a wabbling, whizzing sound approaching me; and looking to my front I saw a blue line in the air falling at an angle of about sixty degrees direct for my head. I had only just time to bob on one side. A long piece of lead grazed my cheek and struck Major Walpole, R.E., who was standing immediately behind my horse. It sounded like a thud as it struck him on the thigh, tore out a piece of cloth about two inches long by one broad, and fell to the ground, but did not enter the leg. The pain for the moment must have been excruciating, for it made the Major jump about on one leg and grind his teeth.

The Kaffirs firing these long shots were in almost inaccessible places, but a fine old soldier of my regiment (Colonel Donovan) rushed at one spot with only three or

four men, and got amongst a lot of them before they could reload, for they used powder horns in those days, and long junks of lead or the legs of iron pots, and thus took a long time to load. On this occasion this brave athletic officer killed three warriors with his own sword, one of them being the chief Zeto. Some others were killed, and the remainder put to flight.

By this time it was nearly 12 o'clock, and the desultory fighting nearly over; for natives have, in this way, the power of terminating a fight whenever it is going against them, merely by dispersing in the bush. The enemy had, however, been beaten at all points, and the General sounded the recall, directing me at the same time to go back into the open in the direction of the Guanga River and take up ground for the troops to encamp upon, or rather to "form" upon and get a meal, as they had been under arms since three o'clock in the morning, offering me his spare horse, my own being a little done up from galloping from one detachment to another. This horse was a vicious chestnut brute, which the General rarely mounted himself, and I mention this because I shall have to allude to the horse again.

My old friend and companion through life, who was also on the staff (General J. Armstrong) said he would accompany me, and when we started the fresh horse commenced "bucking" as only a Cape horse *can* buck; but by good luck I sat him, and to take it out of the beast we raced up a long slope; but when we got to the top the brute had got the bit between his teeth, and no power on earth could hold him. He passed over the brow of the hill like a rocket, and was going headlong down the opposite slope leading to the bank of the Guanga River, which I knew to be about twelve feet deep. To avoid this by dint of pulling I circled to the right round a rising contour of ground, and my astonishment may be imagined when I found myself running parallel with another large column of Kaffirs entirely in the open, about a mile in length and twenty or thirty yards deep.

These Kaffirs were equally astonished, for I heard the exclamations of "Ogh!" "Marwow!"—meaning "a wonder!" "an apparition!" I no longer held my coursing steed, but by dint of the off rein and near spur I managed

to run a circle and pulled up at the very head of the column of troops led by the gallant old General, to whom I reported what I had seen. He exclaimed "Hurrah!" and drawing his sword directed the cavalry, led by the 7th Dragoon Guards, the Royal Artillery next, and the Cape Mounted Rifles, which were in column of route, to form troops and squadrons; the infantry were following in loose order, or rather as they became formed after coming out of the bush.

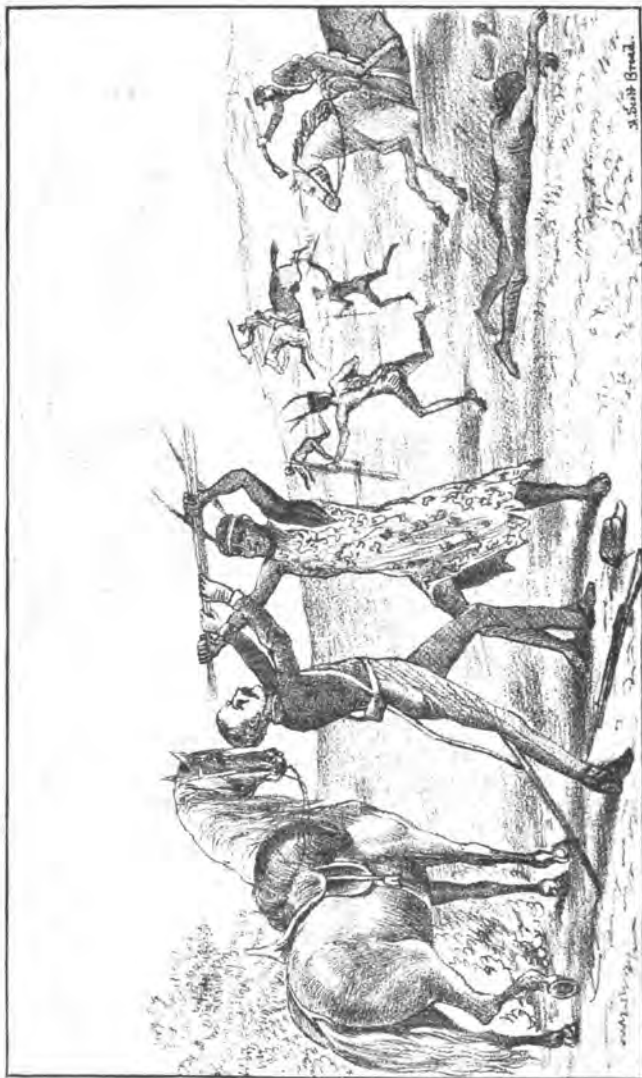
The cavalry and guns advanced, as indicated, at the trot until we passed over the brow before mentioned, when we came in full view of the column of Kaffirs under Seyolo, the "brave man," who *would* march over the open country in the day time.

It was a grand sight, and the General gave the word to the 7th Dragoon Guards, who were in advance of the guns, to open out and allow the guns to trot through the space, come into action, and fire two rounds; the 7th Dragoon Guards forming line on each flank of the guns and charging; the Cape Mounted Rifles forming line in extended order and charging in succession to the 7th Dragoon Guards.

The shot and shell did good execution, and the charge was the prettiest thing I have ever seen in real fighting. You might have placed a long table cloth over each troop, they kept in such compact order; and the Cape Mounted Rifles went through the broken mass of Kaffirs in one long line. But by this time the enemy had turned, broken, and fled back over the open country in the direction of the Keiskama River. I could not resist the charge, and passed through to the front, but could not hold my runaway horse, and therefore could not use my sword. The cavalry wheeled and came back, recharging the enemy, and when I did pull up I halted, and dismounted a bugler of my regiment, taking his horse and giving him mine; and after this we plunged pell-mell into the routed column of Kaffirs.

It was strange how few Kaffirs were killed in this charge. Though there was a clean sweep through them the width of each troop, and you saw them tumbling head over heels like ninepins, they nearly all got up again, and but few men were found the next day that were killed by sabre cuts.





A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

The gallant major of the Royal Engineers who was hit in the early part of the day by a spent ball also went through with the charge, and a Kaffir seized his bridle and stabbed him with an assegai, the blade entering at the upper lip, passing down the chin and throat, and entering at the collar-bone. The savage was trying to jag it into his heart, when he was killed; and strange to say, this wound healed in a few weeks, while the one in the thigh took months. The blow of the first wound was so severe that it turned black, blue, and then green; and a mass of flesh the size of a small basin fell out, which had to be replaced by new material.

After the charge I returned my sword and unstrapped my double-barrelled gun, and for some six or seven miles the troops were mixed up with the running Kaffirs, and a deadly slaughter ensued. I do not wish to boast—it is with much modesty and humiliation that I mention it now—but I fired away thirty rounds of ammunition that day, and did not fire at a Kaffir that was above twenty yards' distance from me. I have the satisfaction, however, to say that I was the only person who took a prisoner; I took three of them, one being a great chief, who turned out to be of much importance in a political point of view.

In this *mélée* or stream you had to look as much behind you as before, from being so mixed up with the enemy for miles. Seven extra notches were cut on the stock of my gun after that day, and I fired at no Kaffir that was not in the act of firing at me or throwing an assegai.

One fellow who had fired at and missed me, and at whom I had also fired two barrels, stood not ten yards from me to reload; and I was doing the same on horseback, loading both barrels against his one, but watching for the time when he would prime, for I saw that he had a flint-lock musket. The Kaffir, however, was ready first, before I had capped, but he omitted to prime. My friend Armstrong, who was on my right, also with his discharged gun exclaimed, "For God sake make haste, or he will be ready first," when the fellow put up his gun and snapped it in my face. I did not give him a second chance, for if it had been fine powder the pan would have filled, and I should not have been here to tell the tale.



The next man I rode up to had a musket, and as I pulled up to shoot him he sat down, put his gun across his knees, and his fingers in his ears, exclaiming, "Fingoe, Fingoe!" I therefore jumped from my horse, took the gun from him, broke it in two, and handed the man over a prisoner to a soldier of the 7th Dragoon Guards.

The Fingoes were serfs or servants of the Kaffirs, and were coerced to join the enemy, although the main body of their tribes were our allies.

Passing on I came up to Lieut. Boyce just in time; he was carrying a single barrelled gun of mine, and had fired at a Kaffir but missed him. The Kaffir ran up and seized the bridle rein of his horse, and was in the act of stabbing him with an assegai when I prevented it.

Further on there was a Herculean Kaffir with a bundle of assegais, who, as I turned on him, threw himself on his knees, held up his hands and said "Targho" (mercy.) I could not shoot him, but he is the first and only Kaffir I ever knew that asked for mercy. I handed him over a prisoner to Sergt. Crawford of my own regiment, and passed on with the stream.

After a while I came up with a chief, recognisable by his tiger skin kaross (robe); he had only assegais, of which they carry seven. He drew one and hurled it at me, and in return I missed him with both barrels; running a little way he turned and threw another assegai, which I parried with my bridlearm, but it nevertheless passed through my jacket and underclothes, and gave me a severe cut in the arm. I again missed him, and he turned and ran.

At this time the "recall" was sounding, but I was loth to let a chief escape; and without reloading I charged him. Now my horse was a high actioned old brute (a band horse), and his knees struck the chief between the shoulders, bringing him down on to his hands and knees with great force. Before he could rise I was off my horse, and had seized him by the bundle of assegais. Unfortunately I got hold of them in the middle, and he held them by one of his hands on the outside of each of mine, thereby having the leverage. My horse was standing panting by my side, my gun was unloaded and upon the ground, and other Kaffirs were passing me in all directions. The chief was bleeding from the hands and knees, but kept up the

struggle for life. At this moment Armstrong came to my assistance, and threatened to blow the chief's brains out, whereupon he relinquished his hold and fell back in a faint.

I was very anxious to take this great chief back a prisoner myself, so I called a Cape Mounted Rifle soldier near me and directed him to go to the Guanga River, close by, and bring me his forage cap full of water, intending to bring the old warrior to therewith. Now, there was a reach of water at this spot, known as the Sea Cow Hole, or pool where hippopotami used to hide; yet the man came back and said to me, "Master, I cannot bring back the water; it is all blood." This was from the number of wounded Kaffirs who had jumped into this water to hide themselves, there being little or no cover in the open. However, by this time the chief had recovered from the faint, and I had got my horse's "reim" round his neck to lead him back a prisoner.

On my way back, however, I was very near losing my prize. The Commander of the Forces had allowed a "free troop" to join the army. It was composed of farmers and others who had been burned out by the Kaffirs. They equipped themselves and received no pay, but were allowed to retain all the cattle, &c., which they captured. They were under little or no discipline, and were very bitter against the Kaffirs.

The captain of this troop, seeing a prisoner in my hands, galloped up, and was in the act of shooting him, when I saved his life only by taking my oath that I would blow his (the captain's) brains out if he fired.

In extenuation, however, I must say that this man had much provocation; his stock had all been carried off, his homestead burned down, and his wife and children all murdered in cold blood by the Kaffirs.

On my return to where the troops were mustering on Somerset Mount, the General was pleased to see one of the chiefs a prisoner, and when I reported having made two other prisoners, they were called for, but "like spirits from the vasty deep," they did not come. I did not know the 7th Dragoon soldier, and no man would confess to having received over a prisoner. Sergeant Crawford (Cape Mounted Rifles), whom I knew, however, came to the front and stated that as he was returning with the second

prisoner two other Kaffirs jumped out of a bush where they were hiding and tried to secure the prisoner, on which he shot him and one other Kaffir.

The General sent me at once upon express duty, to carry a despatch with the account of the battle to the Governor, Sir P. Maitland, then at Graham's Town, sixty miles off, which place I reached at midnight, and was back in camp at nine o'clock the next morning.

During that night it transpired how the other prisoner had been disposed of. Round the camp fires the battle was being fought over again, when the man confessed he was not going to take a black blackguard to the rear while there was so much going on at the front. Alas! what is man not capable of when his blood is up.

The chief turned out to be of much political importance in this way: It was the frontier Kaffirs, under the great chief Sandilli—that is, Kaffirland proper—who had made war on the colony. Krilli, the paramount chief of all Kaffirland, lived with the tribes beyond the Kei River, and he was known to be so far implicated that he had received the cattle of the chiefs who were at open war, and also the plunder from the colony; but it was not known that he had actually taken a part in the war or entered British territory.

The prisoner chief, however, convicted him, for he was at once recognised by Mr. Hoole, the Kaffir interpreter, as one of Krilli's chief counsellors, and was that day in command of a large contingent of the paramount chief's warriors.

Lieut. Boyce was sent out the next day, and counted two hundred and seventy dead warriors on the field of battle; but very many must have hid themselves and died who were not counted; and the number of wounded men must have been great, for I myself saw many running covered in blood, and some with bullet holes plugged up with grass. It was reported that more than 600 were killed.

Seyolo himself was badly wounded, and did not recover for many months, the Wild Cat only exclaiming "**Marwow!**"

This was the only time the British troops ever caught the Kaffirs really in the open; and it will doubtless be long before the Kaffirs give us another such opportunity of attacking them as was afforded at the Battle of Guanga.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## Murder of Five Officers at the Sohota Mountain.

While halted for a few days and in camp on the Koomgha near the Kei River in the war of 1846, six British officers left the camp without making it known to those who would have prevented their going, and proceeded to the Sohota Mountain, which overlooked the Kei River. This mountain is about four miles from the camp, is table-topped, and detached from the main ridge of land by a very narrow neck.

These officers started about 9 o'clock in the morning, with their guns, no doubt considering that of themselves they were a sufficient escort. One of them, Lieut. Littlehales, 73rd Regt., fell ill soon after leaving camp and returned, and it was from him we learned later where these officers had gone, with the intention of viewing the beautiful scenery of the Kei River.

They were not missed from camp until evening, and when darkness closed in and the circumstances were reported, all hope of their ever returning was abandoned.

I was at the time (continues General Bisset) a staff officer, and the only one acquainted with that part of the country. Happily I never forget a road I have been once over, and if I ride over a country once and do not revisit it for ten years I remember every hole and inequality of the ground as if it were but the day before, and the scene comes vividly to my mind as I approach the spot, even in the dark.

It happened on this occasion that my local knowledge was called into requisition; but, alas! it was not in the power of anyone to save the lives of the five wanderers.

Their absence was reported to the General commanding, Sir George Berkeley, and at 9 o'clock of night he ordered a column of troops to march out in search of them, but that night owing to the intense darkness the search was unsuccessful.

The next morning the General again accompanied the troops, and as staff officer I led them to the exact spot where we had been the night before. We reached the end of the first plateau or ridge as daylight broke, and on the top of the trees in our immediate neighbourhood were seen the great carrion vultures of South Africa waiting only until the sun rose to pounce down upon their prey. I knew at once what we had to expect, and led the column down the steep narrow defile to the narrow ridge where, not a hundred yards from where I had stopped the night before, we found the trunks of the five dead officers. I say the trunks, for their heads had been cut off and carried away to have diabolical processes of witchcraft and other "devilry" perpetrated upon them.

It is quite evident that these officers had been watched by the enemy the day before, and allowed to pass through this defile and ascend the table-topped mountain beyond it. The Kaffirs must then have closed in on the neck, and attacked the officers upon the plateau above, for the foot-prints of their horses showed that they had made a rush to get down from the mountain, and had been compelled to descend at a very steep part. Unfortunately they were waylaid on the neck, and a struggle must have ensued there. The five bodies were quite near each other and all had received more or less wounds except the doctor's, which did not appear to have received a single wound. His body was on a flat stone surface, quite naked, minus the head; and the quantity of blood which had flowed from him was equal to that of a bullock. It was a horrible sight.

The bodies were sent back to camp in charge of an escort, and the troops proceeded on to attack the Kaffirs, who had assembled in large numbers on the peninsula towards the Kei River, with a ford across the river in their rear, through which they could retire when beaten and escape to the hills on the other side. The General and a small body guard climbed to the top of the Sohota Mountain, from which he had a good view of the operations.

The ground was most intricate and bushy, and the Kaffirs at first made a very determined stand. Troops were sent along on each side of the hill, and there was a good deal of bush fighting; but the enemy made the most determined resistance on a long bushy spit of ground in the far bend of the river, and some reinforcements had to be sent on in support of the native troops who were in advance. It was not until the ford itself was "covered" from the top of a precipice immediately below it that the Kaffirs gave way. You could see them carrying their wounded through the river, but they left a good many dead warriors on the field, while we had only three killed and about ten wounded. As usual the enemy were enabled to escape when they found the fight going against them, and there was nothing more then to be done, so the troops returned to camp.

The next day the five officers were buried at the Koomgha Camp, the officer commanding reading the impressive burial service over them. The funeral was attended by all the officers in camp, the 73rd Regiment being the chief mourners.

As a tribute to the memory of Major Baker I must mention that there was not a dry eye amongst the men of his company, he was so beloved by them. I have seen him on the line of march dismount and give his horse to tired men to ride upon; nor would he ever allow his own tent to be pitched until he had seen his men under shelter; and he would go then and secure a hole of water or make a small reservoir of it for the men—generally a scarce article in camp from the number of draft oxen that would go in and muddy the pool.

The bodies of these officers were afterwards disinterred and removed to King William's Town, under the authority of the Bishop. They are now buried in the Church of that Station, to which Lady Elizabeth Baker contributed a large sum of money.

After the war a gold watch which belonged to the Doctor was recovered from the Kaffirs by Mr. John Crouch, and sent home to his family. An assegai, evidently thrown at the doctor, had struck this double-case hunting watch in the very centre, for it had penetrated through both cases and into the works—which had stopped at that moment—showing that they were attacked at 2 o'clock in the day.

The five officers whose terrible fate I have been relating were Major Baker, Lieut. Faunt, Ensign Burnup, Surgeon Campbell 73rd Regt., Asst.-Surgeon Lock, 7th Dragoon Guards, and the officer who turned back after starting was Lieut. Littlehales, a cousin of Major Baker.

These five officers fell not far from the spot where three other gallant officers were killed in the same war, about a year previously—viz., Lieut. Chetwynd, Captain Gibson, Rifle Brigade, and Asst.-Surgeon Howell. These officers were cut off from their men on a similar table-topped mountain. They were buried on the heights on the east bank of the Kei River inside a Kaffir hut. The hut was then set on fire and burnt, to hide the grave from the Kaffirs, who were thus prevented from either disinterring or mutilating the bodies.

It is remarkable that an officer also escaped on this occasion by chance. Capt. Cartwright, Rifle Brigade, had been detailed for this duty. On the patrol parading to start he felt ill, and Lieut. Chetwynd, who was also a cousin of Cartwright's, took his place and fell.

Poor Cartwright was afterwards killed at the battle of Inkermann.

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## CHAPTER XV.

## The Affair of the Goolah Heights.

In May, 1847 (says the gallant veteran Bisset), while Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at the headquarters camp at the Goolah Heights in British Kaffraria, I had occasion to go up the "Buffalo line" to examine the Quartermaster-General's stores at the other camps. Sir George Berkeley, in chief command on the frontier, was at this time at Fort Peddie. Sir H. Somerset was in command of the camp on the Goolah Heights, and Sir George Bullen in command of another camp at King William's Town; with two intermediate posts of communication between, viz., one at Need's camp and the other at Mount Coke.

General Somerset had gone to head quarters to consult with the commander of the forces, and Colonel Armstrong was in temporary command of General Somerset's force.

The evening before I was starting for King William's Town we received intelligence that Need's camp required provisions; and as I was taking up a small escort with me up the "line," two mule wagons were detailed to accompany me, with a supply of biscuit for that post. The escort consisted of one sergeant (Crawford) and ten of the Cape Mounted Rifles, the two wagons being in charge of John Crouch. He was sometimes a conductor of wagons, and sometimes guide. Another celebrated character volunteered to accompany us—no less a person than Walter Currie, afterwards the well-known Sir Walter.

We started early one morning, and had proceeded about eight miles along the Goolah ridge, the road winding between clumps of forest trees or round the head of ravines



leading down from the ridge to the low lands on each side of us. We were riding leisurely along, with an advance and rear guard, knowing that near this spot a strong party of Dutch—part of the field force called a "Commando"—had been attacked by an ambush of Kaffirs only a few days before, when three of the party were killed, viz., two Pexters and a Ferriera. It was a most discreditable affair. Commandant Muller had about eighty men under his command, and was proceeding to form a camp of communication between Need's Camp and Mount Coke. They must have been marching without advance guard or flankers (side videttes), when they were suddenly fired upon from bush and rocks. The three men whom I have alluded to immediately jumped from their horses to make a standing fight of it, but strange to say, the remainder rode away, and these three men were surrounded by the Kaffirs before they could remount. They, however, made the best fight they could, and retired on foot towards the camp they had left, until they were overpowered and killed. It is not known what number of Kaffirs fell, as savages carry off their unstiffened dead and wounded. I say unstiffened dead, because the Kaffirs will not touch a really dead body—that is to say, one that has become rigid. So long as the body is warm and the limbs supple they have no dread, but when the body is once cold they will not touch it. For this reason the sick are often carried out of their huts long before they are dead, and left to die in their last resting place.

I have somewhat diverged from my story. But to proceed. As we approached this spot, ever afterwards known as Muller's Bush, Currie advised us all to look to our guns, and see that the caps and priming were dry; for we all, officers and men, carried double-barrelled guns in those days. My caps were the only suspicious ones. The gun had been loaded for some days, and the caps very soon corrode from the dew at night. My friend Currie actually scraped the caps off my gun with his knife, pressed a little fine powder into the nipples, and recapped the gun. We had proceeded about a mile after this, and had entered into a long narrow glade, with high forests on each side of us, varying from fifty to eighty yards from the wagon track, this open being interspersed with thorn

trees (mimosa) and rocks. This narrow ridge extended for about another mile, and it was quite impossible to see a single yard into the thick bush on each side. The Kaffirs very wisely allowed us to pass some distance into this narrow glade, when suddenly a strong party of them extended across the open behind us, and at the same time commenced to fire all along the edge of the forest on both sides. There was no alternative but to draw the two wagons up, dismount our party, get under cover of rocks and bush, and so endeavor to beat off the enemy. During all this time naked blackfellows were seen running along the edge of the bush to our front, towards the identical spot where Muller had been attacked; and it was amusing to hear their jeering cries, such as, "You must look at the sun, for it is the last time you will see it." "You are like a mouse in a calabash; you have got into it, but you cannot get out." By this time we had pretty well beaten off the Kaffirs in our rear, except those holding the ground, like us, from behind rocks; and I had ordered the men to mount, that we might push on. One horse was hit while the trooper was mounting, and, swerving, threw the rider, upon which there was a great shout of exultation. John Crouch's horse also became restive, and Currie had to hold him while "old John," who was lame, mounted. During this time we were all more or less exposed; but knowing the narrow defile we should have to pass through, I ordered the wagons to advance. Just before we came to the spot where I knew the hot part of the attack would be made the road slightly diverged to the right, and the view from the rocks already occupied by the Kaffirs was hidden by some large mimosa trees. At this spot, and before turning the corner, I halted the wagons, leaving Sergeant Crawford and five men with them. The Kaffirs were holding the ground on the right of the road in considerable force. Immediately opposite to where they were the ground rose to a sort of hillock, dotted over with rocks, and the road ran between this hillock and the rocks held by them, which also adjoined the high forest wood, falling in one continued extent towards the Buffalo River. Currie, John Crouch, and myself, with the other five men, diverged from the road to the left, and so got out of view from the cover of the hillock. We at once dismounted, handed our horses to

one man, and ran up the mound, each taking advantage of a rock for cover. An extraordinary scene at once met our eyes. There were about eighty blackfellows, with guns, all "lying on" or taking aim over the rocks, their guns pointing to the road just where it came into view from behind the thorn trees. They never dreamed that we were exactly opposite, under cover of rocks, and within forty yards of them; and it was not until we had discharged our one barrel at them, knocking over several, that they were aware of our manœuvre. Their astonishment was so great that they turned their guns to the right, and almost without taking aim, fired a volley at us. At this moment I shouted to Sergeant Crawford to push the wagons through, which had to pass slightly in a hollow between the Kaffirs and ourselves; but as very few of the enemy's guns were held in reserve or reloaded in time to fire on them, the men escaped unhurt, and only three or four of the mules were wounded. After passing through the narrow pass the wagons turned off the road to our side, and also got protected by higher ground. It is well that this precaution had been taken, for had we kept the road and come in view round the thorn trees, very few of us would have been left alive to tell the tale. About eighty guns were bearing upon the spot at eighty yards' distance; but as it turned out it was the most absurd thing I ever saw. The leaders and drivers of these mule wagons were Malays, from Cape Town, with large umbrella-shaped straw hats on. They usually sit on the box in front of the wagon, one man holding the reins and guiding the six or eight mules, and the other, with a long whip fastened to the taper end of a long bamboo, whipping them on. But on this occasion both of them were on the ground and running alongside the wagon, one opposite its front and the other opposite its hind wheel; nothing but the monster hats to be seen above the ground, looking more like monkeys or moving mushrooms than anything else. It is astonishing how they contrived to drive and guide the mules in this position.

Unfortunately this did not end our dilemma. The Kaffirs were strong and confident; we were weak and with but little ammunition—thirty rounds per man—and each force held their position, firing shot for shot from behind these rocks. Need's Camp was within sight, but about

three miles distant. The post consisted of a company of the Rifle Brigade and a despatch party of twenty Cape Mounted Rifles. They could see us in action with the enemy, but their horses were generally turned out to graze, and it took some time before they could be called in and saddled. We heard the "assembly" sound, and then "horses in" and "boot and saddle," but in our situation it seemed an age before they were ready to come to our assistance; and it reminded one of Sister Ann in the nursery tale of Bluebeard. All this time we were firing shot for shot, and our ammunition was all but expended. Some Kaffirs had got into the forest trees, and were potting at us from above. Their position gave us this advantage—that they could also see the preparation making at Need's Camp for reinforcing us. All at once we heard a great commotion and calling out to one another amongst the Kaffirs, and I heard repeated the name of "Tandanna," which I took down in my pocket-book. Thinking it was preparatory to a rush upon us, we all held both our barrels loaded and in reserve; but it was with quite a different motive. The Kaffirs in the trees could see much better than we could, and they *did* see the Cape Mounted Rifles racing along the road from Need's camp at the top of their speed. Soon we saw them approach, although in no order, save the fastest horses to the front; and then Currie, Crouch, and I rose, with our party, charging on foot across the space dividing our rocks from those held by the Kaffirs. The whole space was only about fifty yards, with the road in a slight hollow between us, and the rest of it was covered with long grass, stones, holes, and other impediments. We rushed across this space like mad, and down went Currie. Only a few shots were then being fired at us, but the idea passed through my mind that he was killed; but almost before the thought he was alongside me again, and we just got up to the tail of the Kaffirs as they were rushing in the opposite direction from us. We found ourselves amongst the dead and dying, or rather amongst the dead, for nearly every Kaffir we had hit was struck in the eye or through the head, the head and shoulders alone being exposed from behind the rocks whilst taking aim at us. Seven great Kaffirs lay dead at our feet; two others were just alive. We followed the mass of the retreating enemy some

distance into the bush. There was a good deal of blood from wounded men being carried to the rear, and we could hear the retreating enemy breaking through the bushes like a herd of buffaloes.

We then returned to examine our respective positions. I had taken cover behind a not very large rock, with a second rock on top of it, with a wedge-shaped chink horizontally between the two. It was through this chink that I was enabled to take deliberate aim; but mine being a smooth-bore gun, I gave the palm of those killed to my friend Currie, who was one of the best rifle shots of the day. Strange to say, I had placed my forage cap, with a silver-bound peak, on another stone, about a yard to my right, and this took off the fire from me. Full five and twenty shots hit this stone, and the fine splinters from the rock often struck me on the hands and face, but not one of the bullets hit the cap. This rock is still seen by passers by, almost covered with lead in star-shaped forms from the flattened balls. General Sir H. Somerset happened to arrive on the ground soon after the action, and he sent on my report of the affair to the General commanding, and I received in reply the thanks of the Commander of the Forces. A strong patrol was despatched in pursuit of the enemy, and although they did not overtake the Kaffirs, they found quantities of blood where the wounded had stopped to rest.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

## The Beeka Mouth.

During the war of 1846-7 such a drought prevailed throughout the frontier districts of the Cape of Good Hope and in Kaffirland, where operations were being carried on against the Kaffirs, that the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir P. Maitland, was compelled to fall back with the troops and form a camp on the coast at Waterloo Bay, near the mouth of the Fish River. This was done in order to establish a landing place on the coast for supplies instead of having them carried overland from Port Elizabeth, a distance of about 150 miles, to form a base for renewed operations, and also to save the few remaining draft oxen with the army, as it was almost the only portion of the colony where there was still any herbage or grass left.

"Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together," and so it is with the Kaffirs. For the sake of plunder they follow all large camps and live by stealing and capturing stray and ill guarded cattle. The draught and slaughter cattle had to pasture some distance from the camp to obtain food, but cattle guards and pickets were invariably posted.

One day an alarm arose in camp that the cattle guard had been attacked by the enemy, several of the herdsmen killed and a large number of draft oxen carried off by the enemy.

In consequence of the scarcity of forage the horses of both the Cape Mounted Rifles and 7th Dragoon Guards were in the day time knee-haltered and turned out to graze; but His Excellency invariably kept a small body escort of cavalry ready saddled in camp. On the alarm or

the report of the attack reaching camp, and while a patrol was being formed to follow up the enemy, Sir P. Maitland and his personal staff, consisting of Col. Cloete, Deputy Quarter Master General, myself (says Bisset) and one or two others, at once mounted, and with the body guard of about twelve men (Cape Mounted Rifles and 7th Dragoon Guards) followed up the Kaffirs. I knew the country well, and was aware that the Kaffirs must either pass inland with the cattle for some distance before they could cross the several rivers that enter the sea between the Fish and Keiskama Rivers, or else they must at once turn down to the coast and cross the rivers on the beach at their mouths, where there is a bar and generally shallow water. I therefore led the Governor and escort at a gallop to the mouth of the first river, the Dart, and there, sure enough, the Kaffirs had crossed; and the spoor or trace showed plainly along the beach to the next river, the Wolf River, a distance of about six miles, the cattle had evidently been driven along here at a great pace. The tide being in, the sands were heavy, and the horses became somewhat "blown" before we reached the Wolf River. The Kaffirs must have been in the same plight, for after crossing its mouth they turned inland with the cattle, passing through a bush of about half a mile in extent. This bush extended all along the coast, between the open downs or grass country, and the sand hills and open beach. After passing through this bush the Kaffirs continued eastward along the downs, but skirting the bush, and although the country was undulating it was more easy to drive the cattle over from being open.

The escort horses with the Governor being rather blown I started ahead with a single orderly through the bush path, and came upon the trace of the cattle in the direction of the Beeka River. After galloping about three miles and rising a brow in some undulating ground I came suddenly in sight of the Kaffirs with the cattle about 200 yards ahead of me. They appeared to have no knowledge of the pursuit, and were driving the cattle at a sort of hand trot. I immediately drew back over the brow without the enemy having seen me, and from my recollections of a vidette's duty commenced circling to the right, directing my orderly to follow me in the circle. By this time the Governor and the escort made their appearance through the bush path; and Cloete,

seeing me, exclaimed, "Look, look! there is a Kaffir chasing Bisset." But the old General said, "No, Cloete, he is circling to the right; the enemy is in front," and at once came tearing down to me. I reported what had happened, and added that if we galloped hard we should overtake the enemy before they rounded the mouth of the next or Beeka River. This river is the largest of all the rivers between the Fish and Keiskama; and moreover from where the Kaffirs would strike the bank of it, at the commencement of the bush, there is a long stretch of narrow beach between the water, which is deep, and the sand hills, which are covered with thick bush. This narrow beach varies from fifty to twenty yards in width, and is about a mile in length before reaching the mouth of the river, where alone the water is fordable.

I was very well mounted on an old favorite horse called Rattler, and rode forward with about half of the fastest of the escort horses. We were about 100 yards ahead of the Governor and the rest of the party; and as we dropped down the bank of the river on to the narrow beach, where the direction turned suddenly to the right, we saw the Kaffirs, about fifty in number, two or three hundred yards ahead driving the cattle as fast as they could along the deep sands. I called the six or eight men together, and standing in my stirrups I said in a low voice to the men "Charge!" and we raced until we came within fifty yards of the Kaffirs and cattle. Up to this time they had never once looked back, being apparently quite unaware of our near approach; and the sand was so deep and soft that there was not the least noise from the horses' hoofs. I saw that most of the Kaffirs were armed with guns, the remainder with assegais, and I felt that we should be amongst them at a disadvantage, because half the effect of a charge is caused by a panic to the other side. I therefore again rose in my stirrups and shouted a great shout, and with that we were upon them. Our horses were perfectly pumped; and as I pulled up suddenly to shoot a Kaffir who was taking aim at me, two of the seven troopers pulled up so suddenly in the deep sand that they flew over their horses' heads like shuttlecocks. Each of these men shot a Kaffir before they rose from their sitting position. My opponent could not stand the two barrels which were staring him in



the face ; he missed me, and as he turned got the contents of one barrel, which tumbled him over. Three other fellows were shot before they got up the sand hills and into the bush.

The firing made the cattle "spurt" to the front along the narrow beach, and I and two men had to gallop through the water (up to the horses' girths) to get in front of them ; and here we found a nearly equal number of Kaffirs, who were running, as is their custom, in front of the cattle. These warriors were chiefly armed with assegais, which they began to hurl at us. One great fellow drew a second spear, and as he raised his arm to throw it at me I let fly my second barrel, putting the contents into his left breast, and he immediately subsided. This firing checked the cattle, and we turned and drove them back. As the rest of the Kaffirs escaped into the bush I noticed that the Kaffir whom I last shot was carrying one of their knapsacks over his shoulder, which bulged out and appeared to contain something unusual. I therefore jumped from my horse and slipped this sack or bag from off his neck and placed it over my own shoulder. The poor fellow was still breathing, for both these men were shot with partridge shot. I had lent my gun the day before to Major Burnaby, R.A., to shoot partridges near the camp, and had quite forgotten to reload with ball in the hurry of leaving the camp.

The Governor drooped down the bank of the river on to the level beach just in time to see the charge, and was highly pleased at the success of the pursuit ; and with the additional aid we soon got the cattle back into the open country.

I urged on His Excellency that we should not delay in getting them past the bush path at the Wolf River, that our party was very small, and that I had seen over fifty Kaffirs with guns, besides those with assegais ; and that seeing our small numbers they would be sure to head us at the bush path.

Dear old Sir Peregrine said—" Oh no, Bisset, you have taught them such a lesson that they will not venture to come near our camp again."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when we heard " Ping, ping, ping, ping !" and saw the dust flying up all about us, and the white smoke at the edge of the bush not one hundred yards from where we were standing. The General said, " You are right, Bisset ; and I should not

like to be shot by a Kaffir from behind a bush after going through Waterloo." Putting spurs to our horses we hurried the cattle along as fast as we could. Before we reached the narrow bush path at the next river we were met by a strong force of cavalry, which had "called the horses in," saddled, and followed as fast as they could; and before long we also met a strong party of infantry from the camp.

As we had now more leisure I began to examine my knapsack—this means the skin of a buck, skinned whole, and open only at the hind legs. The skins are dressed and made as soft as a glove, and are very convenient for carrying anything. Mine on this occasion contained to my surprise several pieces of real English plate, in the shape of an old fashioned silver teapot, a snuffer tray, two silver forks, a tablespoon and two tea spoons, besides the usual tinder box, tobacco and pipe, and some other trifling articles. There was no mark or crest on the silver, and although I advertised for the owner no person has ever claimed the articles.

The Kaffirs were no doubt on a return foray from the colony, where they had probably murdered a whole family at some homestead, and plundered the house before burning it. In many instances not a soul was left out of whole families that were fallen upon in isolated positions. However, this party paid dearly for *their* foray.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

## The Boomah Pass.

In December, 1850, the Kaffir war broke out that lasted until 1853. British Kaffraria had been held in military occupation from the termination of the previous war (1847). The military head-quarters were established at King William's Town, and several minor posts were occupied in different parts of the country to keep the Kaffirs in subjection.

The Kaffir chiefs, however, formed a combination to throw off the white man's supervision of their country, and committed several overt acts with the intention of bringing on a war. Cattle were stolen from the colony, and although traced into Kaffirland and to the marauders' kraals, the chiefs refused either to give up the beasts or to surrender the thieves. Wagons were also stopped upon the high roads and plundered, and in some instances the leaders and drivers killed.

General (then Colonel) Mackinnon commanded in Kaffraria, and was also Chief Civil Governor of the Province. This officer's rule in Kaffraria had been most temperate and just towards the Kaffirs, and his word was like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Sir Harry Smith was at the time Governor and Commander-in-Chief in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The rebellious and warlike indications of the Kaffirs were reported to him at Cape Town. He was, however, at first incredulous of their intentions, and in reply to a petition from the frontier farmers quoted the non-existence of certain indications which always precede Kaffir wars. He was, therefore, much surprised afterwards to find that

the very circumstances on the absence of which he relied were actually at that moment taking place on the frontier.

Sandilli, the paramount chief of all Kaffirland proper, was at the head of the war party; and seeing that war was inevitable, Colonel Mackinnon ordered a column of troops to march from King William's Town to Fort Cox, where a camp was formed. Each of the two great chiefs of Kaffraria had a Resident Commissioner residing at their great kraal; thus Mr. Charles Brownlee (latterly, 1879, Secretary for Native Affairs for the Cape Colony) resided with Sandilli at Burn's Hill, near Fort Cox; whilst Colonel Maclean (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Natal) was Umhala's residing at Fort Murray. Sandilli's tribes were called the Gaikas.

When the troops were collected at Fort Cox a demand was made on Sandilli, through Mr. Brownlee, for restitution of the property stolen from the colony, and compensation for the murder of British subjects. These demands, however, were treated with contempt by all the native chiefs. At about this stage of affairs the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, arrived on the frontier from Cape Town, and at once proceeded to the head-quarters of the troops at Fort Cox. Several days' negotiations followed with the Gaika chiefs and head men of the tribes; but Sandilli remained contumacious, and the Governor came to the decision to depose him from his royal chieftainship, and to appoint Mr. Brownlee Regent to the Gaika tribes.

It may not, perhaps, be right for me to criticise these measures (says the General), but Sir Harry made a great mistake in this decision, and Mr. Brownlee, who was his adviser, ought to have known better. He was the son of a missionary, and had grown up amongst the Kaffirs. He should therefore have been aware that the feeling of loyalty to their hereditary chiefs and the clanship of the Kaffirs are quite as strong as those of the Scottish Highlanders to their chieftains. However, the error once committed, troops were ordered to march into the Amatolo Mountains, with a view to capture or take Sandilli prisoner. It was the old story of putting salt on a bird's tail, and the same results were about to take place. One column of troops was despatched from King William's Town to the sources of the Kaboosie River, east of the Amatolo Mountains, with the

object of intercepting the chief should he endeavor to escape over the Kei. This column consisted of cavalry (Cape Mounted Rifles) and infantry, under the command of Colonel Eyre, 73rd Regiment.

Another column, consisting of Cape Mounted Rifles, armed Kaffir police, and infantry detachments from several regiments—in all about seven hundred men—under the command of Colonel Mackinnon, marched from the camp at Fort Cox direct into the Amatolo Mountains, in the direction of the Keiskama Hoek, with the view of taking Sandilli prisoner.

My nominal appointment in British Kaffraria (says the narrator) up to the time of the breaking out of the war was that of Major of Brigade, but from the moment the troops took the field I became chief staff officer, and the whole of the duties of the Adjutant-General's and Quartermaster-General's departments devolved upon me.

The column under Colonel Mackinnon marched from the camp at Fort Cox at daylight on the morning of December 24, 1850, and after passing Burn's Hill Mission Station wound up the valley of the Keiskama, and crossing that river three times, halted for breakfast on its right bank near the junction of the Wolf River. The whole distance was mostly through dense bush, with no roads except cattle tracks or footpaths made by the natives, and with rugged mountains and dense forests all around us.

While we were halted in a comparatively open space for breakfast I saw large masses of Kaffirs collecting on all the hills, while only one solitary Kaffir came into camp, nominally to offer a basket of milk for sale, but in reality to "spy out the land" and take note of our strength, &c. As chief staff officer with this column, and from having been in, or rather through, the two previous Kaffir wars of 1835—1846-7, and from knowing the "nature of the beast," I pointed out these hostile indications to my chief. I also told him that a little further on we would have to defile through the Boomah Pass, a most formidable position, where the troops could only pass in single or Indian file, and that the path was intersected by great rocks and boulders that had fallen from the precipice overhanging the footpath. Colonel Mackinnon, I fear, was imbued with the idea that the Kaffirs did not intend to

fight. After a short halt, the troops fell in, and continued the march in the direction of the Keiskama Hoek in the following order—the Kaffir police in front, then the Cape Mounted Rifles, followed by the infantry of the line, consisting of detachments of the 6th, 45th, and 73rd Regiments. There were also pack-horses with spare ammunition, medical panniers, etc., etc., and a rear guard. Soon after leaving the halting ground, the column had to cross the Wolf River, with a very bad ford of slippery rocks, which caused several breaks in the column, and about two miles from the river the troops entered the narrow defile. It may, perhaps, be well that I should endeavor to describe the ground. A little on the left was a high precipice, something in the shape of a crescent, its two horns falling away to a ledge. The far end one abutted on the Keiskama River, which ran on the right-hand side of the track, and conformed to the shape of the precipice, leaving a narrow belt of forest wood between the rocky mountain and the river. The road or track wound through this forest of large trees, rocks fallen from the perpendicular cliffs, and tangled underwood. There were boulders as big as castles, and you had to serpentine and make your way through these as best you could. On the opposite side of the river there was a peninsula shaped spit or tongue of land sloping down its banks, with conical shaped hills at the far end of the tongue. This slope was covered with bush and large olive trees, as was also the rocky mountain on the left, and in fact the whole of the country around the pass itself.

The troops entered the pass in the order before indicated, and the Kaffir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles passed through unmolested. Colonel Mackinnon and myself were at the head of the cavalry, and I pointed out the difficulty of the pass if it had been held by the Kaffirs, as we should have had to dislodge them from each successive rock. Up to this time no Kaffirs had been seen in the immediate neighbourhood, although all the tops of the hills and mountains were crowded when we commenced to enter the defile. Each trooper had to dismount and lead his horse in the narrow parts of the pass, thus dangerously lengthening out the columns for some miles.

After passing over the far horn or ledge of the

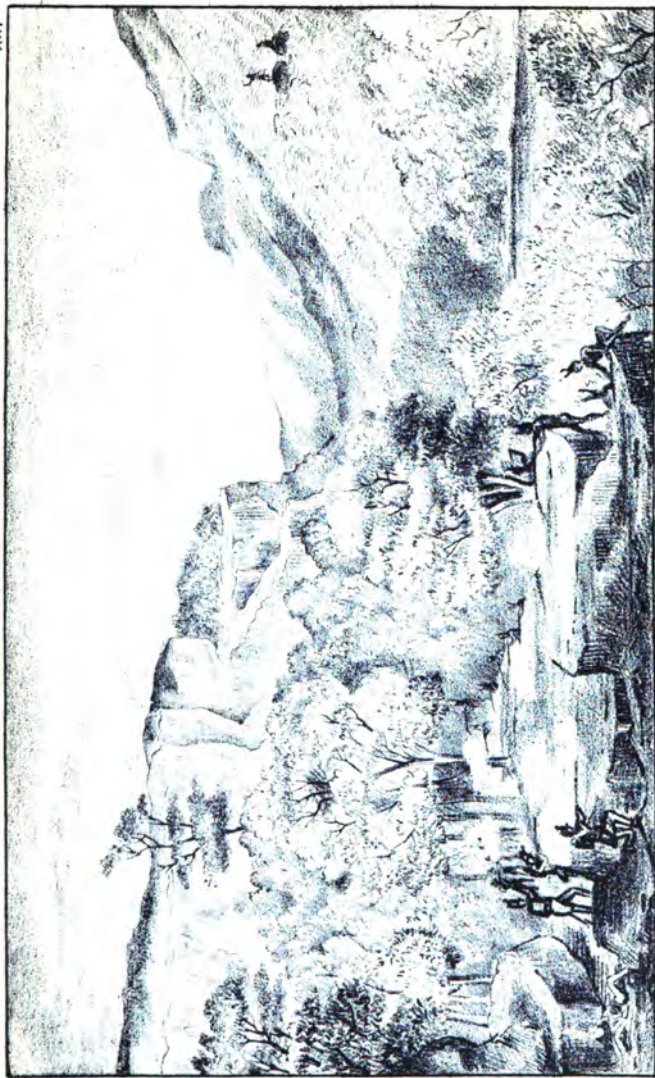
precipice the footpath crossed a ravine, and then passed up a bushy slope to the left, and on to a small open plateau. The Kaffir police had halted in this open plateau, and a portion of the Cape Mounted Rifles had also reached it, but the rear of the mounted men had scarcely left the pass itself when all at once first one shot, and then a continuous discharge of musketry, rang from the centre of the pass.

Colonel Mackinnon was at first loth to believe that the Kaffirs had attacked the infantry, but was soon convinced of the fact, and I at once volunteered to go back and take command of the infantry column. I was impelled to do this from knowing by experience more of Kaffir warfare than any person present, and Colonel Mackinnon instantly sanctioned and directed me to do so.

I called to my mounted orderly and made my way back through the bush by the narrow path, with difficulty getting past the mounted men I met on the road. As soon, however, as I got through the ravine, there were no more cavalry, and I passed on with my single orderly to the ledge down which I had to scramble before entering the pass. As I reached the ledge, my orderly exclaimed to me from behind, "Myn Got, myn heer, moet niet en gaan!" (Do not go in). And I must admit that at this moment I felt my life was in the greatest jeopardy, for I saw thousands of Kaffirs running down the tongue of land on the opposite side of the river to head the troops. But I felt that my honor was at stake; that having been sent, it was my duty to enter, even though feeling that I must be shot.

I remember pressing my forage cap down on to my head, setting my teeth together, bringing my double-barrelled gun to the advance, and pushing my horse down the defile. At this moment three or four of the ammunition horses dashed past me at full speed, bleeding from wounds, and with the pack-saddles turned and under their bellies. They nearly knocked us over, but we pushed on; and as I approached the head of the infantry column we had to run a regular gauntlet of shot from the Kaffirs in ambush and behind rocks, waiting for the "red soldiers." Before I quite got to the infantry I saw the heads of five Kaffirs behind a rock with their guns pointing at me. I gave the horse the spur and dashed on, and at that moment





THE AMAXOSA WAR—THE BOOMAH PASS,





received a gun-shot wound low down on the outside of the left thigh, the ball passing upwards and out below the right hip. I felt the shock as if struck by a sledge hammer, and my horse even staggered with the blow, but it gave me time to fire at the Kaffirs, who were now exposing themselves. Unfortunately my first shot struck the top of the rock, whence I saw the splinters fly in all directions, but the second one told in the breast of a petty chief. Strange impulsive utterances cannot be restrained under great excitement. As I was shot the Kaffir exclaimed, in his own native language, "I have hit him," and I could not resist replying, "I have got it." But to proceed. After I had fired my horse plunged forward, and I very soon met the infantry, who were pushing their way through the rugged path as best they could. The first thing that pulled me up was seeing a friend of mine, Dr. Stewart, Cape Mounted Rifles, leaning against a rock, the blood pouring from his chest, from the loss of which he was very faint. The Kaffirs were keeping up a perpetual fire on the troops, which was returned in the most gallant style, but not a sable enemy could be seen in the dense wood from which they fired. At this moment a second ball struck Dr. Stewart in the head, and his brains were spattered all over my face and jacket.

To make a standing fight in the position in which the troops then were was impossible; the footpath wound round the great rocks and forest trees in such a manner that you could not tell whether it was friend or foe that was firing, and there was, therefore, no alternative but to press forward and get the men out of the bush. It must also be remembered that the column, being in Indian file, extended for a great length along the pass.

The head of the column soon fought its way over the advanced horn of the cliff, and made a stand, driving back a large mass of the enemy, who had come round the base of a wooded hill where the ravine entered the Keiskama River. This portion of the column then forced their way up the wooded slope and gained the open, where the Kaffir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles were formed up; but the centre of the broken line of infantry was attacked with such impetuosity that they had to diverge from the regular track after passing over what I call the horn, and were forced

through the bush on to the open some distance to our left rear.

I managed to sit my horse until I reached the cavalry, but as I approached a knot of dismounted brother officers, I felt so faint that I should have fallen from my horse if I had not been caught by one or two of them. The blood had been continually pouring from my wounds, and I should have bled to death before a doctor arrived if it had not been for Carey, who had a tourniquet round his body, which he at once took off and applied to my thigh, and so partially stopped the bleeding. Dr. Fraser, one of the finest officers in the service, who was the second medical officer, soon arrived on the spot; but the excitement and anguish of mind had been too much for him, and as he kneeled down to examine my wounds, he fainted. Grand, fine fellow! It was not from the sight of my wounds that he did this, but from the knowledge that he had to leave the dead and dying in the pass to the merciless tortures and mutilations of the savage enemy. I always carried a flask of cold tea with me in the field, which I managed to take off, and offered it to Fraser. The cool beverage soon recovered him, and his first exclamation was, "Oh, my God, I was obliged to leave Stewart." Now I must here record to the honor of Dr. Fraser that he is one of the most conscientious and bravest men in the service, and in the hurry-scurry of the attack in the bush he would not leave his horse with the medical panniers; and he was lugging this brute along in the rear when a ball killed the horse and he fell. Fraser had then to hurry on, and it was while passing the dead and dying that were being mutilated by the enemy that the doctor heard a voice exclaim, "For God's sake, Fraser, don't leave me." Had he hesitated for one moment his throat also would have been cut, and he was obliged to pass on in order to overtake the rear of the column. In his imagination he thought that it was Dr. Stewart who had appealed to him, and this made the agony of the moment still more painful. On this point, however, I was enabled to relieve his mind, for in pointing to my jacket, I asked him what the spots were; and on his seeing that it was human brains, I told him that they came from Stewart's head. Nevertheless, he could not overcome the agonising thought of having been obliged to leave the wounded men.

This has taken me some time to tell, but all this time Dr. Fraser was dressing my wounds, that is to say, he was plugging up the holes and adjusting the tourniquet. Before he had finished, however, a man ran up to say that Captain Catty was badly wounded and dying, so I told the doctor to go at once; but he soon returned, saying he could not help Catty, and, from indications, he thought nothing could save him. Three balls appeared to have entered his right side and passed into the intestines.

While the troops were halted on the open, a very large body of Kaffirs were massed on the top and sides of a conical hill immediately on our right; and I pointed out to Colonel Mackinnon, who was standing close to me, that unless he sent out some men they would outflank us. The Colonel replied that he had already done so, and had extended the Kaffir Police on our right flank.

This circumstance saved us from a heavy fire from the enemy, as from their commanding height they could easily have fired upon us; but the Kaffir Police being on the right, had they done so, the balls must have whizzed over their heads to reach us. This would have been a breach of faith to them, for it was afterwards known that arrangements had been made that the Kaffir Police should go over in a body to the enemy on the first engagement. Overtures had also been made to the Cape Mounted Rifles to join the Kaffirs. Hence it was that the Kaffir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles were permitted to pass through the Boomah defile without being attacked; and that is also the reason why the enemy did not dare to fire over the heads of the police, as it would look as if they were firing at them. The Kaffir Police did not go over at this moment, because Sir Harry Smith prevented their wives from leaving the police barracks at Fort Cox, as they had endeavored to do, and this was duly reported to the men.

Twenty-three soldiers were killed in the pass, or fell into the enemy's hands and were tortured to death. Several soldiers were seen to be seized by the Kaffirs as they discharged their muskets, and were pulled into the thick bush and killed. None of these poor fellows' bodies were ever recovered. Twenty-three others were wounded, but, luckily for them, were able to keep up with the fighting men.

We had now to push on for two or three miles through a comparatively open country to the Keiskama Hoek, where we formed a camp for the night. I say camp; but as there was nothing but soldiers without tents, it was a queer sort of camp. What we did was to form a square, with the soldiers lying down with their muskets facing outwards. The doctor then attended to the wounded. My mode of conveyance from where I was lifted from my horse to the camp was far from a pleasant one. It was in this wise: a man got me by each arm, with his elbow well into my armpits; my face was towards the ground, every now and then scratching over mimosa bush, brambles, and long grass; whilst a third man was between my legs, well up into the fork, with one of my thighs tucked under each of his arms. I don't wish my worst enemy to be in the same position.

Dr. Fraser was most kind and attentive to the wounded; and I was plugged and bandaged up in a most comfortable manner. Capt. Catty's were the most extraordinary wounds. All the fire from the enemy came from the right side of the defile; hence I was shot in the left thigh advancing to the infantry, while Catty had received to all appearance three balls on the right side. Strange to say, not one ball had actually passed into his body; one ball struck the small rib and came out again within an inch or two of where it entered; the second ball also struck a rib, and from there ran up under the skin and lodged where it was cut out, high up on the chest; and Catty, who the doctor at first thought could not live, was well in a few weeks, while I was for two years on crutches.

There was a missionary station at the Keiskama Hoek, under the Rev. Mr. Nevin; and it was at first proposed to leave the wounded men at the station, as it was known the troops would have to fight their way back to Fort Cox next day. Fortunately for us, that arrangement was not carried out, for the station itself was attacked a few days afterwards, and the church and the mission buildings burnt to the ground. The missionaries and their wives were, indeed, allowed to march out; but whilst making across the Amatolos for the Chumie Mission Station, carrying Mrs. Nevin, who was an invalid, a separate party of Kaffirs fell upon them *en route*, ill-treated them, and stripped them all naked before letting them pass on. In fact, Mr. Nevin's

life was only saved by the heroism of a high-caste native woman—afterwards our servant—who threw herself between the assegai and her teacher, and from being the sister of Sandilli's chief councillor her entreaties were listened to. This woman was also the sister of Togo Sogo, the Kaffir who was educated at Glasgow, became a missionary, and married a white lady, the daughter of an elder of the Scotch Church.

The day I was wounded was my birthday; the one following was Christmas day, 1850, and was rather a memorable one. After a consultation, it was decided that the troops could not march back to Fort Cox by the route they had come; and Colonel Mackinnon was still most anxious to avoid a general war. The only other route was a considerable circuit, but it was a comparatively open one. Christmas day at the Cape is usually the hottest of the whole year. The troops fell in at daylight, and the route was declared to be over the low range of the Quilli Quilli Mountain, through the valley of the same name, over the "neck" at Bailie's Grave, and through the Debe Neck to Fort White.

As the troops broke into column we saw large masses of Kaffirs collecting on all the mountains; not yet knowing which way our route would lie. Orders were given on no account to fire on the Kaffirs unless attacked. After crossing the Keiskama River and passing up a rather bushy valley, the troops had to climb the face of a very steep mountain, with bush approaching on each side as you reached the top. The heat this day was something wonderful; and as the men reached the top of the glade and mountain they threw themselves down perfectly exhausted. The men had taken the field with their knapsacks; these the young soldiers tore from their shoulders and threw away. While they were still somewhat in confusion a volley was opened by the Kaffirs all along the bush, where they must have been lying in ambush. The cavalry were still climbing up the steep hill, but the infantry fell in and opened fire on the enemy. Our position, however, was so unfavorable that an advance was ordered. At the top of the mountain the glade continued four or five hundred yards, with bush on each side very close up, and large shelving rocks on the left, known afterwards as the Marine

Rocks. The troops had to push their way through this glade under a heavy fire from the bush and rocks the whole time. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that there was a little haste and confusion. The four men who were carrying me in a blanket dropped me in the grass and ran on with the stream. I knew perfectly well that the moment the rear passed a Kaffir would run out of the bush and cut my throat. I therefore tried to pull myself along on my back in the grass with my hands, but I made very little progress. The cavalry were now passing at the trot. Several horses were shot in the *mêlée*, and a sergeant named Extein was running on foot, when all at once he fell over me in the grass. Looking round, he rose and said, "Ach, myn Got, is dat zuer?" I replied, "Yes, Extein; don't leave me." Catching hold of the reins of four successive troopers as they were passing, he ordered the men to dismount, let the horses run loose, and said, "Carry on the master." In this way I had my life saved on the second day.

The troops soon got through this narrow defile, and then attacked the Kaffirs in turn; but the natives very soon knew they had lost the advantage, and consequently disappeared. The column, however, became encumbered with more wounded; and the men were so utterly exhausted with the great heat and thirst, and from biting off the ends of the cartridges (for we still in those days carried the old "Brown Bess"), that Colonel Mackinnon marched on to the Quilli Quilli River in the open valley. Here he intended to halt and give the troops their breakfast; but the Kaffirs collected in such masses of cavalry and infantry that the troops could not light fires, and could only halt under arms. After this halt the troops had to march up a long winding valley and over a neck of land between wooded ravines towards Bailie's Grave. The rear was very much pressed by large bodies of the enemy, and the Cape Mounted Rifles had to charge several times to keep them in check. Napier, Carey, Boyes, Whitmore (who commanded the rear guard), Stuart, Worthy, and others distinguished themselves greatly on this occasion.

As we approached the bushy neck alluded to, the Kaffirs, gaining confidence, were pressing the rear very hard, and the wounded, who were being carried, all fell

more to the rear than they should have done. I noticed that some of the young soldiers were getting unsteady, and I remember raising myself in the blanket, putting up my arm, covered with blood, and saying to the men, "By God, soldiers! if you don't fall in and be steady, the Kaffirs will rush in and stab you like sheep." It must be borne in mind that these men were chiefly young soldiers; they had but recently arrived in the colony, and most of them had never been under fire before. They only required guidance, for they immediately fell into order, showed a steady front, and the Kaffirs were checked at once. Mackinnon, who was coming to the rear, must have seen what happened, for he rode up to me and said, "Well done, Bisset."

General Mackinnon is one of the coolest men under fire that I have ever known. I have seen him advance on horseback with an attacking party against the enemy, posted in strong positions, smoking his cigar in the coolest manner while the bullets were falling about like hail.

We then moved down a long slope, and crossed the stream at the real Bailie's Grave. I say the *real* because I buried the remains of this brave man at this spot in the Kaffir War of 1836. He fell there with twenty-eight men, fighting bravely, and not one escaped to tell the tale. It was not until some time afterwards that we found the remains and buried them in two graves.

This Charles Bailie was a fine fellow. On the occasion of his death he had been pursuing a large body of Kaffirs who had passed out of the Umdezene Bush. He followed them into the Amatolo Mountains as far as the Keiskama Hoek. The enemy, seeing the smallness of the party, decoyed him thus far, and then fell upon him, and he had to retire fighting by the very route we had come. He had lost two of his men, but when he arrived at the stream where he was killed he was met and surrounded by a fresh party of Kaffirs, and overpowered in the long grass, not a single man escaping. His men fought most bravely as long as their ammunition lasted, and a large number of Kaffirs were killed.

For months no tidings could be obtained as to what had befallen the party, but at last, it becoming known that the chief Makomo had got possession of Bailie's Bible (which he always carried about with him), he was bribed



for a consideration to part with it; and on the fly-leaf was found written a statement that he was then surrounded and his ammunition failing.

We searched and found the remains in a decomposed state, Bailie's being recognisable only from the long hair and black whiskers that had fallen on each side of the skeleton.

From the stream at Bailie's grave the road or path led by the base of a mountain called Taba'n Dodá, or Men's Mountain. It was literally so on this day, for the mountain was covered with a black mass of warriors, who pressed the troops so much that the column had to diverge to the left, more into the open, and proceed over the Kometyes Flat before reaching Debe Neck. The four men who were carrying me over this rough ground halted to rest, and for the sake of shelter from the bullets, I was deposited in one of these kometyes, or basins in the ground; and one of the men took off his wooden canteen to drink from. No doubt I was in a high state of fever and verging on delirium, for I can only just remember that as he was leaning over me and drinking he let the canteen fall, and it struck me on the nose, breaking the bridge. I felt the stunning blow, but that is all, and I heard his comrades abuse him for his carelessness, and the poor fellow reply that he could not help it.

After continuing about three miles over this rough country, we came to the Debe Neck, where there was a good deal of fighting to beat off the Kaffirs. At the Neck itself a most horrible spectacle met our eyes. The day before—that is, the day we were attacked in the pass—two soldiers who were escorting a provision wagon from King William's Town to Fort White, were attacked and killed; and a report having reached Fort White to this effect, the officer commanding sent out a party to bring in the bodies. This party was also attacked at the Neck and every man killed, and we had to pass over the bodies of nineteen men, which were most brutally mutilated; their heads severed from their bodies and carried away to exhibit to the different tribes as an indication that the white man was destroyed, and for the witch doctors to work their spells upon. This was done by the doctors, or devils, passing a stick, with a cross stick at the end, in the shape of a wisp, into the brain-

hole at the back of the skull, and then turning it sharply between the palms of the hands until the brain is mashed up and frothed over. The she "devil" would withdraw her diabolical charm stick, and sprinkle the brains in all directions, making her incantations all the time, to turn the soldiers' bullets into water, and to make her own people invisible to the foe.

After beating the Kaffirs off at the Debe Neck there was no more fighting that day, and we reached Fort White, where the troops halted for the remainder of the day. Knowing, however, that Sir Harry Smith, the Commander-in-Chief, was in the meantime shut up in Fort Cox, Colonel Mackinnon was most anxious to rejoin him. After therefore making arrangements to strengthen Fort White, he made a night march, and so took the Kaffirs unawares, and reached Fort Cox without much more fighting. The badly wounded and Dr. Fraser were left at Fort White, and Capt. Mansergh, of the 6th Regiment, left in command, with 120 men; Capt. Vialls and the 45th detachment, previously holding the post, proceeding on with the column to rejoin their head-quarters at Fort Cox. On the same day that we arrived at Fort White the post had been attacked by a large body of Kaffirs; and although they were beaten off, they managed to capture the whole of the slaughter cattle, so that the post was left with a very small supply of provisions.

It was well that so energetic an officer as Captain Mansergh was left at Fort White. He was one of the best *war* officers I have ever known, and his soldierlike qualities soon afterwards saved the fort from being taken by the enemy.

The wounded were accommodated in wattle and dab huts, but every available man was set to work to build or erect an earthen parapet, breast high, between each hut, and to construct a couple of flanking bastions at corresponding angles of the square. This precaution was not taken too soon. On the second day the post was attacked by an innumerable horde of savages, led forward in three great columns, Sandilli and his chief councillors directing the whole movement, but themselves remaining out of gunshot. He was riding Colonel Mackinnon's cream-colored charger, captured a few days before.

It was nothing but Mansergh's cool bravery that saved the post from being taken. There was not one man to each opening between the huts; but a small "handful" of men was placed in each of the two bastions, with orders not to fire on the advancing columns until they got the word from Mansergh himself, who was stationed in the lower bastion.

The detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles, under the command of Lieut. Smyth, was drawn up to defend the lower intermediate angle of the post, at the corner just outside their own huts. It was a critical moment, for the columns of Kaffirs were approaching, led on by their chiefs; when all at once the sergeant and two men ran out from the ranks, holding up their arms, and made directly for the head of the nearest column of Kaffirs and joined the enemy. I am sorry to say the officer lost his opportunity of shooting them on the spot, but at this critical moment it became necessary to disarm the remainder of the detachment, about twelve in number, who were made prisoners and huddled into my hut. Those that I knew personally and could rely on had their arms restored, and joined the line soldiers in the bastions; but the other cowardly rascals fell to praying aloud, saying that "the last day had come."

As an addition to our difficulties, on the same night that Colonel Mackinnon's column reached Fort Cox, the whole of the Kaffir Police, several hundreds in number, went over to their countrymen, with their arms and ammunition; and one of the columns attacking Fort White was partly formed of these men. The three deserters from the Cape Mounted Rifles were at once taken up to Sandilli and placed upon his staff.

During the two days' respite the settlers of the post had all taken refuge within the fort, and their houses had been pulled down, with the exception of the brick gables, so that there was very little cover. The Kaffirs could not resist firing as they advanced, but Mansergh allowed the columns to approach to within thirty yards, when we heard his stentorian voice give the order, "Men, steady; except the reserves, fire!" And then such a volley was poured into the heads of the savage columns that they fell into utter confusion. Three chiefs and twenty-two men were shot down. During the confusion caused by trying to

carry off the chiefs, the reserves put in their volley, and there was then such a continuous fire kept up from the handful of men that the Kaffirs turned and fled. It was then that the British cheer rang from each throat. The Kaffirs took cover in all the gullies, cranks and crannies behind the gables of the houses and the banks of the river, and kept up a desultory fire upon the post for about three hours, but they came no more to the attack, and finally drew off to the high grounds in the neighborhood. By this time the whole of Kaffirland was in arms against us, and Sir Harry Smith was shut up at Fort Cox for more than ten days, without any communication whatever with the colony, or any of the military posts. We were threatened every night and attacked nearly every day, but not again in a formidable manner. We were first upon half, and then upon quarter rations, but even upon this scale the provisions at the post could not last long. There were no medical comforts, and I was kept alive in the most extraordinary manner.

Amongst those who fled into the post there was a dear, kind lady named Mrs. James. Like all ladies when in a fright, they snatch up the first thing that comes in their way; it may be a bonnet, a ball dress, or a turkey. Luckily for me, it was in this case the last, and that turkey, under God's good providence, kept me alive. It was not like the goose with the golden egg, for it was a turkey producing the daily nourishment of life. Nothing but this sustaining egg could have pulled me through. The suppuration from my wound was so great that without sustaining food I must have died. My pulse was 130; I was in a high state of fever, and delirious for days; and next to the turkey I am indebted to my kind friend, Dr. Fraser, for my life. His attentions were unremitting; by night or day he never left my side. On the fourteenth day secondary hæmorrhage took place at night. I was lying, under the influence of morphia, in a sort of trance; Fraser was lying in the hut near me. My eyes were fixed, yet I had my senses.

Fraser heard what he thought a sort of rattle in my throat and started up. I appeared more to feel than see all this. He rushed to my bed, felt my pulse, and looked scared; ran to his little kit, and brought back a small

round looking-glass, and held it to my mouth, dropped it, and rushed for a little vial, from which he poured drops down my throat, and I soon became more conscious.

He then threw open my blanket, and found me saturated in blood. He told me afterwards that I was in too weak a state for him to cut down and re-tie the artery, and that he was obliged to keep me suspended between life and death until coagulation had stopped the bleeding. The course of the bullet had cut the sciatic nerve in two. During this period my leg became doubled up, and as I could not be moved, it became fixed in that contracted position. Ultimately I had to be sent home by a medical board to have an operation performed.

We were shut up at Fort White for about six weeks. Occasionally we received the smallest of small despatches from Sir Harry Smith, urging us to hold out until he could raise the siege and release us. These despatches were brought by naked renegade Kaffir messengers. They were rolled up about the size of a quill, for these messengers were repeatedly waylaid, caught, and searched; but they were always clever enough to evade questions as to their destination and to preserve their despatches. The Equibeka Mission Station was not very far from Fort White. The missionary at that time was under a sort of cloud, and he had gone to the head missionary station at the Chumie Hoek, where there was a conclave of missionaries sitting in judgment upon their brother. Men from England had been sent out as members of this missionary court-martial, and while this was going on the Equibeka Station itself was burnt and plundered by the very people they were trying to civilize.

The ladies of the establishment were so far protected that they were allowed to leave the station with the clothes they had upon their backs. They were making their way on foot to join their friends at the Chumie, when unfortunately they were met *en route* by other Kaffirs, who maltreated them and took every stitch of clothing from their persons. This happened near Fort White; and we were shocked one morning, just after daylight, to see two white ladies approaching the post without a rag to cover them. There was no help but to confine the soldiers to their huts until my good friend, Mrs. James, had gone out to meet the poor creatures with some clothes.

We felt deeply for these ladies. One of them was a most charming person, the beautiful and highly educated daughter of one of the oldest and most respected missionaries of Kaffirland, and had not long been married.

From day to day the post was surrounded by the enemy, and we were told each night that the attack would be renewed next day; but they must have had enough of coming to close quarters, for they never repeated the experiment.

We could, however, hear desperate fighting going on at and in the neighborhood of Fort Hare. Sir Henry Somerset, whose head-quarters was there, endeavored to communicate with Sir Harry Smith, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, at Fort Cox, where His Excellency was still shut up. A strong column marched under Major Yarborough, of the 91st Regt., who had also a field gun with him; but the party was attacked in such force by the Kaffirs, after getting nearly half way, that they had to retire fighting the whole distance back to Fort Hare. The gun got entangled in one of the fords, and had to be abandoned, and two officers and twenty-two men were killed fighting hand to hand with the enemy.

A large number were also wounded, and the retreat was performed with much difficulty. Charles Somerset, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, distinguished himself in this affair, as he also did afterwards at the storming of Fort Armstrong, an abandoned military post taken possession of by the rebel Hottentots of the Kat River settlement, and by the Kaffirs.

During this time the military villages in the Chumie Hoek were also attacked, and nearly all the men killed, and many of the women and children.

About ten days after the affair of the Boomah Pass, Sir Harry Smith, with a strong party of Cape Mounted Rifles, cut his way through from Fort Cox to Fort White, where, after a short halt, he proceeded on to King William's Town, the established head-quarters of British Kaffraria. On arrival at Fort White my friend and old companion-in-arms, Johnny Armstrong, was desirous of carrying me on a litter to King William's Town, and proposed to construct such a thing as could be carried by four horsemen; but on mentioning it to Sir Harry Smith he very wisely forbade it,

and it is fortunate for me that he did so. The whole force was hotly attacked at the Debe Neck, and had to diverge from the road and pass over this wonderful Kometje Flat at a great pace, so that any litter must have been dropped, or I must have been jolted out of it, for no two horsemen could by any chance have been on the same level at the same time.

The troops had to contrive all sorts of means to exist. The regular ration consisted of a quarter of a pound of salt meat, with four ounces of biscuit. Luckily there was a fair supply of barley and oats, and what with barley water and some vegetables, they managed to hold out until we were relieved by a column of troops arriving with supply wagons from King William's Town six or seven weeks after the commencement of the war. This could only be done after the arrival of troops and levies from Cape Town, which landed at East London, in Kaffraria. However, we were all greatly rejoiced. The post was supplied with food and also strengthened, and I was carried back in one of the empty wagons to King William's Town.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

Battle between Cetywayo and his brother, Umbulazi, on the banks of the Tugela River, in 1856.

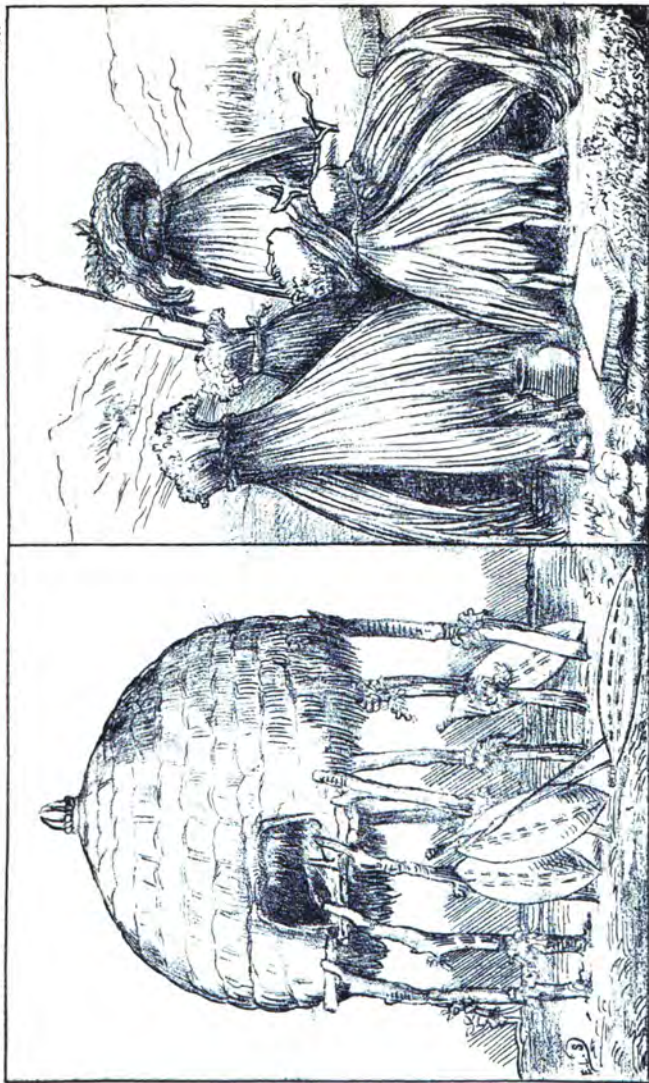
The last chapter having brought us down to the conclusion of the 1850-1-2-3 Amaxosa War in British Kaffraria, we now enter upon a new phase of our subject.

It has before been explained that Kaffirs (I use the generic term) usually take the field about January or February, as the maize and millet crops upon which, with the occasional addition of meat, they principally depend, are then ripe. The nights are also at this season of the year short and warm, and the days long and genial. At this time also nature with lavish hands strews over the verdant fields many kinds of wild edible fruits well known to the Kaffirs. The maize and millet crops being, therefore, stored, the cattle and women being sent away to the caves and inaccessible mountain fastnesses, and three or four of the mildest months of the year before him (as, being within the tropics, no rain worth speaking of falls in the winter), the Kaffir warrior, after long preparation, and having acquired a lusty, boisterous, and hilarious state of health from the abundant and bountiful vegetation and from the cattle which thrive so well therefrom, enters upon his campaign under the most favorable circumstances. Accordingly, about this time Cetywayo, the eldest son of Um Pande's chief wife, having become jealous or fearful of the increasing power of his brother Umbulazi (who was favored by the old king), sent out five or six regiments against him during midsummer in the latter end of 1856. The two armies met near or upon the old battle ground near the northern bank of the Great Tugela River, and after a



terrific and bloody conflict, the forces of Umbulazi were utterly routed. A band of European and colored hunters who had taken active part on the side of the latter, had much difficulty in beating a retreat, having to retire whilst loading and firing as fast as they could, and so managed to keep off the Zulus, who, not having guns in those days, were in considerable fear of the great elephant guns of the hunters. One European hunter was chased into a small clump of bushes and brought to bay, but after shooting three or four of his leading pursuers, the latter halted, no one of them liking to be the first to enter the bush, thinking that death would be certain. The ammunition of the hunter was now entirely exhausted, but by ringing the iron ramrod into the empty barrel he induced the Zulus into the belief that he had again loaded, and after a while his pursuers were recalled by messenger, and the fortunate hunter instantly availed himself of his chance, and plunging into the swollen Tugela swam to the opposite shore. Some three thousand of Umbulazi's Zulus (men, women, and children) were assegaied on land or driven helter-skelter into the brimming river and drowned; Cetywayo's warriors in the meantime laughing exultingly, with fiendish glee, when with their cruel and keen assegais they pinned the babe on the mother's back to her quivering form. From the mouth of the Tugela to Port Natal, some forty miles, the beach was as thickly strewn with black corpses as when some marine convulsion lines the shore with dead mackerel. Umbulazi was killed in the action, and it is said Cetywayo had him skinned alive, and then crucified upon an opened nest of bulldog ants.

In order to make sure doubly sure, I strengthen myself with another account afforded by an eye witness, who says:—"In the year 1856 it was rumoured in Natal that another of Pande's sons, Umbulazi, was also forming a faction in the tribe (Zulu), and as this was believed to be regarded with some satisfaction by the king, Cetywayo was resolved to prevent by the strong hand all chance of successful rivalry with himself. In consequence of some threatening manifestations of this purpose, Umbulazi withdrew, with his own particular adherents, to the Tugela. But this movement on his part only gave point to the suspicions of his brother, as it seemed to him to indicate that



MYANGO, OR STORE HOUSE FOR ARMS.

IZILULU, OR MAIZE STORES.



Umbulazi was expecting support, or at least countenance, from the Government in Natal, which was well known to be the firm friend of the old chief. At a critical moment one of the principal advisers of Um Pande declared his adhesion to the pretensions of Cetywayo, and took over a large party of the king's most trusty followers with him. Cetywayo therefore followed his brother with an overwhelming armed force." Mr. Tönneson, who was at the time attached to the Norwegian Mission Station in Zululand, and who is the witness alluded to, has given a most graphic description of the sudden arrival of Cetywayo's force in the neighborhood of this place, as it pursued Umbulazi:—All at once scouts appeared suddenly on the hill-tops around, as if they had risen out of the ground by magic, in the late evening, looking like small dark specs against the bright sunset sky. These scouts at one moment were concealed behind the large war shield advanced before them as a screen; then they assumed the aspect of big spiders from the protrusion of their arms and legs; and then more and more appeared upon the hills, and upon the higher ledges, all moving rapidly, but with utmost silence, in one direction. After a brief time, a dense black mass poured forth from a valley about a mile and a-half away, and advanced into the plain between the Rivers Umhlatusane and Umatikulu. This was one of the three divisions into which Cetywayo's army was distributed, the whole force having assumed the designation and the war cry of "Usutu," in contradistinction to Umbulazi's party, which was known amongst them as the "Usixosa." On the following day Cetywayo himself came forward into the plain with another division of his men, and the two divisions then encamped for a couple of days, until they had satisfied themselves that Umbulazi was not hidden in the dense forest around, with a view of getting into their rear when they advanced beyond. From what Mr. Tönneson gleaned from the adherents of both sides, his impression was that Um Pande had in reality no very strong predilection to either party, and that the idea that he favoured Umbulazi arose chiefly from the representations made for their own purposes by that chieftain's people as they came along, and with a view to increase his adherents. Cetywayo obviously suspected that the "Usixosa" were favored by the English,

and not altogether unreasonably, as it afterwards appeared that some white men from beyond the border did fight on their side. It is, however, a notable and very remarkable fact that the white missionaries were in no way molested during the passage of Cetywayo's force. Of the three divisions, one was commanded by Cetywayo himself, a second was led by a chief named Uzemala, and the third by a young Dutchman named Christian Greening (Groening?) On the third day the "Usutu" all passed on towards the Tugela, and they ultimately found Umbulazi upon an eminence near the Tugela River. The main body of the army attacked him there with some vehemence, and while he was meeting this attack by the help of some white men with firearms, who were with him, the two wings pushed forwards on each side to surround him, and cut off his retreat upon the river. As soon as the attacked party became aware of this movement they fled precipitately, and fell by hundreds beneath the assegais of their pursuers. It also happened unfortunately that the river was in full flood at the time, and that in consequence a great number more were drowned in attempting to cross the stream. Umbulazi and five other sons of Umpande were slain in this battle, which was fought on the banks of the Tugela on December 2, 1856, and which was known to the Kaffirs as the battle of Endonda Kusuka. This is the same spot where John Cane lost his life in fighting against the Zulus in the time of Dingaan, and is near where Fort Pearson is now erected. (See Plate V.) Um Pande was greatly aggrieved at the occurrence and at the death of his sons; but Mr. Tönneson says that he was quite sure he would have been equally concerned if victory had inclined the other way, and Cetywayo and his brother Uhamu, who sided with him, had fallen. The strife was one which Um Pande deplored bitterly on every ground, but which he was entirely powerless to prevent. It was reported at the time that Cetywayo intended to pursue Umbulazi over the frontiers of the colony if he had succeeded in passing the river.

But this battle on the Tugela did involve one consequence which has exercised a material influence over the position of the Colonial Government in respect to the Zulu tribe. Two other sons of Um Pande, younger than those

who fell, but who most probably would have met the same fate if they had not been removed beyond Cetywayo's reach, were concealed by some of Um Pande's friends, and secretly conveyed with their mothers over the mountains, and then brought into Natal and placed under the protection of the British Government. It was pretty generally understood that this step was taken with Um Pande's sanction, if not his express desire. But that manifestly would not make the act more palatable to Cetywayo. The two lads, Usikota and Umkunga, have since remained in Natal, and have there grown to man's estate. But it has been very difficult for Cetywayo to believe that the Government would have been at the trouble of their maintenance and protection unless there was some stronger reason for the act than mere general benevolence.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

## The Affair of Matyana.

In sequence of date the next matter of moment we come to is that of Matyana, the son of Mondisa, formerly, I believe, a refugee from the Zulu country, and chief of a tribe of natives, also refugees, all of whom had been located some one hundred miles immediately north of Pietermaritzburg, in the division of Klip River, on which is situated the town of Ladysmith. In the first instance Matyana had killed his uncle Vela, and the two sons of the latter. As Matyana, being a British subject, had acted unlawfully in doing this without the authority of the Governor of Natal as supreme chief in Kaffir law, he was fined 500 head of cattle and cautioned. In 1858 (I take the date from Mr. J. W. Shepstone's—who is now Acting Secretary for Native Affairs—letter to Bishop Colenso, dated July 20, 1874) a man belonging to Matyana's tribe, by name Ntwetwe, became ill, and reference was had to the witch doctor, who "smelt out" one Sigatiya as the man who had wrought the sickness of Ntwetwe. I may here say that next to the evil of the tribal system, is the iniquity of witchcraft, as it is known by many that very often chief and witch are in league against a common enemy, who being so smelt out, is killed, and his cattle shared by the pair of conspirators. Any way, Sigatiya was so brutally bound and beaten that, when Matyana got alarmed and sent for him, he died on the road. Matyana was thereupon required to answer for his death. He refused to appear, and surrounded himself with armed retainers. The writer of these lines, through others, was then sent with a small following (*umhlwafa*) to call upon Langalebalele, the chief

of the Amahhubi tribe, to arm his men, and march to the assistance of the Government, in order to bring Matyana to his senses. A force was accordingly despatched, and it consisted of a few regulars, some volunteers (mounted) under Mr. Philip Allen, formerly Treasurer of Natal, and some hundreds of Langalebalele's men. Matyana fled into Zululand, but Mr. J. W. Shepstone sent for him, intimating that he would no longer be his friend if he disobeyed his order. Matyana accordingly came with some five score of men, all armed. This was resented by Mr. Shepstone, as according to Kaffir etiquette it is an insult to appear armed before a chief. Matyana and his men, accordingly marched off to their kraals, and returned shortly afterwards, leaving, however, their war shields and assegais piled about a mile off the scene of the interview. Mr. Shepstone was prepared to receive him, and having been impressed by the Governor with the necessity of resorting to all possible measures for the avoidance of bloodshed, he came to the conclusion to secure the person of Matyana by strategy. He accordingly placed a body of mounted police behind a small ridge, with orders to gallop round and secure the weapons of Matyana's men as soon as they saw the men seated at the scene of the interview. In the meantime he had also told two of his most trustworthy indunas (Nozityina was one; I forget the other) that as soon as he (Mr. Shepstone) heard the galloping of the police he would say to a boy, "Go and get me a drink of water," and they were then to seize Matyana. The spot where the meeting took place was just in front of a small kraal near the Ilenge Mountain, and John Shepstone was seated on a leopard-skin rug, some score or so of yards in front of it, having a pistol in each pocket, while Mrs. Shepstone, who had accompanied him, had insisted upon placing a loaded double-barrelled fowling piece under the leopard-skin. Accordingly, as soon as the stampede of the police was heard, John Shepstone quietly requested a boy who had been placed behind him to get him a drink of water. The instant, however, that Nozityina made a slight movement towards Matyana, that wary and agile chief leapt clean over some six rows of men deep behind him, knocking over Deke in his spring. The Kaffir chief's men then dodged about him and otherwise covered his escape,



and then surged forward to where Mr. Shepstone was standing, shouting out defiant cries as they came, such as "Ubaminza" (swallow them up). It was stated by several witnesses that Shepstone at once shouted out that there was to be no fighting, but Matyana's men suddenly drew out some common assegais with short shafts (insinqindi) which they had hastily made for the occasion and concealed under their travelling shields and elsewhere, and one of Langalebalele's men, seeing one of the opposite side poising an assegai to hurl at Shepstone, stabbed him. The fight then became general. Three shots were fired—two by Mr. Shepstone out of the pistols *over the heads* of Matyana's men when they became defiant, and one by a bastard son of Makasi, which struck Deke in the knee—so said Ncamana in his evidence. Mr. Shepstone then took up his gun, and mounting his horse, started off in pursuit of Matyana, separating any combatants that he met with. After going some distance, he drew rein and looked around. Suddenly he saw five or six of Matyana's boys running along, and as he was looking at them, and just as they ran crouching, as he heard one of them say "Nantzi Inkosi" (There's the chief), he felt the sharp twinge of an assegai stab in his side, which would have killed him had it not been for his bullet-pouch—he immediately turned round and saw his would-be executioner standing by his side, and just as quickly covered him with his gun; but bearing in mind his orders as to bloodshed, and thinking that if he shot the Kaffir his example would start the killing again, he put the hammers at half-cock, and told the Kaffir to throw down his weapons. (These I afterwards saw in Mr. Shepstone's possession.) Before he could secure him, however, the fellow suddenly rolled heels over head backwards down a small precipice, only to fall into the hands of the men of Balele (the short for "Langalebalele"), one of whom caved in his skull with a "knobkerrie" (Boer-Dutch for a heavy-headed bludgeon carried by many Kaffirs). This daring man's name was "Mudemude." And this is the truth, the whole truth, &c., of the Matyana affair. I may be out in one or two trifling details; but speaking the Zulu language fluently myself, and consequently understanding it thoroughly, I heard the different accounts from fifty different witnesses, fresh at the very

time, and the above is the faithful digest or average of all the narratives. It may be, and will be, said significantly, and with what Byron calls all "the damned mendacity of hints," that the Mrs. Shepstone alluded to was the sister of the writer, and Mr. Shepstone consequently his brother-in-law; but that cannot affect the issue, for "facts are facts, you can't deny."

And *apropos* of what might be said, I have by me a very unfair and garbled account of the above affair, contained in a bulky pamphlet, entitled "Langalebalele and the Amahlubi Tribe," issued by Dr. Colenso, the legal Bishop of Natal, in 1874. His Lordship is very severe on Mr. Shepstone, and by implication disbelieves anything that he or any other competent authority says, while he implicitly credits and warmly welcomes any assertions made by Matyana and Co., quite forgetting that his innocent credulity is being played upon by crafty Kaffirs, who consider the art of deceiving successfully the highest talent. It is only when it is unsuccessful that deceit becomes a sin in the eyes of a Kaffir.

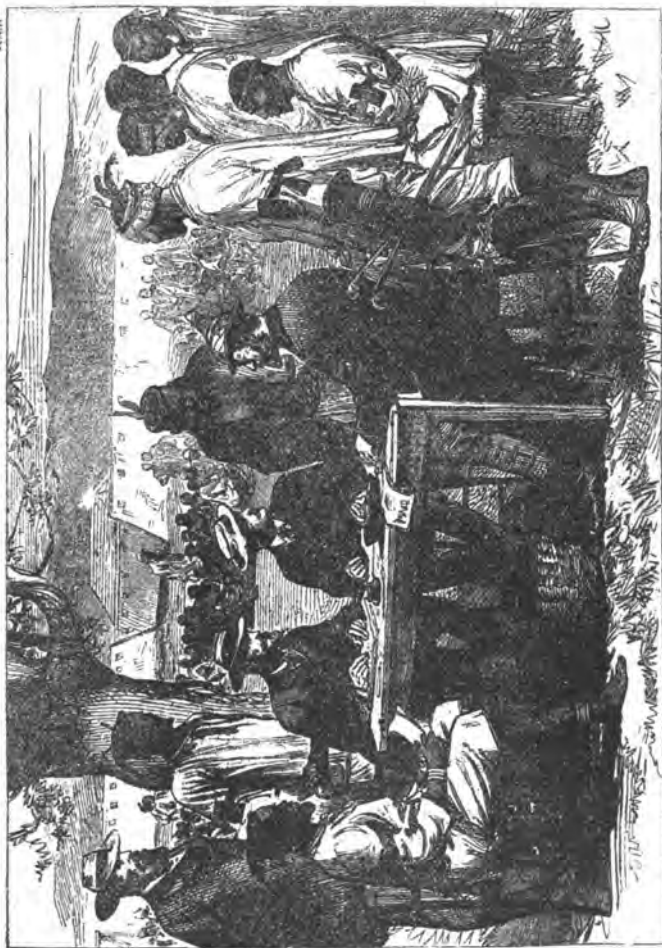
Speaking from a social, arithmetical, and missionary point of view, Dr. Colenso is a great success. His social and hospitable qualities I have had the privilege of testing. His arithmetic speaks for itself, and as a missionary it was passing sweet and pleasant to see him sitting in the morning sun at Bishopstowe blowing soap bubbles out of a long clay pipe alternately with a lot of plump little Kaffir children, jubilantly and hilariously grouped about the knees of the benevolent and happy hierarch, but with regard to his position as a bishop and a politician, or a self-asserted medium, it is impossible to congratulate him, because as a parson (putting aside all the anathema and excommunication which, with all the fervour of rancorous religious ferocity, the rival battalions of the church "militant" dart at each other from out their spiritual engines), he is not generally appreciated, because common-sense people say that he is simply enjoying the emoluments of an office the doctrines of which he does not profess, and as a politician he has earned, not without a strong *soupçon* of reason, the unenviable appellation of a blundering and meddlesome priest—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

As an instance of the manner in which the native

witnesses sported with the easy credulity of Dr. Colenso, I may mention that the latter gravely repeats the remark of Ncamana, who (the Bishop says) said Mr. Shepstone first gave him (Ncamana) the gun, and told him to shoot Matyana with it, "but he refused, saying he did not know how to fire." Now I knew this Ncamana well, and it was a standing joke with Balele's warriors when they returned home from the Matyana affair, about Ncamana and the antedeluvian flint-lock blunderbuss that he carried through the "campaign," and which, upon no consideration, could he induce to explode. Once, however, it did go off while he was aiming for the duration of about half-an-hour at some of Matyana's Kaffirs (who had no guns) on a hill some few hundred yards off. This event was the signal for a roar of laughter from both friends and foes. It was not ascertained whether Ncamana's gun was loaded with a fragment of a rock, a hollow bullet, or the leg of a pot, but its course could be plainly seen, for it drew a thin line of smoke after it, and made withal a humming, wabbling sound, if a sound can wobble, but any way it was gratifying to the sense of humour of the enemy, and side-splitting, and they were certainly heard to call out "Inja leyo" (That's a dog—i.e., a bullet of no account); but it becomes a matter of merriment to others also, when we see the Bishop gravely placing on record the authority of such an old muff as Mr. Ncamana, and there is something ludicrous in the idea of Mr. Shepstone trusting an eventful shot (if a shot at all) to a man like old Ncamana, when he himself could, to my certain knowledge, place a bullet where he liked in the sleek hide of a running antelope.

About thirty of Matyana's men were killed, besides ten others who were stabbed in resisting the capture of the cattle. Mrs. Shepstone had a very narrow escape of her life on this occasion. She was tending one of Matyana's men who had been wounded, when, on looking round for a moment for some lint or something of the sort, the ungrateful invalid was detected by a Kaffir, in guard over Mrs. Shepstone, in the very act of stabbing her with an assegai he had silently reached. He is dead now.

I should not have dwelt so long on this subject had not Dr. Colenso, with his usual fervid flow of rhetorical sophistry raked up the ashes of sixteen years from the date



MR. W. J. DUNBAR MOODIE, MAGISTRATE OF LADYSMITH, COLLECTING HUT-TAX.  
(From the "Illustrated London News," June 28, 1879.)



of his pamphlet, and shed them upon an innocent head. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Shepstone acted for the best in the affair of Matyana. Like a good soldier, he obeyed his orders, which, as we have seen before, were to avoid bloodshed, and any unprejudiced person will say that, under the circumstances, he adopted the best means to secure his object. Matyana, like every other traitor to the British Government, found a ready asylum with Cetywayo.

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## CHAPTER XX.

## Intersecting Strife amongst the Dutch Boers of the Transvaal.

This will be a short chapter, as, although I was in the Transvaal while part of the commotion above alluded to was going on, I have forgotten most of the facts and the cause of the disturbance, beyond remembering that it was in reference to religious difference between two parties. I have not seen the works of any writer who has touched upon this matter, probably because it was not deemed sufficiently important to call for special mention. The civil strife referred to occurred (if my memory fails me not) during the year 1864, and I remember that the names of two rival ministers were much bandied about, and the opposing forces of Boers were commanded, the one by Paul Kruger, the "Dopper Prince," and the other by Commandant Schoeman, of Pretoria. Mr. Kruger and his "doppers" were sticklers for the old-fashioned belief.

It has been seen that the "Boers," as they are called, left the British colony of the Cape in disgust with what they considered to be the mismanagement of the British Government in native matters, and after long wanderings, settled north of the Vaal River, and founded the South African Republic. They have their faults, and they have also their good qualities, but the type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Cape Colony, so is the Boer in 1879 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated and unprogressive, but he possesses qualities which even in England would not be regarded as without value. He is domestic, but not gregarious. When he settles, he procures from 6,000 to 20,000 acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his wagon, with his wife and



A BOER.





children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible (which is all his literature), and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as the site of his home, ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbor. His house consists of a central hall, with a kitchen behind it, or very often in front of his front door. Three or four bedrooms open out of the hall, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle, he fences in a garden, which he carefully irrigates, and so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate, that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape-vines. He encloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry, his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built a gunshot or so from the first, and a few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet, the younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long solemn grace, as the day's work is commenced in the morning by a psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command. The estate produces almost everything that the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich, and there is not the least desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he himself can supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. As the old philosopher said, "He is rich in the fewness of his wants." The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. Though differing sometimes from his neighbor in belief, he is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time which has carried most of us so far and fast, has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notions of things in heaven and things on earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally a republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He consi-

ders work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions, and all other questions he regards from this point of view. Without tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicability well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilisation.

And so, coming to the question of religion, it is one of his strongest feelings. Many of the Boers, or their ancestors, as I have endeavored to show, left Europe shortly after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and first settled as Huguenots in the Cape in 1670. A number of the French refugees settled in a place until this day called "Fransche Hoek" by the Boers (i.e., French Corner). Here they settled and named their places after the Gallic homes whence they came—La Parais, Lamotte, Rhone, Languedoc, La Rochelle, Normandie, and the like. The mountain scenery around is very magnificent.

But I have wandered from the subject in hand. On arriving in Pretoria, then, on my way from Zoutpansberg, the extreme northern limit of civilization of any sort, whence I had brought ivory and ostrich feathers, I learned that two bands of Boers were opposed to each other in martial array. There had been some cases of smallpox in the vicinity of Schoemansdal, a village in the Zoutpansberg range, and the Boer Laager-Commandant, hearing that I was coming into Pretoria, sent out to warn me against entering the village. Not having been anywhere near the spot where the smallpox raged, and being short of clothes and the bare necessities of life after my lengthened stay in the remote interior, I nevertheless decided upon entering Pretoria and explaining matters. I found about eight hundred men in the place, armed with firearms of all sorts, from the old-fashioned flint-lock to the Westley Richards and Whitworth rifle. I was a good deal hustled about at first by some of the officiously-martial young louts; but when I told them where I came from, and that some accidental sores on my hands were smallpox marks, a broad road was soon opened for me, and I at once sought out the Procureur-Generaal of the place, a Mr. Krogh, who had been a solicitor in Maritzburg, and satisfactorily explained matters to him.

However, the whole thing was a perfect farce. The two parties were like the fox and the child, afraid of each other, and retired in opposite directions, firing a few shots at very long ranges. A night alarm was sounded while I was in the village, and there was a great uproar. One hero had, in dressing himself, put on one shoe, and in his fright, abstraction, and hurry was vainly endeavoring to put on a loaf of bread on the other foot; and the *bon vivants* of the village used to amuse themselves by creeping up at night to the sleepy Boer sentries and abstracting their guns lying or standing beside them. But the greatest farce was the endeavor of one party to intimidate the other party, which was in sight, by "sporting" their only cannon and firing it off. A large quantity of powder was put into the venerable weapon, and failing an iron ball, a leaden one was resorted to; but the ball, when made, wouldn't fit, and so it was battered down to an elongated form and then rammed home. A reckless mortal was found who applied fire to the touch-hole, and his heroism was rewarded by being blown in a dilapidated state some hundred yards, the honeycombed old thing bursting into a thousand fragments, one of which we found behind the church; it weighed about fifty pounds, and had been blown some hundred and fifty yards. The gunner resigned, and the artillery corps were disbanded.

Several respectable merchants of the village who had offended Paul Kruger's party by favoring Mr. Schoemann, were heavily fined and placed in the stocks; but their friends were allowed to bring them luxuries in the way of edibles, and a cheerful supply of gin and fiddles, and the night was sometimes spent in a general carouse of authorities and prisoners. One gentleman who had a small foot, used, as soon as the Laager-Commandant's back was turned, to quietly draw the only foot that was confined in the stocks out of his Wellington boot, and caper around until next inspection time. While Paul Kruger's force was lying in Pretoria, one of his sentries challenged a horseman named De Toit, who was cantering past the camp with some communication to the rival Schoeman. De Toit not stopping, the old corn-straw mushroom hat and broad-breeched Dopper deliberately squatted, and bringing his huge flintlock, loaded with slugs, to bear upon De Toit,

knocked both him and his horse over. The horse died, but De Toit, though wounded, lived. Sir Bartle Frere has, however, altered all this, and truly it was a farce. There was, generally speaking, no available force of any kind to carry out the orders of the execution or to compel the payment of taxes. Life was consequently unsafe, and the Treasury was empty, and then Cetywayo set Sekukuni on to them, and the result was, as we all know, the annexation of that rich and magnificent tract of land known as the Transvaal.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

The Langalibalele Rebellion, including the Affair of the Bushman's Pass in 1873.

For many years natives living in Natal had possessed a great desire to obtain firearms. This desire at last became a passion—especially so with the tribe of Langalibalele. This name is compounded of three Zulu words, *i.e.*, Langa (the sun); li balele (it is killing, or hot.)

When I last visited Langalibalele at his large kraal, Pangweni, he was a fine dignified looking savage possessed of a natural nobility of demeanor, and that *nil admirari* spirit and *insouciance* common alike to potentates and Zulu chieftains.

He was formerly a chief and rain doctor in Zululand under the late king Um Pande, father of the present tyrant. In 1848 he had to fly for his life as a refugee into Natal. In 1849 he and his tribe numbering 7,000 souls were placed by the Natal Government along the base of the great Drakensberg range of mountains, which are some 12,000 feet high, and which form a precipitous and mighty barrier to the north-western portion of the colony of Natal; from August to September these mountains are snow-capped. Many people, by the way, while speaking of Africa, have great ideas of an incandescent furnace, quite overlooking degrees of latitude and altitude. The tribe were placed between the Giant's Castle (9,600 feet high) and a river known as the Little Tugela, in order to close and guard the mountain passes against the inroads of the Bushmen or Bosjesmans. The tribe being thus comfortably seated on the exceedingly fertile slopes of the spurs of the Drakensberg, increased abundantly in flocks and herds,

and lived generally, as I have heard many members of the tribe say, in delightful contrast to their abode at Bekezulu where they were reduced to eating lizards and berries; but being once settled in Natal, they had nothing to do but keep out a few Bushmen and get fat and rich, as they did, in cows, horses, and other property. The law in Natal which related to firearms was, and is, very strict, and the various magistrates had strict orders to require natives and others to bring in firearms, of which possession had been obtained, at once, for registration. Meanwhile the diamond fields' *furor* arose in Griqualand west, (then disputed territory) where no gun laws existed. The neighbouring Kaffir chiefs soon found this out, and sent their men to respond to the outcry for laborers at the fields, strictly ordering them at the same time to work for nothing but guns. Many young men from Langalibalele's tribe (the Amahlubi) went to the fields and obtained guns which they brought into the colony of Natal. The magistrate of the county of Weenen heard of this and sent his police to bring in the young men with the guns, but they eluded pursuit and fled. Langalibalele was then appealed to, but with no result. He said (a common but shallow excuse with a Kaffir) he could not find the boys, and if he did they wouldn't listen to him. In this case one would naturally be inclined to know what good he was as a chief. Any way, the chief was frequently sent for in the Governor's name, but he prevaricated, and eventually refused to appear. In the meantime the chief, strong in guns and horses, prepared to cross the Drakensberg, as he fancied his cause would be taken up by the Basutos (British subjects) over the mountain, to whom he had already sent saying that he was about to resist the Natal Government; and so, when the Governor's messenger came to him, he allowed him to be grossly insulted and prodded with assegais, and on his dismissal the chief and his tribe sent the women and grain, &c., to the caves in the mountains, as they did in old Scriptural times; and, saddling up, left the colony with some five hundred armed men, and a large herd of cattle. This act alone was rebellion according to the law he lived under, viz., native law, with the Governor at its head as supreme chief. A force was then sent against the rebel, the Governor, Sir



THE GN00.





B. C. C. Pine, taking the field himself; but owing to the excessively mountainous nature of the country, a concerted plan failed, and a force of volunteers under Colonel Durnford (since killed at the battle of Isandula) having gone round over the terrible hills, the Colonel twice fainting in the ascent, took possession of a spot called the Bushman's Pass, and, half famished as they were, suddenly found themselves confronted (and unsupported too) at the top of the pass, by the rebellious and excited natives, strong among their native crags and ferocious in the charge of their much-beloved herds. The following is Colonel Durnford's memorandum on the subject:—

“Camp, near Holme's Farm, under the Drakensberg,

“November 30, 1873.

“Having reached the Bushman's Pass at 6.30 a.m., on the 4th November, with one officer, one sergeant, and thirty-three rank and file of the Carbineers, and a few Basutos, I at once formed them across the mouth of the pass, the natives in charge of cattle already in the mountain flying in every direction. Possibly there may have been one hundred at the outside, about half of whom were armed with shooting weapons. Having posted my party, I went with my interpreter to reassure the natives. Calling for the chief man, I told him to assemble his people, and say that Government required their Chief, Langalibalele, to answer certain charges; that his people who submitted to Government should be safe, with their wives, children, and cattle; that all loyal people should go to Estcourt, where Mr. Shepstone, Minister for Native Affairs, was, and make submission, and they should be safe. My interpreter was recognised as one of Mr. Shepstone's attendants, and the Chief thanked me in the name of the people, saying they would all go down and tell my words to the tribe, who were not aware of the good intentions of Government and were afraid.

“I told them to take their cattle and go down. The Chief said they would, but begged me to leave them, as he could not answer for the young men, who were excited, and might injure me. I left him exerting himself, so far as I could judge, in carrying out my wishes.

“Seeing that the natives were getting behind stones

commanding the mouth of the pass, I turned their position by sending my small party of Basutos on the one side, I taking half of the Carbineers to the other—the other half guarding the mouth of the pass. All were then in such position that had a shot been fired, I could have swept the natives down the pass. Their gestures were menacing, but no open act of hostility was committed.

“About this time I was informed that many men were coming up the pass, and, on reaching the spot, found it was the case. On ordering them back, they obeyed sullenly. Matters now looked serious, and I was informed by the senior officer of volunteers present that the Carbineers, many of whom were young men, could not be depended upon. They said they were surrounded, and would be massacred. I have reason to believe that this panic was created by their drill instructor, an old soldier of the late Cape Corps, up to whom they naturally looked. - Upon this, as the only chance of safety, and in hopes of saving men's lives, although perfectly aware that it was a fatal line of policy, I drew in my outlying party, and gave the order to retire. There was nothing else to be done. I had no support. As I was about to retire by alternate divisions, the first shot was fired by the natives, followed by two or three, when, seized with panic, the Carbineers fled, followed by the Basutos.

“My interpreter and three Volunteers were killed. There were probably two hundred natives present at the time the first shot was fired. The firing was never heavy, and their ammunition soon became exhausted. The orders I received were “not to fire the first shot.” I obeyed.

“(Signed) A. W. DURNFORD,

“Major Royal Engineers.”

After these things Langalibalele escaped into Basutoland with seven thousand head of cattle, and he and his head induna, Mabuhle, who boasted to him that he had shot the first white man, were arrested by Mr. Griffith, the representative of the Cape Government in Basutoland, with the assistance of Molapo (or Umlambo, as some Natal Kaffirs called him.) Mabuhle unfortunately, being small in the hands, slipped them through the handcuffs with which he was secured, and escaped into Zululand, where he is now the bosom friend of Cetywayo. Langa-

libalele himself, after being sentenced by a combined court in Maritzburg to transportation for life in Robben Island, had his sentence commuted to detention on the Cape Flats under police surveillance. He is there now.

In concluding this subject I cannot help giving a parting sketch of the wondrous region where the unlucky Carbineers wandered; lost at times in the drizzling mist, and so famished that they ate raw an ox belonging to the Kaffirs, and which they shot at the top of the pass. From my knowledge of the Kaffir, I can say that if anything would enrage him this kind of thing would. In using the words "wondrous region," I allude to the wild and high mountains which are part of the great Drakensberg range, and in the vicinity of the Bushman's Pass.

Aye, a grandly sublime and beautiful sight it was to look upon—those multitudinous, and, if the expression might be forged, tumultuous upheavals of huge peaks, freshly cast from the hands of the Titans. There, far, far below, lay the picturesque and Yosemite Valley-looking lands of Natal, and here towered the grassy giants to an abrupt elevation of some five thousand feet, while attaining the height of twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, till they canopied their lofty heads in a highly rarified and azure mid-air. And, lo! beyond, upon the opposite side, over a vast gulf, a broadly-extended, fathomless, and fearful precipice, falling thousands and thousands of feet in sheer descent, with its craggy breast ribanded with the long horsetail waterfalls of infant streams, which, deriving their existence from this awful nursery, glide, leap, and tumble away westward, to give their increasing streams to the mighty Gariep, or Great Orange River, which, after receiving the contributions of thousands of other streams, both from the north and south, divides the great upper deserts from southern civilization, and cleaving in twain the lower portion of the great African continent, eventually pours its broad waters into the blue expanse of the South Atlantic Ocean.

I have stood upon those mighty mountains, and seen the golden gleaming of the blaze of sunrise gilding their hoary heads, as I have seen the setting sun,

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

rose-tinting the rugged scene, and casting great gaunt shadows from mount to mount.

It is truly a weird-like spot. Near where our countrymen were shot the bones of the horses killed still lie bleaching in the cold air. An awe-stricken impression pervades the mind, and a feeling of vague dread obtains in this altitude of solitude, where Nature's stern grandeur hushes all living creation. Not a sound is heard; but mysterious silence reigns unbroken, save perchance the faintly heard shriek of the high-soaring Condor, which seems to be the only representative of animal life in this part, while the country a few miles lower down teems with every charming variety of wild animal existence. This condor is truly a regal bird, the magnitude and might of which, as is said somewhere, compared with others of the feathered kind, is in something like the proportion of their huge domiciles to earth's ordinary elevations. Above all other life these birds prefer to dwell, inhaling an air too highly rarified to be endured except by creatures adapted thereto. From such immense elevations as those above attempted to be described, they soar, still more sublimely upwards into the dark blue heavens, until their great bulk diminishes to a scarcely perceptible speck, or is altogether lost to the aching sight of the observer. In these pure fields of ether, unvisited even by the thunder-cloud—regions which may be regarded as its own exclusive domain—the Condor delights to sail, and with piercing and all-pervading eye surveys the surface of the earth, towards which he never stoops his wing unless at the call of hunger.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

## The Gcaleka and Gaika Rebellion of 1877.

We will now proceed to what may be properly styled the sixth Amaxosa war, or as it is generally termed, Kaffir war, nothing important in the way of warfare having transpired in the meantime. It may here be explained that much misconception exists as to the terms Kaffirs, Zulus, &c.; and once for all, we will perhaps be allowed to lay down that "Kaffir" is the *generic* appellation, and all the other names of the different tribes *specific*. Kafir, Kaffir, or Caffre is, it is well known, an Arabian term, and means "infidel." All the Kaffirs from the Zambesi downwards, in speaking of the black races of Southern Africa generally, use the term "Amakafula," or "Kaffirs," in common with many white men, although some of them do not relish the appellation. For instance, Zulus would not like being called "Ma-Kafula," but "Abaka-Zulu," as the Natal Kaffirs would prefer being called "Abantu aba sese-Silungwini," or "the people of the white man's land." The study of the Zulus, their manners, customs, &c., would afford a rich field for the student of races, for as the term Kaffir is of Arabian origin, so are the features of many of the Zulus strictly Arabian, and many of their laws regarding heritage, hygienic measures, municipal regulations, &c., &c., strangely resemble the Levitical code of laws in the Pentateuch. The Zulu proper has no characteristic of the negro in feature, *i.e.*, receding forehead, blubber lips, and flat nose; but where his breed has not mixed with the many tribes incorporated by Tshaka, the Zulu has the high forehead, the compressed lip, and the aquiline nose of the Arabian, or the Phœnician, which facts would argue

that the Zulus had gradually worked their way down the eastern coast of Africa; and history first mentions them as being a small tribe in the neighborhood of Delagoa Bay. Another interesting hypothesis would be that the ancestors of this peculiar race were landed on the eastern coast of Africa by ships from the Levant, as from the remains of a work by Diodorus Siculus rescued from the ashes of the Alexandrian library, and indeed from the works of several authors of the Augustan age, it appears that several fleets of ships were fitted out, which rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and after being absent a long time, returned with "gold, feathers, and ivory." As Socrates, the wisest of the seven, said, "All that we know for certain is that nothing *can* be known," and who will presume to laugh Professor Petermann's theory to scorn, which theory pointed to the great probability of the ancient Ophir being situated some fifty or sixty miles due west from the coast of Africa, near Sofala? The Professor found distinct ruins, huge cornice stones, tessellated pavements, &c., some miles westward of Sofala; and it is known for certain that some years ago, all along the same line of longitude, or perhaps deeper in, the Kaffirs, unable to get a market for their ivory, used it for making pens to put the calves in, and marched about the country with great gold rings or bracelets round their arms. The well-known Tati goldfields, south again, throw up thick crops of quartz richly studded with gold, which is only without value inasmuch as five or six hundred miles of mountainous country has to be traversed in order to get to it; rendering it nearly impossible to carry thither ponderous machinery, such as quartz crushers, &c. In about 1864, when I was travelling in the remote interior, silent

"As the midnight sentinel, slain upon the hill,"

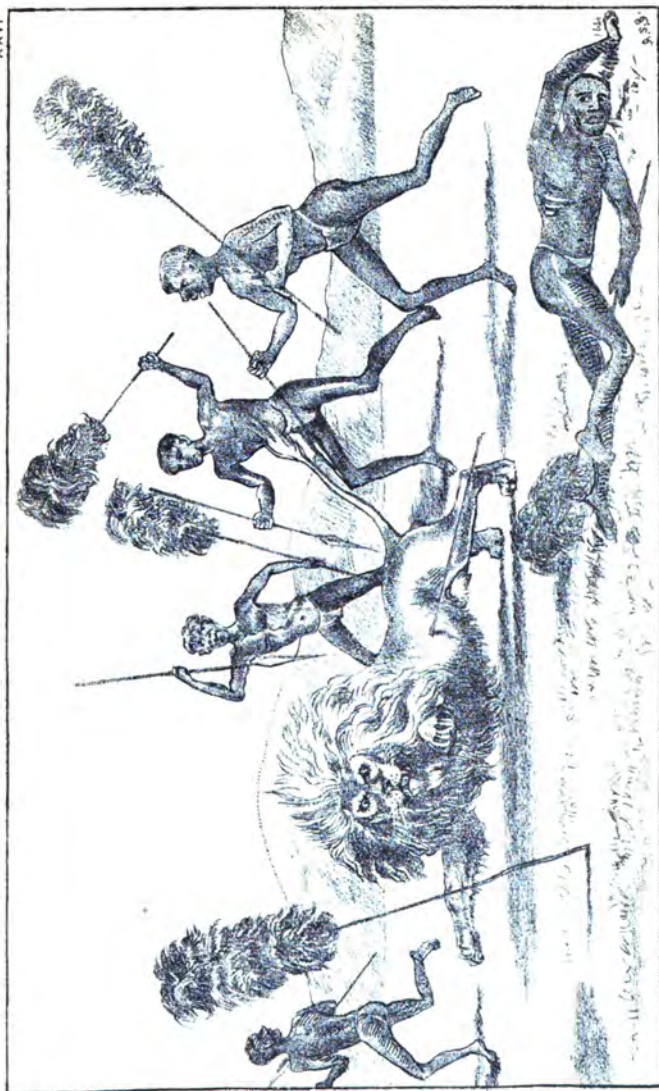
save to the monotonous shriek of the bald-headed eagle, or the distant neigh of the zebra, I met a Kaffir with a heavy gold ring round his arm. He said he was taking it to a chief to whom *his* chief paid tribute, and of course he would not sell it. I spoke his dialect (Amadebele, resembling the Zulu) fluently, and had a long and interesting talk with him. He said the gold had been got from a large cave some two hundred miles north of where we were then. He said there were very ancient marks, figures, and

drawings in the peculiar clay inside the cave. This clay or stone cuts like soap when freshly dug or hewn, but becomes like adamant when exposed to the air. Kaffirs, like ancient Greeks, are very correct in their traditions, both fathers and mothers taking a delight in often repeating them to the young children, in whose impressionable minds they become indelibly fixed. In fact, the youths are induced to learn them by heart, much as the Greeks did Hesiod and Homer. My informant, a very intelligent stalwart young fellow, said that "the father of his father's father," and so on, had handed down the tradition that the cave in question had been excavated by colored people who came in ships (big things on the water, as he said). This cave, as a matter of fact, is well known to exist at present, and gold must abound, as many tribes pay tribute to the Portugese in gold rings. He said also that the Kaffir smith (literally blacksmith) who had made this rough specimen of a ring had hollowed out the ground from under an overhanging iron stone, chiselled a little channel, put the gold into a little reservoir at the higher end, made the stone red hot by fire underneath, when the gold, melting, ran into a rough mud mould of the shape wanted, and was then allowed to cool. He took all the presents I gave him, and as I did not like to lose sight of him, consented to my accompanying him to where he was going, and said he would take me to the cave on our return from where his message took him. I had my doubts about him, as I was aware that any Kaffir who showed a white man the spot where gold was to be found was immediately knocked on the head by his chief; and my doubts were realised, for on awaking next morning I found that he had vanished, presents and all.

I may perhaps be pardoned for rather a long digression, but it might be urged that the Amaxosa Kaffirs have undoubtedly signs of the Negro, and not the Arabian type of features; and to this I would answer that while, as before-said, the Zulus first appeared on the east coast, immediately below the Arabian, Portugese, Turkish, and other Oriental settlements, the Amaxosas appear to have filtered through from the north-west, where, without an exception, all the tribes, from the borders of the Kalahari Desert down to Basutoland, have the features peculiar to the Negro race.



The Gcalekas, of whom the Gaiikas are a more latterly developed branch, were at one time a great nation compared to what they are now. All that portion of land lying between the mouth of the Great Fish River and the Bashee River, on the south-eastern coast of Africa, and running inland for about fifty or sixty miles, extending nearly from the 32° to the 34° of latitude, belonged formerly to the Gcaleka tribe. Although I am unable to agree with Mr. Trollope (who during his short visit to South Africa could not be expected to be perfect in details) that the Amaxosas were, amongst Kaffirs, the greatest people of all; yet the Amaxosas, as the latter gentleman truly says, derive their name from Xosa, a chief eleven chiefs back from Kreli, the "Ama" being merely a plural prefix. From Kreli's tribe sprung Ngqika (pronounced with a palatal click represented by the letter "q" simultaneously with the letter "g"), or "Gaika," as the colonists pronounce it. This man was the father of Sandilli, who has figured prominently in the annals of Amaxosa warfare. The causes of the sixth war of the above people with the whites in 1877 may be briefly stated as follows. There have been lately, and are at present, in British Kaffraria tribes of natives called Amafengu, or Fingoes, originally chased by Tshaka from Natal, and these natives have for years past been under British protection. They were formerly in the time of Hintza, the father of Kreli, simply slaves, or "dogs," as their name implies. After one of the Kaffir wars in 1834, they were taken from among the Gcalekas by British authority, relieved from the condition of slavery, and settled on locations which were given to them. They were first placed (says Trollope) near the coast between the Great Fish River and the Keiskama; but many were subsequently moved up to a district which they still occupy across the Kei, and close to their old masters, the Gcalekas, but on land which was under British government, and which became part of British Kaffraria. Here they have been as good as their old masters, and as being special recipients of British favor, perhaps something better. They have been a money-making people, possessing oxen and wagons, and going much ahead of other Kaffirs in the way of trade. And as they grew in prosperity, so probably they grew in pride. They were still Fingoes, but not a



BECHUANA KAFFIRS HUNTING THE LION.



Fingo was any longer a Gcaleka's dog, as he was formerly. This state of things was not by any means agreeable to the Gcalekas. This, too, must have been the more intolerable as the area given up to the Fingoes in this locality comprised about two thousand square miles, while that left to the Gcalekas was not more than one thousand six hundred. The Gcalekas living on this curtailed territory were about 66,600 souls, whereas only 50,000 Fingoes drew their easier bread from the larger region.

In August the row began by a quarrel between the Gcalekas and the Fingoes. There was a beer-drinking together on the occasion of a Fingo wedding, to which certain Gcalekas had been invited. The guests misbehaved themselves, and the Fingoes drove them away. Upon that a body of armed Gcalekas returned, and a tribal war was started. But the Fingoes, as being British subjects, were not empowered to conduct a war on their own account. It was necessary that we should fight for them, or that there should be no fighting. The Gcalekas were armed, as they might choose to arm themselves, or might be able; while the Fingoes could only possess such arms as we permitted them to use. It thus became necessary that we should defend them.

When it came to this pass, Kreli, the old chief, is supposed to have been urgent against further fighting. Throughout his long life, whatever of misfortune he had suffered had come from fighting the English; whatever of peace he had enjoyed had come from the good will of the English. Nor do I think that the Gcalekas as a body were anxious for a war with the English, though they may have been ready enough to bully the Fingoes.

On the 5th of October, when the affair was becoming serious, the Governor of the Cape, who is also High Commissioner for the management of the natives, issued a proclamation, in which he sets forth Kreli's weakness or fault. "Kreli," he says, "either had not the will or the power to make his people keep the peace." And again, "The chief Kreli having distinctly expressed his inability to punish his people, or to prevent such outrages for the future, Commandant Griffith has been directed to advance into Kreli's country, to put down by force if necessary all attempts to resist the authority of the British Government

or to molest its subjects, and to exact full reparation for the injuries inflicted on British subjects by Kreli's people."

Then came the fighting, the detailed accounts of which would hardly be interesting to my readers owing to their comparative insignificance and their similarity to the accounts of actions given in the preceding chapters relating to Amaxosa warfare. Suffice it to say that General Thesiger, now Lord Chelmsford, conducted the campaign in an able manner, and was gallantly backed up both by the Cape Colony Volunteers and the Fingoes, the only matter of regret being that the comparative tameness of the Gcalekas compared to the intrepid Zulus should have made, as acknowledged, the General underrate the latter, and thus have connected with his name the terrible disaster suffered by the 24th Regiment at Isandula in Zululand, where he commanded in January, 1879.

The Gcalekas and the Gaikas are by degrees being broken up. The name of the latter appears no more on the map, and the last of the six Kaffir wars has broken the neck of the tribal system in British Kaffraria, and I may venture to predict that permanent peace with the numerous native tribes of South Africa will never be secured unless the tribal system is crushed in all of them. It is as necessary now as it was in the days of the dispersion of the clans in the Highlands of Scotland; a system very fine, jolly, and glorious in its way, but totally incompatible with either the safety or comfort of the neighboring nations. Another cause that contributed greatly to the downward tendency of these tribes was the destruction by themselves of all their cattle and corn in obedience to the raving of a prophetess, who declared they would thus be unhampered, and enabled to drive the white man into the sea, after which she promised by incantation to cause a resurrection of the matter so destroyed. This happened in 1857. These people, however, since what is devoutly hoped to be their final subjugation in 1878, have been provided with ample lands, the power has been taken from the chiefs, Kreli and Sandilli (the former is with Cetywayo at present, and the latter was shot in the last war), and resident commissioners have been appointed to reside amongst them. So that, judging by the great prosperity and happiness of the Fingoes, and other similar cases,

there is no doubt that unless mistaken sentiment from home interferes, the Gcalekas and Gaikas will benefit greatly by the change.

## ESTIMATED POPULATION OF THE TRANSKEIAN TERRITORIES.

|                                                                    | Total Population | Fighting Men. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Fingoes ... ..                                                     | 45,000           | 7,000         |
| Idutywa Reserve .. ..                                              | 17,000           | 3,000         |
| Emigrant Tembus .. ..                                              | 40,000           | 7,000         |
| Tembus (Tembuland Proper) ..                                       | 60,000           | 10,000        |
| Gatberg { Bastards, 1,000 } ..                                     | 6,000            | 1,000         |
| { Basutos, 5,000 } ..                                              |                  |               |
| Griqualand East, or { including }<br>Adam Kok's Land { the Bacas } | 40,000           | 7,000         |
| Gcalekas (Kreli) .. ..                                             | 66,000           | 11,000        |
| Bomvuanas (Moni) .. ..                                             | 15,000           | 2,000         |
| Pon domisi .. ..                                                   | 12,000           | 2,000         |
| Pondos .. ..                                                       | 200,000          | 30,000        |
| Total Transkei..                                                   | 501,000          | 80,000        |

The number of fighting men has been arrived at by taking one-sixth of the total population.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## The Transvaal.

The preceding chapter on the Gcalekas brings us down, it will be perceived, to 1877, and so to the subject of the Transvaal, which magnificent tract of land, remarkable for its salubrity, richness, and fertility, became a British possession on the 12th of April of that year. Availing myself of a publication by Silver & Co., and confining myself as much as possible to matter involved in the title of this book, and having in former chapters brought the history of the Dutch Boers down to about the time of their leaving Natal, after the British occupation thereof, I will now proceed with slight sketches of their history, having reference, however, to the Transvaal.

Before thus taking up the thread of the narrative it would doubtless be interesting to notice a record of the death in Zululand in 1838 of Mr. Uys and his son, near relatives of the gallant old Piet Uys, who, joining Colonel Wood's column near Utrecht, was assegaied by the Zulus whilst conducting a retreat of his men down the Zlobane Mountain. In the year alluded to, 800 Boers marched against Dingaan, headed by Uys, Maritz, and Potgieter, but were defeated with great loss. Mr. Noble thus tells the story:—"Uys and his son, a youth of about fourteen years of age, had as yet escaped unhurt; but whilst the former stopped his horse to sharpen the flint of his gun, the enemy approached and threw an assegai at him, which wounded him mortally in the loins. He, however, pulled out the weapon, and even took up another man behind him, but he soon fainted with loss of blood. Recovering again, he was held on his horse for some distance by a man on

each side of him. At last he declared that he felt his end approaching, and desired to be laid upon the ground. He then said to his son and to the other men about him, 'Here I must die; you cannot get me any further, and there is no use to try it. Save yourselves, but fight like brave fellows to the last, and hold God before your eyes.' Upon this they left him, but not before they saw that to remain longer on the spot would be certain death. After galloping for a hundred yards, the younger Uys, on looking back, saw the enemy closing in numbers upon his dying father, and at the same time he saw him lifting up his head. This was too much for the feelings of the lad; he turned round his horse, and alone, rushing upon the enemy, shot three Zulus, and was killed.

In 1843 Natal was proclaimed British territory. Some Boers remained in Natal, but many others at once started north, saying they would go on, conquer the heathen, and possess the land—quoting the divine commands in the Pentateuch. The modern western man may smile at this self-righteousness and perfect faith, and deem the Boer a narrow fanatic; but the Boer was not a modern western. He had been formed and fashioned in a mould of its own pattern, and criticism should consider the mould as well as the image. It should be remembered that the Trek-Boer of 1833-8 was the descendant of Dutch Calvinists and Huguenots of the seventeenth century, brought up in the wilderness of South Africa, in the midst of savage conditions and barbarous tribes; separated from European influences by an ocean which no steamers traversed, over which letters, newspapers, or books never passed, shut up almost entirely by themselves, and governed in former days by their Batavian masters in the most despotic manner. Circumstances of this nature, acting upon that original stock, could not possibly have produced a progeny remarkable for largeness of view, wide sympathies, philosophic universalism, tender benevolence, and subtle self-questioning. The life of the Boer had narrowed and hardened him, as winter freezes and as tropical suns scorch. His circumstances tended to encourage within him a concentrating individualism. His religion made him one of the elect. He was the Lord's, and the Lord was his Lord, in whom the heathen had no part. Character has in



his case, as in all cases, to be accounted for before it is censured or ridiculed. If Pretorius, when he led his commando in wrath against Dingaan, sang psalms instead of national anthems, and prayed instead of huzzaed, it is enough to say that it was not from affectation, but from inherited habit. At all events, the six hundred marched only between matins and evensong, and when they came nigh to the enemy they vowed a vow to the Most High, "that should the Lord be pleased to grant them the victory they would raise a house to the memory of His great name, wherever it should please Him, and note the day in a book to make it known to their latest posterity." The victory was theirs, and the Dutch Reformed Church at this day standing in Pietermaritzburg is the fulfilment of the vow.

The Transvaal was first taken possession of in considerable numbers in 1834 by bands of these farmers, composed of Hollanders, Flemish, French, and some Piedmontese, who (or their ancestors), fleeing from the continent from religious persecution after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had at first settled at the Cape, but, amongst other reasons which shall be duly set forth, getting disgusted with the emancipation of their slaves under British rule, and maddened by the depreciation of the paper currency of the time, and by the frequent and disastrous raids of bands of warlike Kaffirs, from whom the Government afforded them no protection, sought out pastures new, and like Lot and Abraham, gathered their flocks and their herds, and their household gods, fought their way through lions and savages, and many of them settled down on the grassy, diamondiferous, and sunny slopes of the Likwa or Vaal River. Necessarily, the life of these "Voor-trekkers" was rough. It was hard work for men, women, and children. Every day did not bring its daily bread; water was now and then not to be had; and the lions roared the camp or laager awake every morning. It is said that the Boers slew two hundred lions between the Orange and Vaal Rivers in this trek. The culture of the grape and the production of wine, taught to the Dutch at the Cape by the French refugees, is to this day carried on in the districts about Pretoria, where the grape thrives wonderfully, and has, I believe, no insect enemy.

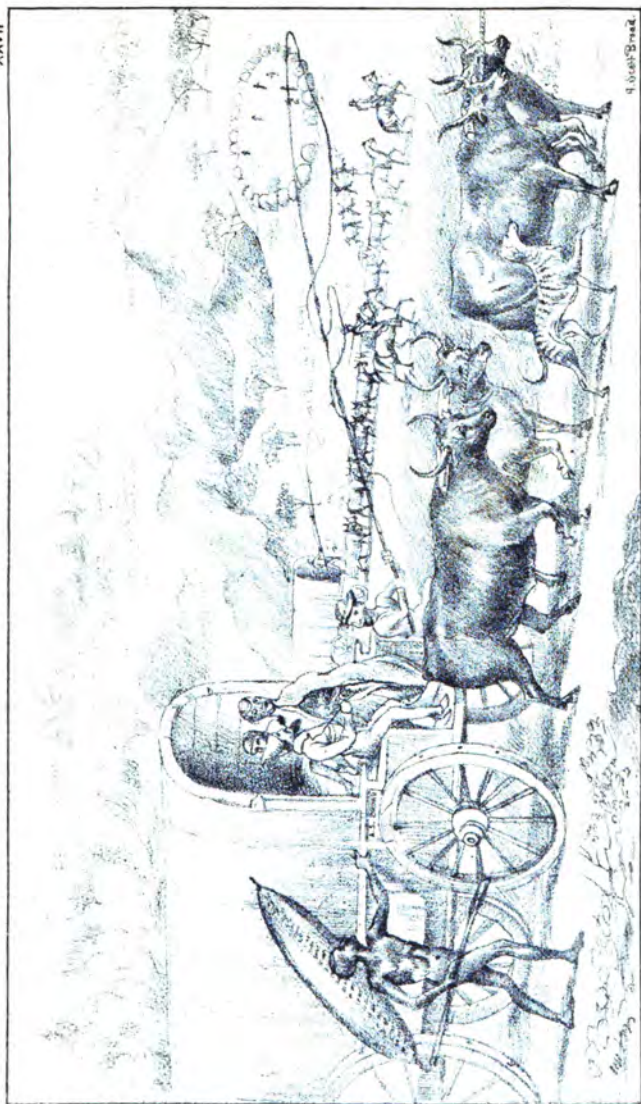
Many French names are still among the Boers, such as Labuschanye, Du Plessis, Joubert, Du Pree, Villiers, and Silliers, &c., &c.

Many Boer families, after the British occupation of Natal, remained, as I have before said, in Natal, but the great majority struck their tents, yoked their fine oxen to the "trektouw," hung their pots and water kegs to the wagon-sides, placed wife and child within, cracked their long whips, turned their backs upon Natal as they had done upon the Cape, and again manfully struck out for the wilderness. (Alas, when we again followed them up in 1877 they again repeated the above process, and tried to penetrate to the region about the Great Lake, but owing to severe suffering from drought they had to abandon their wagons, household gods, and even their cattle, to predatory tribes, and endeavor to find their way back to the confines of comparative civilization.) The majority roamed about for a while in the Transvaal, and finally made it their home. They were not alone; other bands had preceded them. Potgieter and his company had already marked out a township, now known as Mooi River Dorp, or Potchefstroom, from Potgieter and the first magistrate, Vander Chef; "Stroom" after "Stockenstroom." At last a resting-place had been found. The land from the Vaal to the Limpopo was in possession of no dangerous native tribes, and, over wide regions, was without inhabitants but the lion, the antelope, the zebra, the rhinoceros, and the elephant, and the British Government had never claimed an inch of it. So up went the flag once more, and again cannon and roer belched forth their hoarse salutes. A Government was formed upon the republican principle; the laws of the old Dutch colony of the Cape were revived; the natives were placed in what was considered their "proper place" of subjection, disability, and servitude. Huge areas were selected for farms. Beacons were set up far and wide. Pleasant spots by the side of streams and near the eyes of fountains were chosen for homesteads; the flocks and herds were driven out by day on rich pastures and folded at night in safe kraals. The oxen were at last loosened from the yoke and bent their galled necks to the grazing. The peach, the fig, and the vine were planted in sheltered nooks; the furrow was let into

the gardens where the mealie and pumpkin grew. The farmer sharpened the flint of his gun for a day's sport; the women sat, as they loved to do, in the chair in the best room's best place; the children played in the sun without dread of Zulu war-whoop, and the psalms of David were sung, not as battle cries, but as thanksgivings and the purrings of fireside content. And yet, even then, the inevitable hand overtook them. One day a proclamation from Governor Napier reached Potchefstroom, declaring that the emigrant farmers were not released from allegiance to the British Crown, and that as British subjects they were under law, especially for offences against the natives, as long as they were south of the 35th degree of south latitude. This induced some to go north towards the Limpopo and east towards the Drakensberg. But there was no further interference of importance from Cape Town with the emigrants over the Vaal, and on the 17th January, 1852, the British Commissioners in the Free State signed the Convention of Sand River, by which the Transvaal was virtually declared to be an independent State, by the subsequent approval of Sir George Cathcart, Governor of the Cape.

This convention relieved the Boers of all doubts. After nearly twenty years of marching and counter-marching, privation, war, and suspicion, they had not only found a country, but an acknowledged right to dwell in it and to govern themselves. At that time it was very likely supposed by them that they had at last escaped the hand which had so frequently overtaken them. It was not anticipated that, twenty-five years afterwards, the British power would be once more extended over them, and their land taken from river to river. But to put it shortly, the Boers broke two of the clauses of the Sand River Convention, which set forth that no slavery was to be carried on, and that there should be no interference with the surrounding tribes; the result of which was the self-preserving exercise of British power being carried to the extreme length of annexation.

After the signing of the convention, the Boers, however, broke up into as many little republics as there were villages. Andreas Pretorius, on his death-bed, had exhorted them to cause strife and ambition to cease, and to cherish



WAGON TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.



love and union ; and on his death on the 23rd July, 1853, his son, Martinus Wessels Pretorius, was appointed first President of the Transvaal. In 1871 he resigned, and Mr. Burgers, a Dutch colonist of note, born at the Cape and educated in Holland, reigned in his stead. He set his mind upon a railway, which should open out the heart of his country and its secret hoard of mineral wealth to the near port of Delagoa Bay. In this enterprise he was warmly aided by Mr. G. P. Moodie, a member of his Government, and a surveyor, and a brother of the present writer. Mr. Burgess, having made a large concession of land to the Portugese, who hold Delagoa Bay and the adjacent strip of territory, Mr. Moodie working in concert with him, went to Lisbon and Amsterdam to carry out necessary arrangements ; but the first British Government after the annexation broke their promises as to respecting treaties made under the Dutch Government, and wishing, perhaps naturally, that the projected railway should run to the borders of the British colony of Natal, instead of to the foreign port of Delagoa, caused the project to fall to the ground. Delagoa Bay was offered to a British Cabinet, under Gladstone I believe, for a monetary consideration by the Portugese Government, and it is certainly a thousand pities that the offer was not taken advantage of. However, a difficulty afterwards arose between England and Portugal as to the possession of the place, and the matter was referred to the arbitration of Marshal McMahon, and as usual John Bull was cast and had to pay the piper and all hands. As hopelessly bad as is the port of Natal, is the harbor of Delagoa unparalleled in every way—deep, roomy, and wind-locked, and a magnificent outlet for the countless treasures of the splendid region of the Transvaal. Mr. Moodie undertook the perilous task of finding out and surveying a route for a railway through the unhealthy and broad strip of country lying between the Transvaal and the bay spoken of, and which is infested with lions, savage tribes, &c. He was successful in finding a healthy route all along a line of gentle hills, which gradually sloped to the seaboard. He walked the distance on foot, with an escort of ten Kaffirs, making scientific observations by the way. The Royal Geographical Society in London made him a member for his trouble. The “gront wet,” or

“fundamental law” of the Boers, which sanctioned wars of extermination with natives, was the deathblow of Mr. Burgers, and the cause of the extinction of the independence of the Boers. The latter forced him into the Sekukuni War, but the natives were not to be beaten down. The Treasury was empty; Government fell into hopeless disrepute; faith with the foreign creditor could not be kept; and whilst this was the case the Zulus and other tribes began to show signs of a terrible excitement, which threatened to extend itself sympathetically throughout the great mass of South African natives. Is it to be wondered at then, that at this moment the hand of the paramount power should once more make itself felt?

On the 12th of April, 1877, the territory up to that time known as “The South African Transvaal Republic” became a British possession by the act of Special Commissioner Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

It is impossible to avoid looking forward to the effect which the annexation of this fine tract will have upon the Government and people of England. Will the immense wealth of the prize dropped into the mouth of old England be appreciated? Will the people of England be ready to open their purse-strings and take military possession of the country in such a manner that it can be held against all comers, black or white? Will the capitalists of England be ready to see in this wonderfully rich country one of the grandest fields that ever was presented to man for the investment of capital? And will they be ready to let flow into the Transvaal at least a portion of the incalculable wealth now pent up at home, idle, useless, and uninvested?

Capital and immigration are the only two great requirements there now. By a judicious investment of capital in opening up the country with roads, and by settling it with immigrants, it will soon be found out that the acquisition of the Transvaal is the richest prize that has ever yet fallen to the lot of our mother country. The mineral wealth is inexhaustible. For an extent of over 100 miles good coal crops up on the road side, on the banks of rivers—everywhere in fact—and it is the customary fuel of the inhabitants. Seams of coal thirty feet in thickness exist, and wagons are backed into it and filled with first-class coal with the same ease that a wagon might be filled with rock



from an ordinary mountain. This coal the Boer delivers even at considerable distances at about 15s. a ton, and iron ore of singularly rich quality lies side by side with this great coal field as though to invite the capitalist to come and utilise both. Lead, gold, cobalt, and sundry other minerals exist in prolific abundance. The soil is inferior to none in the world—not even the vast western plains of America—the fertility of which is beyond all description.

The climate permits the potato and pine apple, the turnip and the banana, the apple and the orange, all to flourish side by side.

In recording the events and pointing out the causes which have terminated in annexation, it has been necessary to give prominence to the public faults and errors of the Boers. Let it, however, be acknowledged that they are of noble stock; and those qualities of character in which they differ from the English temper are not necessarily to their disadvantage. Some passages of their history are heroic; many of their leaders were rich in manhood; their faults are to be traced back to a time when they were considered to be either virtues or stern necessities. They never had the guidance or restraint from a watchful Imperial power; while long before the British set foot on South Africa, they (the Boers) had to struggle unaided with savage hordes and rude conditions, their life and character receiving form from the rough mould. All this should be perceived, and should beget respect as well as forbearance. It must also be recognised by the British power that, in this day, two hundred years since the first settlement, there are other natives in South Africa besides the blacks, and that in order to secure successful colonization the special aptitudes and characteristics of all classes must be liberally considered.

While closing these sheets we notice the following home telegram of June 12, 1879:—"The latest advices from Cape Town up to May 24, state that in order to meet the demands of the Boers, a temporary Constitution has been granted to the Transvaal, with which concession the leading Boers express themselves satisfied."



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## The Origin and Growth of the Zulu Power.

At the commencement of the present century close upon a million of Kaffirs were living happily and peacefully in the fair and fertile colony of Natal. Very old men belonging to these people expressively say "The sun that saw tribes fight never set until their quarrel was ended." But about the year 1812 all this was changed. In, or close upon, that year a predatory chieftain with an organized scheme of spoliation and conquest came down from the North and burst in upon the land, and within a few short years the aboriginal tribes of the district were swept from their homes, and the smiling garden which had so recently been teeming with happy and prosperous life became a desert and a depopulated wilderness. This state of things was brought about by Tshaka.

Tshaka, the Attila of Southern Africa, was the originator and founder of the Zulu power. Before his reign and career the Zulus, as a tribe, were almost entirely unknown. They were virtually overshadowed and eclipsed by the more important clans which were immediately around them; and the most considerable of these was the tribe of the Umtetwas, which was under the chieftainship of Jobe. These Umtetwas dwelt in what is now the heart of Zululand, and some few miles beyond the Tugela River, and the old chief of the tribe had two sons, who were named Tana and Godongwana, of whom the elder, Tana, had been recognised as the proper successor to his father's place. Jobe, however, seemed to be in no hurry to get out of the way, and the young men becoming impatient at the delay, are said to have entered into some scheme of conspiracy to

hasten his removal. The plot reached the old chief's ears, and he gave secret orders that both the young men should be summarily placed beyond the sphere of temptation. The hut in which the two brothers were sleeping was accordingly surrounded by an armed band in the dead of night, and a sudden onset was made upon it, and nearly all whom it contained, the elder brother Tana amongst them, were killed. The younger, Godongwana, however, who was an active and powerful man, made a sudden rush through his assailants and leapt the outer fence. But he did not escape quite scathless. He was struck by a barbed assegai as he disappeared into the darkness, and carried away the weapon with him in his back.

A sister of the wounded man, aware of what had occurred in the night, managed secretly to discover the place of his retreat in the bush, extracted the spear from his wound, ministered to his immediate needs, and then gave him her own kaross (skin rug), and sent him privately some young men to attend upon him. At first Godongwana lingered among the neighboring tribes, but they were all too much under Jobe's influence to be safe places of sojourn for him; and so at last he went further away and disappeared; and for some years nothing more was heard of him.

In the fulness of time, however, old Jobe died, a younger brother of Godongwana of another house (or hut) assumed the government of the tribe; and events moved on quietly for some time, until all at once strange rumours began to circulate amongst the people, to the effect that Godongwana was still alive, and would return to claim his inheritance; and at last it was said that he was actually on his way for this purpose, and that he was coming with might and mysterious power, for no one could say whether he was a man or an animal. Then it was reported that he who was coming was certainly a man, but marvellous to say, he was seated upon an "Injomani." This did not make the explanation very clear, as no one in the tribe knew what an "Injomani" was. At length, however, both Godongwana and the Injomani appeared to clear up the mystery, and the Injomani turned out to be a white horse which the young chieftain had procured from some of the tribes in the far West, near to the frontiers of the civilized settlements at the Cape. When he put in his claim to the

chieftainship his younger brother offered a futile resistance, and lost his life for his pains. The new chief proved his identity and his right by the scar which he carried on his back. The Umtetwas said that his "wound was his witness." Between the scar and the horse his claim was very speedily established, and he became the acknowledged chief of the Umtetwas in old Jobe's place. But in honor of his strange adventures his name was changed. He ceased to be "Godongwana" and he became "Dingiswayo," which meant "Wanderer," and as "Dingiswayo" he reigned.

It appears that after he had got well off from the tribes in the old neighborhood, Godongwana had at last made his way to the Cape Colony in the far west, and had lived there in some fashion or other amongst white men, and learnt very much concerning their habits and doings. He had certainly procured his horse from this source. But whether or not he had come by it honestly was never known. In common with his skill in horsemanship, he had, however, acquired some other attainments, which he was able to turn to good account. *He had seen the power of organisation and discipline*, and had especially marked how the white men banded their soldiers into companies and regiments, under duly appointed officers. As soon, therefore, as he was firmly settled in the chieftainship of his tribe, he set to work to organise his own people upon a similar plan. He formed all the young men into regiments, and appointed officers in due subordination to each other, and he very soon had an army at his command exceedingly more powerful than any force that had ever been seen before among the neighboring tribes. It was but natural that he should then find himself tempted to put to proof this new organisation, and when he did so he found that none of the surrounding chiefs could stand against him for an instant. He accordingly reduced many of them to subservience to his own authority. But it is universally admitted that he was neither cruel nor avaricious. He fought to conquer and to show his own superior ability and power, but he cared nothing about capturing the cattle, and he forbade the destruction of women and children. His great idea was to feed his own army on the grain stores of the vanquished, and to occupy the territory of an antagonist until his corn was exhausted. On this account

his opponents generally tendered their submission as soon as they were beaten, and reoccupied their country as the acknowledged vassals of the conqueror the instant his forces were withdrawn. Dingiswayo never destroyed or permanently dispersed any tribe that he attacked.

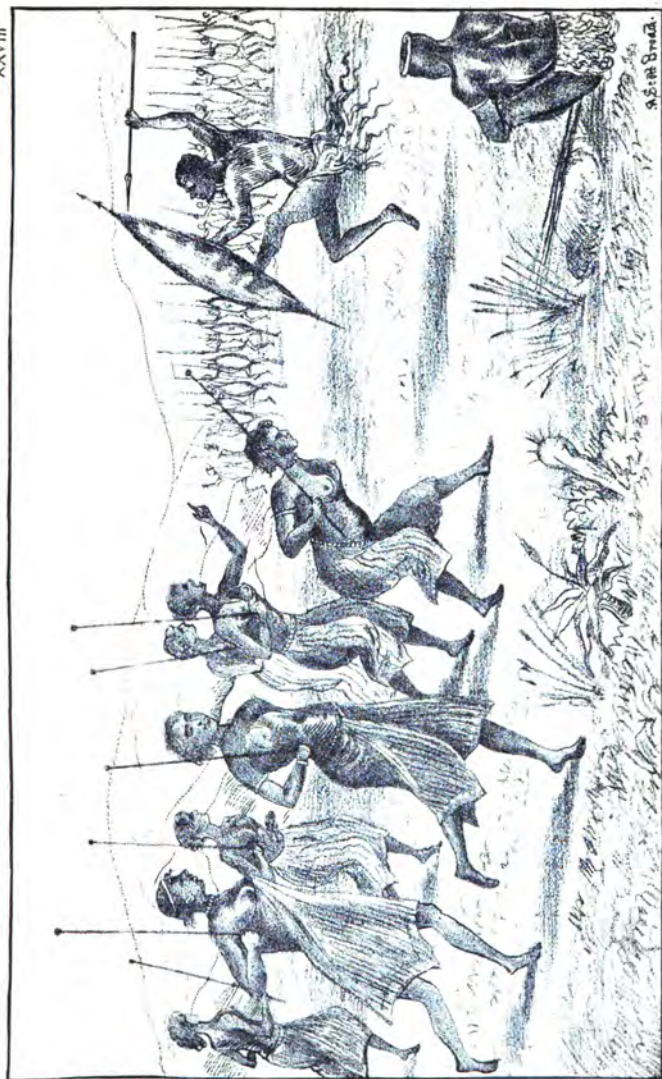
At the time that Dingiswayo was thus occupied in introducing his new system of military organisation and aggressive war, it so chanced, however, that one of the small adjacent tribes that he had conquered was ruled over by a chief named Senzangakona, who had an illegitimate son called Tshaka. This young man was of a turbulent and ambitious spirit, and made himself so obnoxious to some influential members of his father's family that at last he and his mother had to flee for their lives. Tshaka took refuge with Dingiswayo, enlisted in one of his crack regiments, and took part in several of his military expeditions. The gallant conduct of the young recruit in some of these won for him a great reputation as a soldier. The fact was that he had accidentally been placed in a position which was congenial to his tastes and to his genius, for he was a man of remarkable ability and power. He studied the policy and the proceedings of Dingiswayo with an attentive eye, and he soon convinced himself that he had discovered the one weak point in the new strategy. He saw clearly that Dingiswayo's generosity and forbearance was a dangerous mistake, because it left the conquered chiefs in a position to combine together at some future time against their conqueror. In his own mind he was satisfied that the only safe way to carry out such a scheme of aggression as Dingiswayo had entered upon was to inflict such an injury upon the conquered as left them no power to rise again, and he resolved that whenever he had the chance he would carry out the great system of Dingiswayo to its full and legitimate conclusion.

Tshaka had not long to wait for his opportunity. By the time that he had served in the army of Dingiswayo sufficiently long to become familiar with the system of its chief, and to make his own observations upon its defects, his father Senzangakona died; and Dingiswayo, conceiving that his brave subordinate would be a more serviceable tributary and ally than the legitimate sons of the deceased chief, induced the tribe to accept Tshaka at his hands as

their head. In this way the young Tshaka succeeded to the chieftainship of the weak, tributary, and insignificant tribe of the Zulus.

Tshaka continued faithful to his old master, and fought in alliance with him in several campaigns. But he was altogether right in the opinions he had formed of the danger of the position. Some of the neighboring chiefs, who had been victims of Dingiswayo's raids, had at length taken a lesson out of his book, and having prepared their plans, combined against him. Dingiswayo was finally caught in advance of the main body of his army with only a small party of followers, and was taken prisoner and slain. Tshaka was with the main army on this occasion, and led the combined tribes of the Umtetwas and Zulus so skilfully out of the fight that he was forthwith accepted by both as their common chief. This was the first step made by the Zulu tribe towards an enlargement of its influence and power.

Tshaka had thus a clear path open to his ambition. He was now free to adopt his own plan of operations, and to act upon his own ideas without let or hindrance. He at once set himself to the work of establishing the Zulu supremacy, and attacked tribe after tribe of his neighbors, absorbing all the young men as he did so into his own following, and destroying the old men and old women and children. In the pursuance of this object he introduced several innovations into the art of native South African warfare, which were very remarkable indications of his genius and originality. He distributed his young warriors into regiments, which were distinguished from each other by the color and pattern of their ox-hide shields; and he trained them to the discipline of serried and solid advance, and of attack at close quarters with the short stabbing assegai. Above all things he instituted an invariable law, that any young soldier who returned from the fight without shield and assegai, or with the disgraceful stamp of a wound upon his back, should pay the forfeit of his life. The young soldiers were now for the first time forbidden to take wives, in order that they might not be enervated by domestic influences, and distracted from their military duties by domestic ties and habits. But after a certain period of service old regiments were superannuated as veterans, and rewarded with wives, and new levies were raised to take



ZULU WAR DANCE.









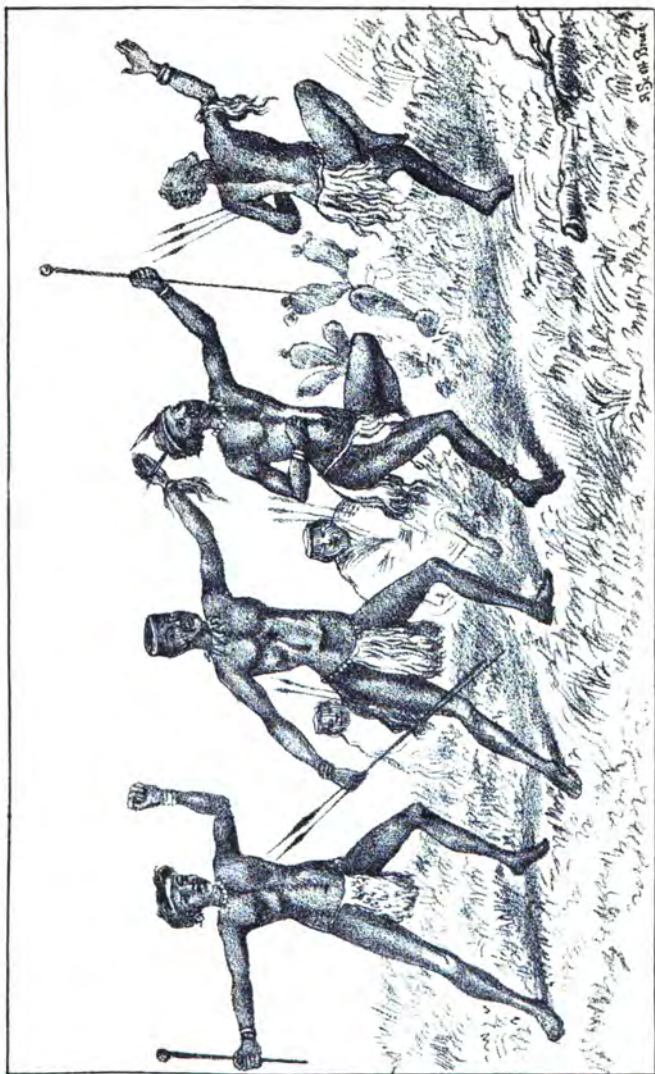
A ZULU WARRIOR.

their place in the van of the tribal armament. Whenever an expedition was sent out on active service its destination was kept secret from the warriors themselves until they were far on their way. The immediate attack was always made by a sudden onset of a compact phalanx, supported on either hand by advanced horns or troops of skirmishers.

With such a system of carefully planned organization, wielded by a large measure of ability and sustained by a ruthless purpose and will, and with only divided and scattered tribes that fought as an undisciplined rabble in the regions which were to be overrun, it is by no means surprising that the name of Tshaka (or Chaka as it is erroneously spelt) soon became a terror and a power. Wherever there were cattle to be seized or young men to be amalgamated, the ruthless hosts of the Zulu despot appeared, until every tribe between St. John's River in the South, and Delagoa Bay in the North, a distance of full 500 miles, had either been "eaten up" and dispersed or reduced into subjection; and this was how it had come to pass that when Lieut. Farewell and Mr. Fynn formed their first settlement in Natal the region was an unpeopled wilderness. The earliest burst of the tempest fell upon Natal about the year 1812. At that time great crowds of the Northern tribes, who had borne the first brunt of the Zulu aggression, entered the Natal district from the North, retreating before the advance of the invaders; and as they passed through Natal gave the tribes a foretaste of what was so quickly to follow by the robbery and spoliation that they were compelled to practice in their own first struggle for existence. Wave after wave of desolation from that time traversed the land as tribe after tribe of the vanquished and retiring hosts passed through, sweeping all before them as they hastened to place as wide a space as possible between themselves and their terrific assailant; so that when the actual hordes of Tshaka himself arrived there was little left for them to do. It is hardly possible to realise the demoralising and destructive influence that was thus brought into play. The mere instinct of preservation, stimulated by terror, turned friends into foes, lifted every man's hand against his neighbor, and caused acts of treachery and atrocity of the most dreadful character. When Tshaka had cleared away or subjugated all the scattered tribes on the further side of the

Tugela, his armies advanced into the already desolated district on the Natal side of that river, and pursued their work of destruction and conquest there. True to his own keener insight into the necessities of his position, the Zulu conqueror at this time ordained that neither man, woman, or child should be spared. Every hut was to be burned. All food that could not be consumed by his own warriors was to be destroyed. Some of the weaker of the Natal tribes made a ready submission, and were received into Zululand as vassals and recruits (Amangkenkane); but this only made the position of those who attempted to hold out more desperate and dreadful, because the knowledge these recruits had of persons and places enabled them to give the most valuable and efficient information to the armies of the exterminating despot. When the Zulus had at length passed through Natal and advanced through Amampondo Land to the south, the last wave of the fugitives, who were retreating before them, overflowed into the Cape Territory beyond the Kei River, and were there seized by the Gcalekas, to whom they became a sort of slave property under the name of Amafengu or Fingoes. (*Apropos*—One of the tribes of British Kaffraria was named the Ama Gawler after Colonel Gawler, a commissioner placed over them after subjection, and brother of Mr. Henry Gawler of the Government service in Adelaide, South Australia). Mr., now (1879) Sir Theophilus Shepstone, states that he was himself with Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape Colony, when, at the end of the Kaffir war of 1836, these Fingoe slaves were emancipated by the Governor himself at the head of a division of the British army.

Within ten years of the first burst into Natal of the tribes retreating before the advance of the Zulus, the desolation of the country was complete. A few thousands of miserable wretches were still scattered about the colony, making the most desperate efforts to cling to their old homes; but their cattle and their grain stores were gone, and they dared not to cultivate the ground, because to have given such a sign of their presence would have been to have brought down the hand of the destroyer upon their last hopes. They lived concealed in the bushy kloofs and glens, and had literally nothing else to subsist upon but the wild roots which they could dig out of the ground. The whole



ZULU MEN DANCING.



country at last was filled with the dead, which were left by the emaciated and spiritless survivors to be consumed by the hyenas. Some miserable men, in the extremity of despair, actually crawled towards the Tugela that they might be "picked up" by the dreaded soldiers of Tshaka. At the present day the old Kaffirs, who tell the tale of this period of desolation, expressively say—"The assegai killed people, but hunger killed the country."

In the year 1824, when the "Julia" brought its freight of English adventurers to commence their rôle in the land where this terrific tragedy had so recently been performed, Tshaka was in the zenith of his power, and the Zulus had become a formidable tribe, made up in the main of the pith and sinew of the tribes that had been broken up by its raids. They held at that time as the centre of their dominion, a vast stretch of territory on each bank of the Tugela, but they claimed, and virtually possessed, the land from Delagoa Bay to the St. John's River. Their chief military station was near the White Umfolosi River, which runs down to the sea at St. Lucia Bay. But there was also a large and important military kraal, serving as an advanced post, between the Umhlali and Tongati Rivers, in what is now Natal, and it was at this advanced post of Tshaka's that the negotiations of the English settlers for permission to settle and trade were principally carried on. After some prolonged preliminaries, in which presents to the chief played an important part, this permission was at last secured, and three distinct stations were occupied.

In the first part of this work I have already stated how these stations became the nucleus round which the scattered tribes rallied, and which, after Dingaan had murdered Tshaka, were led on by John Cane, etc., to fight the former, with the result before stated. And I have also endeavored to make clear how at last Tshaka's full brother and Dingaan's half-brother Um Pande, joined his forces with those of the Boers, which action ended in the defeat and death of Dingaan, and the installation of Um Pande as king, under the patronage of the Boers, commanded by Andreas Pretorius. As soon as the news of the death of Dingaan was satisfactorily authenticated, Andreas Pretorius assembled his forces on the banks of the Umfolosi River, and there on the 14th of February, 1840, proclaimed

Um Pande paramount chief of the Zulus, with the important reservation, however, for himself and his friends, of the sovereignty over the land from the Black Umfolosi and St. Lucia Bay to the St. John's River. They also charged Um Pande, for the little service rendered, a small fee of 36,000 head of cattle, which was immediately paid.

The Zulu despotism and power were thus broken within six years of the first descent of the Dutch Boers into Natal, and in the main, was unquestionably so broken by the courage, gallantry, and hardiness of this very remarkable body of men. Whatever may be the future of Natal, there must ever remain one clear page in its early history, for the record of the memorable occurrences of Sunday, December 16th, 1838, when Andreas Pretorius and Carl Landman, with 460 Dutch emigrant farmers, encountered in their own stronghold the 12,000 savages of Dingaan, who were the finished outcome of the military system of Tshaka, clothed in all the prestige of long continued triumph and success, and, nevertheless, gallantly scattered them to the winds with the strength of their own right arms.

So much for the origin and growth of the Zulu power until the death of Um Pande, who, after a long and peaceful reign, bequeathed his power to Cetywayo, the present ruler.

Before entering on the Zulu War, and the causes which led to it, it may be as well to give a slight sketch of the character of Cetywayo. The impression which he made on the mind of Sir Theophilus Shepstone in August, 1873, was that he was immeasurably superior to any other native chief he had ever come into communication with. He had a dignified bearing, and was unquestionably possessed of considerable ability and much force of character. He was entirely frank and straightforward in all his personal communications. At one part of the interview with him some of the old men were fencing subtly with an important point, he stopped them with the exclamation, "Silence, all of you. You are like the wind which says nothing when it speaks. Don't you see what my father means? He means so and so," putting down before them clearly and openly the exact point. He is naturally proud of the military traditions of his family, and especially

so of the policy and deeds of his uncle Tshaka. His great difficulty has hitherto been that he has of necessity had to preserve the belief of his people that he is a worthy descendant of Tshaka, at the very time that he has been shaping his course so as to satisfy the new condition of affairs. This is probably the true explanation of much of his shiftiness and reserve, and of his bearing in all that related to Natal.

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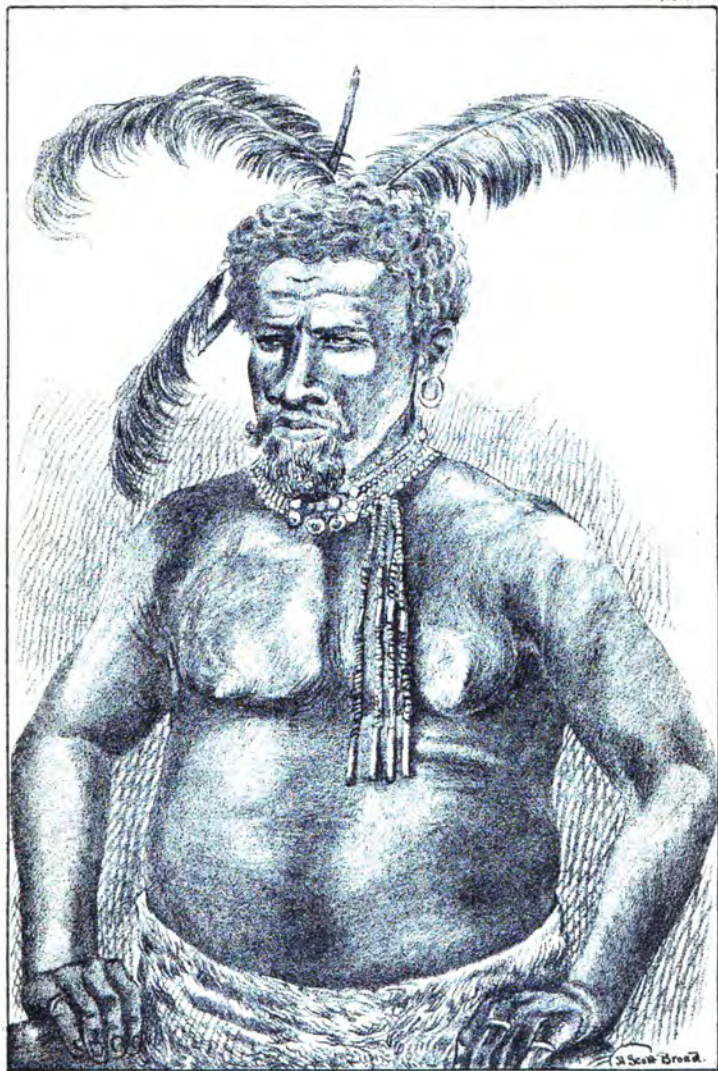
## CHAPTER XXV.

## The Zulu War.

As to the cause of the Zulu War of 1879, and our right in entering upon it, I propose (avoiding Sir Bartle Frere's long list of reasons) to give some extracts from a paper by Mr. Brownlee, the Secretary for Native Affairs in the Cape Colony, as the very best authority on the subject. Mr. Brownlee spoke various Kaffir languages like a native, and he loved the natives as much as they loved and respected him. This officer (says the *Natal Mercury*), it must be remembered, was here in Dingaan's time, and met that monarch. He has been identified with native affairs in South Africa for forty years, and his opinion, therefore, is sustained by an unequalled experience. He at any rate has no doubt as to the necessity of action rather than persuasion. Listen to a few of his words :—

"No sooner had he (Cetywayo) obtained our formal recognition of his position, amid the thunder of artillery and the sound of trumpets, and no sooner had Mr. Shepstone turned his back upon Zululand, than the Zulu King cast his engagements to the winds, murders were committed, and the mission stations which had been befriended during his father's lifetime were so persecuted and tormented that the converts were scattered, and no missionary is now in Zululand. With such a King no promise is sacred, and no conditions binding.

"While professing friendship to us, Cetywayo's support and countenance are found on the side of our enemies. Between Moshesh and Pande friendly relationships had long existed. Shortly after the surrender of Langalibalele to us by Molapo, Moshesh's second son in rank, Molapo, as



KING OETYWAYO.



in the days of his father, and the days of Cetywayo's father, sent an embassy to Cetywayo, to condole with him on the death of Pande, and to congratulate him on his succession to the Zulu sovereignty.

"Molapo's messengers were not permitted to approach Cetywayo. He directed that they should be driven back with indignity from the borders of Zululand, from whence their advance commenced, and they were directed to inform Molapo that he had made himself a traitor to the colored race by surrendering Langalibalele to the white men, and that for this act Cetywayo would be avenged upon him. This was about a year after his installation by us, and while he was professing the greatest friendship towards us.

"The falsehood of the Zulu King with regard to the Utrecht land question, is quite on a par with his other actions.

"In conclusion, I may remark that Cetywayo's hand has been clearly traced in our recent troubles on the Cape frontier as well as in the Transvaal.

"In July or August, 1877, Umqikela wrote to the High Commissioner expressing his willingness to obey the decision of His Excellency in regard to the surrender of the murderers in the matter of Somfuland; at the same time Sekukuni was cheerfully paying his war indemnity to the Transvaal Government. Cetywayo, however, appears upon the scene, and matters are changed. To Umqikela a deputation is sent, and from information received it appears that the mission was for the establishment of friendly relations with the Pondos, with a promise of aid from Cetywayo in case the Pondos should come into conflict with us, and it was further reported that the Pondos had been urged to comply with none of our demands.

"After the deputation had been in Pondoland for about three months, Umqikela, having reported nothing to us regarding Cetywayo's messages, I, by direction of the High Commissioner, wrote to Umqikela to inform him of what we had heard, expressing surprise that he should receive such overtures from the Zulus, who till our intervention had destroyed the Pondos, and would do so again did we permit it. Umqikela denied that Cetywayo had sent any overtures hostile to us, but that Cetywayo's messengers had simply been sent to beg for dogs and skins.

"This may have been the pretext, but it is by no means likely that it was the true object of the mission, which was prolonged for three or four months. At any rate, during the stay of Cetywayo's messenger, Umqikela, notwithstanding the promise contained in his letter to the High Commissioner, absolutely refused to surrender the murderers who had fled from justice, and who were then in his country. At the same time Kreli, who had personally been opposed to taking up arms against the Government, suddenly changed his policy, and had the war paint placed upon his forehead, for it was said the Zulus were coming to aid the Kaffirs, and to within a very recent period the Gcalekas and Gaikas hoped to obtain aid from this source.

"In the Transvaal at the same time the same influences were visible. As has already been remarked, Sekukuni was cheerfully paying his war indemnity, but having received a deputation from Cetywayo with the present of 100 oxen, Sekukuni suddenly changed his course of action, the payment of his war indemnity ceased, and from thence began the troubles which have led to the present position in the Transvaal, and for this Cetywayo is directly responsible.

"Whether or not he may be regarded as being directly responsible for our troubles in Griqualand West is not clear, but there is no doubt that whether by Cetywayo's sanction or not, the tribes in Griqualand West counted on the support of the Zulus before they took up arms against the Government.

"At present the Zulus are a standing menace to us; their influence is felt by the tribes from the Zambesi to the mouth of the Orange River; and so long as they are in a position to exercise this influence, the peace of the tribes around us and in our midst rests on a most unstable foundation.

"No treaty or obligation can be binding on such a perfidious race as the Zulus, ruled by a treacherous and bloodthirsty sovereign like Cetywayo. Our future safety, as well as the voice of humanity, demand that the power of the Zulus should be broken, and that the innocent blood which is daily shed upon our borders should cease to flow.

"The only guarantee which we can have for the securing of peace, short of breaking up the Zulu power, is the maintenance of so large a force on their front as the



**SIR BARTLE FRERE.**  
*(Governor of the Cape.)*

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Imperial Government could not keep up, or South Africa maintain. We have now such a force at our disposal; we shall never again have it. In its presence Cetywayo may promise to abide by any conditions we may name, with the full determination of breaking through them as soon as our forces are withdrawn; and should we withdraw without breaking up the power of Cetywayo, our position in South Africa will be worse than ever it has been before. Cetywayo's high prestige will be raised still higher. It will be imagined that we have raised a large force to attack him, and then feared to do so, and the effect upon him will be to make him more overbearing than ever.

"Even though the peace of South Africa were not endangered by the attitude of the Zulus, even though we ourselves were not in jeopardy, we have a right to interfere; that right has not been sought by us; the Zulus voluntarily and publicly applied for it; they acknowledged their subordination to us when they solicited the installation of their king by us; we accepted the position. To gain their ends they agreed to certain stipulations, with the determination to observe none of them. This does not alter our position; and leaving out of the question the other points at issue between us and the Zulus, we have full right to insist on the strictest fulfilment of the obligations undertaken, and which were the price paid for our support and countenance, and to enforce them, if need be, by the sword.

"The time has arrived for decisive action; we shall never again have so favorable an opportunity as the present; if it is lost, sooner or later we shall be taken at a disadvantage."

These extracts are long (says the *Natal Mercury*), but emanating from such a source they are convincing, and may well be advanced in answer to the plea that moral means only should have been resorted to. If such methods could have reasonably been expected to be successful, then it would have been Sir Bartle Frere's bounden duty to have adopted them. But there was not the slightest ground for belief that under the altered circumstances of the time they would have been any longer efficacious. Under the bland influence of Sir Henry Bulwer's unguents, the Zulu power has become what it is, and Cetywayo's attitude has grown more menacing than ever. The Zulus' spears had to be



"washed," and the king has now shown how thoroughly in earnest he was when two years ago he announced his determination to sanction that process.

Sir Bartle Frere, in one of his despatches to the Imperial Government, also says :—

"It is no exaggeration to say that his (Cetywayo's) history from the first has been written in characters of blood. I do not refer merely to the long chronicle of his butcheries—from the slaughter of his brothers and their followers, early in his career, down to the more recent indiscriminate and wholesale destruction of all the unmarried women who attempted to evade his orders, given in a sudden fit of caprice, that they should accept as husbands the elderly unmarried soldiers of his army, the massacre being subsequently extended to all the relatives who took away for burial the exposed corpses of the slaughtered women—but I would take his character from his own account of himself; it was sent little more than two years ago to the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, who, on hearing of the massacre of the girls, wrote to remind him of what had very recently passed between him and the representative of the Natal Government, Sir T. Shepstone, in the way of promises of more merciful rule, on the occasion of his installation as king, expressing a hope that the Lieutenant-Governor might learn from him that the reports which had reached him were incorrect. Cetywayo replied : 'Did I ever tell Shepstone? Did he tell the white people I made such an arrangement? Because, if he did, he has deceived them. I do kill, but do not consider yet I have done anything in the way of killing. Why do the white people start at nothing? I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill; it is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it. Why does the Governor of Natal speak to me about my laws? Do I go to Natal and dictate to him about his laws? I shall not agree to any laws or rules from Natal, and by so doing throw the great kraal which I govern into the water. My people will not listen unless they are killed; and, while wishing to be friends with the English, I do not agree to give over my people to be governed by laws sent to me by them. Have I not asked the English Government to allow me to wash my spears, since the death of my father Um

Pande, and they have kept playing with me all this time, and treating me like a child? Go back and tell the English that I shall now act on my own account, and if they wish me to agree to their laws I shall leave and become a wanderer; but before I go it will be seen that I shall *not go without having acted*. Go back and tell the white man this, and *let them hear it well*. The Governor of Natal and I are equal. He is Governor of Natal and I am Governor here.' ”

The despatch dated 5th January, 1878, from the Administrator of the Transvaal, Sir T. Shepstone, K.C.M.G., to the Earl of Carnarvon, late Secretary of State for the Colonies, is couched in the following terms:—

“Utrecht, Transvaal, January 5, 1878.

“My Lord—In pursuance of the intention expressed in the last paragraph of my despatch on the 2nd instant, I have the honor to transmit to your Lordship the statement made by the messengers last sent by me to the Zulu King, and to whose mission that despatch had reference.

“2. There are several portions of this statement which afford considerable insight into the internal condition of Zululand, when considered in connection with surrounding circumstances, past and present, and the information that is continually reaching me of what is occurring among the Zulu people.

“3. But to fully understand the subject it is necessary first to state shortly the nature of the Zulu organization, its origin and objects; and this will compel a consideration of the question, how far the existence of such an organization in such a position, under the changed circumstances of the surrounding countries, can be, or can be made to be, compatible with the maintenance of peace in South Africa.

“4. This organization must be looked upon as an engine constructed and used to generate power, the accumulation of which is now kept pent up in this machine, while the process that produces that power is as actively going on as ever.

“5. The Zulu constitution is essentially military; every man is a soldier, in whose eyes manual labor, except for military purposes, is degrading. He has been taught from his very childhood that the sole object of his life is

fighting and war, and this faith is as strong in the Zulu soldier now, and is as strongly inculcated, as it was fifty years ago, when it was necessary to the building up and existence of his nation.

"6. The Zulu tribe, originally insignificant, was raised to become the greatest native power in Africa, south of the Zambesi River, by the ability and military talent of Tshaka, one of its chiefs. The genius, instincts, and traditions of the people are all military; the nation, which is less than seventy years old, had become a compact military engine before the years of its existence had numbered twenty, and its very life depended at that time of its history upon the perfection of its aggressive and defensive powers.

"7. Before Natal became a British colony, there was plenty of work to which the ever accumulating forces of this engine could be applied, and they were extravagantly applied; after that period, and when the Transvaal became occupied by people of European descent, the area upon which these forces could be expended became more and more circumscribed, and is now cut off altogether.

"8. But the engine has not ceased to exist or to generate its forces, although the reason or excuse for its existence has died away; these forces have continued to accumulate, and are daily accumulating without safety-valve or outlet.

"9. War is the universal cry among the soldiers, who are anxious to live up to their traditions, and are disappointed in their early expectations. The rulers of Zululand have failed to perceive in time that some alteration in the ideas, tastes, and aspirations of the people was necessary to meet the changed circumstances which have rendered their military organization a contradiction; and the idea is gaining ground among the people that their nation has outlived the object of its existence.

"10. Had Cetuywayo's thirty thousand warriors been in time changed to laborers working for wages, Zululand would have been a prosperous peaceful country instead of what it now is, a source of perpetual danger to itself and its neighbors.

"11. The question is, what is to be done with this pent up and still accumulating power? There are not

wanting signs that this question may solve itself. It is evident from the account given by the messengers, and from other evidence, that Zululand is from some cause or other in a state of great excitement. I have already shown in my despatch of the 2nd instant that this excitement could not have been produced by any action of this Government regarding the boundary line, because had the conduct of the Zulus, which was the consequence of already existing excitement, not prevented me, I should, in my ignorance of the merits of the case at my first meeting, have surrendered to them much more than I afterwards found they were entitled to.

"12. Cetywayo is evidently nervous about his personal position; he dares not, he says, resist the clamours of his regiments, or they would turn against him. This means that he dares not abate a clamour which is unreasonable, and which he knows is unreasonable, and which he also knows is daily inflicting great damage upon this country, the insisting upon which must lead to war. At the same time he asserts his belief that the loudest clamourers are those most likely to desert him; his conclusion, however, is that he will not fight.

"13. On the other hand, Umnyamana and his colleagues declare that they will fight, and that the Zulu people are unanimous on that point.

"14. It is thought by some that the Zulus are divided into a peace party and a war party. The impression received by me, from what I have observed and learned during the long stay which I have been forced to make on the immediate Zulu border, where I yet am, is that there is in reality no party whose desire it is to go to war with us except for the purpose of securing for themselves and their country the benefits of a revolution, which in my opinion would happen the moment any active measure to enforce the claim of this Government were taken; and that the desire to accomplish this is strong in the great majority of the Zulu people.

"15. I believe that the cruelties, the indiscriminate shedding of blood, and the continued dread of being put to death for the most venial fault, or for no fault at all, have rendered the conditions of Zulu life insupportable. When the Zulu people look upon their own lot and that of

their brothers and sisters in Natal, who enjoy the same security to life and property that a white man does, they cannot help drawing comparisons unfavorable to their own Government, or avoid longing for a change.

"16. The diversion and even comparative personal safety that in bygone days resulted from Zulu invasion of foreign tribes, and from the victories of Zulu armies, now far away from their own home, have to be expended at home and among themselves.

"17. The opinion I have above expressed to your Lordship is very far from being merely speculative, although reasoning from analogy and judging from the workings of the human mind, the conclusions would seem to be unavoidable. I have, however, much evidence from the Zulu country itself to support my opinion ; I therefore no longer hesitate to express it.

"18. The abandonment of so large a portion of the lower part of the Transvaal, forced upon the white inhabitants by Cetywayo's demands and actions, and the state of things as above described in the Zulu country, produce a tension that cannot last long unless one side gives way. For this Government to yield would not help the case in Zululand ; its nature admits of no such remedy. It may be that Cetywayo will tacitly give way, but even this will be but a temporary postponement of an explosion that must come, of a difficulty which must be met. This state of things points to the necessity for the presence in this part of the country of a much more powerful military force than is here, or available at present. When the Zulu Government is so changed as to be amenable to the demands of humanity, and they are allowed by that Government to be approached by civilizing and christianizing influences, without danger to the lives of those Zulu subjects who submit to those influences, but not until then, will the peace of South Africa rest on a surer basis than it does at present."

This, as it will appear above, was written as early as January 5, 1878.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## The Fight at Usirayo's Kraal.

What the issue of all the foregoing was is now well known. On the 11th of Jan., 1879, the day after the expiration of the full period allowed the Zulu King to meet the whole of the demands of Her Majesty's Government, as conveyed to him in the famous ultimatum of Sir Bartle Frere, General Lord Chelmsford (Thesiger), the Commander-in-chief of H.M. forces in South Africa, took action, and accordingly No. 3 Column under the command of Col. Glyn, C.B., crossed the Buffalo River into Zululand.

The next day (12th Jan.) a comparatively unimportant attack was made by our forces upon the strongholds of Usirayo (the letter "r" is, in Zulu, a guttural) whose sons had pursued some young Zulu women into Natal, and having dragged them back into Zululand with thongs round their necks, tortured and then murdered them under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity. Sixteen of Usirayo's men were killed, including Unkumbi ka Zulu (*i.e.*, the semi-circle of the Zulus), one of his sons. The loss on our side was trifling. It was here perceived that the firing of the Zulus was very indirect.

The following account is taken from the letter of the war correspondent of the *Natal Mercury* of the 28th January, 1879 :—

Intalala River, near Usirayo's Kraal,

Monday, January 13, 1879.

You will of course have received long ere this my special message sent to you on Sunday evening, conveying the intelligence that the British Forces crossed the Buffalo River into Zululand, and commenced the Zulu campaign

on Saturday, the 11th of January, 1879, and had a sharp engagement with some of the enemy, part of Usirayo's tribe, on Sunday morning. The news must have been most satisfactory to all colonists as showing that the General is determined to let the Zulu King and nation know once and for all that nothing except complete submission will now satisfy the demands which Sir Bartle Frere has seen fit to make. Before describing the engagement itself and what has since occurred I think an account of our crossing the Border, viz., the Buffalo River at Rorke's Drift, will prove of interest. The troops had all been moved down gradually from Helpmakaar to the camp on the Natal side of the Drift, and on Friday were joined by the General and his staff, who inspected the 3rd Regiment of the Natal Native Contingent, and seemed much pleased with the two battalions. He addressed the Kaffirs and gave them good advice, saying that no prisoners, women or children, were to be injured in any way. Unfortunately, owing to an accident (through being thrown from his horse) Commandant Lonsdale, the Corps-Commandant, was unable to be present, but the two Battalion-Commandants, G. Hamilton Browne and A. W. Cooper, were present.

I forgot to mention in my last letter that on Wednesday afternoon the camp was startled by a sentry sending in the news that several mounted men were coming down to the river from the Zulu side, and at the distance it was impossible to distinguish who or what they were. All turned out and hurried down to the drift, where the punt was working, and it was then discovered that the visitors were not Zulus at all, but that the party consisted of Capt. Barton and Lieut. Baron Von Steitencron, of the Frontier Light Horse, with an escort of one corporal and three men, who had made a most adventurous ride from Colonel Wood's column, which we learn had crossed the Blood River on the previous Monday morning, and were encamped a few miles in Zululand. Captain Barton had been out exploring roads, &c., and meeting with no opposition, had penetrated right through to our camp, a distance of over thirty miles. The Kaffirs all along the road had been friendly, and given them information and milk. The only place where they heard they were likely to be annoyed was at a kraal of some mission Kaffirs, so they kept away. As it

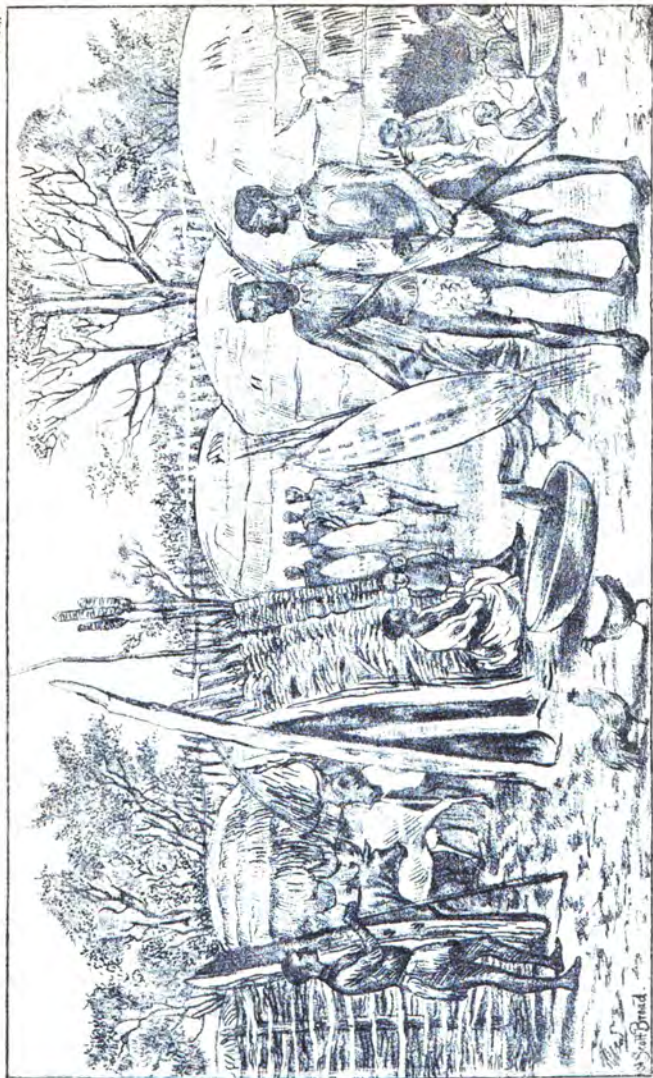




**LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD OHELMSFORD, K.C.B.**  
*(Late Commander-in-Chief of the British Troops engaged in the Boer War).*







INTERIOR OF A KRAAL ON THE TUGELA RIVER.



was very late when they arrived at our camp, it was considered dangerous to try and return, and they waited with us till morning, and then left on their return journey. How they fared we know not, although we heard they reached Colonel Wood's column safely.

To return to our own camp. During Friday evening (which everyone will doubtless remember was the 10th of January, the last of the thirty days given to Cetywayo) rumours were afloat that we were to cross on the morrow, and shortly the order came in that the whole column was to move over at daybreak on Saturday. Reveillé sounded at 2 p.m.; tents were struck, and the different regiments in their places to cross at 4.30. The first battalion of the 3rd regt. N.N.C. were ordered to cross the drift itself, which at present is broad and deep, and with a strong current. There was a small island in the centre, which helped to ease the crossing. The entire cavalry brigade, under Lieut.-Colonel Russell, deposited their arms, &c., on the pontoons, and then rode back to follow the 2-3rd N.N.C. at the drift. The 1-24th regt., under Captain Degacher, crossed on one of the punts, and the 2-24th, under Colonel Degacher, C.B., on the other; while the 2-3rd N.N.C. crossed at a drift higher up the river. The Artillery, six guns, under Lieut.-Colonel Harness, were in position on a slight rise in the camp to protect our crossing, and did not follow over until the next day. A thick fog came on just as we were ready to cross. I had previously arranged to accompany the 3rd regt. N.N.C. throughout the campaign, and so had all along remained with them. This morning I went down to the drift with their column, and with Captain Krohn led the way over, arriving first on the other side, so that I may say, as far as our column was concerned, I was actually the first man in Zululand after war was declared, and the troops moved over.

The crossing of the drift was executed under the eye of the General, who was attended by a numerous and brilliant staff, and it was most successfully carried out; although several minor accidents occurred, neither horse nor man came to grief. The water was up to the men's necks in places, and ran at the rate of over six knots an hour; this, with a very stony bottom, will show how difficult it must have been. One accident did occur, which might

have ended fatally: a man of the mounted infantry was taken off his horse, and would have been carried away by the stream had it not been for the gallant conduct of Capt. Hayes, 1-3rd N.N.C., who jumped into the river again and succeeded, at the risk of his own life, in getting the man across safely. This act was witnessed by all, and drew a highly flattering mention of the same from the General, which appeared among the column orders issued on Monday. The two line regiments crossed all right on the pontoons, and, with the 3rd N.N.C., took up a position on the opposite side, ascending the hill in skirmishing order.

The line, when opened out in skirmishing order, was quite three miles long, and was formed as follows, beginning from our right:—The 1-6rd N.N.C commenced from the bend of the river, having four companies for skirmishing on the rise, in reserve, on their extreme right flank. Then some companies of the 1-24th, also with a reserve. The 2-24th followed in similar order, and the line was ended with the 2-3rd N.N.C., five of whose companies were extended, the others forming a reserve, placed on the extreme left flank. The whole force was advanced a few hundred yards, and then halted until the fog lifted. After a short time, the cavalry division came through our ranks, with His Excellency Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford and staff in the centre, and proceeded on at a sharp trot some way inland. I was afterwards told that they rode about fifteen to eighteen miles, in order to meet the advance guard of Colonel Wood's column, which had come on some distance to do so. They did not return until the evening, and then part of them brought in our first capture, consisting of about seventy head of cattle, some horses, sheep and goats; they were afterwards followed by the rest of the division, who had 221 head of cattle, and 121 goats. These had been taken from three different kraals, away to the north-west. The inhabitants had run away, and many guns and assegais were taken and destroyed.

In the meantime while this was being done, the greater portion of our wagons, oxen, ambulances, &c., were being got across on the pontoons, and this work tried to the utmost the powers of all concerned, and resulted most successfully and creditably to those in command. At any rate by evening enough were got over to enable us all to

encamp, and then after being all day without food you can imagine how an evening meal was enjoyed. Colonel Glynn, C.B.—attended by Major Clery and Captains Parr and Coghill—was present all day, riding up and down the line, and also watching the wagons, &c., being got over. The tents were put up and we all encamped in exactly the same place as we occupied during the day. Outlying pickets were sent out, strong guards for the camp and the captured cattle put on, and we all retired to rest, with the pleasant consciousness that at five the next morning a reconnaissance in strength was to be made by the whole column, carrying one day's rations. The tired men grumbled, but were pleased at the chance of meeting the enemy on the next day.

At 3.30 a.m., on Sunday morning reveillé sounded; the different regiments were paraded as follows: The 1st battalion 3rd N.N.C., 850 strong, under Major Black 2-24th, and Commandant Browne. Four companies of the 1-24th under Capt. Degacher, and 100 mounted infantry under Capt. Brown, 100 Natal Mounted Police under Inspector Mansell, 50 Natal Carbineers under Capt. Shepstone, and 35 Newcastle Mounted Rifles and Buffalo Border Guard under Capt. Bradsten. The whole column was under the personal command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., and Lieut.-Col. Russell had charge of the cavalry division. There was also a reserve force formed of the 2-3rd N.N.C. under Commandant Cooper, and the 2-24th under Colonel Degacher, C.B. They only started three hours after we did, and arrived on the scene when the action was over. They were, however, of great service, thoroughly clearing the valley, burning Usirayo's great kraal and capturing about 100 head of cattle, which were escaping from our men.

We started punctually at five, and rode about six miles with the Carbineers thrown out in skirmishing order, and videttes on each flank. When we arrived on the other side of the hill, where it begins to descend into the valley where Usirayo's kraals are, we heard a war song being sung, as it seemed by a large body of men, and we could also distinguish moving forms on the top of the hills opposite, and also among the rocks up a steep and stony krantz in front. The lowing of cattle was also distinguishable, and proved to us distinctly that these men having doubtless

heard of our having captured cattle on the day previous, had driven their cattle up among the rocks, and established themselves up there in caves, &c., determined upon resisting. This knowledge served to redouble both our vigilance and eagerness to get at them. At the bottom of the valley a small spruit divides it, and we were halted on this side while the General and Colonel Glynn made their observations, and consequent plan of attack. Some little time elapsed before this was done, and then the cavalry were first sent over to go round the hill on the right, and try to outflank those that might escape, and also to get up to the top for the same purpose. The main attack, made upon the centre of the krantz itself, was conducted by the men of the 3rd N.N.C., led by Commander Browne, under the command of Major Black, 2-24th, and four companies of the 1-24th, under Captain Degacher. This force was immediately extended in line, with orders to advance straight up to that part of the ravine where the Zulus were hidden. This was done steadily, although great difficulty was found in keeping the line unbroken, owing to the rough nature of the ground, and several very awkward gullies intervening. As we approached to within about five hundred yards, a voice was heard asking "By whose order the white impi had come there, and whether they were enemies?" To this no answer was given, and we again advanced. Major Black, in the meantime, sent down for orders as to when to open fire. Permission was given to fire only after they first fired on us. Shortly after, at about 7.30, the first shot was fired from behind a large rock, and injured a Kaffir belonging to the Native Contingent. After that a constant fusilade was kept up until the cattle were taken with a rush made by No. 8 Company, under Captains Duncombe and Murry, led by Commandant Browne. The Kaffirs then got desperate and retreated to their covers, pouring in a heavy fire from behind rocks. This had the effect of breaking our line, and many of our natives turned and ran. However, owing to the magnificent exertions of the European officers leading the first four columns, and notwithstanding the fact that some of the enemy began to throw down heavy rocks on the advancing men, they succeeded, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in shooting nearly twenty

men, taking four others prisoners, as well as many women and children. In this last hand-to-hand fight, Captains Hayes and E. Hicks greatly distinguished themselves; and Captain Harford, of the 99th Regt., who is attached to us as staff officer, performed one of the most plucky actions possible, in advancing to the mouth of a cave out of which many men had been shot, and succeeded in inducing four men to come out, deliver up their arms, and give themselves up as prisoners. His revolver was empty at the time, and he might easily have been shot by either as they came out one by one. The loss on our side was two natives killed and eighteen wounded, including Lieut. Purvis (who was shot through the arm, but is now progressing favorably), and Corporal Meyor, who received a bad assegai wound in the leg. All the other casualties were of minor importance, and occurred exclusively among the Native Contingent. In the meantime two companies, under Captains Harber and Hulley, on the extreme left, had, with the 1-24th, under Captain Degacher, advanced along to the left, and succeeded in getting round over the point of the ravine on to the other side, so as to prevent any escape, and gradually getting higher until we reached the top. This was done well, and several fugitives were shot. In many places exchange of fire was made, with no loss on our side, but about six of the enemy were killed. The top was reached through a tremendous defile, and just on the other side we captured three horses. When on the top several fugitives were seen on foot, and mounted, away in the distance, making round the base of another hill which rises from the top of the one they were on. The sight to be obtained is a magnificent one, looking north down a precipitous cliff, a splendid valley extends for miles, rich in verdure, covered with kraals now deserted, and bounded on each side by high mountains, while to the south the Buffalo and the Natal mountains are seen in the distance, with our camp on Rorke's Drift, looking like a miniature soldiers' camp. To the eastward, Spitzberg rises in the air with its curious-shaped top, and close by it runs our road to Ulundi. Altogether it was a sight worth seeing, and when the mounted men met the four companies of the 1-24th, and those of the 1-3rd N.N.C., such a sight was never seen before and never will be seen again.



The Cavalry Division, in getting round the right flank up the valley, were followed by several Kaffirs along the heights, in number about thirty, under a younger son of Usirayo. These men constantly taunted the cavalry, and at last fired upon them. Colonel Russell ordered Captain Shepstone to send forward eight of his men to draw their fire, and although within point-blank range, they never flinched or wasted a shot. A grand advance was then made, the men being dismounted. Major Dartnell accompanied them in a gallant way. They succeeded in shooting three, wounded others, and the rest fled, among whom there were some on horseback. The Mounted Infantry and Natal Mounted Police had also ascended, the one on the left and the other on the right, and by a counter-flank movement, were able to cut off the retreat of the others who had fled, and obliged them to cross a flat plateau, where six more were killed outright, including the son of Usirayo. The whole division then went up to the top, and halted for a short meal. They afterwards went on the hill, accompanied by some of the native levies, and examined a large kraal on the top. The whole then returned by the way they had come, and, through heavy thunderstorms, all returned home.

Several guns were taken, also many assegais and lots of sour milk and other Kaffir produce. None of the guns were modern, but consisted of old tower muskets and carbines. A large quantity of ammunition was found, including several hundred rounds of Westley-Richards' cartridges on a new wagon of Usirayo's. The cartridges were brought away, but it was impossible to get the wagon down. We have now moved on our camp to the scene of action, and shall be here some days road-making for the rest of the column to come on.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

## The Battle of Isandula.

On the 20th January a position was taken up at Isandula, and the camp was pitched under the brow of the Isandhlwana Hill, which is an abrupt and precipitous termination of a mountain ridge running eastward. Lord Chelmsford was with this camp from the morning of the 20th January to the morning of the 22nd, when he proceeded further into the country in order to take up a new position. No attempt to "laager" the wagons or to entrench the Isandula camp was made while the General was thus with it, and when he left he gave Colonel Pulleine, of the 1-24th Regiment, his orders, which were "to contract the line of defence, and defend the camp." The English papers have pictorially and otherwise explained what a "laager" is, but in case some of my readers have not seen such explanation, I here give a description of it. The wagons are drawn up, sometimes in a square, sometimes in a circle, in single, or when the number of wagons permit it, in double rows, the pole of one wagon being pushed in under the one just in front of it, and so on. Strong boughs, thorny if possible, are then well wattled and interlaced wherever an opening occurs, and cannons are mounted at the corners of the square. The draught and other cattle are penned up in the circle or square on one side. This form of defence has been adopted by the Boers and others from the earliest days, and in fact it is well known to every novice that it is the only sure protection against the great numbers and headlong valor of the Zulus. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, late Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, a Kafir scholar, and a very old and long-headed resident,

accompanied Lord Chelmsford, so it seems passing strange that the Isandula camp should have been left in an "unlaagered" state.

At a Court of Enquiry on the subject, the evidence taken at which will be given in its proper place, it was stated by witnesses that the General gave Colonel Pulleine the orders as above, that after the General left the camp Colonel Durnford, Colonel Pulleine's superior officer, rode into the camp, and the latter handed over to the former his command and the orders. Lieut. Cochrane, of the 32nd Regiment, who was transport officer of No. 3 Column, says in his evidence that Colonel Durnford after taking over the command "sent two troops of mounted natives to the tops of the hills to the left, and took with him two troops of Rocket Battery, with escort of one Company Native Contingent on to the front of the camp, about four or five miles off. Before leaving he asked Colonel Pulleine to give him two companies 24th Regiment. Colonel Pulleine said that with the orders he had received he could not do it, but agreed with Colonel Durnford to send him help if he got into difficulties." It may be here said that Colonel Durnford's reason for sending the two troops of Mounted Natives out was that a messenger had reported the Zulus retiring in all directions. And so in this wise were Colonel Pulleine's soldiers of the 1-24th (Warwickshire) Regiment drawn away from the camp, and led to engage in the open with the overwhelming masses of Zulus which now came rapidly on the scene. The cause of the disaster under Isandhlwana must be summed up in a couple of sentences—*First and foremost the absence of a "Laager" form of defence, and secondly the unfortunate disregard of the General's orders by the gallant Colonel Durnford, and the consequent embroilment of Colonel Pulleine and his men.* Anyway, if the camp had been properly "laagered" the two companies left in it to defend the baggage could have held it easier than the one company subsequently did *their* camp at Rorke's Drift.

The following stirring account of the battle of Isandhlwana was taken down in writing from a combatant who providentially lives to tell the tale of the disaster. It bears on the face of it the impress of truth :—"On the morning of the 22nd January, at about six o'clock, Colonel Durnford



**COLONEL A. W. DURNFORD, R. E.**  
*(Killed in the Battle of Isondula, Jan. 23, 1879).*



gave orders to march. We at once packed up the tents, and inspanned the wagons. We started about seven o'clock a.m. from our camp on the Zulu side of the Buffalo. We marched as far as the Bashee stream about ten a.m., where Capt. Russell of the Rocket Battery gave orders for D company to march on with all speed with him, and E company, with Capt. Stafford, stayed behind to escort the wagons. After staying there about a quarter of an hour, orders came for Capt. Stafford to leave part of his company as escort for the wagons, and to hurry on with the rest to the front. He left me with 16 men, and told me to hurry on the wagons, which I accordingly did, to the best of my ability. We had then heard the firing of the cannon for about a quarter of an hour (since about ten a.m.), and I continued to hear it until I arrived at the camp (about half-past ten or eleven a.m.) at Isandhlwana. There I took my escort to the front, which was then about a mile a-head of the camp. The Zulus were then about 700 yards away. I placed my men in position, and told them "to fire low," while I sat down and watched the progress of affairs. After sitting so for about five minutes, I felt I myself must have some shots, and accordingly went back to camp to get a gun, not having had one before. Capt. Stafford told me to give my gun to a Kaffir while I went back to the wagons, saying that I could get it at the camp on my arrival. My company was already at the front, so that I did not again see the Kaffirs. When I returned, I was just mounting to the top of the hill where my Kaffirs were, when I saw the hill to the right of the camp black with Zulus. I got into my place, and began firing. I had fired only a few shots when Pakadi's men, among whom I was, began to run. When the Zulus got about 300 yards from me, I saw that the Mounted Native Contingent and the whole column to the right of the guns, were retiring (about three o'clock) and I followed, firing as I went, thinking they were falling back on the camp. When we got about 200 yards in front of the camp we all stood, except Pakadi's men, who were then in full flight. The cannon here began to fire harder than ever, but the Zulus kept on pouring down in front and on our flank; those in front of the cannon when they saw the gunners stand clear would either fall down flat or divide in the middle, so as to leave a lane, and when the shot had passed would shout out

'Umoya!' (only wind). There was no confusion or hurry in these movements of theirs, but all was done as though they had been drilled to it. They kept on advancing till within 100 yards. The Zulus on our flank were then about 200 yards off, when the whole army made a simultaneous charge upon the camp. I had then retired as far as the wagons, when seeing the Zulus carrying everything before them, and everybody scattered and bolting, I naturally did the same on foot, about four o'clock. After running a long way I got completely blown with the weight of my gun and ammunition. I thereupon threw my ammunition away, all except five rounds which I kept for self-defence, having no doubt that the Zulus would catch me. After running a few yards further I was dead beat, and sat down on a stone with my gun beside me. On looking round I saw the Zulus killing soldiers close behind me. I jumped up and ran on, forgetting my gun in my haste. I soon overtook Capt. Stafford, who was riding one horse and leading another. I asked him to lend me a horse, as I could not go any further. He dismounted and gave me the one he was riding, while he mounted the other. He said, 'Keep behind me,' but on looking round he had disappeared. I thereupon watched where the Contingent Kaffirs were making for, and followed them. After riding about two miles, I was watching a soldier who was running about ten yards from me, when just as he had passed a bush a Zulu sprang out and said, 'Uya ngapi umlungu?' (Where are you going, white man?), and threw a broad-bladed assegai at him with his left hand, which pierced the poor soldier between the shoulders. The poor fellow fell forward on his face, and the Zulu ran up to him and calling out 'Usutu,' stabbed him to the heart with the same assegai. He had no sooner done this than I saw him throw one at me, and bobbing on one side to avoid the assegai, it stuck in my leg. I had just shaken it out when another one came and stuck in my horse. I pulled it out and threw it down, when, on looking for the Zulu, he had disappeared. After going about 500 yards further I saw a puff of smoke, and a bullet whizzed about an inch from my nose. I shouted out to the marksman, 'Iya wa uti u ya dubula bane na?' (Who do you think you are shooting?). After this this I came to a precipice, which I found impassable. I

was going to turn back, when I saw the Zulus about twenty yards behind me. I therefore thought I had better risk my neck over the precipice, which was about twelve feet high, than the Zulus. I shut my eyes and jumped my horse over it. I landed safely at the bottom, but never looked back to see what had become of the enemy. When I arrived at the river I could not get my horse into it on account of his being nearly exhausted. I made way for Capt. Cochrane, whose horse mine then followed. When I got into the middle of the stream, out of the horse's depth, four or five men caught hold of his tail, so that he could not move. While they were still holding on the Zulus came up and assailed some, while others let go and were carried away by the stream, only to be murdered further down. On getting out on this side the Edendale men told me to lie flat on my horse's neck, which I did, thinking the Zulus were going to fire at me, but was surprised to hear our own men firing over my head; they killed about a dozen Zulus. While watching this little skirmish I saw one of our Kaffirs brought to bay by a Zulu. After some preliminary guarding on the part of both, the Zulu stabbed our Kaffir in the shoulder; thereupon our Kaffir jumped up into the air and stuck his assegai to the Zulu's heart. Both of them then rolled into the river. The Zulus crossing, we continued our flight to Helpmakaar, where we arrived quite safely at about half-past six. The Zulus chased us about three miles this side of the river."

The following questions were then put to the narrator, whose answers are appended:—

When you arrived at the camp what was its position? Were any wagons inspanned, and if so, for what purpose?—I did not take minute notice of the formation of the camp. Noticed the tents, and the wagons arranged behind them; some of the wagons were inspanned, for what purpose I cannot say; at other wagons I saw the oxen tied to the yokes.

How far were you from the military during the engagement?—At one time with them, but most of the time about half a mile from them.

In what order of battle were they, so far as you observed, and how far from the camp?—They appeared in double column, in line; they did not skirmish. They



were about half a mile from the camp, in front, facing the high hills.

Did you hear the sound of any bugle, or was that impossible from the noise of cannon and small arms?—I heard no sound of bugle; there was too much noise.

Did you see any aide-de-camp riding and conveying orders during the day?—I did not. I never heard of any. I did hear that some one was sent to the column under the General, to request aid.

You say you were engaged from about 11 a.m. until 4 p.m. During this time was any general or particular order conveyed to you, or to your company, so far as you are aware, with reference to your plan of operations?—None to myself. I am not aware of any having been issued to my company. I saw no staff officer, nor did I see any commander.

Do you know whether the cannon fired ball, grape, or canister shot?—I think only ball was fired, from what I saw, and afterwards heard.

Did the Rocket Battery, so far as you could observe, do any execution?—I did not see the Rocket Battery fired; but I was told by a brother officer that only one rocket was fired, and he was watching it very particularly. He saw the rocket pass over the heads of the Zulus without doing any execution; that is, so far as he saw.

When did you last see Colonel Durnford?—At about 11 a.m., after I arrived at the camp, I saw him some distance off, on our right. After the retreat I saw his horse without a rider, near the Buffalo, the saddle hanging at its side. A soldier tried to catch it without avail; it rushed into the river, and was carried down. I do not know whether it swam out.

Did you hear the Zulus say, "Leave the black men, and attack the soldiers and the whites"?—I never heard this myself, but the Native Contingent told me they heard the Zulus say, "Leave the Kaffirs, as the white men cause them to fight."

Did you recognise any women in the field?—I never saw one, or the appearance of one.

Were there any women, do you know, amongst our camp followers?—I did not see any, and I never heard of any being with the wagons.



**FORT MELVILL, NEAR ISANDHLWANA.**

1. Ridge where the Wagons are. 2. Isandhlwana Hill. 3. Babes Valley. 4. Sibogo's Kraal. 5. Road from the Ponds.  
6. Buffalo River. 7. Wagon Drift over River.



Did you notice, or hear of any white man being with the enemy?—I never saw a white man; but I was told that a white man was engaged at Rorke's Drift, and the man who told me said he himself shot him; but the next morning, on looking for the body, it could not be found. He was very like a white man if he was not one; he wore European clothes.

When the general stampede took place, at about 4 p.m., about what number of men were still alive and engaged?—But few were then killed. Up to this time I never saw a dead white man or a dead Contingent. The Zulu shots went over our heads, and it was only when the "chest" of the Zulu army came that the contest appeared hopeless, and then the general fight and massacre took place. We all think that had the General's column appeared, the day would have been ours.

What was the Zulu war-cry?—"Usutu" and "Qoka a Amatye" (clash stones). I don't know what they meant by calling "Usutu;" but every time a white man was stabbed to death the cry was "Usutu." ("Usutu" was the war-cry adopted by Cetywayo's soldiers in 1856, in contradistinction to that of Umbulazi, "Usixosa." "Usutu" is the name of a river in Amazwaziland.)

Did you understand every word?—Yes; but I do not know what they intended to convey by the word "Usutu." When the cannon fired they cried out "Umoya" (wind).

How many of the contingent officers understood the Kaffir language?—Many of the captains and lieutenants, but none of the non-commissioned officers.

When you say Pakadi's men began to run, had they lost many white officers?—I saw no white officer with Pakadi's men; no commander at all. They were acting entirely on their own account. They kept up a fire against the Zulus until the latter were within three hundred yards of them; when, being without control, they bolted. Some of the indunas called out "Mani buya," meaning "Return to the fight;" but a panic had evidently seized them, and they would not obey the induna; that is if they heard him.

How did Zikali's people behave?—Well; splendidly. They were commanded by Captains Nourse and Stafford.

During the five minutes you were watching the progress of affairs did you notice anything special, and did

you realise the position as critical?—I was noticing the calm, steady way the Zulu army advanced under such a heavy fire as it was receiving from us. I thought the Zulus would soon retire, long before they could reach us; but no, they never halted in their step. Once they were driven back by Captain Barton. They were the left horn of the Zulu army. After this they came steadily on, every one of us retiring for the camp.

What distance was it from the camp to the Buffalo, where you escaped?—The way we took would be about seven miles. It was away from the main road.

What distance from the Buffalo to Helpmakaar, and what the nature of the country?—I think seven or eight miles, open, flat country to within two miles of Helpmakaar, where there is a stiff rise; after that it is flat to the fort.

During the five minutes you were watching did you notice the effect of our fire upon the Zulus, and theirs upon our own people?—I did not see any of our people shot; and whether the gaps I saw in the Zulu army were from shots or from their own guarding ("vika") I cannot say.

Did you hear the Zulu commander give orders to his men not to cross the Buffalo?—I did not. I could not distinguish any induna from a common Zulu. I heard no such order. I do not dispute that such may have been given; and I cannot understand why the Zulus did not follow up their victory.

When you saw George Shepstone return to the camp, do you know what he came for?—I do not know; but I heard him rallying the people, and saying they were wanted at the front. There were soldiers and others left in charge of the baggage.

"The only time I saw Captain George Shepstone was when I went the second time to the wagons to get a gun, the one I had having got out of order in the breech. He was saying this—'Why are you men not at the front? Do you not know that every man is wanted there?'—to those men who had been left in charge of the baggage. Captain Barton was also there trying to get ammunition, which, however, he did not get, the man refusing, saying that all the ammunition there was for the military and not for the Contingent. Immediately after this the Zulus rushed into the camp, and Captain Shepstone must have been killed

then (about 4). I forgot to mention that just as I crossed the river a Zulu shot at me, the bullet passing within an inch of my ear. I felt my head to see if I was hit; it killed a conductor by the name of Dubois who was walking up the hill in front of me; this was about 5 o'clock."

All the churches in Natal set apart a day of humiliation, and no sign of business was to be seen. The *Natal Mercury*, of March 12, came out with the following:—

"HONOR TO THE SLAIN.

"To-day will be to most a time of sad thought and bitter retrospection. The purposes for which it is set apart invest the occasion with gloom. It is the past rather than the present or the future to which we look. Our regards are fixed, not upon the brighter incidents of the campaign that is going on, but upon the dark field of Isandhlwana. The memorable hour which witnessed the slaughter of so many brave men will recur to the memory in all its ghastly vividness; and the terrible incidents which have been bit by bit disclosed will again troop across the mind. There is no need for us to recall them. There is not a heart in the country that does not feel sore with constant contemplation of the distressful theme, nor a tongue that has not spent itself in discussing it. There has been a morbid fascination in the topic that has proved irresistible to all of us, and made sustained attention to any other subject, a moral impossibility.

"Let us rather glance for a moment at the names and memories of those who died so nobly in their country's service. Durnford, the fearless and the impetuous; Pulleine, genial, active, and large-hearted; George Shepstone, modest and manful, as brave in death as ever he was in life; Coghill, dashing, light-hearted, and chivalrous, one's ideal of a *beau sabreur*; Melville, faithful unto death in the sacred charge of his Queen's colors; Stewart-Smith, who died while spiking the guns he could no longer hold; Bradstreet, one of Newcastle's most popular townsmen; Durrant Scott, dauntless, and yet soft-hearted, the oft-applauded hero of many a merry 'sock'; Anstey, Degacher, Porteous, Hodson, Mostyn, Dyson, and all the other fine young officers of both the regular and irregular forces, better known elsewhere than here, but not the less sincerely mourned by those they came out to

defend. No less reverently must and do we think of those who in humbler capacities fought for their country's safety and honor on that fatal day. Macleroy, London, Bullock, Davis, Blaikie, Hitchcock, Grant, and the rest, familiar to us as youths and citizens, bound to us by long ties of friendship or of kin; whose missing places to-day cause voids in many homes. And what of that long list of names—the bone and sinew of the army—the obscurer but not less gallant units belonging to all branches of the service, whose arms and hearts are the mainstay of the Empire? Little known to us indeed by personal acquaintance, they nevertheless have established an indefeasible claim upon our gratitude; and so long as Natal has a history, and so long as valor is held to be a virtue, it will be remembered to their glory how unflinchingly they fought and ‘died where they stood,’ in the face of an overwhelming and overpowering foe. Nor do we forget ‘those others,’ men of a darker hue, and of an alien race—men divided from us by the barriers of a strange tongue and of heathen ways, though the bravest of them, be it remembered, were the mission converts of Edendale—the loyal natives who fought with us and for us on that day, and who, by their fidelity and courage, established between white and black a bond of ‘blood brotherhood’ which will never be forgotten or effaced.

“These be the staple of our thoughts to-day. It is their swift and sudden doom that has humiliated us. It is their death that we mourn. Had they escaped that doom we should not now be grieving, and the only ray of solace that we allow ourselves just now is the hope that the blood thus shed will prove to have been the purchase price of a peace-crowned, a united, and a regenerate South Africa.”

Sir Robert Peel was very severe upon Lord Chelmsford and Sir Bartle Frere in the House of Commons, with what amount of reason will be judged. He says:—“The Government had enforced caution upon Sir Bartle Frere, who had exceeded and defied their authority, while the incompetency of Lord Chelmsford had led to the miserable disaster at Isandula. Upon his head (until tried by court martial) was the blood of 53 officers and 1,400 men, or a greater number of officers than had fallen at the battle of Inkermann. The conclusion that he had arrived at was



**LIEUT.-COLONEL PULLEINE, 24TH. REGT.**  
*(Killed in the Battle of Isandula, Jan. 23, 1879),*







**LIEUTENANT ANSTEY.**

*(Late of South Australia. Killed at Isandhlwana.)*



that Sir Bartle Frere ought not to have been kept in his place a moment after he had been censured, and that there was no ground for supposing that the war was either just or necessary."

Sir M. Hicks-Beach in speaking on the subject of censuring a Governor while retaining him in office, says, "But when it is said, as I have heard it said, that this is an unprecedented censure on a Governor who is retained in office, I think it will be very easy to show, without any lengthened research through the archives of the Colonial Office, that it is nothing of the kind. I do not like to reopen questions that have been settled, or to give pain to valuable servants of the Crown; but I think the House will give me credit when I say that a censure ten times exceeding in severity that which was awarded to Sir Bartle Frere, was awarded by the Colonial Office to the Governor of a Colony, for acting against directions he had received from Her Majesty's Government, and for carrying out a line of policy which they disapproved; and yet that Governor was not recalled, but was retained in his office to the great benefit of the Colony, and now holds also to the great benefit of the Service, the Governorship of one of the most important colonies of the empire."

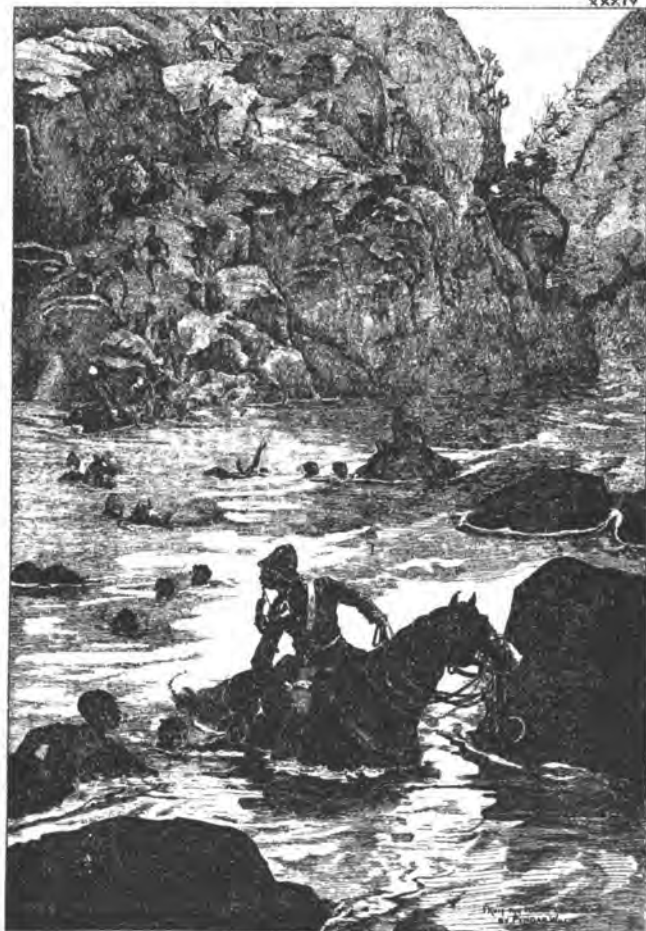
Lord Beaconsfield denied that the resolution before the House raised either the question of the policy of Her Majesty's Government or that of the High Commissioner. The proposal really was to censure the Government because they had retained in the post of High Commissioner the man whom, on the whole, they considered to be the best qualified for that position. Had the Government, in deference to the panic of the hour, recalled Sir Bartle Frere, the world would have been delighted, as it always was, to find a victim. But they had not recalled Sir Bartle Frere because they thought it their duty in the public interest to retain him. The noble earl, amid loud cheers, concluded by saying that if their lordships placed the public advantage above party considerations, they would negative the resolution then before the House.

In the same discussion in the House of Commons above alluded to, Sir M. Hicks-Beach drew the attention of Parliament to the long and valued services of Sir Bartle Frere,

which had on occasions procured him the thanks of Parliament.

Attention has been called to the fact that the losses we have sustained in our encounter with the Zulus are out of all proportion to the British forces engaged and to the average casualties in war. Our killed at Isandula eclipsed the best-remembered figures of the Crimean war—twenty-six British officers and 327 men killed at the Alma, and 462 English and French killed at Inkerman. Yet our forces at the Alma were about 26,000, and at Inkerman the allies numbered 14,000 against 40,000 Russians. The proportions at Balaklava, where 472 fell out of a total of 670 engaged in the famous charge, came nearest to those of the early results of this war with the Zulus. There is of course the improved rifle to be taken into consideration, but the numbers of breechloaders in the hands of the Zulus is not sufficient to account for the high percentage of casualties to the numbers in the field.

After the desperate combat at Isandhlwana, a scene of utter confusion seems to have occurred—horse and foot, black and white, English and Zulu, all in a struggling mass, making gradually through the camp towards the road, where the Zulus already closed the way of escape. Of what happened during that half-hour even those who lived to tell can remember but little. Every man who had a horse attempted to escape towards the river; those who had none died where they stood. One of the few saved was Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien; who was the transport officer with Colonel Glyn's column, and had been sent that morning by Lord Chelmsford with a despatch to Colonel Durnford at Rorke's Drift ordering him to join Colonel Pulleine at the Isandhlwana camp. He describes the fight and the subsequent flight to the Buffalo, of which he says:—"The ground there down to the river was so broken that the Zulus went as fast as the horses, and kept killing all the way. There were very few white men. They were nearly all mounted niggers of ours flying. This lasted till we came to a kind of precipice down to the river Buffalo. I jumped off and led my horse down. There was a poor fellow of the mounted infantry (a private) struck through the arm, who said as I passed that if I could bind up his arm and stop the bleeding he would be all right. I accordingly took out my handkerchief and tied up his arm. Just as I had done



**FUGITIVES' DRIFT—THE RETREAT FROM ISANDULA.**



it, Major Smith, of the Artillery, came down by me, wounded, saying, 'For God's sake, get on, man; the Zulus are on the top of us!' I had done all I could for the wounded man, and so turned to jump on my horse. Just as I was doing so the horse went with a bound to the bottom of the precipice, being struck with an assegai. I gave up all hope, as the Zulus were all round me finishing off the wounded, the man I had helped and Major Smith among the number. However, with the strong hope that everybody clings to that some accident would turn up, I rushed off on foot and plunged into the river, which was little better than a roaring torrent. I was being carried down the stream at a tremendous pace when a loose horse came by me and I got hold of his tail, and he landed me safely on the other bank, but I was too tired to stick to him and get on his back. I got up again and rushed on, and was several times knocked over by our mounted niggers, who would not even get out of my way; then up a tremendous hill, with my wet clothes and boots full of water. About twenty Zulus got over the water and followed us up over the hill, but I am thankful to say they had not their firearms. Crossing the river, however, the Zulus kept firing at us as we went up the hill, and killed several of the niggers all round me. I was the only white man to be seen until I came to one who had been kicked by his horse and could not mount. I put him on his horse and lent him my knife. He said he would catch me a horse. Directly he was up he went clear away. I struggled into Helpmakaar, about twenty miles off, at night-fall, to find a few men who had escaped (about ten or twenty), with others who had been intrenched in a wagon laager."

Lieutenant Newnham Davis, of the 3rd Buffs, gives the following account of their escape:—

"When we saw that the camp was gone, and that our men began to try to get away by twos and threes, I said to Henderson, 'What are we going to do? Our only chance now is to make a run for it and dash through.' We started; he took to the right and I took to the left, and rode slap at the enemy. One fellow seized hold of my horse's bridle and I made a stab at him with my rifle (a foolish thing that has a 9-in. knife attachment); but the man caught hold of it and pulled it out of my hand, which at the same time made my horse rear and shy and cleared me of the man. I



then had only my revolver, and I saw a Zulu right in my course, and rode at him and shot him in the neck. My horse got a stab, and many assegais were thrown at me; but, as I was lying along my horse, they did not hit me. The ground was stony that I was going over, and I soon came to grief; but, as there was no time to think, I was soon up and away again, and took the river in front of me. Many were then escaping, but, not being accustomed to take horses across rivers, they fell and rolled over, as the current was strong. I have had a good deal of experience in swimming horses, and I kept mine from falling, and directly he was in the water I threw myself off and caught hold of the stirrup. The Zulus followed us down and fired at us crossing. Some of the Zulus took the water after us, as our natives stabbed two Zulus just as they reached the Natal side. I never saw Colonel Durnford or George Shepstone after we left the gully or water-wash, and I did not see Henderson after we began our race until I met him next day at Helpmakaar."

The following will also be found interesting:—We (*Witness*, Feb. 24, 1879,) are indebted to our Special War Correspondent for the following report, made by a deserter from the Zulu army, with regard to the affair at Isandhlwana:—

The Zulu army, consisting of the Undi corps, about 3,000 strong; the Nokenke regt., 2,000 strong; the Nkobamakosi regt., including the Uve, about 5,000 strong; the Umcityu, about 4,000 strong; the Nodwengu corps, 2,000 strong; the Umbonambi, 3,000 strong; and the Udhloko, about 1,000 strong, or a total of about 20,000 men in all, left the great military kraal of Nodwengu on the afternoon of the 17th January. It was first addressed by the King, who said: "I am sending you out against the whites, who have invaded Zululand, and driven away our cattle. You are to go against the column at Rorke's Drift, and drive it back into Natal, and if the state of the river will allow, follow it up through Natal, right up to the Drakensberg. You will attack it by daylight, as there are enough of you to 'eat it up,' and you will march slowly, so as not to tire yourselves."

We accordingly left Nodwengu late in the afternoon, and marched in column to the west bank of the White

Umfolosi, about six miles distant, where we bivouacked for the night. Next day we marched to the Isixepi military kraal, about nine miles off, where we slept; and on the 19th we ascended on the table land near the Isihlungu Hills, a march of about equal duration with that of the day previous. On this day the army, which had hitherto been marching in single column, divided into two, marching parallel to and within sight of each other. That on the left consisting of the Nokenke, Umcityu, and Nodwengu regts., under the command of Tyingwayo; the other commanded by Mavumingwana. There were a few mounted men belonging to the Chief Usirayo, who were made use of as scouts. On the 20th we moved across the open country, and slept by the Isipezi Hill. We saw a body of mounted white men on this day to our left. [A strong reconnaissance was made on the 20th to the west of the Isipezi Hill, which was probably the force here indicated].

On the 21st, keeping away to the eastward, we occupied a valley running north and south under the spurs of the Nqutu Hill, which concealed the Isandhlwana Hill, distant from us about four miles, and nearly due west of our encampment. We had been well fed during the whole march, our scouts driving in herds of cattle and goats, and on this evening we lit our camp fires as usual. Our scouts also reported to us that they had seen the videttes of the English force at sunset, on some hills west-south-west of us. [Lord Chelmsford, with some of his staff, rode up in this direction and about this time, and saw some of the mounted enemy.]

It may be here explained that "Isandhlwana" is the name of the crag situated in the district or tract of country known as "Isandula."

Our order of encampment on the 21st January was as follows:—On the extreme right were the Nodwengu, Nokenke, and Umcityu; the centre was formed of the Nkobamakosi and Umbonambi; and the left of the Undi corps and the Udhloko regiments. On the morning of the 22nd January there was no intention whatever of making any attack, on account of a superstition regarding the state of the moon, and we were sitting resting, when firing was heard to our right (the narrator was in the Nokenke regiment), which we at first imagined was the Nkobama-

kosi engaged, and we armed and ran forward in the direction of the sound. We were, however, soon told it was the white troops fighting with Matyana's people some ten miles away to our left front, and returned to our original position. Just after we had sat down again a small herd of cattle came past our line from our right, being driven by some of our scouts, and just where they were opposite the Umcityu regiment a body of mounted men appeared on the hill to the west, galloping up, evidently trying to cut them off. When several hundred yards off they saw the Umcityu dismounting, and fired one volley at them and then retired. The Umcityu at once jumped up and charged, an example which was then taken up by the Nokenke and Nodwengu on their right, and the Nkobamakosi and Umbonambi on their left, while the Undi Corps and the Udhloko formed a circle (as is customary in Zulu warfare), and remained where they were. With the latter were the two commanding officers, Mavumingwana and Tyingwayo, and several of the king's brothers, and after a short pause they bore away to the north-west, and keeping on the northern side of the Isandhlwana, performed a turning movement on the right, without any opposition from the whites, who, from the nature of the ground, could not see them. Thus the original Zulu left became their extreme right, while their right became their centre, and the centre the left. The two regiments which formed the latter, the Nkobamakosi and Mbonambi, made a turning movement along the front of the camp towards the English right, but became engaged long before they could accomplish it, and the two regiments and a battalion of the Nkobamakosi were repulsed, and had to retire until reinforced by the other battalion, while the Mbonambi suffered very severely from the artillery fire. Meanwhile the centre, consisting of the Umcityu on the left, and the Nokenke and Nodwengu higher up to the right, under the hill, were making a direct attack on the left of the camp. The Umcityu suffered very severely both from artillery and musketry fire; the Nokenke from musketry fire alone, while the Nodwengu lost least. When we at last carried the camp our regiments became mixed up; a portion pursued the fugitives down the Buffalo, and the remainder plundered the camp, while the Undi and Udhloko

regiments made the best of their way to Rorke's Drift to plunder the post there, in which they failed, and lost very heavily, after fighting all the afternoon and night. We stripped the dead in the camp of all their clothes, and plundered everything we could find, many of the men getting drunk ; and then towards sunset we moved back to our halting ground of the night before, all the more quickly that we saw another white force approaching. Next morning the greater part of the men dispersed to their homes with their plunder, a few going to the king to report, and they have not reassembled since.

A native of the Natal Contingent speaks in the following flattering terms of the late Colonel Durnford, Royal Engineers, who was killed at this never-to-be-forgotten battle :—"The Colonel rode up and down our line continually, encouraging us all, talking and even laughing with us—'Fire away, my boys !' 'Well done, my boys !' he cried. Some of us did not like his exposing himself so much, and wanted him to keep behind, but he laughed at us and said, 'All right, nonsense.' He was very calm and cheerful all the time. Sometimes, as he passed amongst us, one or another of the men brought him his gun with the old cartridge sticking, and he dismounted, and taking the gun between his knees, because of having only one hand with strength in it, he pulled the cartridge out and gave back the gun. There were not very many of us, but because of the way in which we were handled by our leader we were enough to stop the Zulus on that side for a long time. We could have carried him off with us safely enough at this time, only we knew him too well to try. But we now say, 'If we had known what would happen, we would have seized him and bound him, no matter if he had fought us for doing so, as he certainly would ; no matter if he had killed some of us, we would have saved his life, for he was our master.' Now we say that we shall always remember him by his commanding voice, and the way in which he gave us all some of his own spirit as he went along our line that day, and those amongst us who had not served under him before, as I have, say, 'Why did we not know him sooner ?' We see also that but for him we should all have died that day. But at last our cartridges were nearly done. The Colonel had sent a messen-

ger back to the camp for more, but none came. Then he sent Mr. Henderson and another (Mr. Cochrane?), but now our cartridges were quite done, and suddenly the Colonel, who was watching intently, told us all to come back with him into the camp. We went, but on the outskirts of the camp we met Mr. Henderson, who took us to our own wagons for more ammunition. The Colonel rode straight on to the General's tent at the upper end of the camp. While we were getting our ammunition, the Zulu army swept down right round the upper camp, shutting us out, but our leader was within, and we saw no more of him. We were only a few, and the Zulus were too many to count. What could we do? Our leader had said that we had done well."

As I am in possession of a number of short printed extracts of an interesting nature, and bearing upon the subject in hand, I would propose, therefore, to devote the next few pages to them in a miscellaneous form, or an "olla podrida," so that, where not absolutely necessary to the sense, no initiatory remarks will be made:—

A correspondent to the *Natal Mercury* says:—"Oham's warriors that were at Isandhlwana have been examined by Colonel Wood concerning that calamity, and the events that came under their notice at the time. They say that our troops fought like lions, defending themselves fiercely until killed, and that all who were stabbed through the back were fighting with the Zulus in front, and died with their front to the enemy. When the Zulus made the attack it was the impression that there would be no fighting on our side, that the sight of their number alone would terrify the troops into running away, but to their cost they found out the contrary when too late. They say that their loss was more by the rifles than by the cannon, although the cannon mowed lines through their ranks at each discharge; and it is not true that the front ranks of the Zulus were pushed on by those in the rear. That each regiment rushed on voluntarily to the fight. This is certainly a high testimonial from our enemies to the valor and devotion of the gallant victims of Isandhlwana, every man of whom proved himself a hero by sharing in a sacrifice of life which shattered the power of the Zulu savage. Oham, his servants, and 700 of the women and children of his tribe, are in Utrecht. Some of his indunas



**LIEUT. TEIGNMOUTH MELVILLE, 24TH REGT.**  
*(Killed while escaping with the Colors, Jan. 22nd, 1879.)*



with 150 or 200 of his warriors remain as hostages under the surveillance and orders of the officer commanding."

"We have received," says a Natal paper, "the following extract from the letter of a gentleman whose testimony may be relied upon:—'When the loss of the camp seemed quite certain Colonel Pulleine called Lieutenant Melville and said—'Lieutenant Melville, you, as senior Lieutenant, will take the colors, and make the best of your way.' He shook hands with him, and then turned round and said—'Men of the 1-24th, we are here, and here we stand to fight it out to the end.' He was quite cool and collected.'" The gentleman who wrote this would not pen anything for the sake of mere dramatic effect, and we are glad to be able to publish it, to show an English officer knows how to die when duty holds him to his post. The above will be a refutation of the severe remarks upon the late Lieutenant Melville by a writer in the *Saturday Review*, who implies that that officer rode away when his place was to remain and die with the rest.

A gentleman writing in January, 1879, concerning the fatal field of Isandhlwana, says:—"The saddest reflection of the month has arisen from the remembrance of the unburied slain on that fatal field, where, we are told by private visitors, little else than bones now meet the eye. The flocks of vultures that hover about the spot tell their own horrible tale. The looted wagons are said to be there still, in a more or less smashed condition, though many, doubtless, were left in a workable state after the Zulus retired from the field. We are not aware whether any official inspection has been made of the locality. If it has taken place, the public has not heard of it."

A Ceylon paper says:—"The 24th Regiment, it seems, lost at Chillianwallah about as severely as in the recent Natal affair. We quote from the *Times of India* of 12th February:—'The unfortunate 24th Regiment was in India some years ago, the first battalion returning to England in the middle of 1861, and the second battalion in the early part of 1873. The 24th was one of the regiments which supplied detachments for the Little Andaman Island Expedition, and for his services on that occasion Captain Much, one of the officers of this regiment, who commanded the force, was thanked by the Commander-



in-Chief in India, commended by the Government of India, and made the subject of a special notice in an official letter to Sir William Mansfield from the Horse Guards. It will be remembered that in the Chillianwallah affair the first regiment to reach the Sikh batteries was the 24th, which was overwhelmed by a fearful fire of grape and musketry, 459 men, with 23 officers, being at once killed and wounded.' The battle of Chillianwallah may be said to have sounded the knell of Sikh independence, and now the Sikhs are amongst the best and bravest of our Indian soldiers, and the Punjaub is at rest. Who knows if the men of *our* 24th, as brave and as devoted as their predecessors, may not be remembered as the pioneers who met their death in the first effort at the reduction of another Punjaub, whose inhabitants may yet be as faithful subjects of the Queen as any Sikh warrior?

MOTTO FOR THE 24TH. —The *Natal Colonist* says: The honor paid by the natives to the fallen at Isandhlwana we heard recently embodied in the pregnant expression, "*Bafelwa ndamoyne*:" "They died in one place." The gallant 24th might do worse than adopt this tribute of admiration, extorted from the race of the enemy, as a motto for their regimental colors.

The correspondent of a Natal paper alluding to the missionary living at Rorke's Drift, who so much slandered the colonists, says:—"Missionary Witt, who stated that the Kaffirs were generally treated by the colonists like dogs, was himself convicted on November 9 last of presenting a loaded gun at a Kaffir girl who, being a perfectly free woman, refused to do his family washing."

The Special Correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Zululand, amongst other matters pens the following:—

"When we had all ascended on to the ridge, it was between 8 and 9 o'clock, and it was decided to bivouac where we were, and move on at daylight in the morning. We took every precaution we could, as we knew we were followed by a large body behind, and might equally well be attacked from the front. Oh! how dreadful to all were those fearful hours which followed when all of us had to wait with what patience we could for daybreak, knowing that we were standing and lying among the bodies of our

own comrades, though how many we little knew then. Many and deep were the sobs which came from the breasts of those who, may be, never sobbed before, at discovering, even in the dim morning light, the bodies of dear friends brutally massacred, stripped of all clothing, disembowelled, and in some cases with their heads cut off. How that night passed, I fancy few of us know. For my own part, I was both reckless and despairing—reckless at the chance of falling in with the enemy, and despairing because of the sad awakening I felt sure we should have in the morning. During the night, fires were constantly burning on all the adjoining hills, and one bright blaze in particular riveted our attention all night, as it seemed to be near Rorke's Drift, and we again feared for the safety of those within that small place, knowing we were utterly helpless to aid them in any way before morning.

"At about an hour before daylight I arose, for I had been lying down close to the General and his staff, and went and had a quiet look around me to see for myself the state of affairs, and recognise any bodies that I could. I did this with a strong feeling of duty upon me, as otherwise I could not have got through it. I have seen many battle-fields in Europe and elsewhere, and although on some I have seen thousands lying where I then saw tens, I do not think I ever saw such a sickening sight in all my life. Mixed with the *debris* of our commissariat wagons, the contents of which, such as flour, sugar, tea, biscuits, mealies, oats, &c., &c., were all scattered about in pure wantonness on the ground; there were also dead horses shot in every position, oxen mutilated, and mules stabbed, while lying thick upon the ground in clumps were bodies of white men with only their boots and shirts on, or perhaps an old pair of trousers or part of their coats with just enough showing to recognise to which branch they belonged. In many cases they lay with sixty to seventy rounds of empty cartridges alongside of them, showing that they had only died after doing their duty. The great wonder to me at the time was that so few men were able, in the open and with no protection or cover, to keep off for four or five hours such a large number of Kaffirs as that which must have attacked them."

The subjoined shows how the news of the disaster was

received in London :—"The vicinity of Downing Street was the scene of an unusual excitement. Ministers were positively frightened out of their calm orderly bearing; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was seen half-running and half-walking in the direction of Earl Beaconsfield's official residence; the latter, oblivious of the painful twinges of gout, rushed with the Colonial Secretary to the War Office, there consulting with the Secretary for War and the Commander-in-Chief for one hour. A Cabinet Council summoned under his own hand immediately met, with what result you already know. Would you like to know the general opinion as expressed by the London press? Most of them look upon the disaster with the same feeling, namely, that the lost ground must be retrieved at all costs.

"The *Daily Telegraph* says there is nothing except mournful glory in the behaviour of the officers and men who have fallen, however seriously the affair may reflect upon the military dispositions of their leaders; for that 'some one has blundered' in this deplorable affair is, in truth, obvious. Yet, so far from being a blot upon the British annals, the conduct of these men and officers in their desperate strait casts new lustre upon our arms. They were not conquered, but overwhelmed; and the 24th Foot may inscribe the story of that cruel day in January upon their record not only without shame, but with sorrowful pride and satisfaction. Meanwhile, there is but one word to write as to what must be done. At any cost, with whatever necessary strength, the reverse must be effaced, the savage victors chastised, conquered, and disarmed, and these daring Zulus made as harmless as the Hottentots.

"It would require more than ordinary courage to look into the columns of some papers. A rising of the whole of the black population in Cape Colony and Natal would be hailed with delight, as likely to embarrass the present Administration. It does seem a scandal that political capital should be coined out of what must surely be regarded as a military disaster."

If the Zulus had not been severely checked at Rorke's Drift, there was certainly a grave probability of their sweeping southward, gathering up the over-awed tribes as they went, and devastating South Africa from the Zambesi to Cape Town. We cannot over-estimate

our debt of gratitude to the defenders of Rorke's Drift.

The following is an extract of a private letter :—"I am afraid you will think we have forgotten you up here. It is such a job to get paper, envelopes, or even a pencil ; if you get hold of one you may consider yourself lucky indeed. You ask if I recognised any of our men who were killed at Isandhlwana. Well, I didn't ; but some of the others did. They identified Swift, Tarboton (who had his head cut clean off), and the two Jacksons. Swift was the man who died hard. It seems they killed him with knobkerries. Moodie was not seen by anyone. Mackleroy was shot through the side while fighting with the others. He was not sick at the time. After he was wounded he managed to get on his horse and ride about half-a-mile, when he fell, and nothing more was seen of him. George Shepstone was shot dead. Only two of the Carbineers were sick that day—Moodie and Dean. Moodie turned out, and was seen to fire some shots, but Dean must have been killed in his tent. One thing is certain, that all fought well that day. If it had not been for the mismanagement, the Zulus would have been beaten off. Just fancy sending a company (70 men) out at a time to stop 20,000 Zulus ; Barker, who escaped, said he saw one company which was sent on to the high hills to the left of the camp to keep the Zulus back. They shot hundreds of them, but in five minutes there was not a man left. Two other companies were served the same way. Now if the general orders had been obeyed, and had the wagons been formed into a laager, and everyone kept inside, all would have gone well ; they could have kept them off until our column came to relieve them. My word ! there were mistakes all round that day. They taught the Zulus a lesson at Rorke's Drift, didn't they ? We counted 351 dead bodies round the camp. One of our spies came in the other day. He says Cetywayo had the induna who led the attack at Rorke's Drift killed for attacking a place that was barricaded ; but he was very angry with all his men for not following up and wiping us all out ; but the beggars were afraid to attack. They did not know we were short of ammunition, lucky for us. This morning we learn the gratifying news that Major Black—hearing from a fellow officer that Lieutenant-Adjutant Melville, of the 1-24th regt., was last seen on the Buffalo

River, endeavoring to swim across with the colors of the regiment, in company with Lieut. Coghill—went out to the spot, and succeeded in finding the bodies of the two officers 300 yards this side of the Buffalo. In the river he found the colors much dilapidated. They were next day presented back by Major Black to Colonel Glyn, who received them on behalf of his regiment, thanking Major Black very cordially for recovering them. Major Black was assisted by two officers of the Native Contingent.”—*Natal Mercury*, February 11.

An account of the recovery of the colors of the 24th Regiment is furnished by a correspondent on the Zulu frontier, who writes as follows :—

“ A party went from our little camp at Rorke's Drift, consisting of Major Black, of the 2-24th Regiment ; the Rev. George Smith, chaplain of the forces ; Captain Harford, nineteen men, the commandant of Lonsdale's corps, Captain Charles Raw ; four men of the Native Mounted Contingent, and Brickhill, the interpreter to the staff. The downward course of the Buffalo River was followed until a crossing place at an almost impassable drift was reached, where many of our brave fellows, after the carnage of Isandhlwana camp, essayed to pass and perished in the attempt. The route was strewn with dead bodies, those of the natives composing the majority, these being either members of the Natal Native Contingent or loyal natives who believed in the supreme power of the Government or the magical effect of the boundary line even to the last. When the steep path leading down the precipitous rocks to the river was reached scouts were posted. A descent was made, and half way down, nearly half-a-mile from the river, lay the bodies of Adjutant Melville and Lieutenant Coghill. These were decently interred, and service was performed by the chaplain. Lieutenant Coghill's ring, Adjutant Melville's spurs, and other articles belonging to the brave fellows being carefully taken charge of by their comrades. The path thence to the river was strewn with dead Zulus and various paraphernalia of savage warfare. Arrived at the river, the dead horses, saddles, stirrups, spurs, leggings, charms, and articles of native dress, accidentally or purposely cast off, lying by the roaring stream, foaming over huge boulders, and passing between precipitous cliffs

covered with bush and aloes, showed the spot where the rushing torrent and savage foe alike overwhelmed many brave men. About 500 yards below, at the crossing-place, Mr. Harbour, of Commandant Lonsdale's corps, succeeded in finding the Queen's colors of the 1-24th, with the pole complete, injured by the action of the rapid stream, but otherwise untouched, the gilt lion and crown surmounting the poles, and the color-case were found by two other of Lonsdale's men a few yards lower down. These colors were borne back at the head of the little cavalcade in triumph, and when Rorke's Drift was reached the soldiers left their dinners or whatever occupation they were engaged upon, overjoyed at the sight of their lost colors regained, and gave their heartiest cheers for the old flag and for Major Black and the volunteers who had recovered them. The Major, in a few well-chosen words, then handed the colors to Colonel Glyn amidst loud huzzahs, and the Colonel, with heartfelt emotion, on behalf of himself and his regiment, thanked the little band for the noble work they had voluntarily undertaken and successfully performed."

A despatch from Colonel Glyn, describing the saving of the colors of the 24th Regiment after the catastrophe at Isandula, has appeared in the *London Gazette*. The famous exhortation to the Spartan warrior of old to bring back his shield or to be borne back upon it finds its counterpart in the British army in the universal feeling of sanctity which attaches to the colors, and prompts to acts of heroism and sacrifice in preserving them. No more noble deed of this kind was ever done than that of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill in carrying off and preserving the Queen's color belonging to the First Battalion of the 24th Regiment in the miserable flight towards the Buffalo River on the fatal afternoon of Jan. 22. That the colors had been recovered from the river has been known for some time, but the thrilling story of the way they were carried off from Isandula and saved from falling into the hands of the Zulus is now first told in its entirety in Colonel Glyn's despatch. If we lament, as, indeed we must, that the two heroes of this story perished in their gallant enterprise, there is yet no Englishman but will echo the words of Colonel Glyn, that their deaths could not have been more noble or more

full of honor. When the camp at Isandula had been surrounded by the Zulus, and when it was clear that the day was lost, the Adjutant of the First Battalion of the 24th Regiment, Lieutenant Teignmouth Melville, seized the Queen's color belonging to the regiment and started off on horseback in the hope of saving it. The road between the camp and Rorke's Drift was already blocked, and Melville, therefore, took as direct a line as he could across a rugged country towards the Buffalo, pursued and almost encompassed by bands of the victorious enemy. The ground to be traversed was so rough and precipitous that only men flying for their lives, or like Lieutenant Melville, having something more precious than their own lives in their keeping, would have attempted to cross it on horseback. So slow was the progress of the fugitives that the nimble Zulus kept pace with them, harassed them at every point, kept up a constant fire on them, and at times got so close to them as to slay both men and horses with their assegais. Melville, however, encumbered as he was with his precious burden, held on his way and reached the river unscathed. Man and horse together plunged at once into the stream, but, the river being full, the rider, being more concerned for the safety of the colors than the control of his horse, got dismounted in mid-stream, and was carried down by the current, still clinging to his burden, towards a large rock in the middle of the water. To this rock Lieutenant Higginson, an officer of the Natal Native Contingent, was also clinging, and he at once came to Melville's aid. The stream, however, washed both men away, and carried them, together with the colors, into still water. Here another officer came to their assistance. Lieutenant Coghill, of the 24th Regiment, had been left in camp in the morning disabled for marching by a severe injury to his knee. He, too, had escaped on horseback, and had crossed the river in safety, but looking back and seeing Melville in difficulties, he turned round and at once rode back into the river to his comrade's assistance. By this time the pursuing Zulus had gathered in force on the further bank and opened a brisk fire on the little party, the red jacket of Melville offering a conspicuous mark. Coghill's horse was shot, and both he and Melville had great difficulty in struggling out of the water. The color was wrested out of their grasp by the



LIEUT. NEVILL JOSIAH AYLMER OOGHILL, 24TH REGT.  
(Killed while escaping with the Colors, Jan. 22nd, 1879.)





force of the stream, and they reached the bank in a state of extreme exhaustion. Happily, however, their gallant task was accomplished, for the color, though lost to them, was saved from the enemy, its embroidery and heavy fringe causing it to sink in the river, from which it has since been recovered. Melville and Coghill, dismounted, exhausted, and one of them crippled, now endeavored to mount the hill on the right bank of the river, but their strength at last failed them, and they sat down to await the attack of their pursuers. Some days afterwards their bodies were found in the spot where they had last been seen alive, surrounded by parties of the enemy. Their task was accomplished, their duty was done, their strength was exhausted, and there was nothing left but to sell their lives as dearly as they could. They died, as many a gallant soldier has died before them, but the touching record of their noble death will long live in the memory of their comrades and their countrymen.

Colonels Glyn and Degacher and several officers went down the Buffalo a few days back, and erected a stone to the memory of Lieuts. Melville and Coghill. The bodies were exhumed and placed in coffins and reburied under a huge boulder. While moving the remains of Lieut. Melville Colonel Glyn found in his pocket his watch and chain.

"By the last mail," the *Bendigo Advertiser* says, "a lady residing in Sandhurst, who is a relative by marriage of Captain Melville, the gallant young officer who sacrificed his life whilst protecting the colors of his regiment in the disastrous engagement which took place between a small force of British troops and an overwhelming number of Zulus a short time back, received a letter in which reference is made to the death of the hero of the occasion. We have been furnished with the following extract:—'I am dreadfully grieved about poor young Melville, the adjutant of the 24th Regiment. He married just three years ago, at the Cape, E——'s favorite sister, and came home last year to the Staff College at Aldershot, with his wife and a little boy a year old. He had not been in England a week when he was ordered to rejoin his regiment at the Cape, as this dreadful Zulu war broke out; so he left his wife and child at home with his family in Cornwall, where she has been ever since, and now, poor girl, she is left a widow,

and has another little son only two months old. She is not yet twenty-one. One consolation to her will be the noble way in which he died, as he was fortunate enough to escape the battle of Isandula, but was last seen cutting his way through over 100 natives, cutting them down like grass with his sword, as he was determined to save the colors of the regiment, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. After being mortally wounded in seven places he rescued the colors, which he had tied around him, and swam the river in time to lie down and die, knowing, as the papers say, that he had saved the honor of his country and regiment. A more noble or glorious death, of course, no soldier could possibly die. He is quite the hero of the day; the papers are full of his wonderful bravery, and he was mentioned in Parliament. The Queen is to present his two little boys with the Victoria Cross in admiration of their father's singular bravery in saving her colors at the cost of his own life, and is also going to give them a commission in the army when they grow up."

"It is rumored that the honor of knighthood is to be conferred on Commissary-General Strickland and Brigadiers-General Wood and Pearson, in recognition of their services during the war. (This rumor has since been verified.) The *Times* says that, in consequence of the large number of medical officers who have been sent to the Cape, the various home stations have been almost drained, and the sick at Fort Pitt Hospital, Chatham, are now partly under the care of civilian doctors. Large quantities of military stores continue to be sent out by every steamer, and it is reported that the daily issues from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich exceed any experience of the kind even during the days of the Crimean War."—*Cape Paper*.

A writer to the *World* says:—"I suppose few people know, or have taken the trouble to inquire, what was the value of the commissions of the officers who have lately lost their lives in the Zulu war. It will, no doubt, astonish a good many to learn that no less than £13,500 was lost by eight officers of the 24th Regiment alone in the battle of Isandhlwana."

A Cape paper, speaking of the great disaster, pithily remarks:—"If the eighty men at Rorke's Driit had gone

out in skirmishing order against 2,500—ten here, twenty there—would they not have been simply strangled by weight of numbers and wiped out, and must not a similar end have resulted if 800 went out in skirmishing order against 20,000, as happened at Isandula?”

“Nearly two months after the fight and massacre there, the field of Isandhlwana has been visited. To Major Black, of the 24th, again belongs the honor of heading a gallant performance. It will be remembered that he it was who charged in the darkness up the “neck” that separated his column from the death-strewn valley; he it was too who headed the party which recovered the lost colors of the regiment, and secured decent burial for the remains of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill. On this occasion he led a party of 27 mounted volunteers, mostly irregulars, across the Buffalo at Rorke’s Drift to the devastated encampment. It seems now generally understood that no one had previously visited the locality. We need not repeat here the account given of the scene which met the eyes of the adventurous party. The remains of the dead were undistinguishable, and could still scarcely be approached. The wagons seemed nearly all to be in working order, and under the General’s tent private papers and mementoes of interest were found. The field guns had disappeared, and there were no traces of ammunition. The results of this expedition only serve to intensify the regret and surprise that have all along been felt at the absence of any attempt to revisit the place where so many brave subjects of the Queen lost their lives, and remained unburied.”

Descriptive of a visit to the lone field of the dead at Isandhlwana some two or three months after the disaster :—“We pushed on very steadily and carefully, and at half-past 9 our advance guard was on the ridge over-looking the valley beyond Isandhlwana. There it lay, a magnificent stretch of country, with undulating plains for miles, only broken by Dongas and small rises, and bordered by high hills on each side. Who would have thought, looking down on the quiet scene, that it had witnessed one of the most terrific fights and disasters of modern times? The grass had grown up over the whole site of what had once been our camp, and was thickly intermixed with mealie

stalks and oat hay, green and growing yet. Among these lay the bodies of our poor soldiers, scattered about in all postures, and in all stages of decay ; while the positions of our tents were indicated by the broken remains of boxes, trunks, tins of preserved meats, remnants of the tents themselves, and masses of disordered papers, books, and letters, &c., &c. The only thing, however, that at once drew the attention of a casual observer, was the broken remains of wagons, and the skeletons of horses and oxen. Everything else was hidden at first sight, and required searching for to be noticed. One thing we had observed coming along the road was the fresh spoor of a wagon or two, and we conjectured that it had been recently used in conveying crops from Usirayo's Valley away into the strongholds further inland. For some time after our arrival, and while preparations were being actively carried out to harness the horses to the best wagons, all the men, except those on vedette or other duty, were allowed to wander over the scene of the disaster. The Carbineers, under Captain Shepstone, made immediately for their camp, and tried to find any relics of their dead brethren. Nothing of any consequence was, however, found near their lines, but upon searching over the ground where the bodies of some of them had been seen on the night after Isandhlwana, Capt. Shepstone came upon the bodies of Colonel Durnford, Lieutenant Scott, and nearly all the Carbineers except London and Bullock, and those few who were killed along the Fugitives' Path. Poor Durnford was easily recognisable, and he had on his mess waistcoat, from the pocket of which Shepstone took a small pocket-knife with his name on it. Two rings were also taken, and are, with the knife, to be sent home in memoriam to the Colonel's father. Durrant Scott lay partially hidden under a broken piece of wagon, and had evidently not been mutilated or touched after his death. He had his patrol jacket on buttoned across, and although the rest of the body was only a skeleton, yet strange to say the face was like in life, all the hair being still on, and the skin strangely parched and dried up, although perfect. Both these bodies lay right in the midst of the rest of the young colonists who fell gallantly in defence of their country, and judging from the position in which they all were, they must have made one last gallant

stand, and have been killed altogether. None of these so found had attempted to run, but had stuck together in life, as we found them in death. I can only add that Durnford's body was wrapped in canvas and buried in a kind of water-wash, while all the others were covered over with stones, &c., and their names written in pencil, on wood or a stone close by them.

The bodies of the Royal Artillery and Natal Mounted Police were also buried, the only ones left untouched being those of the 24th Regiment, which was done at the express desire of Colonel Glyn and the officers, in the hope of their being able some day to do it themselves. This appeared, however, very strange to us, and many remarks were made about the seeming dishonor to part of our brave dead. However, let us hope that some day, not far distant, we may be able to return to that once truly blood-red field and bury all the bodies, bones, and relics, that may be left. Great numbers of wagons have undoubtedly been taken away, as also everything of value in the camp, and many bodies have been, through one cause or another, either wholly or partially removed or disturbed, so as to effectually prevent recognition. I myself did not move far out of camp, and, therefore, may be a bad judge, but from what I saw there cannot have been more than 200 bodies in the camp itself, and out of these not twenty-five Kaffirs. Others who had not perhaps so many bitter feelings, or sorrowful remembrances of those lying round us went further and saw more, although I cannot hear of anyone having recognised any more bodies of officers, except those of Hon. S. Vereker and young Gibson, both Lieuts. in the Native Contingent. Many interesting relics were found, and brought away by others, and I know of a few cases where letters addressed to relatives at home from those among the killed, were found complete, and will be sent home to be held in loving regard by the living, but will cause many sores scarce healed to be reopened. The General was anxious, for more reasons than one, to get away quickly, and therefore, as soon as the wagons were ready, we made a start back at twelve, and reached Rorke's Drift at half-past three, without any hitch whatever. Immediately on getting back I went enquiring about among the different parties who had been over that day, and gleaned some other interesting

facts from them. One officer in the Dragoon Guards, while out with his squadron burning kraals, found in one signs of very recent occupation, and the staff of the Queen's color of the 1-24th. He also later on came across a kraal full of skeletons of Zulus, and this fact, taken in conjunction with the finding of large graves on the left of our camp containing bodies of the enemy, goes far to prove and substantiate my statement made in a former letter that the Zulus did move their dead bodies, and as the kraal was some two miles off where skeletons were found, they probably also moved them in our wagons. The forty wagons we brought away included two water carts in good preservation, one gun limber, a Rocket Battery cart, and three Scotch carts. All that we left behind, in number not more than twenty, were in a partially or entirely disabled condition. Counting all there, therefore, there are still sixty or seventy wagons missing, which have been taken away at different times.

Last week, when Colonel Black and other officers visited Isandhlwana, in coming home by the Fugitives' Drift, they came across the body of Major Stuart Smith, who was killed just before reaching the river. They were not able to bury him on that occasion, being fired upon; but the morning after our visit, a squadron of Lancers, with some Artillery under Col. Harness, went down our side of the river, crossed over at the Fugitives' Drift, and buried the body, returning in the afternoon. Bengough's Battalion has also returned to Landsman's Drift with the Carbineers and the other mounted men, so that Rorke's Drift is again in its natural quietude.

Another correspondent of the *Times* gives a description of the former visit to Isandhlwana on the 15th May, 1879, from which I extract the following account of the return by the Fugitives' Path :—

For the next three miles over most broken ground where we could only proceed in single file, and at a walk, and often were obliged to dismount and lead, we traced the path, and only saw one body, a native, and winding over a ridge and down the slopes to the Buffalo, guided here and there by a bit of paper, a shield, a pack saddle, &c., we came to the top of the precipitous ravine immediately above the river. It was at this point that the fugitives were obliged to descend pell-mell, being hemmed in by the enemy who, by a short cut, had here caught them up again.

Our party at their leisure led down to the river side more to the right, and then divided: some going down the river to look for the body of Major Stuart Smith, R.A., who was known to have been killed there; and the others crossing the Buffalo. There is still a quantity of water in the river, despite the report in the *Witness* of the 15th 'that it can be crossed anywhere dryshod,' and the crossing was quite dangerous enough. What it must have been on the 22nd when it was at least 2½ ft. higher, and a roaring torrent, makes it a marvel how a single man escaped on that day. As it was we let the Kaffirs take the horses across, several slipping over the boulders and going completely under, and we followed, the current being strong, and the water waist deep. Meanwhile the others went down the river half-a-mile and leaving their horses, scrambled up 300 yards to the foot of the bank where they believed the fugitives had come down. Lieutenant Mainwaring soon found the body of Major Smith almost concealed in the rank grass. It was clearly identified by the uniform, and had not been touched since the gallant officer was slain. Captain Symons proceeded alone to the top of the cliff, it was very steep climbing, and he came every few yards on skeletons of men and horses, and at one point where there was a sheer drop of fourteen or fifteen feet, two men and three horses were lying at the bottom, and the marks on the face of the rock showed where they had crashed down headlong. (Survivors describe how the enemy pressed them sorely at this place.) Descending again he joined the others, and they were in the act of giving Major Smith a rough burial when ping, ping, ping, came the swish of bullets over their heads. 'Zulus, by Jingo'—and in a few minutes they were back at the Drift where Capt. Banister had waited to show them the way over, and were soon safely across.

Thanks to the forethought of Colonel Black, a company of Major Bengough's N.N.C. had been ordered down to protect our crossing, and their fire checked and drove off the thirty or forty Zulus who had followed us, and hoped to take us at a disadvantage at the crossing. The enemy having retired out of sight, the party proceeded up the Natal bank, and passing by the graves of Lieuts. Melville and Coghill, marked by the pretty granite cross, the gift of Sir Bartle Frere, rode the five miles back to Rorke's Drift.



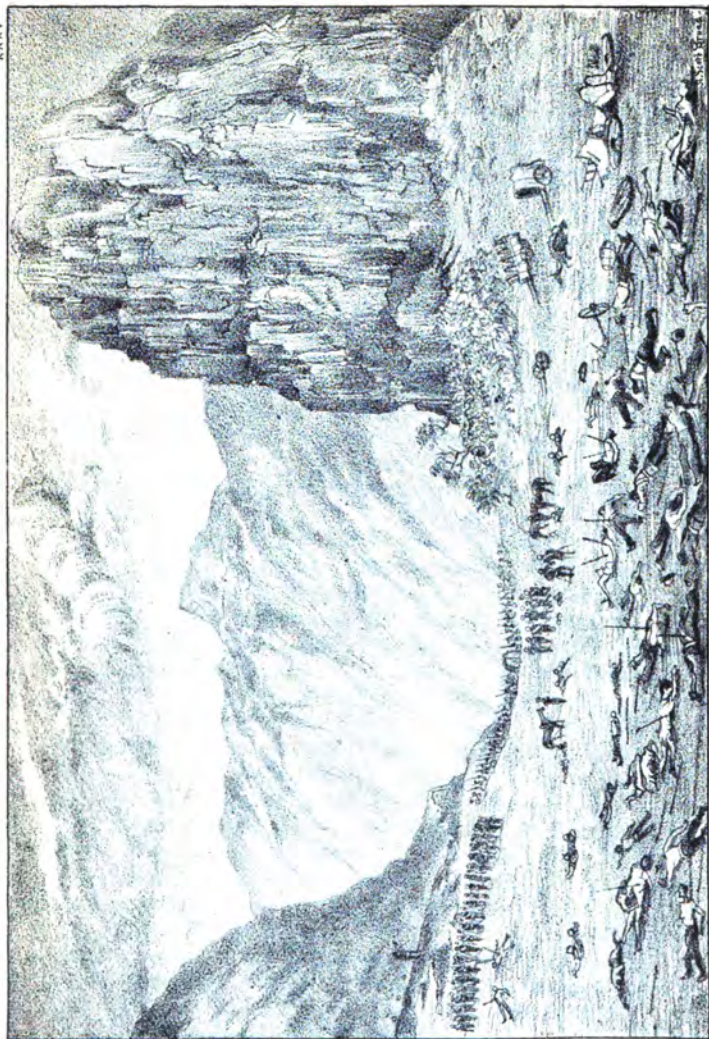
On their arrival the signallers stationed on the hill above the laager reported that soon after we left Isandhlwana two small bodies of Zulus, one lot mounted, had appeared about the hill, and then came down towards the Bashee Valley, no doubt expecting that we were going to return by the way we had gone. The wily Zulu, however, was for once out-witted.

The object of the reconnoissance had been fully accomplished. There is no large body of the enemy near this place. Moreover, the officers of the 2-24th Regiment were anxious to search the Fugitives' Path, as they had been told that a very tall officer, riding a chestnut horse, and carrying a color, had been seen on the 22nd between the battlefield and the river. The description answered exactly to Lieut. Dyer, the Adjutant of the Regiment. No sign, however, of the officer or the color could be seen.

The following very interesting particulars are given by a correspondent of the *Times of Natal*, who was with the recent expedition to Isandhlwana. The last line tells its own tale :—

"The scene that met us was at once magnificent and ghastly. The grand Isandhlwana rock on our left, the wonderful colors and shadows evolving by the 'King of Light' rising fresh from his ocean bath; the rich undulating plain stretching away in front, surrounded by mountains of every varied height and color; the intense stillness and silence; the ruins of the stricken camp; the whitening bones of 800 Englishmen—all this in a *coup d'œil*—caused us to hold our breath in awe as we sat for a few moments on our panting horses.

"Having posted vedettes, we swept the surrounding country with our glasses, without seeing a Zulu. Colonel Black gave us twenty minutes to roam about; long enough, as there was nothing of value to be found, and the grass, which in places had grown to a great height, hid the remains of the brave fellows till we almost trod on them. We counted over 100 wagons and vehicles of all sorts still there, and most of them sound. The diary of Lieutenant Pope, 2-24th Regiment, was picked up, and the following extract, written in ink, and most probably in his tent, could scarcely have been dry before the desperate fight began :—



LORD CHELMSFORD'S RETREAT FROM ISANDHLWANA THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE.



“22nd January, 1879—4 a.m.—A, C, D, E, F, H, Companies of ours—12-3 N.N.C.—mounted troops and four guns off.

Great Firing.

Relieved by 1-24th.

Alarm.

3 Columns Zulus and mounted men on hill E.

Turn Out.

7,000 (!!!) *more* E.N.E., 4,000 of whom went round Lion's Kop.

Durnford Basutos, arrive and pursue.—Rocket battery.

Zulus retire everywhere.

Men fall out for dinners.’”

I may here explain that Isandhlwana means “little hand,” as the Isandula range in its precipitous termination, viewed from afar, looks like a little hand held up. Isandhla means hand; Isandhlana (the diminutive) “little hand;” but the “w” is also used; in example, “inkulu” means “great,” but the Zulus call the little ones “inkunhlwana.”

A supplement to the *London Gazette*, published on the evening of March 17th, contains some important despatches, indicating as they do most plainly who it was that blundered and caused the disaster at Isandula. The Court of Inquiry was held, it will be perceived, immediately (five days) after the disaster, which occurred on the 22nd.

Proceedings of a Court of Enquiry, assembled at Helpmakaar, Natal, on the 27th of January, 1879, by order of His Excellency the Lieutenant-General Commanding the troops in South Africa, dated 24th of January, 1879. President—Colonel F. C. Hassard, C.B., Royal Engineers. Members—Lieut.-Colonel Law, Royal Artillery; Lieut.-Colonel Harness, Royal Artillery.

The Court having assembled pursuant to order, proceeded to take the following evidence:—

First witness—Major Clery states: I am Senior Staff Officer to the 3rd Column, commanded by Colonel Glyn, C.B., operating against the Zulus. The General commanding accompanied this column from the time it crossed the border into Zululand. On the 20th of January, 1879, at the camp, Isandula, Zululand, the Lieutenant-General Commanding gave orders to Commandant Lonsdale and

Major Dartnell to go out the following morning in a certain direction from the camp with their men—*i.e.*, the Native Contingent and the Police and Volunteers, part of 3rd column. On the evening of the following day (the 21st) a message arrived from Major Dartnell that the enemy was in considerable force in his neighborhood, and that he and Commandant Lonsdale would bivouac out that night. At 1.30 a.m. on the 22nd a messenger brought me a note from Major Dartnell to say that the enemy was in greater numbers than when he last reported, and that he did not think it prudent to attack them unless reinforced by two or three companies of the 24th Regiment. I took this note to Colonel Glyn, C.B., at once; he ordered me to take it on to the General. The General ordered the 2nd Battalion 24th Regiment, the Mounted Infantry, and four guns to be under arms at once to march. This force marched out of camp as soon as there was light enough to see the road. The Natal Pioneers accompanied this column to clear the road. The General first ordered me to write to Colonel Durnford at Rorke's Drift, to bring his force to strengthen the camp, but almost immediately afterwards he told Colonel Crealock that he (Colonel Crealock) was to write to Colonel Durnford these instructions, and not I. Before leaving the camp I sent written instructions to Colonel Pulleine, 24th Regiment, to the following effect:—"You will be in command of the camp during the absence of Colonel Glyn; draw in (I speak from memory) your camp, or your line of defence (I am not certain which) while the force is out; also draw in your line of infantry outposts accordingly, but keep your cavalry vedettes still far advanced." I told him to have a wagon ready loaded with ammunition ready to follow the force going out at a moment's notice if required. I went to Colonel Pulleine's tent just before leaving camp to ascertain that he had got these instructions, and I again repeated them verbally to him. To the best of my memory I mentioned in the written instructions to Colonel Pulleine that Colonel Durnford had been written to to bring up his force to strengthen the camp. I saw the column out of camp and accompanied it.

Second evidence.—Colonel Glyn, C.B., states—From the time the column under my command crossed the border

I was in the habit of receiving instructions from the Lieut.-General Commanding as to the movements of the column, and I accompanied him on most of the patrols and reconnaissances carried out by him. I corroborate Major Clery's statement.

Third evidence.—Captain Alan Gardner, 14th Hussars, states—I accompanied the main body of the 3rd Column, as acting staff officer to officer commanding 3rd Column, when it left the camp at Isandula on the 22nd January, 1879. I was sent back with an order from the General between 10 and 11 a.m. that day into camp, which order was addressed to Colonel Pulleine, and was that the camp of the force out was to be struck and sent on immediately, also rations and forage for about seven days. On arriving in camp I met Captain George Shepstone, who was also seeking Colonel Pulleine, having a message from Colonel Durnford that his men were falling back, and asking for reinforcements. We both went to Colonel Pulleine, to whom I delivered the order. Colonel Pulleine at first hesitated about carrying out the order, and eventually decided that the enemy being already on the hill on our left in large numbers it was impossible to do so. The men of the 24th Regiment were all fallen in and the artillery also, and Colonel Pulleine sent two companies to support Colonel Durnford, to the hill on the left, and formed up the remaining companies in line, the guns in action on the extreme left of the camp, facing the hill on our left. I remained with Colonel Pulleine by his order. Shortly after, I took the mounted men, by Colonel Pulleine's direction, about a quarter of a mile to the front of the camp, and left them there under the direction of Captain Bradstreet, with orders to hold the spruit. I went back to Colonel Pulleine, but soon after, observing the mounted men retiring, I went back to them, and, in reply to my question as to why they were retiring, was told they were ordered by Colonel Durnford to retire, as the position taken up was too extended. The same remark was made to me by Colonel Durnford himself immediately afterwards. By this time the Zulus had surrounded the camp, the whole force engaged in hand to hand combat, the guns mobbed by Zulus, and there became a general massacre. From the time of the first infantry force leaving the camp

to the end of the fight about one hour elapsed. I estimated the number of the enemy at about 12,000 men. I may mention that a few minutes after my arrival in camp I sent a message directed to the staff officer 3rd Column, saying that our left was attacked by about 10,000 of the enemy; a message was also sent by Colonel Pulleine. The Native Infantry Contingent fled as soon as the fighting began, and caused great confusion in our ranks. I sent messages to Rorke's Drift and Helpmakaar camp that the Zulus had sacked the camp, and telling them to fortify themselves.

Fourth evidence.—Captain Essex, 75th Regiment, states—I hand in a written statement of what occurred. I have nothing to add to that statement.

Fifth evidence.—Lieut. Cochrane, 32nd Regiment, states—I am employed as transport officer with No. 2 Column, then under Colonel Durnford, R.E., on the 22nd January, 1879. The column marched on that morning from Rorke's Drift to Isandula, in consequence of an order received from the Lieutenant-General. I do not know the particulars of the order received. I entered the Isandula camp with Colonel Durnford about 10 a.m., and remained with him as acting staff officer. On arrival he took over command from Colonel Pulleine, 24th Regiment. Colonel Pulleine gave over to Colonel Durnford a verbal state of the troops in camp at the time, and stated the orders he had received, viz., to defend the camp. Those words were repeated two or three times in the conversation. Several messages were delivered, the last one to the effect that the Zulus were retiring in all directions. The bearer of this was not dressed in any uniform. On this message Colonel Durnford sent two troops of mounted natives to the top of the hills to the left, and took with him two troops of Rocket Battery, with escort of one company Native Contingent on to the front of the camp, about four or five miles off. Before leaving he asked Colonel Pulleine to give him two companies 24th Regiment. Colonel Pulleine said that with the orders he had received he could not do it, but agreed with Colonel Durnford to send him help if he got into difficulties. Colonel Durnford, with two troops, went on ahead and met the enemy some four or five miles off in great force, and as they showed also on our left, we retired



in good order to the Drift, about a quarter of a mile in front of the camp, where the mounted men reinforced us, about two miles from the camp. On our retreat we came upon the remains of the Rocket Battery, which had been destroyed.

Sixth evidence.—Lieutenant Smith-Dorien, 95th Regt., states—I am transport officer with No. 3 Column. On the morning of the 22nd I was sent with a despatch from the General to Colonel Durnford, at Rorke's Drift. The despatch was an order to join the camp at Isandula as soon as possible, as a large force was near it. I have no particulars to mention besides.

Seventh evidence.—Captain Nourse, Natal Native Contingent, states—I was commanding the escort to the Rocket Battery, when Colonel Durnford advanced in front of the camp on the 22nd to meet the enemy. Colonel Durnford had gone on with two troops, mounted natives. They went too fast, and left us some two miles in the rear. On hearing heavy firing on our left, and learning that the enemy were in that direction, we changed our direction to the left. Before nearly reaching the crest of the hills on the left of the camp we were attacked on all sides. One rocket was sent off, and the enemy was on us; the first volley dispersed the mules and the natives, and we retired on to the camp as well as we could. Before we reached the camp it was destroyed.

Eighth evidence.—Lieutenant Curling, R.A., states—I was left in the camp with two guns when the remaining four guns of the battery went out with the main body of the column, on the 22nd of January. Major Stuart Smith joined and took command of the guns about 12 noon.\* I hand in a written statement. I have nothing to add to that statement.

F. C. HASSARD, Colonel, R.E.,  
President.

F. T. A. LAW,  
Lieut.-Col., R.A.

A. HARNESS, Major, R.A.,  
and Lieutenant-Colonel.

The following are miscellaneous excerpts from the *Natal Mercury* relative to Isandula:—

The losses sustained by Natal natives since the com-



mencement of the war have been officially published. They amount to 482, most of whom were killed at Isandhlwana, and twenty wounded. The Amacuna tribe, under Pakadi, who live in Weenen County, suffered the most severe loss, having 240 killed; whilst the Amangwani tribe, under Sikali, had 103 killed and thirteen wounded. The Edendale Mounted Horse lost two men. This troop was raised at the Wesleyan Mission Station near Maritzburg, whose name they bear.

Maquende, Cetywayo's brother, who was at Isandhlwana, says the Zulus were defeated by the British soldiers, and about to fly, when the ammunition failed. The Zulus then plucked up courage for a rush. The 24th then stood in double line back to back, and fought with bayonets until killed by the weight of the enemy's force. The Zulu army numbered 25,000, of whom 14,000 attacked the camp, and 11,000 were reserves. Their intention was to enter Natal and lay waste the colony. The reserve made the attack on Rorke's Drift, and their repulse there saved the colony.

"From epileptic Cæsar down to the 'hunchbacked dwarf,' who, according to Macaulay, commanded the French, and the 'asthmatic skeleton' who commanded the English, and down to Napoleon and still more modern generals, we see," says the *Daily News*, "That the battle is not in this sense always to the strong; but the Government now must perceive that Lord Chelmsford is wanting in robustness of a far more important kind."

The latest joke current at Pretoria is that a Zulu prisoner, having been asked what Cetywayo would do with Lord Chelmsford if he caught him, replied that he would send him back at once, for that he could not wish for a better general to command the forces invading his country.

A pathetic story is told of the late Surgeon-Major Shepherd, who lost his life at Isandhlwana. Before leaving London he engaged as body-servant the son of a club-waiter named Green. "I'll make a man of him," he said to the boy's father at parting. Young Green was wounded, and it was while stopping to assist him that his master met his death.

THE 1-24TH BAND.—Volunteers from bands of various regiments have been called for to form a band of the 1-24th Foot, the whole of the band of that corps having been killed in action at Isandula.

## ISANDULA.

Oh, Isandôla ! ever mournful name !  
 At once our glory and our lasting shame ;  
 For where thy rugged hills o'ershadè the plain —  
 By thy dark warriors pitilessly slain —  
 Nine hundred Britons for their country bled,  
 To helpless slaughter by some blunder led !  
 For this our tearful cheeks should blush in shame,  
 O'er the dimmed 'scutcheon of our tarnished fame ;  
 For this the fire should flash from out our eyes,  
 Our bosoms heave, upborne by vengeful sighs.

Yet while our hearts deplore their hapless doom,  
 A glorious halo rises through the gloom —  
 Gilding our sorrow with its gen'rous light —  
 For ev'ry soldier in that fearful fight,  
 Whose bravery redeems a blund'ring crime,  
 Stands out a hero to the end of time !

Oh, mourn, ye mothers ! tender maidens, weep !  
 For those who 'neath that rocky mountain sleep,  
 Where Britain's sons, in all their manly pride,  
 For you, for us, for Britain's glory died !  
 Where noble Youth and humbler Manhood stood,  
 And sealed their patriotism with their blood ;  
 Where Smith his silent cannon spiked and fell,  
 With Pulleine, Durnford, in that wild pell-mell ;  
 Where Coghill, Melville, their loved colors bore  
 Till death o'ertook them on th' Buffalo's shore !

Dark was that day, though Afric's burning sun  
 Beamed fiercely where the bloody deed was done.  
 With lightsome hearts, too careless of their fate,  
 With cheerful eye and bosoms all elate,  
 On went those Britons in their serried rows,  
 With high contempt to seek their dusky foes.  
 With martial fire each eager bosom burns,  
 And tame precaution each disdainful spurns !  
 Now with swift suddenness, from right, from left,  
 From o'er the hills, from ev'ry rocky cleft —  
 In countless herdes — the dusky warriors swarm,  
 Each with his spear and shield upon his arm.  
 No shout of triumph rends the startled air,  
 But stealthy as a tiger from his lair —  
 And just as pitiless — on, on they sweep,  
 In silence dread and ominously deep !

Now sound the trumpets with their loud alarms,  
 And leaden hail pours forth from British arms !  
 Each murd'rous volley breaks that living wall,  
 A hundred Zulus at each volley fall !

Yet as their comrades drop, the savage foes  
Step o'er the dying, and their ranks re-close ;  
And still they come, like locusts o'er the plain,  
And gun and rifle mow their ranks in vain.

What could they do, each gallant British son,  
By savages outnumbered twelve to one ?  
What could they do, but as they did—right well—  
And precious English lives right dearly sell ?  
Giants, not Britons, now could only boast  
The dire defeat of that exhaustless host !  
Not Englishmen, but demi-gods, were meet  
To cause those countless myriads' retreat.  
Now with a cry the smoky air is rent,  
An awful cry—"The ammunition's spent !"

Yet on those legions swarm—on ev'ry hand  
They fall o'erwhelming on that fated band.  
With bayonets fixed Britannia's sons engage  
Those barb'rous hosts with patriotic rage,  
In fierce contention, and with murd'rous toil,  
Disputing inch by inch th' ensanguined soil ;  
Hurling them back like rock-bescattered waves,  
But still the fight with new-borne vigor raves,  
For like the ocean, with redoubled force,  
They still advance upon their fatal course.

Now faint and weary wax those British hearts,  
And weakly ward the ever show'ring darts.  
The foe increasing, mingling hand to hand,  
In one broad belt enclose the sinking band !  
Now with huge strength they hurl their slaughtered friends,  
As ghastly missiles on our bayonet ends !  
Then closing round their thus encumbered foes,  
They aim their weapons, and direct their blows !  
See in one mass, in dire confusion blent,  
Briton and Zulu ! while the air is rent  
With horrid sounds, as with discordant cries  
A conqueror triumphs, or the vanquished dies !

But now the end is near. From ev'ry side  
The foemen surge—an e'er increasing tide—  
Like Titans fight the now exhausted few ;  
What courage can—those fainting Britons do.  
Till pressed by 'whelming numbers on each hand,  
Each hero sinks upon the blood-stained sand ;  
Then—as the foe regains his frowning hills,  
And Dingaan's song the dark'ning welkin fills—  
Breathes out his life beneath the crimson sun,  
And Isandula's massacre is done !

HARDING LAWRENCE.



LIEUT. BONVILLE BROMHEAD, 24TH REGT.  
*(One of the Defenders of Rorke's Drift).*



## ISANDHLWANA.

*(Cradock Register.)*

## WEEP FOR THE DEAD.

Black as the veil of night,  
 Dense as the locust's flight,  
 Over the distant hills,  
 Spreading from left to right,  
 Tortuous as rippling rills,  
 Flocking from ev'ry side,  
 Came the wild Zulus down ;  
 Came as the Ocean's tide,  
 Reaching out far and wide,  
 They who had never fled,  
 By lust of plunder led,  
 Seeking renown.

## MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

O gallant Twenty-Fourth!  
 Round you the Zulu's wrath,  
 Fell in its power ;  
 Dark'ning the azure skies  
 With clouds of assegais.  
 Terrible hour!  
 Well you have prov'd again,  
 On that exciting plain,  
 Midst spear and bullet rain,  
 How the brave die ;  
 Dealing destruction round,  
 Yielding no inch of ground,  
 Spurning to fly ;  
 Africa mourns for you ;  
 Brave-hearted, firm and true,  
 Noble, sublime ;  
 Humbly I dare to wave,  
 Twenty-Fourth! good and brave!  
 Over your distant grave,  
 Chaplets of rhyme.

## SIGH FOR THE LOST.

Those who for fatherland,  
 With bold determined hand,  
 Went to the fore ;  
 Full-couraged Volunteers,  
 Baptised with parting tears,  
 Strengthened by deaf'ning cheers,  
 On to the war ;  
 They too could fight and die,  
 They too disdained to fly,  
 Death, death or victory,  
 Motto of all ;  
 So to the last they fought,  
 Glory was dearly bought,

Yet were they proud to court  
 A soldier's pall.  
 Nobly they strove to gain  
 Victory on the plain,  
 Heedless of cost ;  
 Now is the battle o'er,  
 Buffalo's crossed ;  
 They shall return no more ;  
 Sigh for the lost.

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IN MEMORIAM.—22ND JANUARY, 1870.

Gallant Twenty-Fourth! Your glorious star  
 Hath placed you foremost in the ranks of War ;  
 Bestowed on you of highest praise the meed  
 For noble effort, and for daring deed!  
 Stern Chillianwallah claims thy hundreds slain,  
 With bold Pennycuik and his brave son. Again  
 From Afric's shore resounds the thrilling cry,  
 Where your fallen heroes all unburied lie.  
 Five hundred dauntless officers and men,  
 Grim Isandhlwana! in thy gory glen,  
 O'erwhelmed—and yet unconquered! Far from aid,  
 Your lives—a costly sacrifice—ye paid.  
 'Twas Honor pledged—which ye redeemed—to save  
 From scorn the cruel confidence which gave  
 To your unflinching valor to oppose  
 The savage rush of twenty thousand foes!  
 Save Honor, *all* was lost. Though o'er your graves  
 As yet th' historic sacred laurel waves  
 No fragrant incense, haply time shall see  
 The hallowed fane reared o'er them lovingly ;  
 Fond memories shall inspire Affection's hand  
 To guard thy relics, noble-hearted band!  
 While your sad country on her brilliant page  
 Hands thy proud record on—from age to age.  
 Oh horrid War! of half thy horrors shorn  
 When England's sons are such as those we mourn ;  
 Fame consecrates each spot whereon they lie  
 In death immortal! Heroes never die!

OSWALD YOUNGHUSBAND.

Weymouth, Dorset.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Story of the Defence of Rorke's Drift, January 22, 1879, by an  
Eye Witness.

Descending the steep and circuitous road from Helpmakaar the valley of the Buffalo River, at and above its junction with the Blood River, is comparatively open; whilst below, on the right, just at Rorke's Drift, a spur of the Biggarsberg shuts it in completely. Upon an elevated terrace of rock (which forms a sort of pedestal for the terminating hill of the range) stood a neat homestead, about three-quarters of a mile from the Drift.

The buildings were erected by a former border agent named Rorke, and, together with the farm, were recently purchased by the Rev. Otto Witt, on behalf of the Swedish Church, for the purpose of establishing a Zulu Mission; and the fine hill at the back was named Oscarsberg, in honor of the King of Sweden.

The house stood within a few feet of the edge of the rocky terrace, overlooking a well-enclosed garden of two or three acres in extent, planted with standard grape vines, and many fine orange, apricot, apple, peach, quince, fig, pomegranate, and other fruit trees. There was a road running parallel with the front of the house, between the garden and the terrace, with a strong stone wall along the terrace side; whilst the sloping ground between the walk and the summit of the terrace was occupied by a grove of fine Cape poplars, some large gum trees, and a luxuriant growth of bushes and shrubs of various kinds.

The dwelling-house standing as above described was over eighty feet in length, the side wall on the left running back nearly sixty feet.



Forty paces to the left, but with its frontage line of eighty feet running parallel with the extreme back wall of the dwelling-house, was another block of buildings, consisting of large store-rooms, wagon-house, stable, &c. These buildings extended back fifty-two feet. Almost parallel with the extreme left wall of this block of buildings, with only a space of ten or twelve feet intervening, a stone wall extended to the edge of the ledge of rocks, forming the right wall of a kraal some fifty feet square, which was divided in half by another similar and parallel wall.

Passing out of the semi-enclosure to the left, between the store-house and the kraal, one saw the neat double row of tents occupied by B Company, 2-24th Regt., under the command of Lieut. Bromhead; whilst all along at the back, and running parallel with the buildings, juts out another and very precipitous rocky ledge, some thirty or forty feet high, full of caves, thoroughly overlooking, and within 350 yards of the premises.

The dwelling-house had been fitted up by the medical authorities as a base hospital for the column, and nearly all the rooms, as well as the large verandah in front, which had been carefully screened with blankets, were occupied by patients—thirty-six in number, including some who had been wounded at the taking of Sirayo's kraals, on Jan. 12.

The large store-house was occupied by the commissariat department, and was full of provisions of all kinds.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 22nd, after the slaughter at the camp at Isandhlwana, three companies (or regiments) of Zulus were formed upon the neck of land above the late camp, and marched towards Rorke's Drift; each company appeared to be from 1,000 to 1,500 strong. No. 1 company (we will call it) marched on in advance in open order, and "drove" every mealie garden, firing heavily all the while, killing many Europeans and natives who were trying to escape from Isandhlwana. They crossed the Buffalo River about four miles below Rorke's Drift, just below where the river makes a bend, almost at right angles, between precipitous rocky sides, firing repeatedly into every cave, bush, and crevice that might have afforded shelter for refugees. Being satisfied with the result, so far, they came on to a small green hill, sat down, and—took snuff all round.

Companies 2 and 3 then followed the example of No. 1, keeping some distance apart. They also advanced in open order—after going through various exercises, dividing off (apparently) into hundreds, then into tens, wheeling and quickly reforming; they crossed the river just above the bend, repeatedly firing amongst the bushes and rocks on both sides. They remained a long time in the river, forming a line across it, either for bathing or to assist one another in fording the stream.

By the time they had gained the rising ground upon this side, and had sat down to take snuff, up started ten men of No. 1, and ran on in advance up the valley, which lies between the high land at Helpmakaar and the hills at the back of Rorke's Drift.

In the meantime another party of Zulus, who must have crossed the river some miles lower down, had set a European house and a Kaffir kraal on fire, about four or five miles away at the back of Rorke's Drift.

No. 1 company followed their advanced guard at an easy pace. No. 2 company started off, bearing away to their left, apparently to join and support No. 1.

No. 3 company started off two men straight for Rorke's Drift, who ran as hard as they could, followed by ten others who took it more easily; and then came on the rest, headed and led by two very corpulent chiefs on horseback.

Whilst these Zulu warriors, reeking with British blood, are pressing on "like a steady rain," to plunder the Government stores, and (incidentally, of course) "wipe out" the handful of men that may attempt to defend them; let us see what preparations for defence have been made by the little band, if only they have been warned in time.

About 3 p.m., or shortly after, several mounted men arrived from the camp at Isandhlwana, and reported the terrible disaster which had occurred.

Lieut. Bromhead, commanding the company (B) of 2-24th Regt., at once struck his camp, sent down for Lieut. Chard, R.E. (who was engaged with some half-a-dozen men at the ponts on the river), to come up and direct the preparations for defence, as in the absence of Major Spalding the command of the post devolved upon him.

The windows and doors of the hospital were blocked up with mattresses, &c., loop-holes made through the walls,

both of the hospital and store-house. A wall of mealie and other grain bags was made, enclosing the front of the hospital, and running along the edge of the rocky terrace to the stone wall of the kraal, which has been described as coming from the far end of the store-house at right angles to the front of that building, down to the edge of these rocks.

Other mounted men arrived from the late camp, and told of the horrors they had escaped, and the dangers that were about to overwhelm us. Doubtless the poor fellows had seen terrors enough for one day, and were possessed by an earnest desire to warn the people at Helpmakaar in time, and so, like many before, and several after, on they galloped to carry out their laudable intention.

A praiseworthy effort was made to remove the worst cases in hospital to a place of safety; two wagons were brought up, after some delay, and the patients were being brought out, when it was found that the Zulus were so close upon us that any attempt to take them away in ox wagons would only result in their falling into the enemies' hands. So the two wagons were at once utilised and made to form part of the defensive wall connecting the right hand front corner of the store-house with the left hand back corner of the hospital—about 40 paces long; sacks of mealies forming the remainder, and being also used as barricades underneath and upon the wagons. A barricade, filling up the small space between the left front corner of the store-house and the stone wall of the kraal before referred to, and the blocking up of the gates of the kraal itself, made the outer defensive work complete. The men worked with a will, and were much encouraged by the unremitting exertions of both the military officers, the medical officer, and Assistant-Commissary Dalton, all of whom not merely directed but engaged most energetically in the construction of the barricades.

The water cart in the meantime had been hastily filled and brought within the enclosure.

The pontman Daniells and Sergt. Milne, 3rd Buffs, offered to moor the ponts in the middle of the stream and defend them from their decks with a few men. But our defensive force was too small for any to be spared, and these men subsequently did good service within the fort.

About 100 men of Durnford's Horse, who came in from the camp, had been drawn up for an hour or so, upon some rising ground, half a mile off. As soon as firing was heard, they rode off in a body to Helpmakaar, and then a noble body of some 350 loyal natives, who had been left specially to protect this post, and had consumed one or two oxen daily, at the expense of a paternal Government, and had got fat in the process, were seen hurrying away like a flock of sheep to the summit of a distant hill.

The anxiety which had been displayed for the safety of Helpmakaar, Fort Pine, Dundee, and other distant places, had considerably lessened the number of those whose help had naturally been calculated upon for the defence of the place. Seeing this, Lieut. Chard had a retrenchment of a double row of biscuit boxes placed from the right hand front corner of the store-house, straight down, and at right angles to the barricade, running along the ledge of rocks in front, thus dividing our whole enclosure (roughly speaking) in half.

Between this retrenchment and the kraal wall on the left, were two large pyramids of sacks of mealies and oats standing side by side.

About 4.30 p.m., the Zulus came in sight, coming round the right hand end of the large hill in our rear; only about 20 at first appeared, advancing in open order. Their numbers were speedily augmented and their line extended quite across the neck of land from hill to hill. A great number of "dongas," on their line of approach, a stream with steep banks, the garden with all its trees and surroundings, gave them great facilities for getting near us unseen. The garden must have soon been occupied, for one unfortunate Contingent corporal, whose heart must have failed him when he saw the enemy and heard the firing, got over the parapet and tried to make his escape on foot, but a bullet from the garden struck him, and he fell dead within 150 yards of our front wall. An officer of the same corps who had charge of the 350 natives before referred to, was more fortunate, for being mounted, he made good his escape, and "lives to fight another day."

But the enemy are upon us now, and are pouring over the right shoulder of the hill in a dense mass, and on they come, making straight for the connecting wall between the

store-house and the hospital; but when they get within fifty yards, the firing is altogether too hot for them. Some half of them swerve round to their left, past the back and right end of the hospital, and then make a desperate attempt to scale the barricade in front of that building; but here too, they are repulsed, and they disperse, and find cover amongst the bushes and behind the stone wall below the terrace. The others have found shelter amongst numerous banks, ditches, and bushes, and behind a square Kaffir-house and large brick ovens, all at the rear of our enclosure. One of the mounted Chiefs was shot by Private Dunbar, 2-24th, who also killed eight of the enemy, in as many consecutive shots, as they came round a ledge of the hill; and as fresh bodies of Zulus arrive they take possession of the elevated ledge of rocks overlooking our buildings and barricades at the back, and all the caves and crevices are quickly filled, and from these the enemy pour down a continuous fire upon us.

A whisper passes round amongst the men—"poor old King Cole is killed." He was at the front wall, a bullet passed through his head, and then struck the next man upon the bridge of the nose, but the latter was not seriously hurt. Mr. Dalton, who is a tall man, was continually going along the barricades, fearlessly exposing himself, and cheering the men, and using his own rifle most effectively. A Zulu ran up near the barricade; Mr. Dalton called out "pot that fellow," and himself aimed *over* the parapet at another, when his rifle dropped, he turned round quite pale, and said that he had been shot. The doctor was by his side at once, and found that a bullet had passed quite through, above the right shoulder. Unable any longer to use his rifle (although he did not cease to direct the fire of the men who were near him), he handed it to Mr. Byrne, who used it well.

Presently, Corporal C. Scammell, N.N.C., who was near Mr. Byrne, was shot through the shoulder and back; he crawled a short distance and handed the remainder of his cartridges to Lieut. Chard, and then expressed his desire for a drink of water; Byrne at once fetched it for him, and whilst giving it him to drink, poor Byrne was shot through the head, and fell dead instantly.

The garden and the road—having the stone wall and

**RORKE'S DRIFT.**

*(At sunrise the morning after the fight.)*





thick belt of bush as a screen from the fire of our front defences—were now occupied by a large force of the enemy ; they rushed up to the front barricade and soon occupied one side whilst we held the other ; they seized hold of the bayonets of our men, and in two instances succeeded in wrenching them off the rifles, but the bold perpetrators were instantly shot. One fellow fired at Corporal Scheiss of the N.N.C. (a Swiss by birth, who was a hospital patient), the charge blowing his hat off ; he instantly jumped upon the parapet and bayoneted the man, regained his place and shot another, and then repeating his former exploit, climbed up the sacks and bayoneted a third ; a bullet struck him in the instep early in the fight, but he would not allow that his wound was a sufficient reason for leaving his post, yet he has suffered most acutely from it since. Our men at the front wall had the enemy hand to hand, and besides, were being fired upon very heavily from the rocks and caves above us in our rear. Five of our men were here shot dead in a very short space of time ; so by six p.m., the order was given for them to retire to our retrenchment of biscuit boxes, from which such a heavy fire was sent along the front of the hospital, that although scores of Zulus jumped over the mealie bags to get into the building, nearly every man perished in that fatal leap ; but they rushed to their death like demons, yelling out their war-cry of " Usutu," " Usutu." Shortly after, they succeeded in setting the roof of the hospital on fire, at its further end. As long as we held the front wall, the Zulus failed in their repeated attempts to get into the far end room of the hospital ; Lieut. Bromhead, several times, having driven them back with a bayonet charge. When we had retired to the retrenchment, and the hospital had been set on fire, a terrible struggle awaited the brave fellows who were defending it from within.

Private Joseph Williams fired from a small window at the far end of the hospital. Next morning fourteen warriors were found dead beneath it, besides others along his line of fire. When their ammunition was expended, he and his companions kept the door with their bayonets, but an entrance was subsequently forced, and he, poor fellow, was seized by the hands, dragged out, and killed before their eyes. His surviving companions were Private John Williams, No. 1395, and two patients. Whilst the



Zulus were dragging forth our men's late brave comrade, the latter succeeded in making a hole in the partition with an axe, and got into another room, where they were joined by Private Henry Hook, and he and Williams, turn about, one keeping off the enemy, the other working, succeeded in cutting holes into the next adjoining rooms. One poor fellow, Jenkins, venturing through one of these, was also seized and dragged away, the others escaped through the window looking into the enclosure towards the store-house, and running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, most of them got safely within the entrenchment. Trooper Hunter of N.M.P., a very tall young man, who was a patient in the hospital, was not so fortunate, but fell before he could reach the goal. In another ward Privates 593, Wm. Jones, and 716, Robt. Jones, defended their post until six out of the seven patients in it had been safely removed. The seventh was Sergt. Maxfield, who was ill with fever, and delirious. Private R. Jones went back to try and carry him out, but the room was full of Zulus, and the poor fellow was dead. The native of Umkungu's tribe who had been shot through the thigh at Sirayo's kraal, was lying unable to move; he said that he "was not afraid of the Zulus, but wanted a gun." When the end room in which he lay was forced, Private Hook heard the Zulus talking with him; next day his charred remains were found amongst the ruins.

Corporal Mayer, N.N.C., who had been wounded under the knee with an assegai, at Sirayo's kraal, Bombadier Lewis, R.A., whose leg and thigh were much swollen from a wagon accident, and Trooper R. S. Green, N.M.P., also a patient, all got out of the little end window within the enclosure. The window being high up, and the Zulus already within the room behind them, each man had a fall in escaping, and had then to crawl (for none of them could walk) through the enemy's fire, inside the retrenchment. Whilst doing this, Green was struck in the thigh with a spent bullet. Some few escaped from the front of the hospital, and ran round to the right to the retrenchment, but two or three were assegaied as they attempted it.

Gunner Howard, R.A., ran out of the hospital, and managed to hide himself in the long grass on the upper side of the stone wall below our front parapet. He covered himself as well as he could with twigs and grass,

and there, in company with a dead pig, and four of our horses (which had been shot where they were tied up), he lay unobserved all night, and came in unharmed at daylight. Another, Private Waters, 1-24th, secreted himself in a cupboard in the hospital, and killed many Zulus who entered the room, he himself getting wounded in the arm. At last he put over him a black cloak, and ran out of the burning building amongst the bushes, in one of which he lay concealed and unharmed until morning, with hundreds of Zulus moving about during the night upon all sides of him.

Whilst the hospital was being thus gallantly defended, Lieutenant Chard and Assistant-Commissary Dunne, with two or three men, succeeded in converting the two large pyramids of sacks of mealies into an oblong and lofty redoubt, and, under heavy fire, blocking up the intervening space between the two with sacks from the top of each, leaving a hollow in the centre for the security of the wounded, and giving another admirable and elevated line of fire all round. About this time the men were obliged to fall back from the outer to the middle, and then to the inner wall of the kraal, forming our left defence.

The Zulus do not appear to have thrown their assegais at all, using them solely for stabbing purposes.

Corporal Allen and Private Hitch both behaved splendidly. They were badly wounded early in the evening, and incapacitated from firing themselves, but never ceased going round and serving out ammunition from the reserve to the fighting men.

The light from the burning hospital, was of the greatest service to our men, lighting up the scene for hundreds of yards around; but before ten p.m. it had burned itself out. The rushes and heavy firing of the enemy did not slacken until past midnight, and from that time until daylight, a desultory fire was kept up by them, from the caves above us in our rear, and from the bush and garden in front.

At last daylight dawned, and the enemy retired round the shoulder of the hill by which they had approached. Whilst some remained at their posts, others of our men were sent out to patrol, and returned with about 100 rifles and guns, and some 400 assegais, left by the enemy upon

the field ; and round our walls, and especially in front of the hospital, the dead Zulus lay piled up in heaps. About 350 were subsequently buried by us. They must have carried off nearly all their wounded with them.

Our loss was 15 killed, two mortally wounded, and 10 others less seriously wounded. But we were not to be left alone, for between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. the enemy re-appeared in great force, in the same direction as before, when, fortunately, the General, with the remainder of the column, was seen coming in the opposite direction, and, crossing the Buffalo, came straight to our relief, and the Zulus made off as they approached.

Whilst all behaved so gallantly, it was hardly possible to notice other exceptional instances, although all their comrades bore testimony to such in the conduct of Color-Sergeant Bourne, 2-24th, Sergeant Williams, 2-24th (wounded dangerously—since dead), Sergeant Windridge, 2-24th, and Privates McMahon, A.H.C., and Roy, 1-24th.

It was certainly of the utmost strategical importance that this place should not be taken. Perhaps the safety of the remainder of the column, and of this part of the colony, depended on it.

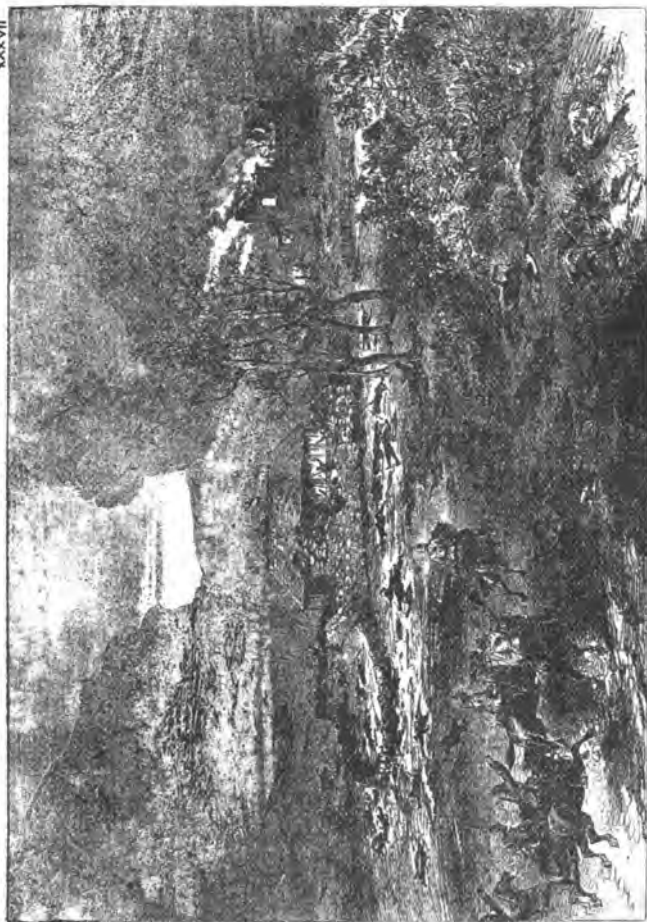
The determined and successful resistance which by God's help the brave fellows were able to make seems to have surprised the enemy, who have not shown themselves near the place since.

Whatever signs of approval may be conferred upon the defenders of Rorke's Drift from high quarters, they will never cease to remember the kind and heartfelt expressions of gratitude which have fallen both from the columns of the colonial press and so many of the Natal colonists themselves.

Appended is the official report of the defence of Rorke's Drift:—

The Lieutenant-General Commanding the Forces in South Africa has much satisfaction in publishing for general information the official report of the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift post, on the 22nd and 23rd January.

The Lieutenant-General feels sure that the gallant conduct of the garrison will receive most ample recognition. He trusts that the example set by those few brave men, and the success which attended their noble efforts, will be taken to heart by all under his command.



THE RELIEF OF RORKE'S DRIFT.



The odds against them were nearly thirty to one; but by taking advantage of the materials which lay to their hand, and by hastily constructing with them such cover as was possible, the gallant little garrison were enabled to repulse, for twelve hours, the determined attack made upon their position; and inflicted a loss upon the enemy, in killed alone, of more than three times their own number.

Rorke's Drift, 25th January, 1879.

Sir—I have the honor to report that on the 22nd inst. I was left in command at Rorke's Drift by Major Spalding, who went to Helpmakaar to hurry on the company of the 24th Regiment ordered to protect the ponts.

About 3.15 p.m. on that day I was at the ponts, when two men came riding from Zululand at a gallop, and shouted to be taken across the river. I was informed by one of them, Lieut. Adendorff, of Lonsdale's regiment (who remained to assist in the defence), of the disaster at Isandhlwana camp, and that the Zulus were advancing at Rorke's Drift. The other carbineer rode off to take the news to Helpmakaar.

Almost immediately I received a message from Lieutenant Bromhead, commanding the company of 24th regiment at the camp near the Commissariat stores, asking me to come up at once.

I gave the order to inspan, strike tents, put all stores, &c., into the wagon, and at once rode up to the Commissariat store, and found that a note had been received from the third column to state that the enemy were advancing in force against our post, which we were to strengthen and hold at all cost.

Lieutenant Bromhead was most actively engaged in loop-holing and barricading the store, building, and hospital, and connecting the defence of the two buildings by walls of mealie-bags and two wagons that were on the ground.

I held a hurried consultation with him and with Mr. Dalton, of the commissariat, who was actively superintending the work of defence (and whom I cannot sufficiently thank for his most valuable services), entirely approving of the arrangements made. I went round the position, and then rode down to the pont and brought up the guard of one sergeant and six men, wagon, &c.

I desire here to mention the offer of the pont man, Daniells, and Sergeant Milne, 3rd Buffs, to moor the ponts in the middle of the stream, and defend them from their decks with a few men. We arrived at the post at 3.30 p.m. Shortly after an officer of Durnford's Horse arrived and asked for orders; I requested him to send a detachment to observe the drifts and ponts, to throw out outposts in the direction of the enemy, and check his advance as much as possible, falling back upon the post when forced to retire, and assisting in its defence.

I requested Lieutenant Bromhead to post his men, and having seen his and every man at his post, the work once more went on.

About 4.20 the sound of firing was heard behind the hill to our south. The officer of Durnford's returned, reporting the enemy close upon us, and that his men would not obey his orders, but were going off to Helpmakaar, and I saw them, apparently about 100 in number, going off in that direction.

About the same time Captain Stephenson's detachment of Natal Native Contingent left us, as did that officer himself.

I saw that our line of defence was too extended for the small number of men now left us, and at once commenced a retrenchment of biscuit boxes.

We had not completed a wall two boxes high, when, about 4.30 p.m., five or six hundred of the enemy came in sight, around the hill to our south, and advanced at a run against our south wall. They were met with a well sustained fire, but, notwithstanding their heavy loss, continued the advance to within fifty yards of the wall, when they met with such a heavy fire from the wall, and cross fire from the store, that they were checked, but taking advantage of the cover afforded by the cookhouse, ovens, &c., kept up a heavy fire. The greater number, however, without stopping, moved to the left, around the hospital, and made a rush at our north-west wall of mealie-bags, but after a short but desperate struggle were driven back, with heavy loss, into the bush around the work.

The main body of the enemy were close behind, and had lined the ledge of rock and caves overlooking us, about 400 yards to our south, from where they kept up a constant

fire, and advancing somewhat more to their left than the first attack, occupied the garden, hollow road, and bush in great force.

Taking advantage of the bush which we had not cut down, the enemy were able to advance under cover close to our wall, and in this part soon held one side of the wall while we held the other. A series of desperate assaults were made, extending from the hospital along the wall as far as the bush reached, but each was most splendidly met and repulsed by our men with the bayonet, Corporal Schiess, N.N.C., greatly distinguishing himself by his conspicuous gallantry.

The fire from the rocks behind us, though badly directed, took us completely in reverse, and was so heavy that we suffered very severely, and about six p.m. were forced to retire behind the entrenchment of biscuit boxes.

All this time the enemy had been attempting to force the hospital, and shortly after set fire to its roof.

The garrison of the hospital defended it room by room, bringing out all the sick that could be moved before they retired, Privates Williams, Hook, R. Jones, and W. Jones, 24th regiment, being the last men to leave, holding the doorway with the bayonet, their own ammunition being expended.

From the want of interior communication and the burning of the house, it was impossible to save all. With most heartfelt sorrow, I regret we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate.

Seeing the hospital burning and the desperate attempts of the enemy to fire the roof of the stores, we converted two mealie-bag heaps into a sort of redoubt, which gave a second line of fire all round, Assistant-Commissary Dunne working hard at this, though much exposed, and rendering valuable assistance. As darkness came on we were completely surrounded, and after several attempts had been gallantly repulsed were eventually forced to retire to the middle, and then the inner wall of the kraal was on our east. The position we then had we retained throughout. A desultory fire was kept up all night, and several assaults were attempted and repulsed; the vigour of the attack continuing until after midnight; our men firing with the greatest coolness, did not waste a single shot, the light



afforded by the burning hospital being of great help to us.

About 4 a.m. on the 23rd, the firing ceased, and at daybreak the enemy were out of sight over the hill to the south-west. We patrolled the grounds, collecting the arms of the dead Zulus, and strengthened our defences as much as possible. We were removing the thatch from the roof of the stores, when about seven a.m. a large body of the enemy appeared on the hills to the south-west.

I sent a friendly Kaffir who had come in shortly before, with a note to the officer commanding at Helpmakaar, asking for help. About 8 a.m., the third column appeared in sight, the enemy, who had been gradually advancing, falling back as they approached. I consider the enemy who attacked us to have numbered about 3,000. We killed about 350.

Of the steadiness and gallant behaviour of the whole garrison I cannot speak too highly. I wish especially to bring to your notice the conduct of Lieut. Bromhead, 2-24th regiment, and the splendid behaviour of his company B; Surgeon Reynolds A.M.D., in his constant attention to the wounded under fire, where they fell; Acting-Commissariat Officer Dalton, to whose energy much of our defences were due, and who was severely wounded while gallantly assisting in the defence; Assistant-Commissary Dunne, acting Storekeeper Byrne (killed), Color-Sergeant Bourne 2-24th, Sergeant Williams 2-24th (wounded dangerously), Sergt. Windridge 2-24th, Corporal Schiess 2-3rd N.N.C. (wounded); Privates Williams and Jones 2-24th, McMahon, A.H.C., R. Jones 2-24th, H. Hook, Roy, 1-24th.

The following return shows the number present at Rorke's Drift, 22nd January, 1879.\*

Twelve wounded (list already forwarded by medical officer) of whom two have since died, viz., Sergeant Williams, 2-24th regiment, and Private Beckett, 1-24th regiment, making a total killed of 17.

I have the honour to be, \*

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) JNO. R. M. CHARD, Lieut. R.E.

To Col. GLYN, C.B., Com. 3rd Col.

Forwarded, J. R. GLYN,

Col. Com. 3rd Column.

Rorke's Drift, 3rd Feb., 1879.

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\* For Return, see Appendix.



**LIEUTENANT CHARD, R.E.,**  
*(One of the Defenders of Rorke's Drift).*



Such is the accurate account of this memorable defence ; and old hands not given to sensational remarks have pointed out the serious likelihood of the Zulus continuing their victorious march onwards, penetrating even to Cape Town, and so driving every white man into the sea, had not Chard and Bromhead and the trusty men under them stemmed the fierce martial torrent. It will be also plainly seen that if the Zulus had been victorious at Rorke's Drift, Lord Chelmsford and his column, which in straggling form, wearied out and down-cast, were marching towards the latter place, were entirely at their mercy—and we know what that is.

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RORKE'S DRIFT, JANUARY 22-23, 1879.

(*Truth*, February 20.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, Twenty-Fourth ! remember  
 What 'tis on us depends !"  
 And comes to him an answer,  
 A cheer the air that rends.  
 And then, in bitter earnest,  
 Each man stands to his post ;  
 As in the dark, like devils stark,  
 Rush on the Zulu host.

\* \* \* \* \*

And in our history's pages  
 Shall the same tale be told,  
 And on the country's roll-call  
 The names shall be enrolled  
 Of that brave band of heroes  
 Who in her darkest hour,  
 And when her need was sorest,  
 Upheld old England's power.

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RORKE'S DRIFT.—JANUARY 22, 1879

(*Transvaal Argus*.)

On the wild river's bank two horsemen appear—  
 They are bearers of tidings that fill them with fear  
 "Haste ! put us across and prepare for the fight ;  
 The Zulus are out in their uttermost might.  
 They rushed on our camp like a dark hungry flood,  
 And their spears are all red with our countrymen's blood."

R

We heard them.—A moment our pulses stood still,  
Then we went to our work with a heart and a will—  
Two stores to defend, with a hundred, all told,  
And thirty sick mates.—“Come, boys, let's be bold!  
Let's fasten the wagons together with chain  
And build up our ramparts with sacks full of grain.”

\* \* \* \* \*

What is that coming on like a herd of black game  
Round the hill to the south, with the speed of a flame,  
With feathery plumes, like wild manes, flaunting high,  
And a sound like a myriad of wings in the sky?  
The Zulus?—for now in the sun's glance appears  
The quivering lightning-like sheen of their spears.

They are on us. Six hundred at first, with wild cries—  
The lust of the battle still red in their eyes—  
The blood of our comrades still wet on each blade;  
And see! there come thousands behind to their aid.  
But thanks to the heads that directed our hands,  
All firm and unbroken our little camp stands.

It stands like a rock, the Atlantic's wild wave  
Breaks over and harms not! We took and we gave.  
They leap on our walls, they stab, hiss, and yell;  
They come on in thousands—dark legions from hell—  
Our bayonets are ready, our rifles are “there,”  
And their small tongues of flame tell there's death in the air.

They took half our fort—foot by foot—inch by inch.  
They lighted the roof—and yet none would flinch.  
We threw up another “redoubt” with the maize,  
And fought by the light of the Hospital blaze.  
When darkness came down, and all through the night,  
Surrounded, we kept up the terrible fight.

Ah! who shall declare the deeds that were done  
Ere the world woke again to the light of the sun?  
For twelve long, long hours we stood at our posts.  
And beat back (how often!) the enemy's hosts.  
We had our revenge for the blood that was shed  
At dark *Isandhlwana*—they paid for our dead!

Day broke, and the devils had silently gone;  
We counted their slain—more than twenty to one.  
Our loss was fifteen; so we set up a shout  
That frightened the vultures slow sailing about.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the heart-thrill of Nations will live your reward,  
Oh! brave Twenty-Fourth! Oh! brave Bromhead and Chard!

Pretoria, February, 1879.

A. B.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## Ekowe.

On the same day (January 22nd, 1879) that the battle of Isandhlwana was fought, Colonel Pearson, who had entered Zululand near to the sea with one column, encountered the enemy near Ekowe, or Itshowe, at a spot called Ingangane. The following is an accurate account of the engagement :—

Never in the annals of Zulu history has a more signal defeat (under the circumstances) been administered to the Zulu army. On Wednesday morning, the 22nd, Colonel Pearson reached the rough and woody Ingangane, and the head of the column had just got into a little rising ground, and were in the act of piling arms, to prepare for breakfast, when the mounted scouts on in front were heard to fire rapidly. Colonels Pearson and Parnell at once took in the situation—about as unfavorable a one as could be. To the left lay a short hill, while in the front large hills covered with dense bush, and along the lowland to the right where the men and wagons were slowly coming up, the bushes also thickly dotted the landscape. The enemy were seen on the hills in considerable force, and it was at once perceived that a heavy battle must ensue. There were but two companies of the Buffs in front, the remainder of the regiment being further back with the wagons, as were also the Engineers and the men of the 99th Regt.; but with admirable coolness and true military tact, the leading two companies were at once doubled up a short hill on the left; one company being sent round the right brow to encounter the large body of the enemy which was coming down the opposite hill, and whose forms could only be discerned

when they with lightning rapidity started from one clump of bushes to the other. A moment's look at the position seemed to convince the Colonel (said a combatant, and consequently an eye witness) that the Zulu tactics were to surround the column, for in addition to pouring in a rapid fire on the right, the vast horde of savages were to be observed pushing into the lowland at the base of the hill, on which position had been taken up, and from thence pouring in a heavy and continuous fire, showing that they had plenty of rifles. To counteract this movement, the other company of the Buffs had to face down hill in reply to the challenge of the enemy. Lieut. Lloyd, R.A., had his men well in hand, for at a moment's notice his two guns were also facing the valley, down which it could be seen Zulu soldiers were densely crowding, no doubt with the intention of pressing still further on and attacking the wagons. The mounted men, including all the volunteer forces, were at once placed on the side of a hill to the left to guard off what was evidently intended as a flank movement. This was about the position of affairs when the fighting commenced at 7 a.m. The company to the right fired volley after volley into the bush on the opposite hill, but, with the most dogged resistance, were answered back, while missiles of every description came fast and heavy, rattling and whirring through the air. Colonels Pearson and Parnell actively superintended all arrangements, exposing themselves frequently to the fire of the enemy in giving directions in the combat. Both their horses were shot dead under them during the fight. Being afterwards annoyed by a heavy fire, which, however, was noticed frequently to fall short, and the rifles being unable to silence the enemy, the guns were brought to bear on the bush, and poured shot and shell among the black occupants hot and heavy, and caused great destruction. This they were evidently unprepared for; the Martini rifles they could stand, even if they did make them grin, but shot and shell bursting and crashing amongst them, and making them (or such of them as escaped from its effects) leap, dance, and tumble from their hiding quarters, they seemed not quite able to understand. Still with a brave determination for victory at all hazards, when hunted from one quarter they only opened with renewed vigor from another.



**COLONEL C. K. PEARSON**  
*(Commander of the Garrison at Ekowe.)*





On they still pushed through the bush, shouting and roaring out their stentorian war-cries, frequently drafts no doubt supplying the gaps in the ranks of their comrades in the lowlands; but this place again getting rather too warm for them, their picked companies seemed suddenly to centre with a rush on the Colonel's right flank, and the fire went on hotter than ever. In the meantime the rockets from a neighboring hillock were making it very hot for the bronzed Zulus, while the game was considerably heightened in danger to the blacks and in general interest by the Blue Jackets getting their Gatlings into position from the opposite side. Then the fun became fast and furious, and the whizzing missiles, wrecking and tearing all before them, literally mowed down the branches and the brush-wood around, and the Zulus fairly fell like locusts; but after scampering out of the bush in question they still retreated in an orderly manner, and kept up a rapid fire, though volley after volley from the Buffs must have caused many a Zulu to bite the dust. Whilst matters were thus progressing, a daring attempt was made by a body of the enemy to the rear of the hill on which the guns were playing to turn the left flank, but here they were met by the Volunteers, who gave them such a reception as will long be remembered by Cetywayo's tribe. But though bullets went in hundreds after them into the bush, still would they reply, hoping that the British would give way, and confident in their large numbers. The horde which had come down the bush on the right now tried to force their way by dint of rushing on to the place where the wagons had been drawn, but little did they calculate the reception which awaited them. The men of the Buffs, Naval Brigade, Royal Engineers, and men of the 99th Regiment poured such death-dealing volleys on them that they fairly reeled, staggered, and ultimately broke, totally defeated, and in their retreat exposing themselves to grape shot and bullets, while one of the Gatling guns, which had again attained a good position, played havoc wherever a group of darkskins was to be seen; and so nothing more was heard of the gentlemen who so injudiciously endeavored to turn a British flank. After 10 o'clock the enemy were chased through the wood by some companies of the Buffs, the 99th, cavalry, and Native Contingent, and thus com-

pletely routed out, great numbers being seen scrambling over the hills carrying their wounded and numbers of their dead with them. The fight lasted two hours and a quarter, the English fighting all through under great disadvantages, but with much coolness, and upon ground selected by the Zulus themselves, a spot round which martial tradition hangs as being the scene of one of the proofs of their invulnerability, when they conquered with much slaughter their old enemies the Dutch. They left upwards of four hundred counted dead upon the field. How many died uncounted is unknown, as the Zulus, according to their custom, do all they can to conceal their dead in the thick bush, throwing them in holes and between rocks, or anywhere where they can be effectually hidden; so that, reckoning these and others carried over the hills, some seven or eight hundred fell. A high chief of Cetywayo's, taken prisoner, said that their orders were to retire before Colonel Pearson, whom they watched crossing the Tugela River, but on no account to allow the troops to advance beyond the old battle-ground just described. There were four thousand in the attacking force, and Cetywayo told them that if they did not "eat up" the white men never to show their faces before him again.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

## The Intombi River Massacre.

The following detailed account of the Intombi River massacre is taken from a letter in the *Transvaal Argus* :—

“It is with the deepest sorrow I write to convey the sad, sad news of the disaster that occurred this Wednesday morning, the 12th of March, 1879, between the hours of four and five o'clock, at the Intombi River, about four and a half or five miles from Luneburg, which resulted in great loss of life—1 captain, 1 civil surgeon, and 40 non-commissioned officers and men, being found assegai'd and butchered on the scene of the action, 20 being still unaccounted for, only 43 turning up at Luneburg out of 105. The circumstances in detail, as far as can be accurately known, are as follows :—On Saturday, 1st March, D Company, 80th Regiment, in command of Captain Anderson, accompanied by Lieutenant Daubeney, was sent out from Luneburg to act as convoy to wagons from Lydenburg and Middleburg *via* Derby, laden with ammunition, stores, and provisions. They met the wagons some distance on the other side of the Intombi River, and took them in charge. On Wednesday, the 5th, Captain Anderson and his company were recalled, abandoning the wagons which were in their charge to care for themselves. On Friday, the 7th March, Captain Moriarty, accompanied by Lieutenants Johnson and Lindop, with Dr. Cobbin, civil surgeon, went out with 103 non-commissioned officers and men, to complete the escort duty the first company sent out were detailed for. Captain Moriarty, on arrival at the Intombi River, halted and pitched his camp on the Luneburg side of the river, as owing to its being very much

swollen through the incessant rain, it was found impossible to get across. Eventually a raft was constructed, and the men passed over in groups, Captain Moriarty and Lieutenant Johnson accompanying them, leaving about 35 men behind under command of Lieutenant Lindop, as a working party, to cut down the drift, and to prepare and forward supplies to those who had crossed. Lieutenant Johnson, with a party of men, went on at once to meet the wagons, Captain Moriarty with another party following, leaving a sergeant and a few men on the Derby side of the river to pitch the tents. The wagons were first reached by a few mounted men, when it was found they had been tampered with by the Kaffirs in the absence of one company being recalled and the other coming out. All the wagons were eventually got to the bank of the river by 2 o'clock on Tuesday, the 11th, the escort returning with them. I omitted to mention that it was stated 46 oxen were taken in addition to the stores being interfered with from the wagons. It was raining very heavily at this time, but ceased about 4 in the afternoon. Captain Moriarty caused the wagons to be laagered in the shape of a triangle, the river being the base, the wagons on the sides resting within twelve or fifteen yards of the river; inside the laager the men, about seventy-nine, were stationed, also the oxen. Everything seemed perfectly safe and secure, every precaution being taken. It was impossible to get the wagons across on the Luneburg side, as the river was swelling more and more, and the current running six or seven knots an hour. About 4.15 a.m., the never-to-be-forgotten 12th March, a shot was heard, and reported by the sentry to Lieutenant Harwood (who had been sent out to relieve Lieutenants Johnson and Lindop, the former acting-commissariat officer, the latter acting-ordnance officer, the evening before the 12th). Lieutenant Harwood sent over at once to the other side of the river to report the circumstance to Captain Moriarty. The men at once stood to their arms. At this time there was a very heavy mist and fog. No sooner had the rain ceased, and the fog partly cleared away, so that those in the laager could distinguish fifty yards in front, than a volley was poured into the laager by an impi of Zulus, who had crept up to within about 100 yards of the laager. They then threw down



THE INTOMBI RIVER MASSACRE.



their guns, and charged, assegai in hand, on the laager, which was most heroically and bravely defended till overwhelmed by over 4,000 Zulus. Then the butchery began, the gallant fellows being assegaied in all directions.

"Seeing their laager taken, the few who were left took to the river, and endeavored to reach the little party on the Luneburg side. They were followed into the river by the Zulus and assegaied, not more than twelve or fifteen escaping from the laager. The party on the Luneburg side of the river, in command of Sergeant Booth, was all this time keeping up a heavy fire on the Zulus on the opposite bank, and protecting their comrades who were attempting to escape through the river. This sergeant and little party fought most bravely till, at last, outflanked by hundreds of Zulus, who had crossed the river on both sides of them with intent to cut them off, they retired, disputing the ground into Luneberg, and being followed for over two miles by hundreds of Zulus. A great many of those saved owed their lives to Sergeant Booth and Lance-Corporal Burgess, who collected the few straggling men, and kept pouring volley after volley upon the advancing Zulus, as they retreated into Luneberg. Lieut. Harwood, who was on the Luneburg side of the river, rode in with all speed to convey the news of the attack to Major Tucker. It was about 6 when Lieutenant Harwood arrived with the sad news. Major Tucker immediately mounted every one for whom a horse could be found, and, accompanied by Lieutenants Harwood and Johnson, and a little body of horse, rode with all speed to the scene, followed by two companies, C in command of Lieutenant Chamberlain, and H in command of Lieutenant Potts, accompanied by Lieutenant Lindop; D Company, in command of Captain Anderson, being left to guard the fort at Luneburg. As the mounted party neared the scene of the attack, they could plainly see the Zulus moving over the hills like so many ants, the impi being estimated between four and five thousand. On arrival at the laager a most ghastly and horrid sight presented itself. There lay our poor fellows, butchered and assegaied, and otherwise disgracefully illused, amongst whom were Captain Moriarty and Civil-Surgeon Cobbin and 35 men. Major Tucker caused the whole of the bodies to be collected, a



large square grave dug on the bank of the river, and all, with the exception of Captain Moriarty and Dr. Cobbin, who were brought to Luneburg, buried. The funeral service was read, and the honors of war fired over them. Captain Moriarty and Dr. Cobbin were buried with military honors in the little graveyard of Luneburg, as also four other poor fellows who were found on the way to Luneburg. Evidently they were previously wounded and were trying to effect their escape, but, being overtaken, were killed and disembowelled. Almost all the poor fellows were disembowelled that were assailed. Too much could not be said for the exertions and labor of Lieutenant Chamberlain, who caused the bodies, which were in many cases dreadfully disfigured, to be carefully identified, and an inventory taken of anything that might have been found on them. Almost in every case the bodies were stripped of their clothing. On a careful inspection of the camp being made, it was found that the whole of the ammunition had been carried away, also blankets, rifles, &c. What was left was taken from off the wagons, and was strewn all over the place; biscuit, tins of preserved meat, and mealies, lay scattered in all directions. The rockets and rocket apparatus were taken out of the boxes, but received no serious damage. All the oxen were carried off, and thirty Zulus were found killed, numbers being carried off. From the traces of blood all over the place, numbers of Zulus must have been wounded. Two Zulus were found alive badly wounded. It was ascertained from the wounded Zulus that Umbeline himself was with the impi, and their strength was about 9,000. When asked why they fled so quickly, they said they dreaded the other red-coats coming down on them.

"They also contemplated attacking the fort at Luneburg three days before this. Now that this sacrifice of life has occurred, perhaps steps will be taken in future to avoid sending a handful of men as a convoy to wagons, and in the eyes of justice we trust a thorough investigation will be made, as this demands it, more especially as it was well known to the military authorities at Luneburg for some days previous that Umbeline with an impi of Zulus was hovering about close by. All sorts of precautions are taken in the fort (Fort Cleary), a company being told off nightly

as an outlying picket, the officers and men being exposed to the weather and being frequently saturated through.

"When Captain Moriarty was shot through the breast he cried out, 'Fire away, boys, death or glory, I am done,' and was then surrounded and assegaied."

Mr. Josiah Sussens, who went down to the Zulu border in charge of some Government wagons, managed very providentially to escape the fate of the poor fellows who were slain at the recent massacre at Intombi River. We give his story just as he told it:—"I was in the wagon, sleeping, and early in the morning I got up to see if it was daylight, and saw the Kaffirs swarming around within twenty yards of me. The alarm was given, and Captain Moriarty called out 'Guards out.' I ran back to my wagon to get my rifle (which belonged to No. 1 company Transvaal Rifle Volunteers, of which corps I am a member), but in the confusion of the bullets flying about me, I could not get it out. I now found it so dangerous that I determined to try to bolt, if I could, without remaining to take out my clothes. As I emerged from the wagon for the last time, I heard Captain Moriarty cry out, 'Fire away, men, I am done.' I then went to the adjoining wagon to call Whittington (also a Pretoria man), and I told him the niggers were around. He immediately came out and jumped down, but was caught almost as soon as he got to the ground, and assegaied on every side. The poor fellow shrieked out, but without avail, as no assistance was at hand. Seeing that I was powerless to do anything, having no arms of any kind, I ran down between the oxen, and made for the river, which was about 60 yards off. I found the Zulus shooting and stabbing the people in all directions. The sight was a most horrifying one, and one never to be forgotten. I had to dodge about to save myself, and am now surprised to find that I managed to get through at all. As soon as I got to the river, I jumped in and made a dive, as swimming was too dangerous, the Zulus standing on the banks, and at the edge of the river, as thick as thieves, throwing assegais and aiming their guns wherever they saw a head. I came up about the middle of the river, but the moment my head was out, I saw several Zulus pointing their guns, and ready to fire. I therefore dived again, and came out on the other side.

"The river was very full at the time, and a strong

current running. In crossing I had torn off my shirt, the only garment I possessed, and, therefore, when I landed I was entirely in a state of nudity. I now found that fighting was still going on on all sides of me, and that it was almost impossible I could get any further, and in my desperation I contemplated throwing myself in the water, to be drowned peaceably, rather than suffer the death by torture of many of those I saw around me. I, however, got into a courageous spirit again, and dashed off, keeping as much out of the way of the enemy as I could. Several shots were fired at me, and assegais were flying in all directions, but somehow I happened to be fortunate and got clear of the encampment. I made for Meyer's station as fast as I could, and overtook one soldier on the road, who was shot dead just as I got up to him. I overtook two others shortly after, who were also shot. Getting further on, I fell in with Sergeant Booth and about a dozen men, who were keeping up a retreating fire, and fighting very pluckily. I rested for a few minutes with them, during which time I espied the Zulus coming round the hill to intercept us. I informed Sergeant Booth of this, and he kept up a steady fire upon them, and made the enemy retire back into the hills. I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of Sergeant Booth on this occasion; he fought most pluckily, and lost four of his small band here. It was entirely owing to their doing so well that any of us managed to get through at all. The Zulus would have entirely surrounded us, and not a soul could have escaped. Seventeen leaders and drivers were killed altogether, amongst them being Whittington, Campbell, and Goss. As I got in camp, I met Major Tucker going out with his men to the relief.

"Eight of us managed to get into Luneburg, and perhaps it would not be out of place if I were to state how I was received. Arriving in a state of nudity, with the exception of a soldier's overcoat, got from a native on the road, I applied to the authorities for blankets to sleep under, but was refused. They said they had none. Eight of us only had two blankets between the lot. To add to our annoyance two wounded Zulus were brought in (one was on my own cartel) and were put into a nice tent and covered with blankets, whilst we had to take our chance as

best we could underneath the wagons. Only a very few of us survivors had any clothes on when we arrived, and we managed to get along as best we could—a shirt from one soldier, trousers from a second, boots from a third, and so on. A sale of clothing, &c., took place afterwards, when we were allowed to buy a few things. And so we got on.”

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

## Zlobane and Kambula.

Last week (say a correspondent to a Natal paper of March, 1879) has been eventful to this (Col. Wood's) column with varied fortune, pregnant with sorrow and joy; sorrow for the brave men that we have lost, and joy over the great and important victory won by our gallant troops against an overwhelming superiority of numbers of the savage foe, who had been dispatched by their ruler on an errand of extermination of the white race. Their orders were to wipe everything white off the face of the earth before they returned to him again.

I have been an actor in these great events, and as actors in a fight are generally bad narrators, I shall only give what came under my personal observation. Other correspondents will, no doubt, supply the public with what I am deficient in, regarding occurrences at other points of the Zlobane Mountain.

On the 27th a force consisting of detachments of the Frontier Light Horse, Raaff's Corps, Weatherley's Rangers, Baker's Horse, and the Burgher Force, under their respective Commandants, started from the camp. This force consisted of about 400 horsemen, and the Native Contingent, under Major Leet, 1-13th Regt., and Lieut. Williams, 58th Regt. We left camp at 8 a.m., another column consisting of mounted infantry, Kaffrarian Mounted Rifles, under Commandant Schermbrucker, Wood's Mounted Irregulars; Colonel Wood and his staff were to leave later; the whole to attack the west point of the mountain, so as to create a diversion.

Colonel Buller's column halted at 12 noon, near the

old camp on the 23rd February, on the south side of Zinguin Neck. Colonel Weatherley, with his corps, arrived half an hour later. At 3 p.m. saddled up, leaving the Rangers, as we supposed, also saddling up to follow. As the column passed the south side of the Zlobane two shots were fired with an elephant gun from the mountain, and three fires were lit on a shelf of rock near the summit. We passed on out of range of fire, diverging towards the Kukuze valley to mislead the enemy, and halted six miles distant just at sundown, lit fires and cooked coffee and green mealies; but just as the moon set we saddled up and rode in a north-easterly direction. This march was performed in silence, a precaution necessary, as several spies had been seen near our camp before dark. Commandant Uys acted as guide. At about 10 p.m. we halted in a valley, tying the horses together with their reins in a line, each man lying down in front of his horse, which stood saddled and bridled.

At 1 a.m. a heavy thunderstorm came on, raining very heavily for four hours. At 4 a.m. we silently saddled up and rode on towards the east side of the mountain, which we reached at daybreak. I forgot to include Major Tremlett and the artillery men with rocket tube in the force of the column. As we approached the pass, Commandant Uys, Colonel Buller, Majors Leet and Tremlett taking the lead, the Zulus did not open fire, but allowed us to approach within five hundred yards of the top before they did so; then they commenced with volleys from some hundreds of guns. It was a cross fire, but it only killed Lieut. Williams and one horse. Several horses were severely wounded, and a few men slightly, and the mountain was gained; but some severe fighting continued for about another hour, the brunt of it falling on the Light Horse, killing two officers and two troopers. After silencing the fire of the Zulus who had done this damage, Colonel Buller and Commandant Raaff rode to the westward end of the mountain, where the track divides it. The Zulus had fortified the pass with stone walls, from which they were annoying our rear, where Commandant Uys, with the Burgher Force, had attacked. In the meantime parties of Raaff's, Baker's Horse, and the Burgher Force kept up a hot fire on the Zulus under the krantzes

on the north-west side of the mountain where the Zulu troops had built huts for encampment. These operations occupied us four or five hours; and as Colonel Buller, Commandant Raaff, and Commandant Uys returned from silencing the force at the pass, where the enemy only fired occasional shots, a body of Zulus made their appearance on the northern extremity of the mountain, and Colonel Buller rode off to attack them; but before he could get half way he perceived that strong bodies of Zulus were climbing every available baboon path, with the intention of cutting us off from the only two passes by which it was possible to descend. At the same time two large columns were seen approaching along the top of the mountain to the eastward, and another dense black mass of men, the main Zulu army, were observed coming on from the southward. Colonel Buller passed us at a gallop, ordering us to ride hard for the pass over the krantz at the neck, the only road open. This pass may well be termed the Infernal, or Devil's Pass. The descent is at an angle of ninety degrees, full of huge boulders. How a single horse got down alive is a perfect miracle, more especially when crowded within such a narrow space; but hundreds of men did tumble or roll down without knowing how they got there. Many did not attempt to try to get their horses, but abandoned everything on the top, and were saved on the cruppers of those who luckily saved their horses; but the greatest disaster of the day was the loss of Mr. P. L. Uys, who was stabbed by the Zulus while returning up the hill to save one of his sons who was in danger of falling into their hands. Although Colonel Buller, Commandant Raaff, Majors Leet and Tremlett did all that they could to rally sufficient of the fugitives to cover the retreat of those descending, the loss here was seven men.

The other column suffered serious loss of valuable lives, amongst them being Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, Lieut. Lloyd, Mr. Charles Potter, and Mr. Duncombe; Calverly was also killed. In justice to the latter, who will be called to account in another world, it is right to say that no proof has been adduced of his actual presence at the attack on the General's camp at Isandhlwana. Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Lloyd were buried in a grave dug on the spot, under fire, by the Colonel's mounted



**BRIGADIER-GENERAL WOOD, V.O., O.B.**





escort. Colonel Wood's horse was shot under him, and he had a couple of narrow escapes. Besides, Colonel Weatherley's Rangers missed their road by not up-saddling when the rest of the column did, and the last that was seen of him was when surrounded by the Zulus; he was then seen slashing at his foes with his sword, and of his troop of 52 men, only one officer and seven men escaped destruction. The brave Captain Barton, of the Frontier Light Horse, who had been delegated to perform some duty on the left, is supposed to have fallen into an ambush and was cut off. The last time that he was seen, he was trying to escape, carrying young Weatherley on the crupper of his horse, and it is feared that he, in his humane endeavour to save a fellow-creature, exhausted the strength of his horse. The loss on the day has been estimated at over one hundred and twenty belonging to the various corps, and the escape of so many is a miracle. The Zulus came on like hell-hounds, killing all that came in the way, white and black, and were on the Zinguin Neck before the first of the fugitives were in camp. A number of Oham's men and a large number of women and children, who were on their way here, were killed.

On the following morning one of our natives, who had hid himself in a hole, around which the Zulu army encamped, heard the conversation of the Zulus and their intended plan of attack on our camp. He learnt that the Zulu chiefs were opposed to the attack, but were overruled by the young soldiers, who said it was the King's orders to wipe off and destroy everything white before they returned to him. At 12 a.m., immense black masses of Zulus were visible from the camp. When they arrived at the Jagt Path, they divided, one column of two miles in length, which diverged to the right, and another to the left, while the main body marched on in the centre. The right division was first engaged with our horse under Colonel Buller and Commandant Raaff.

I am in advance with my story, so I must go back. The alarm sounded at 1.6 p.m. All the tents were struck and the contents removed inside, and all necessary preparations made to receive the shock of the Zulu force when it attacked. Everything that could be done was done in the coolest and most systematic manner possible, Colonel Wood

and staff superintending. Boxes of cartridges were placed at short distances, unscrewed, ready for use, and buckets of water placed under every wagon for drinking. At 1.26 p.m. the first shot was fired (but the Zulus kept up a fusillade as they marched down the road from 3,000 to 4,000 yards away) by the Horse, which made the Zulus halt and extend into skirmishing order when the Artillery opened on them from the mountain guns at the fort and the four field pieces at the laager, throwing shell at 2,500 yards with admirable precision. Our horsemen drew them on, but kept up a retreating fire until the Zulus were within rifle range of the fort and laager. The first shell was fired at 1.45 p.m., and notwithstanding the heavy loss of the enemy they pressed forward to surround the laager and take up positions under cover, a dodge they have learnt to perfection. While the right wing was keeping us employed on the north-east side of the laager, the left wing was hastening to attack the west and south-west side, and when these had commenced, the two wings were reinforced by the main body, who also advanced to attack the fort and the cattle kraal, and before 2 p.m. we were surrounded on all sides.

The most desperate attack was made on the cattle kraal; the troops defending it had to retire, and the Zulus took possession of several wagons, from which they opened fire on the laager at short range, and made an attempt to advance on the wagons; but two companies of the 90th regiment made a sortie to drive the Zulus back, and charged them with the bayonet. Here the 90th were exposed to a heavy cross-fire, suffering severely, losing Major Hackett and Lieut. Bright wounded (the latter since dead), while a sergeant and ten men were killed and wounded. The Zulus made a similar attempt on the south-west corner of the laager, and were driven back at the point of the bayonet by a company of 1-13th. Both these sorties were most gallant affairs, and many acts of heroism were performed by both officers and men, which no doubt will be mentioned in the despatches. Many of our troops were shot in the back by the enemy in the rear while they were firing at those in front, for the bullets whizzed across the camp like a perfect hailstorm, killing and wounding several horses near the picket lines. An officer of Raaff's Contingent was

killed in the laager, and several of the troops killed and wounded in the fort and laager.

The Zulus would not face the bayonet, and soon after some charges from the troops and a few wholesome discharges of canister-shot from the cannon at fifty yards range, the Zulus began to run, and the horsemen and artillery, with one gun, and our Native Contingent started off in chase, playing fearful havoc amongst them, from 4.45 p.m. until nightfall, when the exhausted state of the horses compelled us to retire. The Zulus were also completely done up; and had there been two hours more light, and fresh horses, few would have been left to tell the tale of their disaster. The last shot was fired at a quarter past five, but after that great numbers were killed with assegais, the men economising their ammunition.

Prisoners captured say that nine regiments were sent to attack this column. There were 23,000 when they left Undine, and many more joined on the road; the lowest estimate would be 25,000 in all. They also say that on the day the King sent them away, he sent five regiments to reinforce his army on the coast, and attack Colonel Pearson's column. The loss the army sustained that attacked this camp on the 29th instant cannot be estimated at less than 3,000 killed; 1,500 lay about the vicinity of the camp, and great numbers have been seen in ditches and rivers at a distance. Over 600 stand of arms have been brought in, and a great number have been kept as trophies by those who fought on the eventful and glorious day—a day of redemption for South Africa.

On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, fatigue parties with wagons have been fully employed collecting and burying the slain.

On Monday four bodies of the enemy were seen at the Zlobane, estimated at from 200 to 500 each, as near as could be estimated from the distance of four miles. Umpepe, Tyingwayo, Mnyamane, and one of Masipula's sons were the commanders. One of the wounded in hospital here told me that Oham's people are at the King's kraal, Undine, with the Indabakaombe regiment.

The following description of the disaster at Zlobane and the victory on the following day at Kambula is taken from a private letter of a member of Buller's Horse:—"We

have had two hard days of it, and have lost some fine fellows. The storming of the Zlobane was a sad affair. We took the hill all right, only losing poor Williams of our regiment; he fell as we went up. It was warm work, and the Kaffirs gave it to us from two sides. As soon as we got to the top we took up our different positions along the ridge of the mountain. The Kaffirs were down below us in holes and behind rocks, &c. They had splendid cover, and made the most of it, by keeping us continually under a very heavy fire. We lost another officer on this ridge, poor Von Stietencron; he was shot dead through the head. We also had about five men wounded there; but all would have gone well had the Zlobane Kaffirs not been reinforced by a very large impi, which we saw coming down from the opposite range. The order was then given to stand to our horses, and we had to ride about a mile along the top of the mountain before we reached the path which led down. When we got there we got all jammed up, and the confusion was something awful. Horses tumbled down and rolled over their riders. Hundreds of Kaffirs bore on to us in no time, and, I am sorry to say, most of our poor fellows were assailed. It was an awful sight, and one I never wish to see again. Weatherley's men were killed by the impi; they went down another path. Poor Barton was with them, also Williams, 58th regiment, who was attached to the Native Contingent. Calverly and Potter were killed there also. The following day the impi, about 20,000 strong, attacked our camp. The fight lasted about four hours, and we gave it to them properly. When they retired Colonel Buller led his mounted men out, and away we went after Cetywayo's army, shooting a tremendous lot. I do not know what the Colonel estimates the enemy's loss at, but it was very heavy. Our loss was 19 killed and 55 wounded. Lieut. Nicholson, of the artillery, was among the killed. He is not in returns, so I mention it here. The Kaffirs on the Zlobane alone were about 3,000 strong. The Zulus simply fought splendidly, and tried once or twice to rush us, but the fire was too heavy. No men could have fought more bravely. The artillery did great service."

Capt. D'Arcy, of the Frontier Light Horse, sent the following particulars of Zlobane and Kambula to his

father, Major D'Arcy, who handed them to the *Eastern Star* for publication :—

"I sent a telegram to you on the 30th of last month, telling you I had pulled through two hard fights, in which the Frontier Light Horse suffered severely. Poor Barton, the Baron, and another officer called Williams were killed, whom you perhaps know.

"Now to give you a short account of the two events. All the mounted men had to take a very strong position on a mountain called the Zlobane. We got up there, driving the natives before us at every point, although they fought very well. Williams was killed as we charged up the hill, the Baron on the top while he was in command of his troop, a Zulu spotted him from above and shot him right through his head. Barton was sent down a hill with C troop, and just as we got down we saw about three thousand Zulus below us, trying to get between us and our camp; we at once crossed the hill to come down a most awfully steep place; the Dutchmen got to the place, rushed to their horses, and bolted as hard as they could go. My troop was left behind, and Blaine, myself, and Hutton got them to go quietly down the hill, which was really a fearful place. I had of course to leave the top of the hill; the Zulus all this while were giving us awful pepper from Martini rifles. I saw, I thought, all our men down, and then considered I had to think of myself, and got half-way down when a stone about the size of a small piano came bounding down; I heard a shout above, "look out below," and down the beastly thing came right on my horse's leg, cutting it right off. I at the same time got knocked down the hill by another horse, and was nearly squeezed to death. I had taken the bridle off, and was about to take the saddle, when I heard a scream; I looked up, and saw the Zulus right in among the white men stabbing horses and men. I made a jump and got down somehow or other, and ran as hard as I could with 70 rounds of ball cartridge, a carbine, revolver, field-glass, and heavy boots. I went some 300 yards when a fellow called Francis got a horse for me, but no saddle or bridle, a riem did for both, when one of the Frontier Light Horse got wounded through the leg, and I had to jump off, put him on my horse, and run again. Colonel Buller saved my life by taking me up behind him on his horse, then

Blaine, who had been keeping the natives off in the rear, saw me (as after I got my breath I got off the Colonel's horse) and he nearly cried when he met me, all the fellows thinking I had been killed on the top of the hill. He behaved as he always does, and stuck to me, and pulled me through the second time. The third time a major of the Artillery, Tremlett by name, took me up behind. Our men and officers all behaved well, but the other volunteers were what Major Robinson would call a 'big rabble.' We lost many white men and a number of natives. The Frontier Light Horse lost 3 officers and 24 non-commissioned officers and men, and 66 horses. Each of our men arrived in camp with another man behind him.

"The next day our colored brothers came on and attacked the camp in numbers from 20,000 to 23,000, and after six hours' hard fighting they bolted. We killed a little over 2,300, and when once they retired all the horsemen in camp followed them for eight miles, butchering the brutes all over the place. I told the men 'no quarter, boys, and remember yesterday,' and we did knock them about, killing them all over the place. On the line where I followed them there were 157 dead bodies counted next day. We have buried 800 of them that were killed close to the camp, but there are hundreds and hundreds of men some miles off, that are being eaten by dogs and vultures. We got about twenty or thirty of the 24th rifles, some carbines belonging to the men we lost the day before, and a number of little things taken from the General's camp, besides 500 odd rifles of various descriptions.

"We are all in high feather at having had such a good fight with the Zulus. I never saw such a lot of blacks together in my life as came on the day of attack. They fought well, and kept rushing in the most plucky way, but I knew what the result must be. All the men were killed and wounded, with two exceptions, from Martini rifles; their fire was very hot, but badly aimed (much too high). I am afraid we gave them such a dressing that they won't attack an encampment again. We went out and attacked them, then we retreated, so as to bring them on, and you ought to have heard them yell, thinking that they had the camp like the General's, but they found out their mistake.

"I am sure you will be sorry to hear that my Dutch

friend, Piet Uys, commandant of the Dutch, was one of the killed at the place where I nearly came to grief; his two sons pulled through. He was as plucky as possible."

The following communication from Lieut. Alfred Blaine, of the Frontier Light Horse, who was engaged in the recent fights at Zlobane and Kambula, to his cousin, Mr. C. F. Blaine, of Port Elizabeth, will be read with much interest :—

"Kambula Camp, March 31, 1879.

"Before this reaches you, you will have heard of our fight. On the morning of the 27th we started with Col. Buller for the Zlobane; our strength was about 500 mounted men and natives. The first night we slept about four miles from the mountain; our horses stood ringed and saddled-up the whole night. In the morning, before daylight, we started for the mountain, which we reached just as the day began to break. As soon as we got to the foot of the mountain, one shot was fired by the enemy. We then got the order to go up in skirmishing order as fast as we could, which we did to the best of our ability. The Zulus poured bullets into us from two spots as we went up, and we did the same to them. We lost one of our officers—poor Williams—and two or three horses. As soon as we got up, we mounted our horses and rode along the top for a little way, then dismounted and took up our positions all along the ridge of the mountain. There we fought for two or three hours; Kaffirs kept up a tremendous fire the whole time, which we, of course, returned. They were behind us in holes and behind enormous rocks. We lost another officer there—poor Von Steitencron—two or three men, and about five wounded. At last an order came for us to retire to the other side of the mountain, which we did, and immediately we moved off the Kaffirs came out in hundreds and let us have it. We had not gone very far when another order came to tell us to go back to our positions, as the first order was a mistake, and only one corps was intended to retire, so we rode back as hard as we could, and found the positions we had just left occupied by the Kaffirs. We succeeded in taking our place, and we fought with the Kaffirs for about half-an-hour, when, to our horror, we saw an enormous Kafir impi coming down from the opposite range to reinforce the Zlobane Zulus. We saw at



once that it would be all up with us if we did not cut quickly, so the order was given to stand to our horses and retire, which we did in good order until we got to the steep, stony krantz, which we had to go down. It was just possible for men to go down with horses in single file; but the Kaffirs were behind us in hundreds, and every one was so anxious to get down that we got all jammed up. Then an awful confusion took place—horses fell on top of the rocks, broke their necks and legs—you saw horses on top of men. I was under my horse for about two or three minutes, and thought it was all up with me, but succeeded in getting out. We shouted to the men not to hurry, but to take it coolly. The Kaffirs got in amongst us and assailed our fellows. We could not hit them even with our carbines, for we were too jammed up. The officers could not even use their swords. A lot of us got down, and then we rallied our fellows and made a stand for a time, shooting the Kaffirs down as fast as we could. We retired fighting the whole way, the Kaffirs following us for about ten miles. D'Arcy and myself were, with Colonel Buller, the whole time behind. We picked up carbines from our men that had fallen and shot at the Kaffirs from our horses. As we retired, the Zulus were the whole time within a hundred yards behind us, sometimes even closer. They did not fire much, but were evidently trying to assagai. We lost no end of horses, and men jumped up behind others. Both Buller and myself were riding one for some time. D'Arcy's horse fell down the krantz and broke his leg, so he was dismounted, but we soon put him up behind us. The Zlobane retreat was a most awful affair. Never do I wish to see another day like it. We retired well, but I shall never forget the Kaffirs getting in amongst us and assailing our fellows. Some of the cries for mercy from the poor fellows brought tears into our eyes. We lost over a hundred officers and men. Weatherley's corps suffered most; they lost over forty-six. We lost thirty killed and five wounded. Our fellows behaved really splendidly, and stuck to their officers. We brought in our wounded. No men ever fought more pluckily than the Zulus—they are brave men indeed. On the following morning we sent out small patrols all over the country, to see if we could find any men who had escaped. Com-



ZLOBANE

(Major Leet, 1-13 Regt. Saving the Life of Lieut. Smith, Frontier Light Horse.)



mandant Raaff's corps went out to the south-east with about twenty of his men, our Sergeant-Major went out to the north-east with ten of our men, and I went out to the south with ten men. When I had got about eight miles out I met Raaff riding towards me. He shouted out, "For God's sake, Blaine, ride back as hard as you can; you are right on to the Zulu army." I looked, and saw thousands of Kaffirs coming over the hill in front of us, running. I put the men about and rode into the camp with Raaff, the Kaffirs following, but we soon left them behind. We warned the camp, and succeeded in getting all our cattle and horses into laager. We saw some mounted men riding for camp as hard as they could. They crossed about a thousand yards in front of the right wing of the Zulu army, which was about 6,000 strong, the Zulus firing at them as they rode past. The mounted men turned out to be our Sergeant-Major and his patrol. They got in safely. As soon as the right wing had got about two thousand yards from the camp, Colonel Buller led all the cavalry out to go and meet them. We had a grand skirmish, and then retired back to camp, the Zulus following. Men lost their horses, and the horses ran back to camp, but we succeeded in putting the men up behind us. Those in camp said this skirmish was a very pretty sight. We lost one man killed and two wounded out there. The Zulus then drew in their horns, and the main body came on with a rush. A heavy fight lasted for about four or five hours. The Zulus tried once or twice to rush us, but were repulsed; the fire was too heavy. As soon as the Kaffirs retreated we cheered tremendously. Buller led us out to shoot them down as they retreated. The soldiers cheered us as we went out, and we all declared that now we would pay them out for the day before. 'Remember yesterday,' we all shouted out, and I can assure you we did, and had our revenge. We shot two or three hundred. The guns did great service. The loss in camp was about twenty-two killed and sixty-four wounded; the enemy's about two thousand killed, and about five thousand must have been wounded. We all admire the pluck of the Zulus. I wish you could have seen it. Under tremendous fire they never wavered, but came straight at us. They got into the cattle kraal, which was only twenty yards outside the laager. A

company of soldiers had to retire from there. The Zulu army is still near us, but I do not think they will attack the camp again. At Zlobane D'Arcy and myself lost our pack horses and all our things, which we hope Government will compensate us for. Buller has told us to make a claim. The correspondent to the *London Standard* has just arrived. As we are so far off, I suppose we shall be the last to be reinforced. I must tell you that when the Zulu army came at the camp nearly all the wagon-drivers and natives bolted away, and sat on the hill behind the camp, but most of them came back as soon as the Zulus retreated, and joined in the chase after the Kaffirs, using their assegais properly. I have written this letter in a great hurry, but I thought you would like to hear something about our defeat at Zlobane and victory at Kambula."

Another interesting account of Zlobane and Kambula was that sent to the *Cape Argus* by their correspondent at the front. It runs as follows:—

"Another disastrous day for British arms and British prestige dawned with the morning of the 28th March. Several thousand head of cattle had been observed on the Zlobane mountain, some fifteen or eighteen miles from our camp, and information reached those in command that the enemy was likewise there in considerable force. On the morning of the 27th about 400 horsemen, consisting of the Frontier Light Horse, Weatherley's Horse, Baker's Horse, and Raaff's men, with some mounted Basutos, left camp at about 9 a.m., and, marching all day, bivouacked at night about three miles to the rear of Zlobane. At 4 a.m. on the 28th this force was ready to start, with the exception of Weatherley's Horse, which had become detached, and rejoined the column late in the morning. The arranged plan of attack was for the column to take the mountain in the rear at an accessible point, while the mounted infantry under Colonel Russell, some mounted Basutos, and Scherbrucker's corps were to attack from the front; their attack, however, to be only a feint, and a diversion in favor of the main attacking column. Day had just broken, and a mist was still hiding the summit of the Zlobane, when the head of the column advanced. Every corps was quickly engaged. The ascent is at the best of times difficult on foot, and proved doubly so when the men were compelled to dis-

mount and lead their horses up the steep incline, everywhere studded with loose stones and heavy boulders. From behind every stone on the summit of the hill a heavy fire was being poured upon the advancing column. Up, however, they went, and on reaching the summit the two officers leading the Frontier Light Horse were shot dead, viz., Lieutenants Williams and Baron von Steitencron. Two troopers were also killed and one wounded. However, our men pushed on, and, driving back the enemy, the summit was reached by all, with only the loss of one more man, a trooper belonging to Baker's Horse, which corps brought up the rear of the column. When all had surmounted the rise and were safely on the summit, Colonel Weatherley and his troop could be discerned at the foot of the hill. The main column on the Zlobane extended along the summit and drove back the few Kaffirs before them in a very short time, and reaching a deep, precipitous, and almost impassable gorge, that divides the hill near the centre, this force then halted and communicated with the mounted infantry, and Schermbrucker's corps, which had taken the mountain from the front, was halted on the brink of this ravine. All the cattle on the left slope of the hill were soon collected, and were being driven off. The main column were preparing to descend the mountain by the same route they had ascended. Meanwhile Colonel Wood in person, attended by Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, Mr. Lloyd, chief interpreter, and a small escort, joined Colonel Weatherley's Border Horse, and attempted to surmount the mountain, when a hot fire was opened upon them from the rocks quite near, and Colonel Wood gave the order to Colonel Weatherley to send men in and clear the rocks. The call for volunteers was promptly met, and Lieutenants Poole and H. Parminter, of Weatherley's corps, along with Captain Campbell, rushed forward, leading the men on. Almost touching his head with a rifle, a Zulu blew poor Captain Campbell's brains out. Mr. Lloyd fell here, too, and at last the troop reached the summit, and were ordered down the mountain again to hold that means of exit. Colonel Wood had already descended with his escort and returned to camp, thinking, no doubt, all was well, and that an immense take of cattle would be the day's result. To return to the main

column under Colonel Buller, which had already commenced its homeward journey. It had not proceeded very far towards the edge of the Zlobane, when news came of an immense impi of Zulus at the foot of the hill, and, true enough, the main body of the enemy could clearly be defined on the slope of the hill, and various other large bodies of Kaffirs studded the plain below, completely barring our return to camp at that side. An immediate halt was called, and after a moment's deliberation the column was ordered back again to attempt a descent by the steep gorge already alluded to, which divided the mountain. Captain Barton and a troop of Frontier Light Horse went down to join Colonel Weatherley, and attempted to reach the camp by the open ground. As soon as the enemy saw our men retreating precipitately, from behind every boulder and rock a Zulu seemed to appear, and ran firing after the column, which, reaching the ravine, commenced its perilous descent. To attempt to describe this descent will be impossible. In places the horses had to jump perpendicularly down three and four feet, many of them rolling down the hill and breaking legs and necks, and impeding the progress of others. The retreat now became a regular stampede. The Zulus were coming on behind, when a few men were rallied by Colonel Buller, Piet Uys, and several officers of the mounted corps, and were keeping them off as best they could. Suddenly the Zulus, seeing the confusion that the whole body of men were thrown into, profited by the occasion, and rushed in amongst our men, stabbing with their assegais, and killing a large number of the poor fellows, who, after they had discharged their carbines, were quite at the mercy of their assailants. When the main column first commenced its disorderly descent, the mounted infantry, under Colonel Russell, and Schermbrucker's men, were on the opposite rise, and if they had remained there until the main column had crossed they could have covered its descent, and not a man would have been killed. However, whether acting under orders or not, the whole of them turned about and galloped off as hard as they could. Commandant Schermbrucker is said to have protested against this, but was overruled by his superior officer. When Captain Barton joined Colonel Weatherley at the foot of the hill the latter moved forward

rapidly, in the hopes of being able, by a hard ride along the enemy's flank, to get clear away. The moment, however, he got into the open he saw how futile this plan would prove. The enemy had already outflanked him on the one side; the Zlobane presented an insurmountable obstacle on the other, and from the hills in the rear a mass of Zulus were descending, and had already collected. They were thus caught in a trap. Collecting themselves in one mass, they charged the enemy, and managed to break through their dense masses, and gained a neck of the Zlobane, where they hoped to find a gentle incline to the plains on the other side of the mountain, but, alas, they were doomed to disappointment.

"A steep, rocky ravine there met their view, and while attempting the descent the Zulus came on, and out of fifty-four men that formed the troop only one officer and six men escaped. Captain Denison, of Rustenburg, was that fortunate officer, and he says none could have behaved with greater courage than the whole of the men during that fearful time. Their gallant colonel fell fighting to the last, cutting down Zulus with his right hand, while grasping his son, a lad of fourteen, with the other. Every man who fell was assailed by the ruthless enemy. The enemy pursued and kept up with the mounted men for more than eight miles, many poor stragglers with knocked-up horses falling into their hands who would otherwise have been saved had even a small detachment of Russell's Horse been allowed to cover the rear of the demoralized and retreating force.

"Scarcely was the last word written when the alarm was given that a large impi was discerned in the distance, and at once all tents outside the camp were struck and brought into laager, all entrances closed, and the men placed in position. It appears that a friendly native who had escaped from Zlobane by hiding himself amongst rocks reported that he had overheard a conversation in which it was stated that Cetywayo intended attacking the camp at noon on the 29th. This report, though not quite believed, seemed so probable an event that a sharp look-out was kept, and we were able to see dense masses of the enemy advancing in perfect order, in four columns. Their end seemed never to come, and no doubt many in camp were



doubtful whether they would be able to resist the rush such masses could make. Colonel Wood seemed of a different opinion, and was happy, without doubt, that the enemy would attack him. Throughout the engagement nothing could have exceeded the good management of the troops. Every occasion was seized upon in the nick of time to harass the attacking party. Sorties were made, and the cannons were directed against the various points with judgment that reflected every credit upon our colonel, who, however, requires no more eulogies. A more deservedly popular man, and one, too, in whose pluck, discretion, and judgment greater confidence is placed, could not be found in the whole British army. But to return to the attack. The enemy was advancing in force on the left flank of the camp, and the Frontier Light Horse and mounted Basutos were ordered out to meet them, and entice them near to the camp, so as to meet their attack before the dense masses in the front and on the right flank were able to come up. This they did with great spirit, firing and retiring with admirable regularity and precision, and drawing on the enemy rapidly. Suddenly they received the order to retire, and fall back upon the camp. The retreat was covered at once by a discharge of shell from the fort and the battery drawn up in front of the camp. At the same time a terrific fire of small arms was opened upon the Zulus from the front by the 99th Regiment, which lined the wagons of the laager on that side. The enemy wavered for a moment, and then fell hastily back, and eventually effected a junction with the main attacking columns in the front and right of the camp. Here they came on in thousands, making rushes for the cattle laager, which is on the slope of the hills and protected by both camp and fort. Then the 99th and 13th made two sorties, inflicting great slaughter on the enemy and retiring into camp again, though not without considerable loss to themselves, Major Hackett, of the 13th, being shot through the head. The doctors hope to save him, but unfortunately at the expense of both his eyes. After repeated rushes upon the camp from the right flank, in which the enemy succeeded in getting into the cattle laager, and up to within 10 yards of the camp, they seemed to tire and their firing was not nearly as well sustained as during the earlier part of the day. Suddenly it ceased, and they were

seen to retire at every point simultaneously. The colonel gave the word for every mounted man to follow in pursuit. The guns run out, then commenced a slaughter. The horsemen, desirous of wiping out the previous day's failure, shot down hundreds, and pursued the flying until night fell, when they found themselves five miles out of camp. The infantry and natives scoured the immediate neighbourhood of the camp, and killed many who were hidden away. The attack lasted from 1 p.m. until half-past 5, when the enemy's retreat commenced, which was greeted by every one with a ringing cheer; and as the horsemen rode out of the camp at their quickest pace they were saluted from camp and fort by thunders of applause, which plainly told them how willingly the regulars would have liked to share in the revenge they were going to take. The loss was 26 killed and about 50 wounded. The enemy's loss is estimated at between 1,500 and 3,000; the probability is that the former number is the truth."

The following sketch of the victory at Kambula is given by an actual combatant:—

"Yesterday (March 29), about 10 o'clock, we saw the Zulus advancing over the plains in two bodies to attack us. They were attempting to surround the camp. We were ordered to saddle-up, and the footmen fell into their places in the laager. When the right wing of the Zulus had come within three miles of the camp all the cavalry were ordered out to the attack. I think this was done to draw the enemy on to attack the laager early, as they did not care to leave the Zulus to take their own time, and wait for night. We attacked and retired into the laager, the Zulus chasing us. I think we only lost one man. The Zulus then attacked the laager, and we had hard fighting for over four hours, when, finding they could not take the place, they commenced retreating; the cavalry were then ordered out, and we chased the enemy for seven miles, till it was too dark to see. We killed a fearful lot in the retreat, shooting them down at ten and fifteen yards, and having a good many hand-to-hand struggles. The Zulus were quite knocked up and some laid down and got into holes and hiding places. I should not care to count how many I killed, and every man did the same. The Zulus numbered, we think, from 20,000 to 25,000—a tremendous mass; and thank goodness we cut

them up and defeated them. There is no doubt the Zulus fight splendidly. They rush up straight, and don't seem to fear death at all. The cannon worked first-rate; so differently to the firing at Isandhlwana. We lost at the camp thirty killed and forty wounded, nearly all mortally. We lost only one of our lot (Natal N. Horse) yet they were in the thick of the fight. They behaved splendidly. We could not get them to retire for some time. There is no question as to their bravery; everyone in camp praises them, so there will be no nasty insinuations cast at them this time. The mounted infantry think no end of them. We got back into camp between seven and eight o'clock. The infantry behaved well, and drove the Zulus out of the cattle laager splendidly."

Concerning the battle of Kambula, a correspondent of a Natal paper says :—During the attack of the Zulus on this column on the 29th ult., I had the opportunity of observing all that passed in the camp, and admired the cool and systematic manner in which all the orders were carried out by officers and men, and the short time it took to establish a thorough preparedness for fighting; and after every one was at his station, their countenances showed a stern determined purpose of meeting the foe with British pluck and courage; and the volleys that they delivered were something terrible, especially on the side where the 1-13th were stationed, that being the centre and main attack of the Zulu army. Colonel Wood and his staff-officers were conspicuous for their bravery in directing the defence of first the fort and then the laager, under a very heavy cross fire from the enemy; Captain Woodgate especially exposing himself to the enemy's fire, and directing the two companies of the 90th at the *sortie* where to go, marching as leisurely and unconcerned as if he was pacing a piece of ground for cricket wickets. Major Hackett received a dangerous wound, the ball passing through the head, whilst gallantly leading on two companies 90th L.I.; he is in a most precarious state. Lieut. Smith, 90th L.I., assistant director of transport, was wounded, ball through left arm, while gallantly bearing a stretcher to carry a wounded man, under a heavy fire. Color-Sergeant McAllen was wounded in the arm, and after the wound was dressed ran out to his company, performing his duty



THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA.



till shot dead. Acting-Sergeant Quigley, R.A., exhibited great energy and zeal in working his gun in the fort, and did excellent service after his officer had been mortally wounded. Sergeant Brown, 80th Regt., attached to Royal Artillery, exhibited similar energy and zeal in working the other gun in the fort, being severely wounded in doing his duty. Private Grosvenor, 1-13th, when his company had to retire from the cattle laager, remained behind to assist Sergeant Fisher, who was wounded, losing his own life by his bravery. Captain Vaughan, R.A., after Lieutenant Nicholson received his death wound, was indefatigable in working the gun personally, under a heavy cross-fire. Major Tremlett, Lieutenants Bigge and Slade, showed great coolness and courage while commanding the field guns, which received the special attention of the enemy, who poured in a heavy fire on the guns, wounding two of the gunners, and damaging several portions of the wheels. Captain Leetheridge, a patient in hospital, left his bed, and sitting in a chair, cheered on his men with encouraging words, and exposed himself to the fire of the enemy. Every man did what England expected he would; even the three little buglers, among whom Tommy Finn was conspicuous again, did their duty like men, carrying buckets of ammunition out to the companies of the 90th engaged with the Zulus. One of the buckets was shot through with a Zulu bullet.

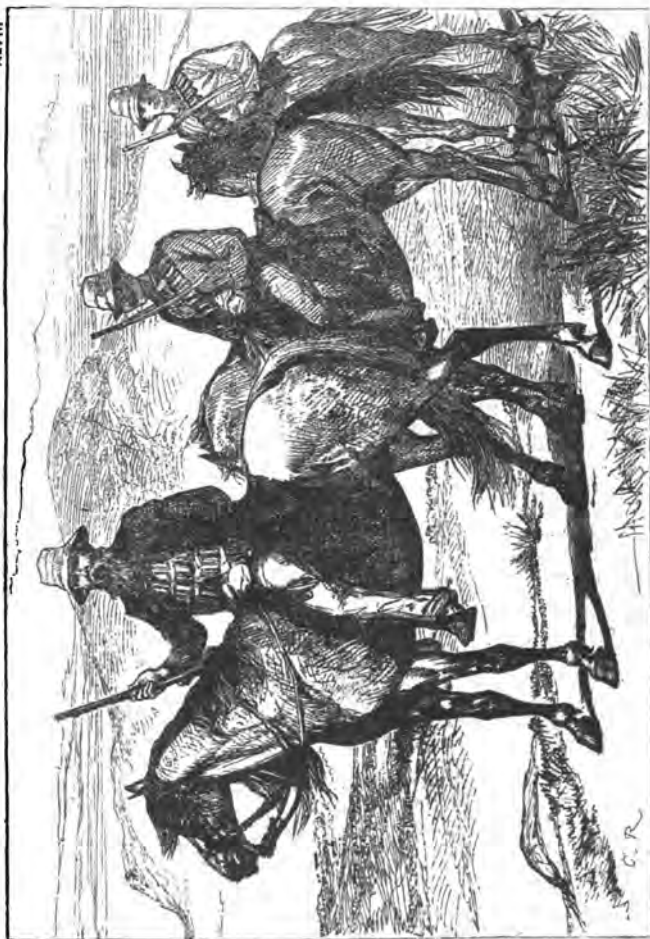
The following is a soldier's account of the attack on the Kambula camp:—On the 29th March we had a severe engagement with the enemy that attacked our camp, in round numbers 20,000. They were sighted about 10 a.m., coming towards our camp in the shape of horns, and about 1 p.m. the alarm sounded, and every man was at his post, fully resolved to avenge our comrades' lives that had been lost on the 22nd January; only too well known throughout the wide world. When the enemy was within half-a-mile from our camp, the cavalry was sent out to break the right horn, and succeeded in felling a good few of them. Notwithstanding, they still came on, but our six guns, seven-pounders, fired shell and case shot into their midst, which scattered them like chaff before the wind. I never saw the like; nothing frightened them, as when any of their numbers were shot down others took their places, and this

lasted to nearly 6 p.m., when they fled in confusion, the infantry firing, and artillery throwing rockets and shells. The cavalry also followed them up for about eight miles, killing every one they could lay hands upon. It was a most awful sight. For miles round our camp the dead lay very thick; it took us three days to bury them. Close upon seven hundred were buried, but there are a good number that have been wounded and died on the road. Our loss was but small; we had thirty killed and fifty wounded. There have been a few deaths every day since, men dying of their wounds; God knows when this war will be over for us. We have fearful bad weather, and have to be very watchful; the whole column is under arms one hour before daylight, ready for any attack that may take place. The Zulus are very cunning. We found rifles and belts on the Kaffirs belonging to the 24th regiment. This is what they shouted when they were near our camp: "We are the Boys from Isandhlwana"—so the Dutchmen told us, as they understand them; but their mission was fruitless.

Kambula camp, says the correspondent before alluded to, has been shifted for sanitary and strategical reasons higher up the ridge. There seems to be some question about who assisted Captain Gardner to get away from the foot of the Devil's Pass at Zlobane on the 28th March. I can affirm that the honor on that occasion is due to Lieutenant-Adjutant Biecher, of Wood's Irregulars, for I was standing within three yards of the gallant captain, when he implored Biecher to assist him; and I saw him carried on Biecher's crupper across the Nek, between the Pass and the lower plateau, and through a heavy cross-fire from the Zulus.

A monument has been erected over the graves of the brave men who fell at Kambula. It is built of freestone, quarried on the battle-field. The inscription records the services of each corps engaged on that glorious day. The ladies of Pretoria have acted nobly, and will be gratefully remembered for their kindness in providing the wounded and sick soldiers with pillows, books, tobacco, and other comforts.

The Humansdorp *Echo* published the following short biographical sketch of the brave Boer, Piet Uys, who was killed at the retreat from the Zlobane:—



THE LATE BOER COMMANDANT, PIET UYS





"Piet Uys came from a family whose names are celebrated in connection with the earliest Kaffir wars. He was born at Brakfontein, near the mouth of the Kromme River. The family left this neighborhood for Natal in 1837, and in 1838 Piet Uys's father and brother were killed whilst fighting against Dingaan—not Tshaka, as has been erroneously stated. From letters received by his relatives here, we learn that Piet Uys was determined to avenge the death of his father and brother, and so was the first to come forward and offer his services against his and our enemies. His very last letter is full of the reasons by which he was actuated. He says:—'I fight in a good faith, and a righteous cause. I must avenge the death of my father and brother, although in doing so I am almost sure to lose my life; yet I cannot restrain myself when I remember how they were slain.' Brave, noble Piet Uys! Your last letter had no need to be answered. As the recipient of that letter was standing outside the post office here the news of his tragic death arrived, and the answer, ready to be posted, was never sent. There were few men in the field against the Zulus whose death will be more deeply deplored than that of the gallant Dutch leader, Piet Uys."

Another Natal paper expressed its sense of the great loss sustained by South Africa through the death of Uys, in the following terms:—

"The death of Mr. Piet Uys is a national calamity. So loyal a citizen, so patriotic a burgher, so brave a man, deserves all the praise that such qualities call forth. With his little band of forty burghers, he had rendered invaluable service throughout the campaign to Colonel Wood, to whom his advice and experience were of the highest importance. We know nothing of how he met his death, but this we know—for it goes without saying—that he died a soldier's death in the field. Honor to his memory. As we write, the following passage in a letter in the *Cape Times* catches our eye:—'The name of Uys is associated in my mind with what is generous, brave, religious, hospitable, and, in the truest way, refined. I have felt pity for such of my countrymen, as being comparatively strangers, could slight these men because they lacked the conventional polish that probably would not have been found in Abraham or Isaac, many of whose grand qualities these Boers

possessed. The name Uys is one among several in my mind—a typical name. It appears in the accounts of frontier skirmishes. It is historical. It has a prominent place in a new work, entitled ‘*Geschiedenis van den Oranje Vrijstaat, bij H. J. Hofstede, jun., Vrederechter van den O. V. Staat.*’

The following extract is taken from the last letter written to the *Friend of the Free State* by Mr. F. O. Brissenden, its correspondent with Colonel Wood’s column. Mr. Brissenden fell, like Mr. Uys, to whom he refers, at Zlobane, and there is a prophetic significance in his concluding words:—“By-the-bye, Commandant Uys has made such a good name for himself, by his brilliant performances in this campaign, that his idea of the future conduct of the war is worthy of listening to, though any comfort-lover would shrink from taking part in his scheme:—He says we can subdue the Zulus in two months from the present time in the following manner: 2,000 volunteers must be well mounted, and supplied with a few pounds of coffee and sugar each, and a little extra ammunition. We go into the enemy’s country without wagons or food, kill what oxen we want for meat, and eat what mealies we can, and destroy the rest; attack small bands of Kaffirs, burn villages, and capture oxen wherever we can, and always avoid the large impiis. In two months Commandant Uys calculates that such a clearance would be made of the Zulu’s food-stuff, that the now defiant Kaffirs, worn with hunger and privation, would come and lay their guns at the white man’s feet and ask for food. How likest thou the picture, reader? From what I have seen of the performances of regular—and I suppose the South African volunteer will be termed an irregular combatant—I should be most happy to venture my lot amongst the irregular 2,000, and back with my humble life old Commandant Uys’s scheme for a speedy solution of the Zulu problem, believing at the same time that I should have just as good a chance of furnishing particulars of events which might transpire as now (in camp) with a cordon of wagons around me, and one of the big impiis, for aught I know, making tracks for these very identical wagons and their defenders.”

In this chapter, as elsewhere, I have given several different accounts of the same affair, at the risk of being

considered too voluminous. In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, and so the truth is arrived at by the mouths of many witnesses. Each separate narrative has its recommendation, and so, as Byron says—

—————“ 'Twould puzzle to say where  
It would not spoil some separate charm to pare.”

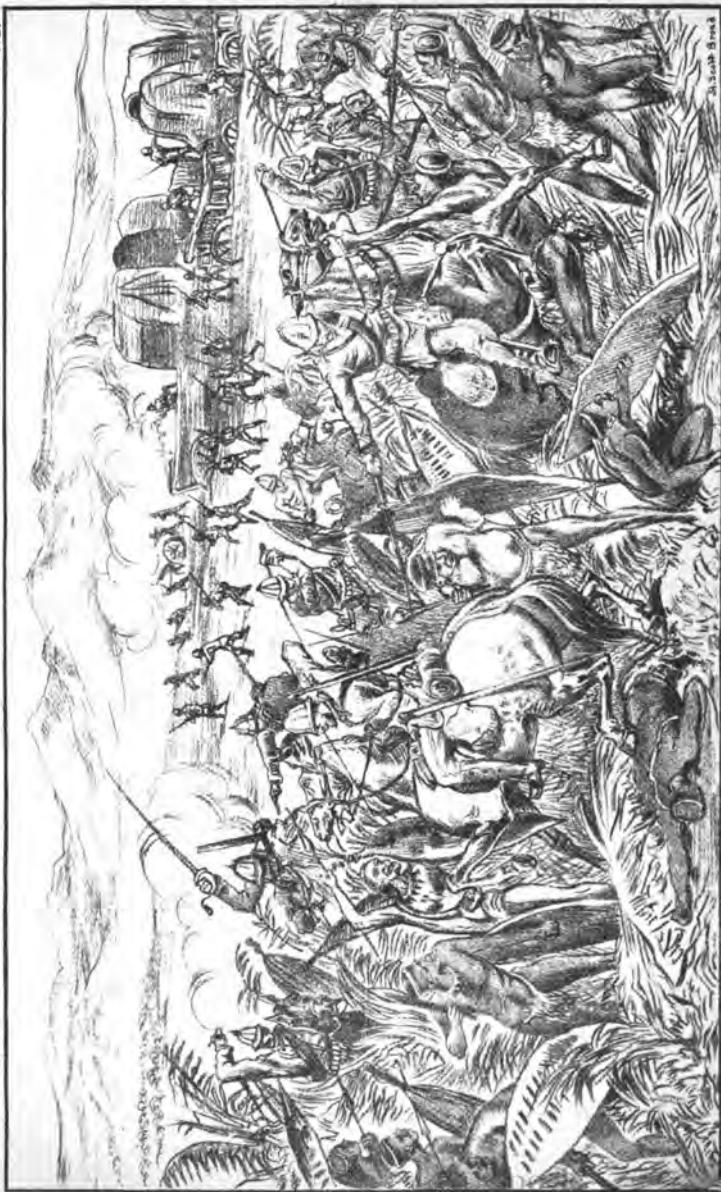


## CHAPTER XXXII.

## The Battle of Umgungunhlovo.

We are enabled, through the courtesy of eye-witnesses, says a Natal paper, to place before our readers this morning, many interesting details of the battle of the 2nd of April, 1879, and of subsequent occurrences. These statements generally bear out the skeleton facts already made public, but they also shed light upon matters that seemed obscure.

The approach of the enemy on the morning of the 2nd was first seen by Captain Buller, one of Lord Chelmsford's aides-de-camp. About half-past 5 in the morning, just at daybreak, a long coffin-shaped mass of the enemy was seen to come over the hill beyond the Inyezane, on this side of which our column was in laager. The camp was a small and compact one, the wagons being in the centre, the 57th, the 60th, and the 91st Regiments being on three sides, the detachments of the 88th and the Buffs on the other side; a Gatling at each of two corners, and a nine-pounder at the other two corners. The camp was entrenched. Orders were at once issued, and the troops were silently drawn into line. On crossing the river the Zulus threw out in admirable order two flanking bodies, which swiftly encompassed the camp, while a large and solid mass remained in the front and centre of the attack. When the enemy was about seven hundred yards distant, our men and the Gatlings opened fire at 6.4 a.m. The Zulus continued at first to advance, and found good cover in small clumps of thick bush, but were checked by the reception they met, and firing ceased in front at 6.30. The shining of bayonets in the rear appears to have led them to



THE BATTLE OF UNGUNGUHLOVO—FINAL REPULSE OF THE ZULUS.



believe that the Native Contingent was there, and that the weakest point of the camp would probably be found in that direction, and a most determined attack was accordingly made there on the 91st Highlanders. This attack lasted about twenty minutes, when they wavered and then fled. Meanwhile, at half-past 6, when the enemy retired from the front, the order was given for Barrow's mounted men to pursue, when they at once rode out and kept up a running fight with the retreating Zulus, who often turned and fought boldly with their pursuers. The retreat, however, so far from being "sullen," was, we are assured, a most precipitate flight. At 6.45 the Native Contingent was poured out upon the flying foe, and it did much execution. At 7.10 firing ceased, and twenty minutes later all was over, barring the continued pursuit by Barrow's men. The battle had been short but sharp, and the defeat was a crushing and complete one. The little river across which the enemy retired was choked with guns, not less than four hundred, filling at least a wagon and a half, being recovered. They were mostly old weapons, only forty or fifty being Martini-Henrys. (Umgungunhlovo, or Ginginhlovo, as erroneously spelt, is a compound of two Zulu words, i.e., Umgungu, the noise or rumble of, and N'hlovo, the elephant. A rather elegant allusion to the martial hum made by thousands of warriors forming the garrison of a military kraal.)

The Gatling is said to have behaved well, no hitch interfering with its successful handling. Our informant did not at any time consider that the firing was very heavy when compared with other fights. The youthfulness of our soldiers, and their consequent lack of training and steadiness, had its effect in one or two instances; but the general bearing of the troops was excellent. High praise is accorded to the 57th, who, we are informed by Captain Stanley, did splendid service; discipline and *morale* being alike most efficient. Our losses were two officers and five men killed; two officers and twenty-eight men wounded. The native losses, which were not large, have yet to be made known. Colonel Northey's death is immensely lamented by all. He was a most zealous and gallant officer of about forty-eight years of age, and he owed his death to the impulse which led him, while he was lying



wounded under a wagon, to jump up and cheer on his men—an effort which brought on a violent hæmorrhage. The average shots fired per regular was 6·2; the average for the whole force was 10. Much execution was done by the rockets. Fourteen Zulus were killed by one charge alone. The Naval Brigade behaved admirably, and were as steady as possible. Commodore Richards was, of course, in chief command of this branch; but Captain Brakenbury, of the *Shah*, led the attack. Lieutenant Carr, of the *Boadicea*, had charge of the Gatling. We are told that all possible credit is due to Major Barrow, whose mounted men were handled in a masterly manner, and whose ceaseless efforts in scouting and patrolling, from first to last, were of the utmost value. Those of our volunteers who were present were conspicuous for their coolness and steadiness, and the behavior of the Native Contingent is spoken of in terms of the highest praise.

The Special Correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* gives the following graphic account of the devoted bravery of the Zulus at Umgungunhlovo:—"As the enemy drew out of the grass and thorn-bushes into a dense semicircle of advancing warriors, the whole front of our camp broke out into a sheet of fierce flame which ran from corner to corner without intermission, in rattling volleys of a frightful close-range musketry. Nothing, it might be thought, could live before this terrible and perpetual roll of the breech-loader, and yet our gallant though savage foes crowded their way onward through the hail of death. While spreading now to the right, now to the left, as if to find some break in the wall of fire, their central swarms kept desperately pressing forwards past the falling bodies of their comrades. Those behind sprang to the front over the corpses of their fellows, only to sink to the ground themselves and be succeeded by fresh desperadoes. It was impossible for men to perish with more magnificent contempt of death, but they could not quite reach even our outer trenches. After again and again charging up to within twenty or thirty yards of the muzzles of our Martini-Henrys—despite the withering tempest of bullets rained upon them, to say nothing of the Gatling fire and the rockets—these heroic savages gave the game up at last upon this face of the camp, leaving the front of our defences piled with dead and wounded. Another



**DABULAMANZI.**

(King Cetshwayo's brother, leader at Isandula and Umtungunhlabo.)



large body had meanwhile concentrated on the other flank of our laager, and just as the first attack was failing a second and most spirited attempt to rush our positions was tried in this new quarter. If the courage of the enemy was admirable, so was the coolness with which the men of the 91st and 57th met the swarms of yelling thousands which closed in towards the trenches. This last effort was led by a chief of high rank named Dabulamanzi, who was mounted on a good horse, and rode in the thick of his regiments close up to the laager. The onset was for some minutes very formidable, and once inside our lines such men might have done anything; but the never-ceasing rattle of the breech-loaders could not be confronted, and on the point of forcing on that hand-to-hand fight which they wanted, the daring barbarians melted away again, and finally abandoned the attack. A ringing British cheer was raised upon this second retreat of the enemy, and the word was given for the mounted troops to dash out. This was done by the cavalry and Barrow's mounted infantry, accompanied by some of the swift-footed Native Contingent, who flew forth from the shelter of the wagons and pursued the now disheartened survivors. Once turned and beaten, the Zulu makes no further stand, and in the headlong hunt which ensued almost as many of the foe as had fallen before the musketry and the fire of the Gatlings were overtaken and dispatched in the bush."

The following is a semi-official account of the affair at Umgungunhlovo:—"The engagement now became general, and a heavy fusilade from both sides was kept up for an hour and a half, with slight losses on our side, and doubtful ones on the other. The Gatlings, both 9-pounder guns, and rocket tubes were all in action, and added to the men in the trenches some good work was done by men, non-combatants, who had rifles and took up positions on the wagons, picking off Kaffirs whenever they showed themselves. The General and staff throughout the whole action were constantly round and round the trenches encouraging the men and telling them to fire steadily and low. Lord Chelmsford was not mounted, but his staff were. Colonel Crealock was slightly wounded in the arm, and lost a horse, and Capt. Molyneux had two horses shot under him. Lieut. Milner had a bullet through his clothes. At about half-

past seven the mounted men and those of the Native Contingent were got ready to charge and drive the enemy from their positions in the grass, and upon a cheer being given, out they went driving the Zulus before them. In a few cases the enemy when retiring fired upon their pursuers, but as a general rule they fled as fast as they could in all directions, and after being chased four miles, large and disjointed masses of them were seen in the distance, going over the surrounding hills, to our front, left, and right. A good many assembled together on some of the hills, and quietly waited to see what followed, but after receiving a few shells amongst them, they cleared out for good. Then commenced the work of scouring the surrounding ground for dead bodies, wounded men, and firearms. Until we had been at this for some time we had no idea what number we had killed; but as 473 were found in heaps within four hundred yards of the laager, we were in hopes that their losses had been pretty severe. This idea was confirmed when three hundred more bodies were also found within a centre of 1,000 yards. Preparations were then made during the rest of the day for an early start next morning, with a flying column, which was intended to go through to Itshowe in one day, and return the next. The laager was altered to suit the reduced garrison, and the evening passed through quietly. Early next morning the flying column started, and consisted of the 57th, 60th, and 91st regiments, with about 100 of the naval brigade, John Dunn's scouts, and some mounted men. We reached the Inyezane at about 11, and as the sun was setting, came in view of the large hill behind which lay Itshowe. Colonel Pearson, who had been communicated with regularly by the heliograph, came on to meet the General by the new road with 500 of his men, and then turned round and went back again with the General. The head of our column got to Itshowe about seven, and came in in straggling order until about midnight. The temporary camp of our relieving column was placed over the little stream beyond the fort, but within 250 yards of it. The garrison had got everything ready to depart in the morning, and moved off after noon. The General with the mounted men went out a few miles and burnt a large kraal belonging to Dabulamanzi, who was present on the hill above and witnessed his men's destruc-

tion. Col. Pearson's force laagered that evening about five miles from Itshowe, the next on the Matikulu, Sunday at the Inyoni where a convoy of goods' wagons met him, and early on Monday morning they all reached Fort Tenedos without the loss of a single man. The General bivouacked on Friday evening near Itshowe Fort, and left early next day passing Colonel Pearson's column on the road, but just after turning off to the left, so as to reach our laager at Umgungunhlovo by a short cut over the Inyezane, lower down. His column was not able to reach the laager the same day, and had again to bivouac out, this time in a very bad place. At about 3.30 on Sunday morning, a picket of the 60th Rifles thought they saw some figures moving about in the dim light, and fired at them. Some of Dunn's scouts who were in front rushed back immediately, and unfortunately the men of the 60th behind the trenches, thinking that their picket was attacked by the enemy, fired into the midst of them, killing one and wounding five of their own men; also two of Dunn's scouts and six others were wounded. This affair cast a gloom over all, which was not dispelled when the color-sergeant who had charge of the party was court-martialled, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. After this unfortunate *contretemps*, the General moved his force back to a new position nearer the Matikulu than our old laager, which was by this time becoming unfit to live in or near. The stench arising from the numerous surrounding dead bodies, several hundred more of which had been found since the General's departure, added to the foulness of the water from the same causes, made it imperative that our quarters should be changed."

The following is taken from a letter to the *Natal Witness*:—"Feeling the fire so heavy, and the work of the Gatling gun, which was brought to bear on them, so effective, they had to retire; but some old Zulu chief haranguing them 'as to what the Zulu maidens would say when they heard the Zulus had fled before British dogs,' the force came on again, and was literally mowed down. Their superiority of numbers was of no avail—the fire from our line was too effective, the big guns doing their work well, till the ranks of the large force dwindled down, and they became disorganised. A panic seized them, and they fled, throwing down their ammunition and rifles. Just

then the mounted party was let loose on them, and committed the greatest havoc, slashing them with their swords as they fled. Particular mention must be made of Sergeant Anderson, 6th Carbineers, whose conduct on this occasion reflects the greatest credit on him. The havoc he committed was tremendous, and his heroism not alone redounds to his own honor, but also to the corps to which he belongs. I understand his conduct, coming as it did under the General's eye, elicited his warmest praise, and good things in store are spoken of as likely to be the lot, at no distant day, of the brave young fellow. Aware of the presence in the bush of a large force which was acting as a reserve, the place was well shelled until the enemy fled in dismay. I must mention that among the number of the dead men were found several Zulus, clothed in the accoutrements of the 24th Regiment, belts and pouches being pretty plentiful, while one gentleman went so far as to embellish his person with an officer's sword."

The following is extracted from a letter of an officer of the Natal Native Contingent, published in the *Watchman*:—"I expect ere this reaches you you will have heard of our battle on the 2nd April. I will give you a true account of the whole thing. On the evening of the 1st I was out on outlying picket with fifty natives and a company of the 60th Rifles. It rained nearly all night, and next morning, at about daylight, one of my boys came to me and asked if I saw Zulus down in the valley. I saw nothing. But a few minutes afterwards I saw swarms of them all rushing for the laager about half-a-mile off. I at once fell my men in and ran for the camp. I heard the Gatling gun go, and then firing began all round the camp from the trenches, and the natives were all round it in swarms, shooting as fast as they could. Fancy, there were some of them twenty yards from the trench. Talk about pluck! the Zulu has all that. They were shot down one after the other, and they still came on in hundreds. The fight lasted for about an hour and a half, and then the Native Contingent jumped over the trench and chased them all off. The soldiers buried 473, and the marines 127. That was within a radius of 1,000 yards. There are any amount of dead Zulus lying further away that were wounded and died on the hill. The whole country stinks

most fearfully. I can only swear to one man that I shot. He was creeping in the long grass about one hundred yards from me. I took a good steady aim, and saw him jump in the air, and when the fight was over I went and looked at him. I hit him, just where I aimed, in the ribs. The ball passed right through him, so I have done some good for Natal in ridding it of one Zulu. I may have shot more, only I can't tell, so many firing at once."

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## The Attack on Morosi's Mountain.

The next affair of any importance was the attack on Morosi's Mountain on the 8th April by the Colonial Forces. This mountain, which is in Basuto Land, a rugged tract of country lying between the Orange River Free State and Natal, is said to resemble Magdala in Abyssinia, and in European hands would be almost impregnable. (The scene now changes to ever so far away south westward, the last affair taking place in Zululand in about long. 32°, lat. 28°, whilst the spot now alluded to is situate in about long. 28°, lat. 29°.) The following account of the attempt to storm Morosi's stronghold is by the correspondent of the *Northern Post*:--On Sunday night last the two long-expected 7-pounders arrived here. Almost to the moment of their coming in sight, most diverse opinions were held as to their whereabouts, some saying they were at Barkly, others naming Herschel as their then resting place, and others again maintaining that they were still near Dordrecht. This is an instance of how much we are trusted with official news.

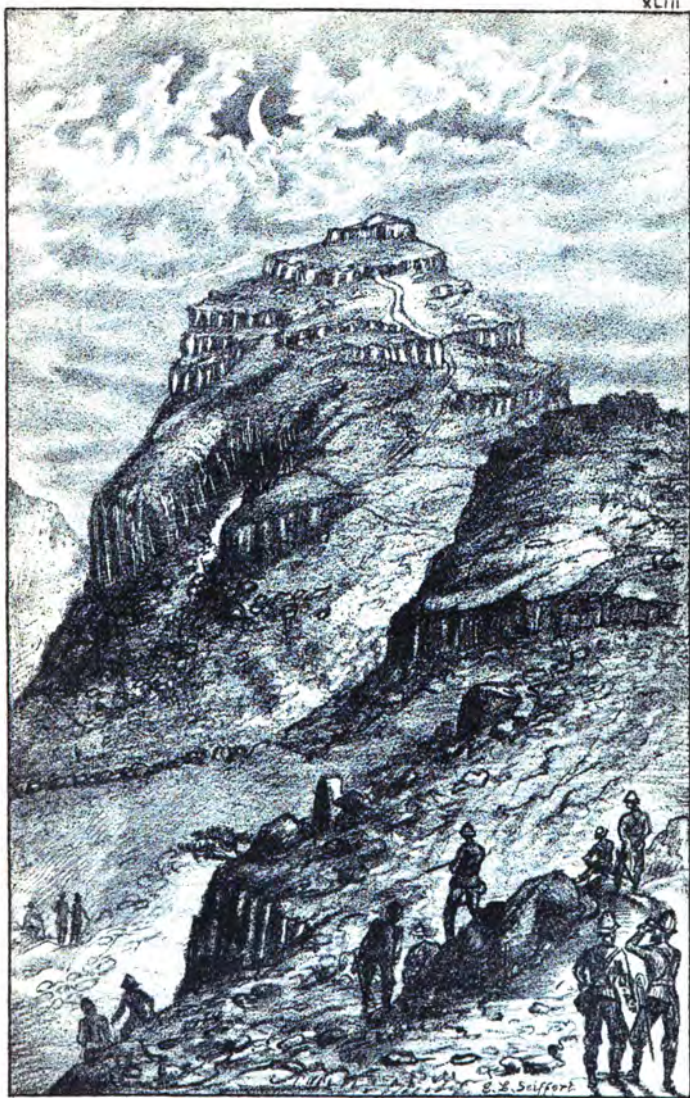
It took all Monday to place the guns in position; and Tuesday was the day appointed for the grand attack.

Before entering on the attack itself I shall try to give you an idea of the far-famed Morosi's Mountain. The Orange River runs here due south; running down to the river from the east, and almost at right angles to the river, is a steep and sharply-defined ridge, about six or seven hundred yards in length; on the western end of this ridge rises a greyish mass of rock, flat at the top, and five or six hundred feet high. Krantz (precipice) after krantz runs round the hill in complete circles. Between the bottom krantz and

the second, or next one, is a pretty steep piece of ground, without cover of any kind, and about 150 yards across. On the second krantz the first schanzen of the enemy are built. After this every projecting rock or point has a schanz (a stone wall barricade) on it; the schanzen are built very strongly and very high, and are loop-holed. They do not run parallel to one another, but each one is commanded by two or more other schanzen on each flank. This is the place we essayed to take last Tuesday.

On Monday evening three or four rockets were fired into the schanzen. When we fell in for roll-call on Monday evening it was read out amongst the orders that the Cape Mounted Rifles and the men of the 3rd Cape Mounted Yeomanry would storm the mountain at 4 a.m. next morning, supported by E, F, and G troops 2nd Yeomanry, A, B, C and D troops acting as reserves. The Cape Mounted Rifles and Colonel Minto's men started soon after dark, and gaining some cover slept under the first krantz that night. I hardly suppose that many of them slept, as rocks and stones were rolling round them all the night long. Three of the 3rd Cape Mounted Yeomanry were wounded by these stones before daylight. At three next morning the reveillé—or, as we call it, *revally*—sounded. After coffee E, F, and G troops fell in and marched to the foot of the ridge above which the mountain rises. We stood under arms for some time, whilst the big guns sent a few shells in the schanzen ahead of us. About 7 o'clock the advance sounded. For some time past hardly a living thing, beyond a few goats and horses, had been seen on the hill, and as shells had been thrown into most of the schanzen that morning without the slightest perceptible effect, beyond a cloud of dust to each shell, most of us heard the advance sounded under the impression that our day's work would consist of an undisturbed march up to the top of the hill, a general scrimmage for pots, pans, assegais, &c., with perhaps a shot or two at a few of the enemy as they fled down the hill on the opposite side. Never was a greater sell. Soon after the order "walk, march" had been given, a spectator from below might have seen a most unaccountable sight. The small body of men who had one minute been marching as if on parade, suddenly broke and dashed in all directions. The enemy had opened fire upon us, and the men were

rushing to cover. Just as we had gained cover under the ridge before us, most of us witnessed a sight which few soldiers ever see. The Cape Mounted Rifles charging from under the first krantz over an open space of about 200 yards right up to the enemy's schanzen through a hail of shot, stones, &c., and cheering as they dashed on, presented a sight which, as one officer said, was worth riding 200 miles to see. On they dashed, falling one by one, till they stood one dark mass right under the walls of the enemy's position. As we rushed on without the chance of firing a shot, we heard the cry from the Cape Mounted Rifles "Where are Minto's men?" There, far above us, the whole day stood the Cape Mounted Rifles, their only safety being in standing close against the rocks on which the first schanzen of the enemy stood. Of Minto's men 105 had slept with the Cape Mounted Rifles; on the charge being sounded, only fifteen men out of the 105 obeyed the call! Here it was, just as this gallant charge was made, that Lieutenant Reed fell. He started from cover to lead his men, but had hardly gone a few steps before a bullet from one of the flank schanzen entered behind the right eye. Then his men stayed where they were for the remainder of the day, notwithstanding that the "Advance" was again and again sounded, and the cry of "Send Minto's men on; where are they?" came from above time after time! The reserve, consisting of A, C, and D troops, had been called up soon after the enemy opened fire upon us. They joined us, and one by one, dodging from stone to stone and cover to cover, we made our way up to and under a huge rock, above the gallant 3rd regiment. By about 11 o'clock the position of the attacking party was thus: Nos. 4 and 5 troops of the Cape Mounted Rifles, under Captains Surmon and Grant, were helplessly crouching under and against the krantz on which the first of the enemy's schanzen were; it was only by the greatest difficulty that they could keep out of the way of the rocks and stones that were being poured as if out of buckets upon them from above; whilst the least bit further out they were exposed to a heavy cross-fire from the flank schanzen. The flat over which the Cape Mounted Rifles had so gallantly charged intervened between the Cape Mounted Rifles and the 2nd Cape Mounted Yeomanry, who were in a long line under a ridge of rocks that ran half



MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.



round the hill. The supports—E, F, and G troops—and the reserve, consisting of A, C, and D, had got hopelessly mixed, the men of one troop being scattered amongst the others, so that no officer could say that he had his troop in hand. Further down again, and scattered under all sorts of cover, lay the gallant 3rd Regiment. In front of them lay the body of their poor Lieutenant. Instead of poor Reed leading his men on to the place they ought to have held—that next and alongside of the Cape Mounted Rifles—his fate seemed a warning too great to be resisted. In fact, all day both the supports and reserves had got in front of the greater part of the storming party.

Hour after hour passed. News came down from the C.M. Rifles that they could not get into the schanzen; they were too high and steep to storm without ladders, and inside they were bristling with assegais. Several times did one of the C.M. Rifles manage to get the muzzle of a gun into his hands as it was pushed through the loop-holes above them, but always without effect.

It had become clearly evident before mid-day that a retreat was all we could hope for. The C.M. Rifles were clearly in a mess. So heavy a fire was kept up by the enemy upon every place devoid of cover that it would have been madness to attempt to get any more men up to the C.M. Rifles, as there was barely enough cover for them.

Sergeant Scott, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, threw a shell into one of the schanzen; it was immediately thrown back. He, seeing it was about to explode, dashed at it and pulled the burning fuse out. He had scarcely lit another when it went off in his hand, shattering him most frightfully. The poor fellow is here in camp; his right hand has been amputated. If I am not mistaken, a gunner in the Crimea got the V.C. for an act very much the same as this. Captain Surmon, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, had the stock of his revolver shot away as it hung by his side. He pointed it out to some of the men near him, and soon afterwards disappeared. It was not till the evening that he was found under a rock wounded. It was thought for some time that he had got into the hands of the enemy as he could not be found. A bullet had entered his back, and gone through the left lung and out at the front. He was



for some days in great danger, but, I am happy to say, is at present much better.

After remaining for some hours in the positions described above, the retreat began. The Cape Mounted Rifles first retreated with their wounded down to the first ledge of rocks, under which the 2nd Cape Yeomanry were posted, heavy fire being kept up all the time. Then one by one we ran down to the rocks next below us, under cover of the fire of those who remained with the wounded.

The coming down was hardly anything else than running the gauntlet of the shower of bullets which were poured on each unfortunate individual who exposed himself.

The wounded were brought down after dark. Poor Brehem, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, had to be left behind. He had got right in between two of the enemy's schanzen. His dead body was seen, but could only have been brought down at the loss of some seven or eight more lives. The "niggers" gave vent to loud shouts of triumph as they saw us retreat, some of them shouting to us to "come in."

Well, after all we failed, but not disgracefully, for some of the men behaved like heroes. Some of your readers may wish to know why the 2nd C. Yeomanry did not rush to the support of the C.M. Rifles. Because had they done so half would have fallen in getting to the Cape Mounted Rifles, as there would have been no fire from below to cover their charge; and had they got there they must have taken the first schanz before they could get near the rest. Once in that schanz and not a man would have come out alive. It was covered by schanzen all round, which overhang it. The officials may call this a "check," a "slight repulse," or what they will, but nothing will hide the fact that it was a grand failure, the effects of which will be felt for many a long day all through Basuto-land and the tribes adjoining. Stockwe and the Tambookies will not fail to hear that the "white men have been beaten" by his old friend Morosi, and will act accordingly. The Pondos doubtless have ere this (April 8, 1879) heard of our failure, and it will add to their present disaffected condition. We may, and of course we shall retrieve this day; but never shall we be able to do so morally. Can, then, any cause be attributed to our defeat? One can most decidedly. Nearly five hundred white men have been kept from their

homes and their work, lying here and doing nothing for the past twenty-six days. That period has been well occupied by the enemy in building very strong fortifications, and over £200,000 has been spent in keeping us here, on the pretext that the cannon were not here. When the cannon at last do come, what is done? Nothing! A dozen shots are fired into the hill, and we are told to go and take it! As we marched up I never saw men look more disgusted in my life. "What," said some, "have we been kept here three weeks in order that Commandant Griffith may fire eleven or twelve shots at that hill?" And instead of advancing under a heavy fire from the big guns, not a shot was fired after we started. One would have thought, after all we heard of the seven-pounders, that the place would have been shelled a full day before we stormed it. The fact is, the officers commanding were as much or more surprised than the men at the resistance offered. The foe was underrated, and the usual consequence followed. So much the worse for the Cape Colony.

I suppose you will have heard that two more poor fellows have died from their wounds, making six dead in all.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## Death of the Prince Imperial of France.

The following particulars relating to the death of the Prince Imperial (says the *Cape Argus*) have been brought by Mr. Phil. Robinson, special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who speaks from information received direct from the four troopers in Bettington's Horse, who escaped with Lieutenant Carey from the fatal spot:—The escort with which the Prince left camp consisted of Lieut. Carey, of H.M. 98th Regiment, six selected men of Bettington's Horse, and one Kaffir. Six mounted Basutos had been told off to accompany the party, but the Prince, with that disregard of danger which has always distinguished him, left camp without them. It will be remembered that a few days ago the Prince, accompanied by Major Bettington, Lieutenant Carey, and a party of Basutos visited a Zulu kraal, where they were fired upon by a large party, the Prince being on that occasion conspicuous for gallantry amounting almost to rashness. The advance of two forces within the last few days has been in this direction, and the Prince, it can easily be imagined, knowing the ground, conscious of the vicinity of Lord Chelmsford's camp on the one hand, and General Wood's on the other, approached the familiar spot with confidence and a sense of security which betrayed him to his death. The party started at about half-past 9, and on their way were joined at the site of Lord Chelmsford's camp of the second, that is on the neck of the Incenzi Mountain, by some officers who, after riding with them some distance, turned off towards the left, in the direction of General Wood's camp, the Prince and his companion keeping to the right. After crossing the spruit, which in

rainy weather helps to fill the Ityotyzi River, they arrived at the flat-topped hill, nameless on our maps, which is a conspicuous feature of the landscape of this portion of the Zulu frontier, and here the Prince, directing his men to slacken girths for a while, took a sketch of the country. We may here digress to say that the Prince's talent with pen and pencil, combined with his remarkable proficiency in military surveying—(that great gift of recognising at once the strategic capabilities of any spot which so distinguished the First Napoleon)—made his contributions to our knowledge of the country to be traversed of great value. His sketch finished, the Prince and Lieutenant Carey returned, and the order was given to resume the march, the Prince *en route* pointing out the kraal at which he had been fired upon on his previous visit, and turning off to another close by, which was found empty. A third kraal was then sighted about a mile further on, and towards this the party descended, the Prince having observed that a small river, the Mbazani, as the Kaffirs called it, would enable the escort to water their horses, and make themselves some coffee. The kraal is situated some two hundred yards from the river, and consisted of five huts, one with the usual small kraal (stone cattle enclosure). Between the kraal and the river stretched a luxurious growth of Tambookie grass five feet or six feet in height, with, after the fashion of all described Zulu kraals, mealies and Kaffir corn interspersed. This dense cover did not, however, completely surround the kraal, for in front there was an open space, apparently used by the Zulus, from the ashes and broken earthenware strewn about, as a common cooking ground. Here the party halted, and the Prince gave the order to off-saddle for an hour. The huts betrayed no signs of recent occupation, but two or three dogs were still lingering about the spot. The presumption, of course, was that the animals, attached to their masters' homes, had remained there after the Zulus had deserted the kraal; but seen in the light of the dreadful event that immediately followed, it is more than probable that the dogs belonged to the Zulus who were then actually stalking the Prince and his companions, who were completely off their guard, and chatting together. All the party having turned their horses into the grass and grain crops, and sent the Kaffir

down to the river for water, sat down in the open space and made themselves some coffee. The Kaffir, meanwhile, went off again to see that the horses kept together, and so the hour wore on. It is horrible to think of what was passing behind them all this time. Concealed by a deep donga, which lay right across the path taken afterwards by the fugitives, some 40 or 50 Zulus were creeping on their victims. Stealing out of the donga, they made their way, completely concealed by the rank vegetation, along the water's edge, and there, it is probable, lay waiting until the bustle of preparation for the start should give them a favorable opportunity for rushing upon the Prince's party. While thus in ambush they must have been surprised by the Kaffir, for one of the Zulus left his concealment, and crossing the river, was seen by the Kaffir making off up the opposite hill. The Kaffir at once returned to the Prince, but at first was not understood. Corporal Grubb, however, knowing the language well, asked him what was the matter, and then interpreted his answer to the Prince. The Prince, meanwhile, had looked at his watch. It was 10 minutes to 4. "You can give your horses 10 minutes more," he then said; but the Kaffir's intelligence at once roused suspicion, and the order was given to saddle up at once. Every man went in search of his horse, and in a few minutes all was ready for the start. The Prince for a minute was busy looking to his bit. All stood to their horses waiting for the order to mount—waiting for death! "Prepare to mount." The word was hardly spoken when, with a startling crash, there burst through the cover a volley from some 40 rifles. The distance was not 20 yards, and the long grass swayed to the sudden rush of the Zulus, as, with a tremendous shout, they charged towards the Prince and his companions. "Usutu" was their cry. "To the English cowards!" The horses all swerved at the suddenness of the tumult, and some broke away. Rogers, of Bettington's corps, was shot before he could recover his horse, and the Prince was unable to mount his charger, a grey of 16 hands high, always difficult to mount, and on this occasion, frightened by the firing, worse than ever. One by one the party galloped past, the Prince in vain endeavoring to mount. He was passed by Private Letocq. *Dépêchez vous, s'il vous plaît, Monsieur*, he cried, as he

dashed by, himself only lying across his saddle, but the Prince made no answer, already striving his best, and in a minute he was alone. The Zulus burst from their covert, yelling and firing after the fugitives. The Prince's horse followed, and the Prince was seen by Letocq holding his stirrup leather with the left hand, the saddle with his right, trying to keep up with his horse and to mount. He must have made one desperate effort to leap into the saddle by the help of the holster, and the holster must have given way, and he then fell. The horse trod upon him, and galloped off. The Prince regained his feet, and ran after the fast retreating party. Letocq turned in his saddle to look behind him, and saw the Prince was running on foot, with some twelve or thirteen Zulus only a few feet behind. They all had assegais in their hands—and then—no one saw the awful end. The rest of them galloped on towards General Wood's camp, and after going some three miles met General Wood himself and Colonel Buller. They made their report, and those officers, looking through their glasses, saw the Zulus leading away the horses they had taken—the trophies of their successful attack. Troopers Rogers and Abel and the Kaffir were killed, Abel being shot in the back by a Martini-Henri bullet as he was galloping from the kraal; Rogers before he could get on to his horse.

The *Home News* gave the following reports of the survivors of the escort which accompanied the Prince Imperial on the fatal day, June 1st, 1879:—

Lieut. Carey, who accompanied the reconnoitring party which the Prince commanded, sends the following account of the circumstances leading to the Prince's death:—  
“Having learnt that His Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1st to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column and choose a site for the camp of the following day, I suggested that, as I had already ridden over the same ground, I should accompany him. My request was granted; but at the same time Colonel Harrison, acting quartermaster-general, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting I found that no escort was prepared, and applied to the brigade-major of cavalry. I received the necessary orders,

and at 9.15 six men of Captain Bettington's Horse paraded before head quarters. With these and a friendly Zulu, provided by the Hon. Mr. Drummond, we started. Six Basutos of Captain Shepstone's corps were also under orders to proceed with us, and before crossing the Blood River I sent on to him to ask for them. The messenger returned to say that they would meet us on the ridge between the Incenzi and Itelezi hills. I again sent the man with orders to bring the escort back with him. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of Basutos scouting. Arrived upon the ridge we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses. Colonel Harrison then rode up and told us that General Marshall's cavalry was coming up. When he had left I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. 'Oh no; we are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we ascended a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond Ityotyoti River. I proposed that we should here off-saddle, but the Prince said that he preferred to off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we descended to a kraal in a valley below and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighborhood. The Prince was tired, and lay down beside a hut. The men made coffee, and I reconnoitred with my telescope. At 3.35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, 'Wait another ten minutes;' but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it, and then went to fetch my horse from the mealie fields. I had saddled and mounted on the home side of the kraal when I heard His Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the same time I said, 'Mount,' and as the men vaulted into the saddle I saw the black faces of Zulus about twenty yards off, rushing towards us through the mealie fields. They shouted and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and, knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the long grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the Zulus, I did not expect that anyone was injured. I therefore shouted, as we neared the donga, 'We must form up on the other side. See to the retreat of every-



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one.' On looking back I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and, seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the Tombocto River."

The following are such points of the evidence of the surviving members of the escort as differ from the report of Lieut. Carey or throw fresh light on the subject. The names of the men were Sergeant Willis, Corporal Grubb, and Troopers Letocq, Cochrane, Abel, and Rogers. Abel and Rogers were killed. Willis mentions that when the native who accompanied them returned to the kraal with the horses, which he had been sent to bring out of the mealie field whither they had strayed, he told them he had seen a Zulu. He continues—"We saddled as quickly as possible. All mounted and left the kraal except Rogers, who was trying to catch a spare horse he was leading. I heard a volley fired, and saw Rogers fall against a hut. I saw two men fall from their horses. The Zulus followed us for about 200 yards from the spot. I should say they numbered about fifty." Grubb states that the kraal was 100 yards from the Mbazani River, and that when they entered it they saw some dogs and signs of Zulus having lately been there. The native told them that he saw a Zulu go over the hill on the other side of the river. He further says—"I heard a volley, and the Zulus rushing forward shouting 'Nanga amagwala amangisi' ('Here are the English cowards'). As I rode off I saw Rogers, who was dismounted behind a hut, level his carbine. On nearing the donga I saw Abel, who was just before me, struck below the bandolier by a bullet. From its whiz I could tell it was a Martini. Letocq now passed me, crying, 'Put spurs to your horse, boy. The Prince is down.' I looked and saw the Prince clinging to the stirrup and underneath his horse. The horse galloped a few lengths, and then the Prince fell and was trampled upon. I turned and tried to



fire, but my horse tumbled into the donga, and in striving to keep my seat I dropped my carbine. I saw Lieut. Carey put spurs to his horse. We all did the same and followed him."

Cochrane in his statement says:—"I was next to the Prince. He did not mount. At the shots of the Zulus our horses were frightened, and we could not hold them. After I crossed the donga I looked back, and saw the Prince running. About a dozen Zulus, all armed with guns and assegais, were following and within three yards of him. His horse was galloping away. No order was given to rally, fire, or help the Prince. We galloped for two miles without stopping. Nothing was said about the Prince."

Letocq says:—"The Prince asked the question, 'Are you all ready?' We answered, 'Yes, sir.' He then said, 'Mount.' When the volley was fired I dropped my carbine, and dismounted to pick it up. I could not again get into the saddle, for my horse was frightened and galloped away with me, my left foot being in the stirrup and my stomach across the saddle. My horse followed the others. I was unable to stop him as I passed the Prince, who had hold of the stirrup leather and was attempting to mount. I said, 'Dépêchez vous, s'il vous plaît, Monsieur, de monter.' He did not answer. He had not hold of the reins. I saw him fall down; his horse trampled on him. Carey was leading, and we galloped two or three miles. Noticing that Grubb and Willis could not catch us up, I advised Carey to wait for them. He said, 'We will cross the spruit, and then go on to the high road and wait.' No order was given to rally, halt, fire, or try to save the Prince. All Lieutenant Carey said was, 'Let us go quick; let us make haste.'"

The *Times* correspondent adds:—"Capt. Bettington, by whom, in the presence of Captain Shepstone, the evidence was taken, says that the escort was selected from the best men of his corps, and that their evidence, especially that of Grubb and Letocq, who are particularly cool and steady, may be relied upon. Grubb and Letocq may be particularly cool and steady, but they have an odd manner of evincing these qualities, and if the evidence of the escort is not more trustworthy than their boldness the less said about it the better. Lieutenant Carey has also a reputation for coolness and nerve, but on this occasion he

seems entirely to have lost his presence of mind. The fact is patent that no one thought to attempt to assist the unfortunate Prince, whereas if only one man had waited to see him mounted and held his horse's head for him he might have been saved. It is a general opinion that the numbers of the attacking party have been exaggerated. The question on whom the blame is to rest is a grave one. Lord Chelmsford, who is too apt to trust to others, gave a general verbal order to Colonel Harrison, in whose department and under whose authority the Prince Imperial immediately was, not to allow him on any expedition without a fitting escort, and in any case not to permit him to incur danger. He knew nothing of the Prince's movements, and was not aware he had quitted the column. Colonel Harrison evidently disobeyed orders; the escort deserted its duty. In the whole event there is not one redeeming feature."

The letter from the home correspondent of the *South Australian Register* of 4th July, 1879, contains the following:—"Another evil memory has been added to the Zululand campaign in the death of the Prince Imperial. This sad news was brought to Madeira by the Balmoral Castle a fortnight ago. The first intimation of it came in a short telegram to Mr. Pender, one of the directors of the Eastern Telegraph Company. As by the preceding mail we had been victimized by a report of the death of Major Chard, there was the less inclination to credit another distressing report of the same kind. By-and-by, however, the Commander-in-Chief got a message from Lord Chelmsford to the same effect. It dispelled all shadow of doubt by announcing, with military brevity, "Prince Imperial killed." After the House of Commons had been for a short while in painful suspense, and knots of members were forming in the lobby to find out who had the latest news, Colonel Stanley rose in his place, and said he exceedingly regretted to have to read a telegram just received from Madeira, which reported that the Prince Imperial had been killed by the Zulus in a foray. Though the telegram had not been verified till nearly midnight, all the morning papers had articles expressing the grief of the nation and its sympathy with the bereaved mother. The *Times* observed that to his widowed mother it might be some consolation to know that

her son did not die without a soldier's tears, and will not lie in an unknown grave. Such an end of a young life begun amid such promise for the future—for her an irreparable grief—is for the world a chastened tragedy. The *Daily News* thought there was something peculiarly melancholy even in the records of this unhappy and needless war in this sudden cutting off of a young life on which many expectations may have been placed. The Imperial dynasty of France had closed the era of its misfortunes by the death of its representative in circumstances which must always be associated with unalleviated disaster.

“With the exception of the widowed and now childless mother at Chislehurst, no one was more afflicted by the disaster than the Queen. On the morning after it came she was to start from Balmoral for the south, and to gratify the people of Dundee she had agreed to travel across the Tay Bridge. She got the telegram from Lord Sydney a few hours before she was to leave Balmoral, and it stunned her. When the Royal train ran into Aberdeen the Provost and Magistrates were at the station as usual to pay her their respects; but every blind was down in the saloon carriage, and the douce Magistrates had to be content with a word or two from John Brown. John told them that, in all his knowledge of her, he had never seen her so upset since the death of the Prince Consort. She had scarcely spoken since she read the telegram. At Dundee all ceremony was curtailed, and the stoppage of the royal train was hastened as much as possible. With the Queen's personal grief there is said to be mingled a keen regret that she ever assented to the Prince's wish to go out. It was his own suggestion, first made to the Prince of Wales, and rather favored by him. The Queen, who is a sagacious politician, as well as a woman, could not but see the advantage it might be to the Prince's future fortune to have a chance of attesting his manhood. Even the Republicans would respect him more for showing that he had the love of his nation for military honor. For this reason she unwillingly assented, but with the proviso that he should not be allowed to expose himself recklessly to danger. General Wood will perhaps have some difficulty in clearing himself on that point. He knew nothing of the Prince being with Lieutenant Carey's party.

"In the House of Lords allusion to the death of the unfortunate Prince was delayed until the War Office was in a position to state especially in what character he had gone out to South Africa. It had been stated by Colonel Stanley in the Lower house that he had no commission, but beyond that nothing further was known there. The Commander-in-Chief was able to complete the explanation. The Prince Imperial had got two letters of introduction from him—one to Sir Bartle Frere and the other to Lord Chelmsford. In both of them His Highness was described as a plucky young fellow, full of spirit and energy. To Lord Chelmsford the Duke wrote that his only anxiety on the Prince's account was that he was too plucky and go-ahead. He had asked for a commission in the first instance, but the Government did not think that could be sanctioned. The Duke's letters establish, therefore, that the Government had no responsibility whatever for his going out; also that the Duke himself, knowing the Prince's character, gave a distinct caution both to Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford. Of course their explanations of how, in the face of such instructions as the Duke gave, the Prince was allowed to expose himself so recklessly, have to be waited for. They have had in the eyes of the country and of history a heavy responsibility fixed upon them. As for poor Chelmsford, it is only of a piece with his other ill-luck. He would not have objected to being assailed himself instead of the Prince, for life seems to have become a burden to him. It is said his friends have written to him to get himself invalided and return home as soon as Sir Garnet Wolseley arrives out. He may, therefore, be back within a week or two—the unluckiest of unlucky Generals in the British army.

"After the Duke of Cambridge had read his letters, Lord Beaconsfield made a pretty strong statement on his own account. He was sure their lordships shared with the illustrious Duke the universal regret expressed by the nation when they heard of the death of the young Prince—that of a foreign prince anxious to serve under Her Majesty's colors in a distant land—whose life had been so cruelly and—he could not help expressing his own opinion—so needlessly sacrificed. In alluding to his military training in this country, the Prime Minister happily

observed that he had left behind him in the institution where he was trained a memory of bravery, of probity and ability, of many virtues, and many endearing qualities. On occasions like that consolation was fruitless and impossible, but the time would come when the sympathy of a great people would be appreciated by his desolate parent. Earl Granville, abstaining from the painful question of responsibility, as to which he admitted that further evidence was required, entirely concurred, apart from political feelings, in the sympathy which the country had extended, not only to the young Prince, but to his illustrious mother in the almost unparalleled misfortune into which she has been thrown. Things are handsomely done in the Upper House. For Lord Granville, however, it was a difficult rôle. He was by training and Liberal sympathy associated very much with the Orleanists. He was never on cordial terms with the Second Empire or any of its chiefs. I doubt if he had met the Prince Imperial half a dozen times in his life, and he is no friend of the Zulu war which has brought on us this fresh calamity.

"The *Standard* gives a very touching account of how the Empress received the news. Lady Frere had telegraphed in her own name to Lord Sydney, a near neighbor and intimate friend of the Empress, but, as it turned out, he was spared by accident the most painful part of his task. On the following morning when the mailbag was brought in it was discovered that there were no morning papers. This apparent oversight of the Post Office was due to the friendly forethought of Mr. Borthwick, of the *Morning Post*, who went down to Chislehurst by an early train and had them taken out. The letters included one from the Cape from Mr. Biggs, an old class-mate of the Prince, who had an informal charge of him. Mr. Biggs wrote very cheerily about how they were roughing it at the front, and how they enjoyed their adventures. When the Empress had read his letter she happened to pick up one addressed from London to M. Pietri. At Chislehurst they have a custom of making common property of correspondence, and M. Pietri being absent, the Empress opened his letters as usual. This one spoke of some terrible news from Zululand, and the Empress, starting at the thought of its referring to her son, sent for the Duke of Bassano to ask

him what it meant. The old Duke had known for several hours, and he knew also that Lord Sydney was at that moment in a room below waiting to make the dreadful disclosure to the Empress. He hesitated, and affected melancholy as to what might be meant. It might be a new disaster to the British army; it might be various other possible events. He was allowed to retire, but a few minutes later the Empress summoned him again and told him she was convinced he had bad news for her. She was resolved to hear it, and to do whatever was necessary to go to South Africa by next steamer if anything was wrong. The Duke lost his self-command, and sobbed out, "Hélas! Madame, c'est trop tard." ("Alas! Madam, it is too late.") The Empress, perceiving the dreadful truth, exclaimed, "My son! my poor son," and for a few minutes was prostrate under the shock. When she recovered consciousness her faithful friend and attendant, Madame Le Breton, helped her to her oratory, where she lay in prayer until the arrival of her confessor, M. Goddard. He continued with her for some hours, but the more she tried to calm herself the greater was the strain on her mind, and at last she sank into a swoon. For nearly forty-eight hours she was semi-conscious, and neither spoke nor touched food. On the Sunday morning—she had heard of the death on Friday—she was able to attend mass in the Prince's room, which had been fitted up with an altar for the occasion. Though deeply moved during the service she was able to sit it out, and as she left the room she remarked sadly to the Duke of Bassano that she did not think she had so much strength left. All this while she saw few of the many visitors who flocked to Chislehurst to offer their consolation. The Duke of Cambridge was one of the first. He and the Prince had been great friends, and the Duke would gladly have given him a commission had not the Government seen reason to disapprove. It would have been better perhaps for the poor Prince had the Duke and he been allowed their own way, for then he would have been under the orders of some definite superior. As it was he was only too ready to take orders from any one and to volunteer on all kinds of service, however dangerous or beneath his rank. Abbé Goddard, in his sermon at the Roman Catholic Chapel, stated that on the night before he

left the Prince received the Communion there and prayed over his father's tomb. He told the Abbé he might never see Chislehurst again, and pointed out the place in which he wished to be buried. His wish will be religiously observed.

The *Home News* gives the following interesting particulars of the visit of condolence which the Queen paid to the grief-stricken and almost broken-hearted Empress:—"On the 23rd June the Queen discharged what must have been to her a most afflicting duty. Her Majesty travelled from Windsor Castle to Chislehurst to pay a visit of condolence to the Empress. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Earl Sydney, arrived at Chislehurst previously, and awaited Her Majesty upon the platform. Immediately after the Queen had left the train he preceded Her Majesty to Camden Place, where the Queen was received at the door by the Duc de Bassano, the Duc de Mouchy, and Prince Joachim Murat, who had arrived that morning by special train from Dover. It is needless to say that in the presence of such a grief the etiquette which prescribes that Sovereigns shall advance to a certain place to receive Sovereigns of equal rank was not for a moment regarded. The Queen was ushered at once to the Empress's boudoir, and there had the long and inevitably most distressing interview into the details of which no efforts have been made to enter, nor have any particulars of it been given. The two ladies of exalted rank who had met in such different circumstances, and whose illustrious position only serves to emphasise their sufferings, met alone. Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold were only admitted for a few minutes afterwards. The hour of 6.45 had been fixed for the Queen's train to leave on the return journey, for it was thought the Empress's strength would be exhausted by a long interview; but a mounted servant was sent off to the station to inquire as to a postponement of the time for starting and a second time to bespeak it more urgently. It was, however, ultimately arranged that the departure of the train should be deferred till ten minutes past seven. The other stations were at once warned by telegraph, for the time at which the train was to pass them had of course been carefully fixed in the special instructions issued, and the train was hand-signalled by platelayers throughout the journey from Waterloo to Chislehurst and back. On the road across the common





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near Camden Place many carriages were drawn up, the occupants of which uncovered their heads as the Queen passed by. When the Queen and the Princess drove back it was noticed that they had been shedding tears, and when the Queen stood at the window of her carriage to look back at Chislehurst before commencing the return journey her handkerchief was again held to her eyes. It was said afterwards that the Empress had been calmed and consoled by the visit, though she still suffers from the severity of the painful shock.

"The world's sympathy in its entirety will be felt for that bruised spirit at Chislehurst; and much she needs it in this moment of lost last hopes, the one aim of her life, and the one object of her affection gone—and gone, I may say, foolishly; for great has been the blunder by which he perished. The mother stands conspicuous in her bereavement; but there are other friends who will, in the Prince, lose a fond hope. The ancient friend and trusted adviser of father and son, M. Rouher, and the ardent follower, Paul de Cassagnac, will both mourn the untimely end of their young master. In a lesser degree the Prince of Wales will mourn the loss of a present friend and future ally. The Queen herself will have lost a youthful friend in whom her interest was of no slight degree; and politically and in a world-wide degree, the Cabinets of Europe will recognize a great and leading factor of their policy gone. They will *not* have to provide for the future contingencies of the resuscitated Empire,—(Prince Napoleon I exclude, as little cared for by the French and the world)—but will lay all the schemes afresh. *It is only when we ponder over what he might have been* that we can fully recognize the sad importance of the event."

On the 26th, Colonel Stanley, replying to questions put by several members relative to the death of Prince Louis Napoleon, read an extract from an official letter received from Lord Chelmsford stating that he had attached the Prince to his staff. He also read a number of extracts from letters addressed by Lord Chelmsford to his own relatives in England, referring to the presence of the Prince at headquarters, in which the Commander-in-Chief expressed the utmost solicitude for the health and comfort of his illustrious guest. In the last letter received, dated 21st May, Lord

Chelmsford said—"The Prince Imperial went on a reconnoissance a few days ago, and very nearly came to grief. I shall not allow him out of my sight again if I can help it."

A Bonapartist meeting was lately held in Paris, and some of the crowd outside gave three cheers for the Zulus. A dozen arrests were made.

The following account of the removal of the body of the Prince from General Newdigate's camp at Ityotyotzi River to Maritzburg is taken from the South African correspondent to the Melbourne *Argus* :—

"Pietermaritzburg, 10.40 p.m., June 8.

"Four o'clock, Sunday.—The mortal remains of Prince Louis Napoleon have found a temporary resting-place with the local clergy of the community to which his family belong. Seven days ago to the very hour the young Prince was stricken down under circumstances devoid of any incident which might glorify his fall. The body was recovered early upon the succeeding day, disfigured by assegai wounds, and stripped of everything but a religious token, which the savage, but withal chivalrous, foe had deemed the fallen warrior's charms. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the whole of General Newdigate's division was paraded for the funeral of the princely volunteer. The division formed up in hollow square, the Lancers being on the front face and the Dragoons in rear, the flanks right and left being occupied respectively by the 1st and 2nd Infantry Brigades. The funeral *cortège* slowly advanced from the tent of the deceased Prince, the Artillery (of which he had been a cadet) leading on foot, followed by a gun-carriage drawn by six horses, with drivers of the Royal Artillery, bearing the corpse, coffinless, but wrapped in rugs, and covered with the Union Jack. Then came the Rev. Mr. Bellard, the Roman Catholic chaplain with the forces, Lord Chelmsford as chief mourner, and all the officers of his own and the divisional staff, the pipers of the 21st Fusiliers playing a solemn 'Lament.' After the burial service had been read in the middle of the square the *cortège* faced about, and the body was taken back to the tent of the deceased. On Tuesday morning the remains were escorted to the rear in a mule wagon, and have now reached Maritzburg, after a very rapid journey made by way of Landsman's Drift, Ladysmith, and Estcourt. No

honors have been wanting along the line of route, and the sad tidings were no sooner heard in the capital city of the colony than it was resolved to give the remains a reception befitting the rank and station of a Buonaparte. The arrangements, civil and military, were respectively entrusted to His Worship the Mayor and Major Chamberlain, the commandant of the garrison; Deputy Surgeon-General Holloway having charge of the funeral dispositions proper. It was notified by a signal fired from Fort Napier shortly after 1 o'clock that the *cortège* was drawing near the city. A six-pounder gun-carriage, drawn by eight horses of the Army Service Corps, brought up specially from Durban, was in waiting at the foot of the town hill, where the body was removed from the conveyance in which it had been brought from the front. At the entrance to the town a large concourse of people had assembled, the residents in the suburban districts having flocked in by hundreds for the melancholy occasion. The bottom of the Commercial-road had been appointed a general rendezvous, and there a procession was formed upon the *cortège* coming into sight, Major Spalding, Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General, acting as marshal. The order of the procession was as follows:—The Maritzburg Rifles, followed by their band, with drums muffled. A detachment of the 21st Regiment. Then the gun carriage bearing the corpse, closed in a temporary coffin enveloped in the tricolour. Next followed the horse of the dead Prince, a grey of less than 15 hands, the stirrups being booted reversed, after the fashion of military funerals. Over the saddle was thrown a pall edged with white satin and figured with the Napoleonic emblem and the Prince's initials. A sword and helmet formerly belonging to the Prince, together with wreaths and crosses of violets, roses, and camellias, had been laid upon the coffin. The Prince's valet and attendant, shedding sad and bitter tears, were the first to follow their dead master, and then came a long line of mourners, headed by the Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary, in court dress, Generals Clifford and Sir John Bisset, and the heads of departments, military and civil. The clergy, and the local friendly societies in the regalia of their respective orders, formed part of the procession, which had for a guard of honor a company of Fusiliers and 300 men of the Native

Contingent, in scarlet uniforms, marching on each side with arms reversed. The pall-bearers were Lieutenants Bayly and Cameron, Captains Willoughby and Fox, Major Russell, and Colonel Stewart. When the procession began to move a minute salute of 21 guns was opened from the fort and the Union Jack lowered to half-mast. The windows and house-tops along the line of route were filled with spectators, and several of the principal places of business were draped in black. It took nearly an hour to reach the Roman Catholic bazaar, where the body was received by Father Barret, and a number of sisters belonging to the congregation of the 'Holy Family.' After steps have been taken with a view to effect preservation till it can be properly embalmed, and it has been removed from its present coffin to the shell made under the directions of Dr. Holloway, the body will be taken to the neighboring chapel, and there lie in state until its departure for Durban, after the conclusion of the requiem services appointed for tomorrow morning. The most heartfelt sorrow prevails throughout the entire community, and steps are to be taken to obtain a public expression of condolence with the Empress Eugenie.

"Sunday evening, after removal to the new shell and the completion of the *proces verbal*, the body of the Prince Imperial was removed to the Roman Catholic Chapel, where it now lies in state on a catafalque, which occupies nearly half of the whole available space of the little edifice. The building is draped throughout, and the star-spangled hangings, tied up with bows of white crape, are most effective in their appearance. The draperies on the eastern wall are bespangled with the Napoleonic emblem of the Bee, in silver. The Bishop's throne and the pulpit are clothed in purple and black, and the stations of the cross have been veiled with crape. The catafalque is a structure about ten feet long, six high, and five broad, and consists of four terraces, on the topmost of which the coffin has been placed, covered with a black velvet pall, upon which a white satin cross, figured with an 'N,' has been laid. A sword and helmet belonging to the deceased Prince surmount the whole, and reverential hands have laid upon the catafalque, which is lit up by the candelabra used in the Lenten services of the church, a number of

most exquisite floral emblems. The steps of the catafalque are edged with satin beading and fringe, and at the base of each step runs a triple line of silver lace. The whole is most imposing in appearance, and reflects the greatest praise upon the sisters of the Holy Family, who have labored day and night, since the sad tragedy was enacted, at the preparations designed to do honor to the remains of the departed Prince. This evening the *De Profundis* was sung. Guard is mounted over the body, and the members of the congregation will keep watch throughout the night. At half-past eight in the morning the Requiem service of the church will be celebrated by Father Barret, the resident priest, who is officiating in the absence of Bishop Jolivet."

The special correspondent of the *Cape Argus* supplied the subjoined account of the ceremony in the R.C. Chapel at Maritzburg :—

Funeral services highly impressive. Roman Catholic Church full. Arrangements excellent, neither crowding nor confusion. Mass for the dead commenced at half-past eight with musical service and organ accompaniment. Father Barret officiated, assisted by Father De Lacy. Around catafalque were the executive, legislative, and local dignitaries. Bishops Colenso and Macrorie were present, with many Protestants. Service began with 'Dead March,' anthem, *Kyrie Eleison*; offertory; Gospel, John xi., 21-28. *Gloria in excelsis* omitted from mass. *Dies iræ* magnificently sung; also *Sanctus*, at Elevation of Host. Sister Mary Joseph sang *Pie Jesu*, a solo most brilliantly effective. Music from Beethoven. Whole service solemnly pleasing. Portion of ordinary burial service followed, incense, anthem, prayers, and responses. Body borne from church by representatives of all corps present, including volunteers. Procession formed of advance guard, Mounted Natal Police, guard of 21st; rear, Natal Mounted Police. Coffin on gun carriage, flags, arms, helmet, led horse, all as before. Corpse followed by priests, members of legislature, executive, staff, and Lieutenant-Governor, who marched out through Chapel-street, and gave over charge to select guard, mounted and dismounted.

"Will arrive at Durban on Wednesday. General Clifford is going."

The special correspondent of the *Cape Standard* sent the annexed account of the reception of the body at D'Urban :—

“The body of the Prince arrived here yesterday (June 10) at half-past 4 in the afternoon. Great military and civil preparations to meet it. At half-past 3 all troops in garrison, including drafts just arrived, Army Hospital and Coolie Corps, were in position, lining each side of the road outside the town boundary beyond the toll-bar, over which a square arch was erected, covered with black and surmounted by white emblems. The mayor, corporation, and civilians were drawn up inside the toll-bar, while crowds lined the houses and footpaths all along the route to the Catholic Church. The cavalcade which brought the Prince's body from Pietermaritzburg consisted of an escort of 12 Natal mounted police, 12 men of the 21st Regiment under Colonel Reilly, R.A., with whom were Colonel Mitchell, R.M., our Colonial Secretary, Lieutenants Lee and Fitzgibbon, Monsieur Uhlmann, late Private Secretary to Napoleon III., Monsieur Deleage, special correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, who brought the body from the scene of death, and who accompanied it to Europe, and the Prince's four servants, one of whom has been with him since his birth. The coffin was placed on a gun carriage especially prepared, drawn by six horses, covered with French colors, upon which were placed his helmet and sword, also wreaths of *immortelles* and other flowers. A captain's guard, under Captain Allfory, 13th Regiment, stood prepared with bayonets fixed, and, as the cavalcade approached, presented arms, while the band struck up the Dead March in Saul.

“From an officer who came down with the body I learn that the Prince left head-quarters' camp to go to another, leaving his servants packing in camp, and when his party was attacked by Zulus he tried to vault upon his horse, as he never uses the stirrup, but the horse bolted, and he was quickly assailed. When the body was found next morning it was disembowelled, stripped, and only had helmet, sword, and one sock. Found he had been fully armed with sword, which had belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, and two revolvers, but no shots were heard. When the body arrived at Pietermaritzburg it was taken out of the case it came in and transferred into a shell, then put into a leaden

coffin, and finally all enclosed in a rough wooden one. This was done in presence of General Clifford, the doctors, servants of the Prince, and the few officers on duty necessary as witnesses. The body was found not decomposed, and the face calm and perfect except for a wound in the temple.

"The body lay in state all night, and this morning, at half-past 8, requiem mass was sung by Fathers Sabon and Baudry. The church was crowded with military and civil authorities, and those few who were lucky enough to get tickets. At 10 the coffin was moved on to the gun carriage in waiting, with eight horses, and the procession was formed, the escort first, the band, gun carriage, flanked by pallbearers and guard of honor with bayonets reversed, chief mourners, then his grey charger, covered with black pall, edged with silver, afterwards naval and military authorities and all the officers in garrison, in number over 40, in full dress. Then the town council, the various societies, and the general public flanked by troops. All the stores were closed and decorated with black drapery and white emblems. Flags half-mast, bells tolling, and guns firing. Immense crowds lined the streets and followed to the point, calculated at between 7,000 and 8,000. The Durban Volunteer Artillery, placed at the end of West-street, fired minute guns, as also did the yacht Lancashire Witch, the Government tug Forerunner, and H.M.S. Shah at the point, which was reached at half-past 11. The Coolie Corps was drawn up, and kept the wharf clear, while a body of sailors from Her Majesty's ships lined each side of the gangway leading to the tug Adonis, drawn up alongside the wharf, painted black, and fitted up for the reception of the coffin, which was taken off by sailors from the Boadicea, and quickly placed in position under deck on the tug. Word was given, the soldiers presented arms, the bands struck up, and with universal raising of hats the Adonis moved off slowly from the wharf. The wind was strong, and the bar in consequence worse than has been known for three months. It took us one hour to get alongside the Boadicea, lying ready with steam up. The coffin was got up quickly by tackle from the yard-arm and safely deposited in the Commodore's cabin, specially prepared for its reception. Only Captain Bradshaw, R.N., of H.M.S. Shah, Colonel Mitchell



(Colonial Secretary), Captain Winders (late Indian Navy), the Mayor of Durban (Mr. R. Vause), myself, and Prince's servants, besides those officers and men of the Shah, went off to see the last.

"The Boadicea sailed at 9 p.m. (June 12), Lieutenants Masterman and Hatch, R.N., in command. Colonel Pemberton, of the 60th, accompanies the body home."

The following account of the reception of the body at Simon's Bay, and its removal from thence by the Orontes for England, is given by the South African correspondent of the *South Australian Advertiser* :—

"The Boadicea sailed (from D'Urban) at 9 o'clock on Wednesday night, and arrived in Simon's Bay at half-past 1 o'clock on Sunday. In addition to H.M.S. Flora, Active, Tenedos, and Orontes, the Silveren Krui and the Van Gulen, of the Dutch fleet, were in Simon's Bay. As soon as the approach of the Boadicea was signalled the yards of all the vessels were topped, and the French ensign hoisted half-mast high. A Mortuary Chapel had been erected on the Orontes, decorated by Father Rooney and the ladies of Simon's Bay. Amongst the decorations, those prepared by Lady Frere and the Misses Frere were conspicuous. About 3 o'clock the departure of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Frere to the dockyard was announced by a salute from the Active. His Excellency was received on board by the captain of the Orontes and officers, with those of the Dutch and other ships. Meanwhile the men-of-war boats had been forming two lines from the Boadicea, between which the steam launch bearing the coffin passed, the sailors uncovered, and saluting with their oars, minute guns firing the while, and the band of the Boadicea playing 'The Dead March in Saul.' Dr. Leonard, the Roman Catholic Bishop, received the coffin at the gangway and conducted the service, Fathers Rooney and Dingnam assisting. After the coffin had been deposited in the chapel, Lady Frere placed a large cross of palm and silver leaves on the coffin, and her example was followed by the Misses Frere and a number of ladies until the top was completely covered. The ceremony was concluded by the firing of 23 minute-guns by the Boadicea. Dr. Rooney will hold a service on board each day. The Orontes left the same evening,

and is expected to arrive at Portsmouth about July 8."

The following is from the home correspondent of the *South Australian Register* :—

"Four Orient steamers will have supplied you from Cape Town with the details of our latest disasters in Zululand. It is only a fortnight since the first telegram reached us from Maida, and the excitement it caused has since been fed by later accounts, as well as by almost daily references.

"It was stated in the first telegram that the Prince had received a military funeral at General Wood's camp; but later intelligence shows that that referred only to the reception of the body. After its recovery, the surgeons did their best with the means at their disposal to embalm it, and having packed it carefully with sand and straw it was sent off the same night with a strong escort to Maritzburg. According to a statement of the Prime Minister in the House of Lords, the *Orontes* will bring the coffin to Sheerness, where it will be transferred to another vessel for conveyance to Woolwich. At Woolwich it will be handed over to the Prince's old regiment—the Royal Artillery—who will escort it to Chislehurst, and afterwards attend it to the grave. The Government consider this a better arrangement than a public funeral, as was advocated by a number of people. The *Gaulois* has started a proposal likely to be taken up in earnest for raising a subscription to convey to Chislehurst a sufficient quantity of French soil to form the Prince's grave. It may also be extended to include French marble for the tomb, but that will require some adjustment to the plans now being carried out for the Imperial sarcophagus under which the late Emperor and his son are to rest together. It is proposed that the Prince shall lie in state for some time after his arrival, and that ultimately he shall be laid by the side of his father. Requiem masses have been celebrated at nearly all the Catholic churches in London. That at Southwark was celebrated by Cardinal Manning, and attended by Prince Lucien and Prince Charles Bonaparte, the Duc de Bassano, the Duc de Mouchy, and a large number of the English Catholic nobility.

"It is announced from the Cape that Lord Chelmsford immediately ordered an inquiry into the circumstances

attending the melancholy event ; but that there may be no doubt as to the facts, Colonel Stanley has telegraphed out orders for a full investigation, and a reply at the earliest moment. The Government and the Commander-in-Chief have already cleared themselves of responsibility by stating that the Prince held no commission whatever in the army. He had asked for one, but the Government had thought it advisable he should go out simply as a volunteer. He took with him letters of introduction from the Duke of Cambridge to Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford, in both of which the Duke expressed an opinion that he was too eager and heedless of danger. Something has been done towards clearing Lord Chelmsford, his wife having furnished to Colonel Stanley extracts from his letters respecting the Prince, in which he spoke of the precautions it had been necessary to take to keep him out of danger. Neither he nor General Wood knew that he had been sent on the service which led to his death. Mr. Forbes, in a letter to the *Daily News*, says he was attached to Colonel Harrison, the Quartermaster-General of the army, and his principal duty was reconnoissances and sketch-taking, of which he was very fond. He was noted for his anxiety always to get into close quarters with the Zulus, and on the day before his fatal expedition he had reconnoitred the very kraal at which he met with his death. The chief point for the Court of Enquiry will be who sent him out or allowed him to go out with such a small escort. It is said that orders had been given to Captain Shepstone to send six of his black horse with them, but that either the horse were not supplied, or the Prince rashly went off without them. One man will have difficulty in escaping from a serious share of responsibility—Lieut. Carey—who appears to have received from Colonel Harrison special charge of the Prince to keep him out of adventures to which he was notoriously prone. Carey states that as the party were preparing to mount he saw black faces peeping over the grass, which was five or six feet high round the kraal. He was calling the Prince's attention to it, when a volley was fired from forty or fifty guns. His belief is that the Prince fell within the kraal and never got on his horse at all. The only evidence he saw of what had happened was the riderless horse galloping off.

"Sergeant Cochrane, who gave evidence at the court-martial, says that he saw the Prince attempt to mount, and break his stirrup-leather. When the horse bolted the Prince then ran to the gully, and never came out of it. Cochrane's version agrees with the position in which the body was found. Some of the Bonapartist papers have been putting delicate questions as to the conduct of the English troopers in leaving the Prince when they saw his danger. There were at least five of them unharmed by the first volley. It killed two of them, and the Basuto disappeared; but there were still Lieutenant Carey, Sergeant Cochrane, and three men. It was surely their duty to stand by a comrade who had been unhorsed at such a perilous moment. Even had they seen the Prince killed it was their duty, one would think, to recover his body. Had the Zulus known its value they might have used it to inflict upon it a greater humiliation than Isandula itself. With it in his possession Cetwayo might almost have dictated his own terms to Lord Chelmsford. Colonel Buller, however, as soon as he heard of the disaster, had sufficient presence of mind to gallop forward at once in search of the body.

"Since the death of the Prince Consort I doubt whether any event has excited a greater sensation, or aroused an intenser personal feeling, than the unexpected death of the Prince Imperial in the Zulu war. In the English royal circle the feeling which the news excited was one of absolute consternation. The Prince of Wales had been the youthful exile's bosom friend. Their friendship began in Paris many years ago. When there they were inseparable companions, and up to the moment that the Prince Imperial left for Natal he was always a welcome visitor to Marlborough House. The Duke of Cambridge, who possesses great command of soldierly language, has, it is said, anathematised the conduct of the Prince's escort in terms which I could hardly ask you to reproduce in your columns. It really does appear that the Prince was, as M. Rouher remarked at Chislehurst, 'abandoned,' and that if a stand had been made by his companions his life might possibly have been saved. But although it is impossible to compliment the survivors upon their gallantry or devotion, it is idle to shut one's eyes to the fact that the original and

cardinal mistake was in the Prince going to Natal at all. The Prince had no call to fight the naked and barbarous Zulus. When his mother, for whom the entire country feels such genuine and heartfelt sympathy, first settled in England, she frankly remarked—'I have loved war too much.' Mexico and Sedan both proved this, and now the justice of the reflection is confirmed by what must be to her a yet deeper and more heart-breaking tragedy."

The following "Notes and Reminiscences" are taken from the *Natal Mercury*:—

"The saddle used by the Prince on his last fatal ride told its own tale. It had attached to it two saddle-bags and two holsters. One of the latter was smooth and uninjured, but the other on the left side had evidently been clutched and squeezed in the death grip of a man holding on to it for life. The connecting band was torn almost, but not quite, in two. It is evident, therefore, that when the Prince failed to vault into his saddle, owing to his horse's bolting, he seized hold of the near holster and held on to it, keeping by his horse's side until the leather gave way, and he no doubt was thrown back and left helpless. The evidence borne by the saddle—which we saw before it was taken on board—scarcely tallies with the statement of Mons. Hellehulle, who said that the saddle turned round the horse. The visible marks on the holster of an ever-tightening grasp were very pathetic in their significance.

"Before he started upon his last expedition the Prince wrote a few lines to the Empress, his mother, remarking when doing so that 'You never know what may happen.' He probably shared the fatalistic belief in 'destiny' which possessed both his great uncle and his father. If this were so, it would account for the indifference he displayed to the ordinary risks of savage warfare.

"One of the most painful local circumstances connected with the Prince's death was the terrible and overwhelming effect it had upon his faithful *intendant*—or confidential servant and companion—Mons. Uhlmann. This devoted attendant had been attached to the person of the Emperor before the Prince's birth, and when the latter was six months old he was placed in oversight of the heir-apparent. When asked how long he had been with the Prince he said, mournfully, 'for 23 years.' He was urgent to be allowed

to go with his young master to the front, but the latter was very loth to encumber the staff with more personal attendants than he absolutely needed, and believed that his good and faithful custodian would find abundant employment in his behalf as his representative in Durban. We have reason to know that the excellent Uhlmann remained behind in a chronic condition of anxiety and solicitude. He seemed to be oppressed with a presentiment that something might happen to his Imperial charge. When the fatal news reached Durban he could scarcely realise it, and ever afterwards was a crushed and broken-hearted man. He went to Maritzburg by post-cart on Wednesday, the 4th, and put up at the Royal Hotel, where his overpowering grief made him an object of deep sympathy to the other inmates of that establishment. The arrival of the Prince's remains, and especially their inspection by him, intensified, as was natural, his unspeakable distress. It must have been only by a supreme effort of mind and body that he was able to go through the various ceremonies and journeys that attended the progress of the funeral *cortège*. In the Catholic Church of Durban, during the short service that immediately followed the arrival there of the coffin, he succumbed to the long and intense strain and fainted away; nor did he revive until an hour's assiduous attendance on the part of friendly hands brought him back, alas! to the recollection of his woe. On the final day of embarkation he succeeded in passing through the painful ordeal of the great popular demonstration which did honor to the memory of his master; but the sadness of his appearance and expression was beyond description. 'What shall I say to the Empress when she asks me for her son?' was the remark constantly on his lips."

The following statement was taken down from the lips of its author in the office of Mr. Peace, Belgian Consul, and solemnly declared to be true in the presence of that gentleman and the Mayor of Durban:—Mons. C. Hellehulle, of Ghent, who was with the force when the body of the Prince was recovered, said it was found lying on the side in a recumbent position, with one leg bent under him, and close to him were found three empty revolver cartridges, thus showing that he had died only after defending himself against such fearful odds to the very last. Mons. Hellehulle left

camp at 10 o'clock on the night of the 2nd June, and arrived in Durban this evening along with the remains of the Prince. I must not omit to mention one fact which may be significant. The native who went with the Prince's party is supposed to have been killed, but neither his body nor his horse, saddle, or bridle have been found. He was a Zulu.

The following account of the burial of the late Prince Imperial at the Catholic Chapel at Chislehurst is from the London Correspondent of the *South Australian Advertiser*:—

"The arrival of the remains of the late Prince Louis Napoleon and the funeral obsequies have excited profound interest. A week ago the Orontes with the body arrived off Plymouth, and reached Spithead on the following morning. Here the coffin and all its appurtenances were lowered on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, where it was received by Prince Joachim Murat, Count Davilliers, Viscount Aguado, Baron Bourgony, the Duke of Bassano, and the Count of Turenne. In the afternoon the steamer reached Woolwich, where a distinguished group of Frenchmen awaited it, and it was conveyed to a Mortuary Chapel in the Arsenal. Then arose the sound of muffled drums, and presently the band of the Royal Artillery played, by the special command of the Queen, Beethoven's Funeral March from the Sonata in A flat. As the procession turned along the road parallel with the river, the if possible more impressive "Dead March in Saul" was heard. At four o'clock the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge arrived, dressed in plain mourning, and wearing the ribbons of the Legion of Honor and the French military medal. On entering the chapel their Royal Highnesses proceeded to the head of the coffin and remained there for several minutes in solemn silence, after which the Prince of Wales, who, like the Duke of Cambridge, exhibited signs of profound emotion, expressed his grief and sympathy in a few words to the Princes Lucien and Charles Bonaparte, and the Prince Murat. At the request of the Prince of Wales Colonel Pemberton was then sent for, and remained in conversation with His Royal Highness for several minutes.

"After the departure of the members of the English Royal Family, the sad, but according to French custom, necessary ceremony of identifying the remains of the



deceased, was proceeded with. The chapel having been cleared of all but the two Princes Bonaparte, M. Rouher, and the medical officers, the Baron Larrey, the Baron Corvisart, and Dr. Evans, the temporary coffin was opened. This scene, so terrible to the assistants, lasted for a considerable time. According to the *Daily News*:—On opening the coffin it was found that the operation of embalming the corpse, always difficult when severe wounds have been inflicted, had been imperfectly performed, and that, although decomposition had not proceeded to any very great extent, the features of the ill-starred young soldier had undergone such serious change as to make the work of recognition almost as difficult as it was painful. Some of the features had suffered terribly, but all doubt as to the identity of the corpse with the deceased Prince was set at rest by the peculiarity of his dentition. M. Rouher, in a voice choking with emotion, declared himself 'satisfied' as to the identity of the body, and the same opinion was expressed by many of those who viewed it. Among these were the before-mentioned Princes of the Bonaparte family, Prince Murat, General Fleury, M. Fleury, M. Conneau, and Uhlmann, the old personal servant of the Prince, who carried the sword of his dead master, and fainted away at the sight. The body was transferred to a magnificent coffin, with a crucifix blessed by the late Pope, which had been brought to the Empress from Rome by her chaplain, M. Goddard, two years ago. The coffin consisted of an inner shell of lead, lined with white and violet-quilted satin. The outer shell was of mahogany, covered with violet-colored velvet, and mounted with elaborate brass ornaments, in which the initials "L.N." were cut. The lid bore the following inscription, with the arms of the deceased and a cross:—

"NAPOLEON EUGENE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH,  
PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Né à Paris le 16 Mars, 1856 ;

Tué à l'ennemi en Zululand (Afrique Australe) :  
le 1er Juin, 1879.

Déposé dans l'Eglise Catholique de Sainte  
Mary de Chislehurst,  
le 12 Juillet, 1879.

R.I.P.



"The coffin was placed upon a gun-carriage, which was drawn by eight black horses, and it was covered with the Union Jack and the tri-color. At about seven the procession set out, amid the strains of Beethoven's Funeral March, for Chislehurst; but the band did not accompany it. On the Common twenty-three guns were fired. An astonished crowd of spectators had assembled—in fact, they lined the entire route, which took nearly two hours to traverse. Arrived at length at Camden-place, the procession entered by the lower lodge gates, those remote from the station, and passed up under the tall trees to the house. The body was lifted by ordinary bearers into the hall, hung with white drapery and illumined by tall candles. White curtains with palm branches crossed upon them were placed upon the porch, and above it was the letter 'N.' With but slight intermission the Empress passed the whole of Friday night beside the body of her son; outwardly calm for the most part. About four or five in the morning Mass was said before her by Mngr. Goddard, who had kept the vigil with Mngr. Las Casas, Bishop of Constantine, and two of the aides-de-camp of the Prince. Afterwards the Empress retired to her room, which she did not leave during the day. At nine the white hangings with the letter "N" were affixed by the Pompes Funébres to the outer gate, and many mourners were then arriving.

"About the same time the Queen and the Princess Beatrice, with their suite, were leaving Windsor. They arrived at Chislehurst station at about half-past ten, and immediately drove to Camden Place. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county and the Earl and Countess of Sydney were present at the station on the Queen's arrival. The Queen was conducted by the Duke of Bassano, Grand Chamberlain of the exiled Court, to the *chapelle ardente*, where her Majesty knelt for a little while near the kneeling priests, and then placed upon the coffin a wreath of gold laurel, with the autographic inscription:—"Souvenir de vive affection, d'estime, et de profonds regrets de la part de Victoria Reg." The Princess Beatrice placed a cross of violet porcelain flowers upon the coffin. Many flowers and wreaths had already been deposited in that sacred place. The Queen gathered two or three flowers in her hand. In the reception-hall Prince Napoleon, with his two sons, Prince Victor

and Prince Louis Bonaparte, advanced to do her Majesty homage. The Queen was received also by Princess Mathilde, Prince Napoleon Charles Bonaparte, Prince Murat, Princess Eugénie Murat, the Duchess of Mouchy (Princess Anne Murat), the Duke of Bassano, and M. Pietri.

"The Prince of Wales arrived by special train from Charing Cross about five minutes after Her Majesty. He was accompanied by the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, Cambridge, and Teck, Prince Leopold, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Christian, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Leiningen, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Count Leichen, and a brilliant assembly of naval, military, and political notables. Every regiment at Aldershot and all arms of the service were represented. The *Daily News* describes the scene at this moment as an extraordinary spectacle of saddened splendour :—' Against the bright green of the trees and turf and the dark masses of mourners in civilian costume, the bright uniforms of the military and the brilliant decorations of the pall-bearers stood out with startling effect. There was a moment of silence as a heavy cloud passed over the sky, adding solemnity to the impressive scene. Then the silence was broken by the muffled drum, followed immediately by the boom of a minute gun, and as the band of the Royal Artillery commenced the "Dead March in Saul" the procession advanced slowly towards the chief gateway of Camden House. On passing the little black stand prepared for the Queen the troops came to the salute, and Her Majesty was seen pale with sorrow and quite overcome with emotion. Near the Queen was the Princess Beatrice, who was also greatly affected by the touching spectacle. As the main body of mourners passed the spot occupied by the two royal ladies the sullen boom of the second minute gun struck on the ear, intensifying the effect of the low wail of the "Dead March." By the side of the coffin walked the pall-bearers, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, with M. Rouher, on the left; the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, and the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Bassano, on the right. The Princes and Princesses came to lay their wreaths upon the coffin in the chapel, and as they passed into the saloon reserved for the Queen and the Princes of the various Royal

Houses, they had each received a few violets or other flowers from the Chapel. The gentlemen nearest after the chief mourners bore wreaths in their hands, including the violet wreath with the Princess of Wales's card, which she had placed with her own hand on the coffin, on which she had written:—‘A token of affection and regard for him who lived the most spotless of lives and died a soldier's death fighting for our cause in Zululand. From Albert Edward and Alexandra, July 12, 1879.’ There was also a white wreath from ‘Louisa, Victoria, and Maud of Wales,’ and one from ‘Edward and George of Wales,’ sent by the young Princes to the friend whose daring and skill in many exercises were specially calculated to attract boyish admiration. There followed so many Deputies and political friends that it is impossible to enumerate them. Of the officers present some fifteen are believed to have come without leave of their Government. The head of the procession moved slowly on to the mournfully swelling and diminishing cadences of the Funeral March of Beethoven. To the right of the altar stood the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Crown Prince of Sweden. To the left, immediately beneath the image of the Virgin, stood, impassable as the statue itself, the present chief of the Napoleonic race. On his right stood his eldest son, Prince Victor, next to whom was his younger brother, Prince Louis, and the remaining members of the family and allies of the late Emperor, except the Prince Lucien, who remained in the little chapel containing the sarcophagus of Napoleon III., the place of honor in which was occupied by Earl Sydney, as representative of the Queen. The Princess of Wales was seated, or rather knelt, at the right of the altar, still holding the great bunch of violets in the hand unoccupied by the Prayer-book. The Princess (says the *Daily News*), doubtless in her desire to render due respect to a form of faith other than her own, or, perhaps, in the excess of her sorrow, remained kneeling so long that she was at last requested to rise by one of the assistant clergymen, sent to her Royal Highness by the Bishop. Her demeanor afforded a striking contrast to that of the Princes Napoleon Jerome and Lucien, who throughout the religious ceremony remained erect, neither kneeling, crossing themselves, nor

otherwise identifying themselves with the celebration. At the conclusion of the *De Profundis*, the *Miserere* was very beautifully and impressively sung, the minute guns still booming and accentuating the music in an inharmonious yet effective manner. The lowest depth of gloom was not reached, however, until the majestic verses of the *Dies Iræ* rang through the sacred edifice. At *Tuba mirum spargens sonum* the minute gun again spoke with tremendous effect. While the concluding verses of the *Dies Iræ* were yet being sung, the Bishop of Southwark began the celebration of a *Missa Cantata*, during which it was noticeable that Prince Napoleon Jerome abstained from making any sign, while Prince Lucien, in the little chapel, turned his head aside. The eyes of the faithful were strained eagerly to mark either of the Princes either kneeling or making the sign of the Cross, but in vain, for Prince Napoleon Jerome's features were as if cast in bronze, and those of Prince Lucien wore their customary look of quiet indifference. At the conclusion of Mass the Burial Service was continued by Mngr. Goddard, who offered up the prayer, *Non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo Domine*, in the most impressive manner. Every modulation of his fine voice was heard to advantage, and after the 'Kyrie Eleison' had been sung came the prayer, in which for the first time the name of the departed is mentioned. At the words, *Te supplices exoramus pro anima famuli tui Eugenii Ludovici*, the expressions of emotion became painful in the extreme. Gun still succeeded gun from the outside in solemn and exact succession while the coffin was asperged and incensed, until Mngr. Goddard, forsaking Latin, offered in English a prayer, which concluded as follows:—'To Thee, O Lord, we commend the soul of Thy servant Napoleon, that being dead to this world he may live to Thee; and whatever sins he has committed in this life through human frailty do Thou in Thy merciful goodness forgive through our Lord Jesus Christ.' At the words, 'Lord have mercy on him, Christ have mercy on him,' a sharp rattle of musketry proclaimed that the firing party of cadets from the Royal Military Academy had begun to pay the living soldiers' last homage to the dead. 'Strange significance,' says the *Daily News*, 'was given this essentially military part of the ceremony by the light breeze just sprung up, and which carried through the open door into

the atmosphere heavy with incense the pungent air of the battle-field. Still the priest continued to implore the mercy of the Almighty, till at the words "Heavenly grace" another volley of musketry rang out, to be followed by another as the religious ceremony was concluded, and the cessation of the minute guns announced to the Empress that the last honors due to a Prince and a soldier had been paid her ill-starred son with no niggard hand.'

"The Queen returned at 12, and the Prince of Wales at a quarter-past 1. The South-Eastern Railway, which ran thirty-two special trains to Chislehurst, conveyed about 11,000 passengers to and carried from Chislehurst 12,500. It has been estimated by some of the police authorities that between 35,000 and 40,000 persons were present in all. Photographs were given away to those who entered Camden Park early, chiefly French visitors who had obtained cards at the meeting at Willis's-rooms, or at the station. Two thousand photographs were speedily exhausted. Rain falling in the afternoon greatly reduced the number of the throng. In the afternoon the mortuary built at Camden Place, in which the coffin had been deposited for a night, was visited by very many people, and large quantities of flowers were presented to the visitors as *souvenirs* by the graceful act of the Imperial family. This little chapel in the vestibule was filled with beautiful wreaths. They came from Corsica and Chambéry, from the Lycée Bonaparte, from Princess Metternich, and a little one from the child whom the Prince last kissed before he left England.

"At Chislehurst on Tuesday telegrams were received conveying messages of condolence to the Empress Eugenie from the Queen and other members of the Royal Family. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Princess Frederica of Hanover arrived by special train and proceeded to Camden-place. In the Chapel of St. Mary's Cardinal Manning preached the sermon and made allusion to the death of the Prince, paying a warm tribute to his memory. At no period since the intelligence of the death of her son reached this country, has the health of the Empress Eugenie been so satisfactory as was the case on Monday. Some sound sleep on the previous night produced a beneficial effect. Early mass was celebrated in the room of her

deceased son. The Empress walked about her own apartment more firmly, and was afterwards able to take exercise in the corridor above. The *Morning Post* says:—‘The Empress Eugenie sent to Prince Napoleon on Saturday to say that Her Majesty would be willing to receive him, the Princes, his sons, and the Princess Mathilde after the funeral ceremony. The Prince, on leaving the church, was engaged in discussion with the Princess Mathilde. Her Imperial Highness proceeded to Camden-place, but the Prince, on entering his carriage said, “a Londres,” and refused to obey the Empress’s wishes.’ According to report the failure of the interview with Prince Jerome has necessitated an interview with the Princess Clotilde, which will be much more congenial to the Empress. The Empress, after seeing her mother, it is now stated, will retire into a Spanish convent for the remainder of her days.

“The *Paris Figaro* publishes some extracts from a private letter of the late Prince to a friend not named, as follows:—‘Maritzburg, April 20. My dear . . . If I have not written to you since my departure do not think it was from forgetfulness, for God, who reads my heart, knows the place occupied in it by my friends and my country. Although the second part of the campaign has not yet begun, I have for the last three weeks donned my war harness. I am an officer on the staff of the General Commanding-in-Chief, which is the best position I could have to learn how to make war. I have had the courage to refuse the command of a squadron of partisans. However tempting such an offer I came to the conclusion that the situation I now occupy would give me better opportunities to acquire experience and render services. As you are my friend it is for you to explain and justify my conduct, and though my departure is already ancient history, I will with you revert to the cause of it. I took counsel with nobody, and decided in forty-eight hours; but although my resolution was so prompt, I had thought of something of the kind long beforehand. My plan taken, nothing could make me waver for a minute. Those who know me will not wonder at this; but how many are they? I sometimes think their number is not even a unity, for I have often been unjustly judged by those who ought to know better. I am really ashamed to have to speak thus of my-

self, but I desire to dissipate all the doubts which have been sometimes expressed as to my energy and power of will, which, you may rest assured, is, and will ever be, virgin of any concession or cowardice. When one belongs to a race of soldiers, it is only sword in hand that one can make oneself known; and if one would travel for instruction one must go far. Therefore I promised myself long ago—first to undertake a long voyage; second, to lose no opportunity to make a campaign. The Isandula disaster furnished the opportunity I had been looking for. The African war developed on a large scale without involving European complications. Everything, therefore, urged me to go, and I went.

“The great crowd of mourners and the pageant which attended the funeral of Prince Louis Napoleon formed one of the most impressive sights it is possible to conceive. The ceremony was invested with a public character, although not a political nor an official one. The body of the ill-fated young soldier having been brought to Woolwich in a special steamer on Friday was conveyed by road the few miles between that town and the pretty Kentish village of Chislehurst, the home of the Imperial exiles. Troopers of the Royal Artillery formed the escort, and a vast crowd assembled as the coffin was borne homeward in the twilight and placed in a vestibule at Camden Place to await the morrow’s ceremony. At the last sad rites it is believed that not less than a hundred thousand persons were present. The roads for miles were black with the stream of mourners, who represented all classes from the highest to the lowest in the realm. An immense proportion were Frenchmen, and the number of these would have been increased by high officers in the Republican army except for the fact that it was not deemed well to grant them leave of absence for the purpose. This prohibition may be easily understood, and it did not arise from any wanton harshness or ungraciousness. As it was, some few of Napoleon’s old *braves* resigned their commissions rather than miss doing homage to the last of his dynasty. The Queen of England was there, with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Royal Family was not simply represented, but was present almost in its entirety. The heir to another throne was there—Gustavus Adolphus, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway.



"It was the genuine personal grief pervading the great company which gave it such overpowering impressiveness. A more subdued and orderly throng surely never assembled, and every one wore mourning. As the deceased Prince was in the uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery when he met his death, the troops of that fine regiment had a chief share in the military honors which were paid to their unfortunate comrade. Their bands poured out the solemn strains of Handel's well known funeral march, and also that of Beethoven's from his Sonata in A flat—the composition played by special desire of the Queen—as the long procession wended its way from Camden Place to the chapel. The Queen had placed a laurel wreath upon the coffin, which was wrapped in the French tricolor and the Union Jack. Minute guns boomed out mournfully while the *cortège* was in progress. Inside the chapel there was a waiting group of distinguished French persons, ladies and gentlemen, the personal friends of the late Prince. At length every sound was hushed as the body was borne into the darkened building upon the shoulders of ten officers. No sooner had the coffin passed the threshold than the whole of the congregation sank upon their knees, and there was a passionate sobbing of women and an uncontrollable burst of bitter weeping of men, young and old. High mass was sung by voices tremulous with emotion, and during its celebration the three ringing volleys were fired over the chapel by the deceased's brother cadets, which closed the solemn ceremony.

"The mother's anguish upon the occasion is a theme too sacred to be more than hinted at, although it cannot be ignored. The Queen, who came especially to afford the comfort of her presence to the ex-Empress, did not immediately visit the sorrowing lady. After the procession had passed from the house Her Majesty had a brief sympathetic interview with the sufferer, who, worn out with the distress of the day, afterwards fell into a deep sleep, which lasted through the afternoon. Before the return of the mourners from the church Her Majesty had taken leave of Camden Place and its most unhappy inmate. The Empress has received a deputation of Woolwich cadets, whom she greeted with emotion as her son's friends, saying that in



the retreat to which she should soon retire it would be one satisfaction to her to think of the worthy companionship he found in this country."

A week or two ago (says the *World*) a young gentleman whose friends live near Chislehurst arrived from the Cape. It was intimated to the Empress that if she cared to see him he would wait on her. She was delighted, and listened with rapt attention to all he had to tell. When he described the assegai\* used by all the Kaffir and Zulu tribes she expressed a wish to see one. They were in the hall, and were forthwith produced. The Empress all but fainted at the sight of them, and burst into a flood of tears. "Do not think me weak," she said; "but until I saw these terrible weapons I never realised the danger my son ran." At that very moment he had been killed by assegai wounds, seventeen in number.

The Prince Imperial Memorial Fund has already reached £50,000, part of which will be expended on a marble statue of the Prince, to be placed in Westminster Abbey. This intention is now, however, being opposed.

With reference to the court-martial held on Lieutenant Carey at Natal, the *London Truth* says:—

"Of course we civilians shall be told that it is absurd for us to form any opinion respecting the august decisions of military men on a military question. But I take the liberty to assert the heresy that, on broad matters of fact, our opinion is as sound as that of all the Generals in the army. When Lord Chelmsford, after the disaster of Isandula, wrote home a despatch, announcing that his mind was unhinged, and seeking to excuse himself at the cost of his subordinates, reason told us that Sir Garnet Wolseley or some other tried commander should be despatched at once to the Cape to replace him. Our common-sense view, however, was scoffed at by the military authorities, and not until Lord Chelmsford had been given several other oppor-

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\* I may here explain that I have not given the origin of the word "assegai," simply because I do not know it. It is certainly neither Dutch or Zulu, but probably some Hottentot or other corruption peculiar to the *patois* or jargon spoken by the Boers, &c., in South Africa. "Umkonto" is the Zulu generic for what is termed "assegai;" "Le joai" being the specific for the short stabbing assegai.

tunities to prove his incompetence was he relieved of his command. So, too, in regard to the court-martial on Lieutenant Carey. Common sense tells us that the Court had two missions: to whitewash Lieutenant Carey's superiors, and to throw all responsibility on the lieutenant. Unless there are two Colonel Harrisons at the Cape, it would seem that the very Colonel Harrison who was mixed up in the circumstances that led to the Prince commanding and yet not commanding the reconnoitring party, was actually himself a member of this court-martial; and in any case no evidence was submitted to show whether Lord Chelmsford had disobeyed his instructions as to the position which the Prince was to occupy at head-quarters. My only surprise is that the entire blame was not officially thrown upon the two troopers who were killed with the Prince. The military authorities must distinctly understand that they will not be permitted to make Lieutenant Carey the scapegoat of the miserable indecision and the absence of firmness displayed by his superiors in Natal in regard to the late Prince Imperial. Either the Prince was a 'spectator'—and if so, his plucky desire to share danger ought to have been controlled, nor should he have been allowed to make one of a reconnoitring expedition, where an ambush was not only possible, but probable—or he was, like others forming part of the reconnoitring expedition, a soldier accepting like his companions the chances of war. Lieutenant Carey appears to have pursued his career up to the moment of the unfortunate accident with commendable zeal and discretion. Those who thrust the Prince and him into a false position are responsible for what occurred. Our regret for the untimely fate of the brave French lad must not lead us to view the conduct of Lieutenant Carey in any exceptional manner. A reconnoitring party found itself suddenly surrounded by an overwhelming force of Zulus. A general rush was made to get away, and this was, I believe, strictly in accordance with the usage of war. Unfortunately the Prince and two troopers did not get away. They were killed. We are all sorry for them and their relations, but that one of the victims of war happened to be the late Prince Imperial should make no difference in our feelings towards Lieutenant Carey. Had three troopers been slain and the Prince Imperial been saved, would Lieutenant

Carey have been brought before a court-martial, and then sent home to England under arrest? No. And if not, the entire proceeding is an unjustifiable one."

To-day (August 23, 1879,) a home telegram appears in the Adelaide papers to the effect that Lieut. Carey has been cleared of all blame *re* the death of the Prince Imperial.

The following quotation from the *Broad Arrow* is much to the point, and entirely refutes the charge of cowardice that was brought against Lieutenant Carey when the unfortunate affair first became known:—

"A statement of Captain Carey's career and services in the army has now, however, been made public, and one part of it is most significant in relation to the charges which have been made in some of the French journals, and, we are ashamed to say, in English newspapers, too, that this officer is in plain words a coward. It appears that Captain Carey, at a time when London was full of Frenchmen, old and young, who had deserted their country before the German invasion, was daily risking his life as a volunteer with the English ambulance which was taking care of the wounded soldiers of the French army. That this was a service of no ordinary danger is shown by the fact that Captain Carey was taken a prisoner three times, and as a combatant officer giving aid and comfort to the enemy he must have been in imminent risk of being shot, as the German commanders were not at all the sort of men to draw fine distinctions in cases of this kind. The Society of the Secours aux Blessés awarded to him in 1871, in recognition of his services, the cross, the ribbon, and the diploma of merit. But, notwithstanding these decorations, we hold that the French nation is still debtor to Captain Carey, although he did not consider it necessary to throw away the life of himself and four more troopers because the heir of Napoleon III. was cut short in his attempt to perfect himself in the art of war."

The Prince Imperial's sword was sent in on June 30, with a letter written in English, that the Isandhlwana guns would be returned within twenty-four hours. At the bottom of the letter the writer had put in, on his own account evidently, the following words:—"Be careful! an impi here of nearly twenty thousand."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

NAPOLEON EUGENE LOUIS.

*Born at Paris, March 16, 1856.*

*Killed in Zululand, June 1, 1879.*

"Poor Mother!" 'Twas the first thing thought or said,  
Voice of who knows how many million hearts,  
When the news came that her brave boy was dead—  
That child of hopes, that youth of princely parts.

Gentle and graceful . . . bright and brave and gay;  
Whose brief life all of love and praise had won  
That within compass of its winning lay—  
Who was all mother could have wished her son.

Fair dawning day by swift eclipse so crossed,  
And by an ambushed savage's stray dart!  
Rich freight of hope and love so early lost,  
Left but to salvage of a mother's heart!

Talk not of plots and plans that, ripening slow,  
Are by his death struck down with blast and blight;  
We have no thought but for that mother's woe,  
The darkness of that childless widow's night!

"How many hundred unknown mothers mourn  
Slain sons? Why should this one our hearts so stir?"  
Because, set high, we see her crown of thorn,  
Feel with all mothers when we feel with her.

"God help her!"—so our prayers begin and end,  
Knowing her fortune's fall, her high hopes close—  
And gently, Time, bring Death, that, like a friend,  
Shall lay her down to share her boy's repose.

—*London Punch.*

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

With heads uncovered, bowed in grief they stood,  
Companions of the brave, th' Imperial boy,  
The youthful Prince, so loved, so dear, so good:  
A nation's pride, a mother's only joy.

Slowly they bore him thence, with measured tread,  
Back to his tent, and there in simple state  
Laid him with silent love upon the bed  
Whence he had risen to meet his treacherous fate.

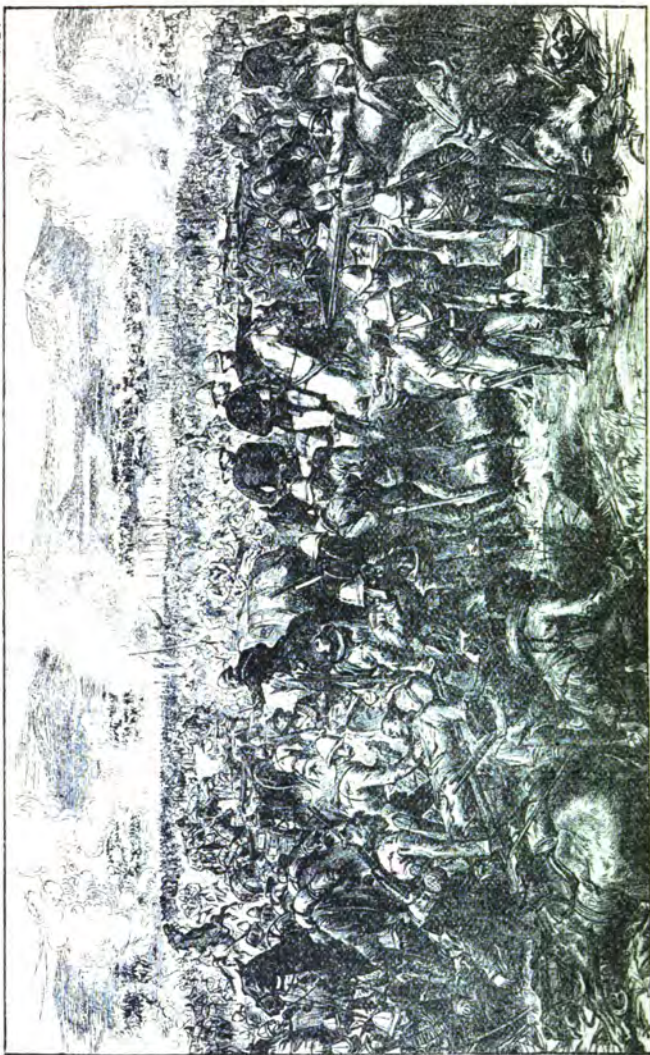
His comrades' tears bedewed those still, cold hands  
They gently placed across the unconscious breast;  
And there, in martial pomp, on Afric's sands,  
Napoleon's son lay lifeless and at rest!

The old, old fashion, Death ! While yet abode  
In memory's freshest page his father's name,  
While yet was opening forth a brighter road  
To bear his offspring to a throne of fame.

Sleep, noble boy ; a nation mourns thy fall ;  
A nation's Queen joins with thy mother's tears ;  
Thy name shall live the noblest of them all,  
Who perished victims to the Zulu spears.

A. W. H.





THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI—INSIDE THE SQUARE.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley—The Battle of Ulundi—  
And subsequent events.

After the news of the massacre at Isandula, and the subsequent indecision and strategical weakness of Lord Chelmsford had reached England, the opinion was pretty freely expressed that the time had arrived for superseding that General, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B., was mentioned by the Press as being the fittest man for the post, owing to his previous experience of native warfare in Ashantee, where he carried the campaign in such a rapid and decisive manner to a successful termination.

On the 26th May, it was announced by the Government in both Houses that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been appointed Governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of those colonies and the districts adjacent to the north and east of the colonies which were the seat of war. At the same time it was explained that the appointment was not intended to imply censure on or to supersede Lord Chelmsford, whose services would still be retained by the country.

The immediate cause which influenced the Government in making this appointment seems to have been the wordy war which was being carried on in Natal, a sort of triangular duel, in fact, between Lord Chelmsford, Sir H. Bulwer, and Sir Bartle Frere. One of these disputes culminated in Lord Chelmsford's referring home the question whether a native contingent which had been raised in the colony was or was not under his command, Sir H. Bulwer having claimed exclusive powers for the local Government, and that the corps in question had been enlisted for service



in the colony only. Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Henry Bulwer had already had differences about the war generally, which had formed a large portion of the official despatches home, but this last question seems to have decided the action of the Government.

The London correspondent to the *Natal Mercury* of 7th July says, with reference to the appointment, "that Sir Garnet Wolseley was to be sent out to Natal as Commander-in-Chief and Governor, superseding at once Lord Chelmsford, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Henry Bulwer. Sir Bartle will be relegated to the Cape, but Sir Henry will retain his position as Lieut.-Governor of Natal. Sir Garnet, who is suffering in health from his residence in Cyprus, was anxious to stay here a short time to recruit. The intelligence, however, that came from South Africa on Saturday night was considered very unsatisfactory, and Sir Garnet was requested by the Cabinet to set out with the least possible delay. This resolution was taken by the Cabinet on Monday. Sir Garnet had previously had a long interview with Lord Beaconsfield and the Colonial Secretary. Letters received from officers and influential colonists within the last few weeks, by ministers and their friends, had produced a feeling almost amounting to alarm, and that feeling culminated in a determination to send Sir Garnet Wolseley to Natal, with the fullest powers as Governor and General. Sir Garnet's acquaintance with Natal, the Transvaal, and Zululand, will enable him to arrive at a correct judgment as to what is to be done. He knows Cetywayo and all his military arrangements, having been a visitor at Ulundi. When he arrived here from Cyprus, he did not hesitate to declare that the war, if carried out as it had been commenced, would cost £20,000,000, and require more than 20,000 troops. Sir Garnet can show a brilliant military record, though only 46 years of age. He was with a storming party in Burmah when but 19; he was also at the storming of the Redan, and brought the Red River expedition to a brilliant close. His services in Ashantee are well known, and since then he has been out in South Africa and Cyprus. Sir Garnet's instructions are to make peace with Cetywayo, if any sort of acceptable conditions can be obtained from him. Means will be taken to let the Zulu King know that there is no intention to

annex his territory, but that in the interests of Natal and the Transvaal his military organisation must be utterly broken up."

Having been preceded by a large reinforcement of Marine Artillery and Engineers, Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff embarked on board the Edinburgh Castle for the Cape on the 30th May. The staff consisted of Colonel Colley (chief of staff), Lieut.-Colonel O'Neil Brackenbury (military secretary), Major M'Calmont (A.D.C.), Lord Gifford, Captain Braithwaite, Lieutenant Creagh, and other officers on special service.

The Edinburgh Castle arrived at Cape Town on the 23rd June, and Sir Garnet at once telegraphed orders to Natal to collect the native chiefs at Pietermaritzburg with the intention of providing himself, as in Ashantee, with native porters in order to overcome the transport difficulty, which seemed to have completely paralysed Lord Chelmsford.

Sir Garnet arrived at Durban on the 28th June, and was sworn in at Maritzburg on the afternoon of the same day. In the course of his speech to the assembled chiefs on the subject of porters, he said—"The Great Queen will go on sending out armies; since the English always do what they say they will do. I shall not leave Africa until the war is finished. This is a war against the King, who has broken his promises, and not against the people, whom the Queen does not wish to deprive of their cattle, their land, or their property. The Queen desires the war to be finished quickly, and I can do so in six or eight weeks if the chiefs provide carriers." The *Daily Telegraph*, in quoting the above, says:—"Such resolute and uncompromising language produced its natural effect upon the Africans who heard it, and Sir Garnet, it appears, can henceforth have as many 'porters' as he pleases." Sir Garnet sent Captain Stewart with a message to the Head-quarters Camp on the Umfolosi on the Sunday, and telegraphed home on 1st July that he expected an answer that afternoon.

The delay in the advance of Sir Garnet Wolseley caused by the storm which prevented his landing at Port Durnford for two days, and which enabled Lord Chelmsford in part to vindicate his reputation as a General, was viewed with much satisfaction by the English Press. It was justly

felt that as the latter General had been permitted to make blunder after blunder before Sir Garnet was appointed, some opportunity should have been afforded him of retrieving his mistakes, and such an opportunity was luckily given by the accidental detention of the new Commander-in-Chief off Port Durnford. Mr. A. Forbes, in his telegram to the *Daily News* gives high praise to Lord Chelmsford's "soldierly coolness and decisive clearheadedness in action," which, he says, "go far to redeem the passiveness and peevish vacillation which are his characteristics when no battle is raging."

The following telegraphic despatch from Lord Chelmsford to the Secretary of State for War, dated July 10, received by General Clifford, is published by the Cape papers of July 15, 1879:—

Cetywayo not having complied with my demands by noon yesterday, July 3, and having fired heavily on the troops at the water, I returned the 114 cattle he had sent in, and ordered a reconnoissance to be made by the mounted force under Colonel Buller. This was effectually made, and caused the Zulu army to advance and show itself. This morning a force under my command, consisting of the 2nd division under Major-General Newdigate, numbering 1870 Europeans, 530 natives, and eight guns, and the flying column under Brigadier-General Wood, numbering 2192 Europeans and 573 natives, four guns, and two Gatlings, crossed the Umfolosi River at 6.15, and marching in a hollow square with the ammunition and entrenching tool-carts and bearer company in its centre, reached an excellent position between Nodwengu and Ulundi about half-past 8 a.m. This had been observed by Colonel Buller the day before. Our fortified camp on the right bank of the Umfolosi River was left with a garrison of about 900 Europeans, 250 natives, and one Gatling gun under Colonel Bellairs. Soon after half-past 7 the Zulu army was seen leaving its bivouacs and advancing on every side. The engagement was shortly after commenced by the mounted men. By 9 o'clock the attack was fully developed; at half-past 9 the enemy wavered; the 17th Lancers, followed by the remainder of the mounted men, attacked them, and a general rout ensued. The prisoners stated Cetywayo was personally in command and had made the arrangements



SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, K.C.B.



himself, and that he witnessed the fight from Lokosi kraal, and that twelve regiments took part in it. If so, 20,000 men attacked us. It is impossible to estimate with any correctness the loss of the enemy, owing to the extent of country over which they attacked and retreated, but it could not have been less, I consider, than 1000 killed. By noon Ulundi was in flames, and during the day all military kraals of the Zulu army and in the valley of the Umfolosi were destroyed. At 2 p.m. the return march to the camp of the column commenced. The behaviour of the troops under my command was extremely satisfactory. Their steadiness under a complete belt of fire was remarkable. The dash and enterprise of the mounted branches was all that could be wished, and the fire of the Artillery very good. A portion of the Zulu force approached our fortified camp, and at one time threatened to attack it. The Native Contingent forming a part of the garrison were sent out after the action, and assisted in the pursuit. As I have fully accomplished the object for which I advanced, I consider I shall now be best carrying out Sir Garnet Wolseley's instructions by removing at once to Entongoneni, and thence towards Kwamagwasa. I shall send back a portion of this force with the empty wagons for supplies, which are now ready at Fort Marshall.

The following particulars of the action between the British troops and the Zulus on July 3 are taken from the *Cape Argus*, the special correspondent of which paper telegraphs:—

#### White Umfolosi, July 4.

After reconnoitering yesterday with mounted men, the cavalry and infantry, with ten guns, crossed the Umfolosi and gave battle to large number of Zulus, who from the surrounding heights had watched their advance, and when the column was well in the open ground, about a mile and a half from Ulundi, closed in on all sides and made a most determined assault. We fought in square with guns at the corners. The mounted men drew on the attack, and then retiring inside the square the infantry poured their fire into the advancing enemy. The guns were splendidly served and repeatedly broke the Zulu attack, the Martini-Henri doing the rest. Once the attack slackened, the Lancers charged them in grand style, and, followed by the irregular

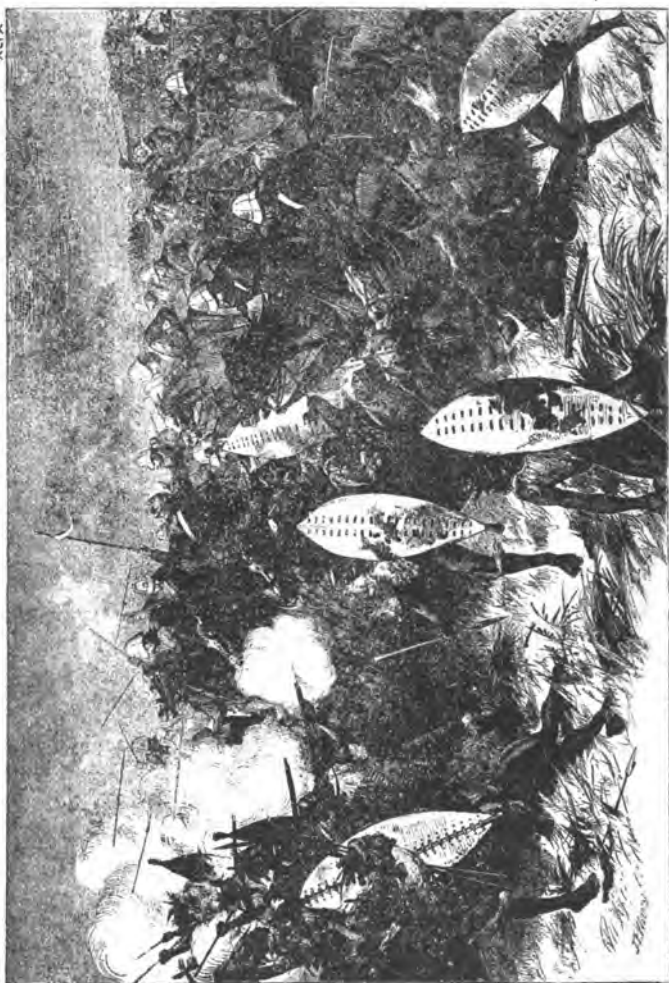
horse, put the finishing touches to the battle. They pursued the flying enemy everywhere, killing numbers, until they sought refuge in inaccessible hills. The cavalry of both columns then burnt Ulundi, and all the kraals in the valley, and at half-past 4 the whole column had returned to our camp after as successful a day as we have had in South Africa. Some hundred men were left in camp to defend it, and Lord Chelmsford in person conducted the advance upon Ulundi, and fought the battle. Our loss is inconsiderable, about fifteen killed and thirty wounded, but I cannot speak from official information. The enemy's force could not have been less than 20,000 and their loss was very heavy.

The following narrative of the Battle of Ulundi has been contributed to the *Times of Natal* by Mr. Melton Prior, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, who was present on the occasion. The *Times* remarks that as Mr. Prior has been in seven different campaigns his testimony to the intrepidity with which the Zulus fought is worthy of attention:—"On the day before the battle, viz., Thursday, July 3, Colonel Buller was ordered to reconnoitre the enemy's ground with about 500 men, and crossed the White Umfolosi in two columns, Captain Buller being ordered to cover the retreat. They had, as our readers are already aware, advanced in pursuit of a few of the enemy, who as it appeared afterwards, were evidently acting as decoys, towards a donga not far from the Umfolosi, when Colonel Buller, at the head of 300 men, chased them; but on approaching the donga Sir Thomas Hesketh, A.D.C., descried a large number of the enemy, and upon this the order was given instantly to wheel about. On seeing this the Zulus fired a terrific volley into them, bringing four men out of their saddles. It is evident that the old trick which was so successfully played at Zlobane and other places, was again attempted by our wily enemy, and that but for the sharp look-out kept, Colonel Buller would have been entrapped by them. A retreat was then beaten fighting, the enemy firing continuously at them. This reconnoissance enabled Colonel Buller to choose a good position for the fight on the following day. It is a curious fact in connection with this point that it appears from the statements of the prisoners that it was part of Cetywayo's tactics to get on to the

exact spot which was chosen by Colonel Buller. While our natives were at the river getting water, the Zulus used a number of defiant terms to them, saying, 'You are a set of cowards, and are all very well in a laager, but don't dare to meet us in the open; if you do, we will annihilate you.' This, it seems, was designed to induce us to take the course which we adopted with so much success; and it seems Cetywayo had given orders to attack us at the exact place we took up. The war cry which was going on during the night was of the most diabolical description. Although at a distance of three or four miles, the unearthly yells could be distinctly heard, and some of our natives recognised what they were crying out. The refrain consisted of defiance to the English, and laments over men who had fallen that day. The ceremony was of much advantage to us, as it enabled us to make every precaution for an attack. The cries began about 11 p.m., and we expected the enemy on at any moment. The order was in consequence given that all horses should be brought in, and in the course of about two hours and a half the camp was in a state of commotion. All that night we enjoyed very little sleep, as we were to move at 5.15 in the following order:—To cross the White Umfolosi, and as soon as on the other side to form up into a hollow square; the four companies of the 80th to lead, forming the front face, followed by two guns (7-pounders) of Colonel Harness's Battery; the 13th Regiment and the 94th to form the left face; the 90th and the 58th to form the right face; and the two companies of the 21st, numbering about 260 men, to form the rear face—the Lancers forming the rear guard. Buller's Horse was placed as advanced guard and flankers on the front, and two flanks at a distance of about half a mile, to 'touch' the enemy. As soon as we approached the kraal of Nodwengu the order was given by Lord Chelmsford in person for the whole of the square column to 'half-right, turn,' the result of which was that our right face was towards Nodwengu and our front towards Ulundi. The whole manœuvre was so creditably performed as to astonish many who were with the column. No sooner had we taken up our position than Lord Wm. Beresford rode in at a hard gallop to inform the General that the enemy was advancing, and very soon after the



cavalry was attacked, and drew the enemy on to our position. The cavalry came into the square, and within five minutes the whole of the four sides were engaged. At a distance of 800 yards the enemy was seen advancing in skirmishing order in the front, and large masses behind them as supports. On they pushed in face of a perfect hailstorm of lead, steadily and unflinchingly, as only a brave and determined soldier can do. But for the coolness which was shown by our troops, from the officers in command down to the bugle boys, it would have been hopeless to stand against the intrepidity which the Zulus displayed. In the course of all the campaigns at which I have been present, I can state without hesitation that I have never come across an enemy which I have felt more pride in seeing beaten. For over half an hour they faced a fire so searching and so deadly that almost any other troops would have flinched before it; and at one moment it was a grave question whether they might not succeed in a rush on one of our faces. As it was, from 2000 to 3000 formed up about thirty deep, and with a piercing war-cry made a dash for the corner, which was being held by the 58th and 21st, and two guns of Major Le Grice. Lord Chelmsford, who during the action was seen riding first to one point and then to another, on seeing this, rode to the corner threatened, and the words from him, 'Cannot you fire faster?' were answered by one continuous rattle from the whole of the infantry in that direction. In a few moments it was evident this had had the desired effect of checking this rush, and almost immediately after they were observed to waver, turn, and finally to fly in all directions. Now was the time for the Lancers; and no sooner was the order given than they sallied forth with cheers from the lines at hard gallop. We followed the Lancers for a short distance, until the enemy turned and once more showed fight. So courageously was this done that the Lancers had to right-about wheel, but charged again with such effect that the Zulus were soon strewn in all directions under their lances. One of them, while charging, had his horse fall under him, and was immediately attacked by a Zulu, who endeavored to wrench his carbine from him. He called to his sergeant for assistance, and the latter, dashing up, made short work of the Zulu. Another wounded Zulu



THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI.—CHARGE OF THE 17TH LANCERS.



lying near was at the same time trying his best to assegai the lancer, whose horse was pinning him to the ground, and a short but sharp engagement took place between sword and assegai. The sergeant again put an end to the hand-to-hand conflict by passing his lance through shield and body into the ground; and it was with some difficulty that he withdrew it—eventually riding off with the shield still on his lance. At this cavalry charge poor Edgell met his death, together with four lancers and a sergeant. Captain Drury Lowe, who it was reported had been wounded, in answer to my enquiries, informed me he had been hit by a spent bullet on his belt in the back, which had taken ‘his breath away,’ and he fell from his horse under the impression of being wounded; but in a few seconds, resting on his elbow, he passed his hand over his back, and observing, ‘No, no; am I wounded? I don’t think so,’ he decided the point in the negative, rose up, took to his horse, and joined once more in the conflict. The Zulus, who bolted up a mountain, were soon out of reach of the cavalry, and these were therefore ordered to retire. While this had been going on, the Basutos and Volunteers were similarly engaged—the former chasing the enemy a mile and a half beyond Ulundi. Over six hundred are put down to the cavalry in the charges. On returning to the square it was apparent that the attack had been pretty severe. I heard that ten men had been killed and about fifty wounded; but the following day it was stated that our casualties amounted to fourteen killed and over eighty wounded. This number, though to be regretted, is small, considering that the square was opposed to the attack of the enemy on all sides, and the shots which passed over the heads of the infantry came whizzing about us in the centre, and the noise made, as these jagged missiles and pieces of ‘pot-leg’ came into us, was not exactly encouraging to the non-combatants and surgeons, who nevertheless unflinchingly performed their arduous and painful duties to the wounded, who were being brought in to the centre by native bearers, under Surgeon-Major Stafford and Dr. Busby, from all sides. The order to cease firing was given as the enemy ‘bolted in all directions,’ and the soldiers in a few cases actually threw their helmets at their retreating foe. The order was now given.

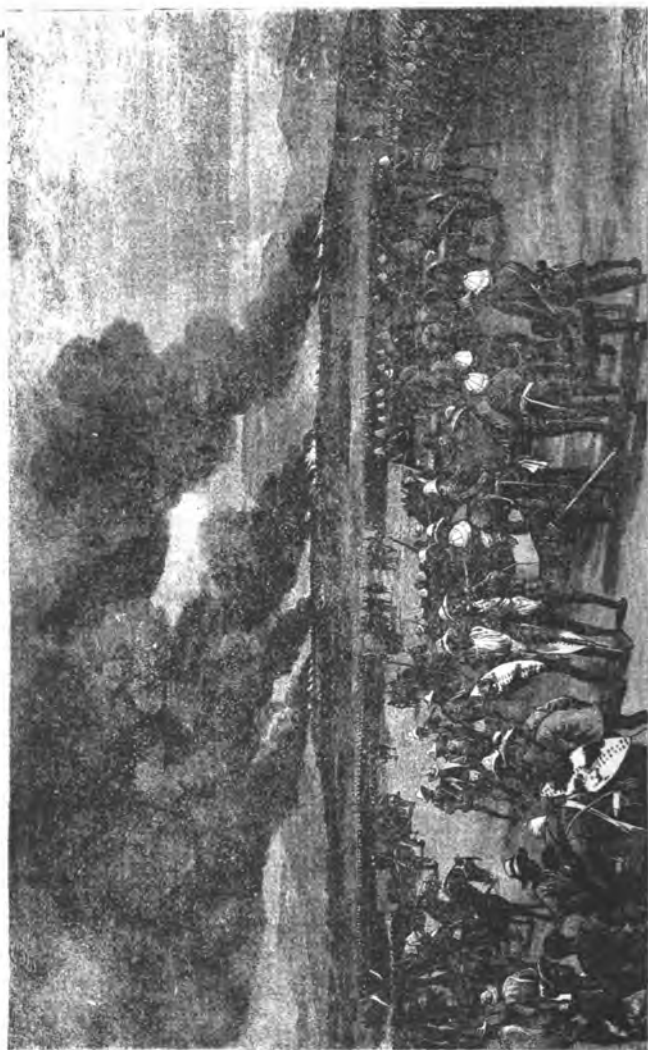
to throw a few shells into Ulundi, to discover whether the enemy were there in any force, and Colonel Buller then, with his staff and horsemen, made a dash for it, Lord William Beresford being designated 'Ulundi Beresford,' from the fact of his being the first one to enter it. As I was pushing on steadily towards the goal, I suddenly heard the well-known voice behind me of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, who dashed by me calling, 'Come on, Prior,' and a race for the King's kraal then took place between Art and Literature, the latter winning by a neck. Many of the staff and other officers were in our track, and together we searched the huts. Here I had a very narrow escape, as I did not notice when the others had left, and looking up from a sketch I was making saw the unwelcome face of a skulking Zulu, who appeared to be running away from me. This, however, seemed to me too good to be true, and as I had no doubt he was endeavoring to cut off my retreat, with sketch-book in one hand and pencil in the other, I made for the only means of exit from a perfect maze, rightly judging (as it turned out) that, being only one against any number that might turn up, discretion would be the better part of valor, particularly as there was fire burning on three sides of me. Captain Shepstone later on congratulated me, saying he had seen three or four Zulus after me. On gaining my horse, which was outside, I galloped off, and on joining the column was informed that the Hon. Mr. Drummond had gone into Ulundi, and from this I conclude he has unfortunately incurred the fate which I so narrowly escaped. From this it was soon determined by Lord Chelmsford to return to our original laager across the White Umfolosi, shields and assegais taking a very prominent part among our men on their return. Congratulations were freely passing between one and another on their escapes, many being able to show bullet holes through their helmets, belts cut, and other indications of the sharpness of the contest. A ration of rum was ordered all round, and as the day's doings were discussed over it, all agreed that the Zulus had sustained a greater defeat in the open than they had from behind laagers, and that they must then feel that their challenge of the morning to 'fight in the open' had been fairly answered."

The *Daily News* received by telegram from Madeira the following highly interesting account of the battle of Ulundi by its talented special correspondent, Mr. Archibald Forbes. The despatch is dated Landman's Drift, July 5 :—"The combat at Ulundi was singularly unvaried by striking incident. There was a big hollow square, and men in red coats on the back, rifles in hand. For half an hour this square stood doggedly pouring the sleet of death from every face. Outside this square, mostly at a respectful distance, surged a furious throng of savages, brandishing shields and assegais, and firing heavily but fitfully from their jagged front. Presently these black men wavered ; then bolted, sent in flight by the steady administration of canister. The square, still grimly firm, gave one ringing cheer that was heard in the laager behind ; the bayonets wavered in the air for a moment ; then the business recommenced. The infantry betook themselves for a few minutes to long shots. A centrifugal whirlwind of horsemen sped from the square as the lightning bursts from the thundercloud, and dashed hot and fierce after the flying foe. Before the cavalry had concluded their innings the infantry were placidly lunching, and the corks were popping off long-hoarded champagne bottles. Inside the square a few dead Britons lay, who had spent their lives for their Queen and country. The green sward outside was littered thick with dead Zulus, who, not less than our dead, have fallen for their Sovereign. There is nothing more to tell, save of the general fire and smoke that seethed in the bosom of the beautiful valley as we marched from it. I have no manœuvring, no elaborate tactics to recount. The affair was simply a struggle, reduced to the first principles of ding-dong fighting, with the natural advantage to the Zulus in numbers ; to us in the character of the armament. The only manœuvring done was by Buller's men, whose horse work was superb, clearing the front, masking the division while in the rows of formation in square, stinging the enemy into opportune reprisals, and finally cheyving the fugitives many miles. Buller's men had the score of Zlobane to settle with the Zulus ; and vengeful fury raged in their hearts because of a spectacle which met their gaze yesterday. In the long grass they found three comrades who had fallen in a reconnoissance the previous day—

mangled with fiendish ingenuity ; scalped, their noses and right hands cut off, their hearts torn out, and other nameless mutilations. Strange to say the battle was fought on semi-sacred ground, the soil of a mission station. The ruins of a Norwegian mission and house were a few paces off. They were pulled down to open the range, but before this was done these dead men were brought into the precincts, a grave was dug, and the chaplain, hastily donning his surplice, read the burial service, to which the shell fire gave stern responses, while the bullets whizzed round the mourners. I never wish to see soldiers steadier. Constant lagging had been threatening demoralisation. Apprehension was unquestionably felt lest the sudden confronting of the men with the fierce Zulu rush should shake their nerves ; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open, and saw the enemy face to face in the daylight. Lads of new regiments, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, were as cool as the seasoned veterans of the 13th and 80th. Lord Chelmsford's soldierly coolness and decisive clear-headedness in action go far to redeem the passiveness and peevish vacillation which are his characteristics when no battle is raging. One might wish him a military Rip Van Winkle, only wakening to direct a battle. Evelyn Wood's face was radiant with the rapture of the fray as he rode up and down behind his regiment, exposed to a storm of missiles. All the officers of the headquarters' staff and Newdigate's staff were unscathed, save Lieutenant Milne, of the 1st, who was slightly wounded, and Captain Cotton, of the 2nd, whose temple was grazed by a bullet. Owing to the conformation of the ground, the dressing place in the centre of the square was peculiarly exposed. The surgeons worked under a heavy double cross-fire with coolness and skill. The Lancers had their good day at last, and lost several horses. Colonel Lowe was knocked temporarily senseless by a shot in the back, and fell from his horse, but regained consciousness, recovered, and led his regiment in the charge. Lieutenant Jenkins had his lower jaw broken. It was bandaged, and he could not be restrained from accompanying his regiment in the charge. The Zulus squatted thick in the long grass and fired venomously. The Lancers spotted them in a manner reminding one of







THE BURNING OF ULUNDI.

pig-sticking. Indeed, Keevil Davis killed six *ipsa manu*. Young James, of the Scots Greys, was blazed at point blank by two men. The two turned on him. They missed. He ran the right-hand man through. The man on the left dropped his musket and inflicted an assegai wound on James's bosom. The latter, extricating his sword, brought it round to the left with a swift swing, and all but severed his antagonist's head. The Dragoons were represented by Brewster, Provost-Marshal, who took out a little detachment and had a good time."

In another communication Mr. Forbes says:—"Yesterday (the 3rd) Lord William Beresford greatly distinguished himself, killing the Zulus with his sabre in single combat, and rescuing a wounded sergeant from under a heavy fire. I understand that Lord William Beresford will be recommended for the Victoria Cross. The Zulus were much elated by Buller's retreat. The whole force crosses the river to-morrow, intent on penetrating to Ulundi. The 24th Regiment remains to garrison the laager. We shall probably fight our way in and out of Ulundi. July 4.—At daybreak this morning the whole force was waiting for the order to advance again. Buller's Horse, to the front, crossed above and below the hillock, gained it, and found the country abandoned. The whole force passed the drift and through the bush clear of the Delanyo kraal. The formation consisted of a great square. The 80th formed the front; the 90th and 94th the left face; the 94th the rear; the 58th and 13th the right face. Inside, ready for action, were the Artillery, the Engineers, the natives, &c. We had passed the Nodwengu kraal, and all was quiet as yet. The enemy was visible in one considerable straggling column moving parallel with us. Another was crowning and descending the eminence on the left rear, towards Nodwengu. Another was visible fitfully in various directions on our left. A fourth great mass was moving down on the right from Ulundi. It was impossible to tell how many lay in the dongas on and about the direct front. Buller was continually stirring them up, and a brisk fire was exchanged. The Zulus began to close on us on all sides. The guns were moved out on the flanks and into action. Buller's Horse resisted as long as possible, and then galloped back into square. In a short space of time

the guns alone were in action ; but the Zulus coming on swiftly, the infantry opened fire first, the closest on our right front. The artillery practice was beautiful, but it failed to daunt the Zulus, who rushed into the Nodwengu kraal, which had not been burned, utilising the cover. Thence men with white shields streamed with great daring against the right and rear of the square, where were two companies of the 21st and two nine-pounders. The Zulus dashed with great bravery into close quarters amid the deadly hail of the Martini bullets and volleys of canister, and stubbornly assailed us on all four faces of our square, which stood like a rock. The whole affair was in a small compass, which made it seem more animated. The Zulus fired half Martini, and half round and jagged bullets, which rent the air above our soldiers, who observed a stern purposeful silence. At the first shell fired, at 9.30, there rose a mighty cheer from the right flank and rear, the enemy giving way. A responding cheer came from the left ; and then the front square opened to emit the Lancers and Buller's Horsemen, who burst like a torrent upon the broken enemy. The Lancers dashed towards the rear, caught a number of men in the long grass, and cut them down with their sabres and lances. Several officers of the Lancers killed four Zulus each. Two received assegai wounds. Captain Wyatt-Edgell was killed, and two officers were slightly wounded. The British cavalry effectually vindicated its reputation. The enemy were driven widely distant. Their dead lay thick all around the square, most of them facing the 21st. I estimate that 400 Zulus lay dead. After a slight halt the cavalry moved to the front, and burned Ulundi and the neighboring military kraals. The whole force advanced close to Ulundi, and halted to eat. About 2 o'clock the force marched back to laager. It is estimated that about 10,000 Zulus were engaged. Our loss was ten killed and about fifty wounded, exclusive of natives."

The battle of Ulundi was fought at or near the site of one of the great battles between the Boers and the Zulus, in the early days of Natal and Transvaal settlement.

The correspondent of the *Times of Natal* (July 13, 1879), gives the following native account of the battle :—  
"A prisoner, named Undumwaywaya, son of Umgenene,

who was taken by Shepstone's natives, and examined by Capt. Shepstone, said the regiments engaged were the Undi, the Intolobulo, the Udhloko, the Umxapu, the Nodwengu, the Umbonambi, the Nokenke, the Umcityu, the Nkobamakosi, the Ingulute, and the Dukusas. These formed the attacking force. The Undabakombi and the Uhlantehle regiments were with the King, as his body guard, at the Umlambongwenya kraal, from which the King saw the battle. The King said he wanted to make peace three days ago, and sent 140 of his white cattle as a peace offering to the great chief leading the white army. These cattle were turned back at the White Umfolosi, at Nodwengu, by the Inkandampemvu regiment, who refused to let them pass, saying they wanted to fight, and would not have peace. The King was then at Ulundi, and some of them were killed the day before yesterday, by the King's orders, for the army to eat. The principal leaders of the army were Tyingwayo, Nydwane, Dabulamanzi, Mundula, headmen of the Nodwengu, Sirayo, and his son, Mehkla; Kayulu was also present. We had no idea that the white force was so strong in numbers till we saw it in the open. We were completely beaten off by the artillery and bullets. The Zulu army was larger to-day than it was at Kambula; far larger. I was at Kambula fight. All the army was present to-day. We had not much heart in the fight when we saw how strong the white army was. We were startled by the number of horses. We were afraid to attack in the thorns, as we knew you would laager the wagons. We were afraid to cross the river yesterday after mounted men, because of the laager. We were all by order, up at the Umlambongwenya kraal the day before yesterday, when the King addressed us and said, as the Inkandampemvu regiment would not let the cattle go in as a peace offering, and as we wished to fight, the white army being now at his home, we could fight, but we were to fight the white men in the open, and attack before the Nodwengu and Ulundi kraals, where we were on the day of the fight. The King also told us, when we pursued you not to cross the river, for fear of the guns, which would be left in the laager. The King himself personally placed the different regiments and gave us orders. We were watching, expecting your army would leave the laager and march for the King's kraal. We saw the force

when it started across the river, and we surrounded it as we had been ordered to do. Yesterday we all thought we should have an easy victory if you came in the open. The two cannon taken at Isandhlwana were at Nodwengu, but are now at the King's other kraal in the thorns. No one knows how to use them. The white man who writes the King's letters (C. Vijnn) is a trader, who came trading at the beginning of the year, and the King kept him. He is a lame man. A white man was made prisoner at the Zlobane and taken to the King, who sent him back, and said he was to be let go near Kambula. The army is now thoroughly beaten, and as it was beaten in the open it will not reassemble and fight again. No force is watching the lower column and none has been sent there. How could there be when all were ordered to be here to-day? We mustered here by the King's orders at the beginning of this moon, about ten days ago. We have not been called out before, and wanted to go over to the white people." An examination of some wounded Zulus by Mr. Longcast elicited nothing new, except that some of the Tonga tribe had taken part in this fight as well as Kambula.

The *Natal Witness* (July, 1879) publishes the following description of the battle by the correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*:—"The British troops marched in hollow square, the 80th Regiment and Gatling battery forming front; 90th Regiment and part of 94th Regiment left flank; 13th and 58th Regiments, right flank; 24th and remainder of 94th Regiments forming rear; a battery of artillery forming each corner. Zulus were seen approaching in force both from the direction of Ulundi and from the bush on the right. At half-past 8 mounted men, under Colonel Buller, were thrown out on rear, left, and front, meeting enemy and keeping them in check. Owing, however, to some mistake, the right was left uncovered by cavalry, and mounted Basutos, under Cochrane, were accordingly sent out on that side to draw the Zulus under fire. As the Basutos retired before the advancing enemy, the right face of the square came into action, commencing its fire fully five minutes before the remainder of the force was engaged. At about ten minutes to nine the firing became general, all four sides of the square being simultaneously engaged, the Zulus, after their manner, throwing

forward horns of their army to surround the British force. They came on steadily, and in complete silence, advancing with the same intrepidity shown at Umgungunhlovo and Kambula. They continued their advance until they reached a spot not more than seventy yards from the faces of the square. The British infantry were formed in four ranks, the front rank kneeling and the rear rank reversed, facing inwards, while inside the square were all necessary arrangements for keeping up the supply of ammunition. It was impossible for any force long to face such a deadly storm of lead poured among them at such a short distance. A few now and then made the attempt to advance further, but it was of no use. The main body wavered and paused for a moment—a decisive moment. It was not hail from the Martini-Henry alone; there was artillery continually at work, sending shell after shell through the dark masses, breaking up every, even partial, attempt of the Zulus to concentrate their strength for a rush. Then it became time for the Lancers to be let loose. Riding down with their lances levelled, they came like a whirlwind upon the enemy, and in an instant their lines were broken through. The sabre was at work as well as the lance, and the Zulu ranks were soon torn asunder; their coherency as an army was destroyed, and they were flying before the advancing cavalry."

The correspondent of the *Natal Colonist* (July, 1879), with Brigadier-General Wood's column, gives the following additional and interesting account of the great battle which was fought at Ulundi on the 4th instant:—

"About 6.45 a.m., the Flying Column, under command of General Wood, and General Newdigate's division following in rear, both under the command of Lord Chelmsford, crossed the White Umfolosi River, the troops marching through the river up to their knees in water. There were great expectations that we would meet with stiff opposition in crossing the river, as both banks are thickly covered with bush, and more especially on our left front. Where the troops crossed is a low kopjie, which is very rocky, as well as bushy. However, both divisions crossed the river without the least opposition whatever, and marched in columns, keeping very close together, until we got clear of the bush, and passed the first military kraal, which we

were told was Nodwengu. Before the columns reached this point, all mounted troops were sent out in front to see that none of the enemy were concealed there before we should approach it. Having passed and set fire to the Nodwengu kraal, both divisions halted and formed square, the ambulance and ammunition wagons being placed in the centre, field guns, with two Gatling guns, being placed at their respective points of the square. I am beforehand, though, with my story. While our forces were marching across the White Umfolosi, an impi were forcing their way through the bush on our right front towards the river, apparently with the idea of attacking us while crossing over, but they were too late, as we were about one mile from the White Umfolosi River and close on the Nodwengu kraals.

"Colonel Buller and mounted troops went off in the direction of this impi to draw their attention off the fort and laager we left behind on a low kopjie on the opposite side of the river. This being effected, Colonel Buller cleverly drew them (disputing every inch of ground) towards our square until they reached within range of the big guns. At this time we could discern swarms of Zulus coming down from the hills on our left flank. Likewise, from the military kraal, hosts of the savages came pouring forth towards the scene of strife. Being surrounded on all sides, the mounted men retired within the already formed square, the fight commencing now in earnest.

"The first salute the Zulus got was from the nine-pounders, which seemed to stagger them for a moment. They, however, rallied with the intention of rushing on us. No sooner had they made this attempt than the order was given to let them have it. Martini-Henris, Gatling guns, and the various field pieces, kept up a most destructive fire.

"Scarcely a Zulu managed to come within 40 or 50 yards of the square, every one of them being knocked down as fast as they made their appearance above the long grass. The battle was short and decisive. The last time they rallied it would do one's heart good, and I'm sure it must have been encouraging to all young soldiers, to see what I term the wild but undaunted 13th Regiment, who were waving their hands and beckoning the Zulus to come on, exclaiming, 'come on, you black devils.' This seemed to have great effect in cowing the enemy, who then turned off



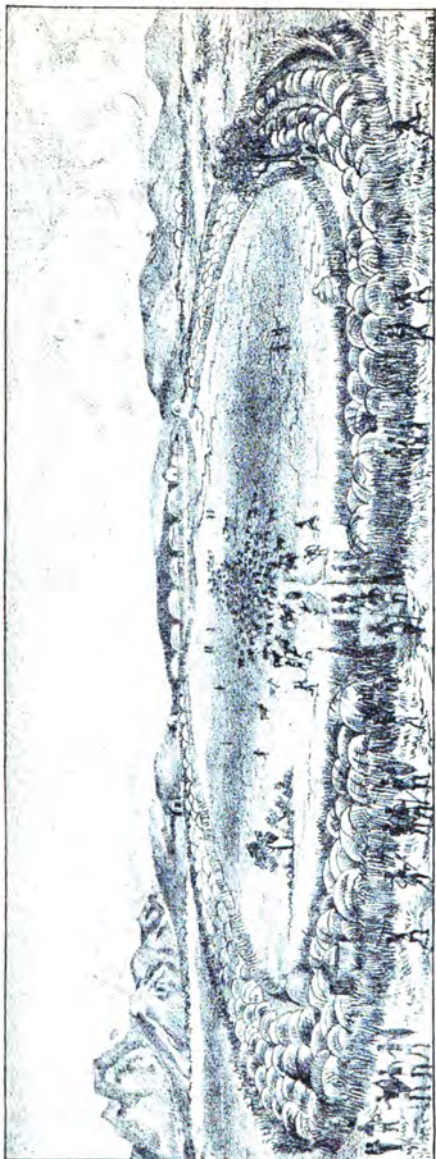
and fled like deer. The wing of Lancers were then let loose, as also the brave volunteers, who chased them out of sight. The Lancers were riding pell-mell through the long grass by themselves, the Zulus hiding themselves in dongas, thinking they were the volunteers, so as to entrap them; this was an assegai regiment. On perceiving them to be the Lancers, who were up in a line with the assegai regiment, a portion of the Zulu army armed with rifles let a volley into them, and emptied three saddles—i.e., Captain, Farrier-Sergeant, and a trooper. The Lancers, enraged to see their comrades fall, immediately put their lances into use. The Zulus put up their shields to parry the thrust of the lances, the latter sticking in the shields, which was a great hindrance to the cavalry using their lances freely; consequently they had to adopt the sword in place of the lance; but the cunning Zulus buried themselves in the ground, rendering the sword now completely useless, as the cavalry horses were going at too great a speed. The lances were again taken into use, and this time with excellent effect. To use the Lancers' phrase, they said it was just like tent-pegging at Aldershot. I believe the Lancers killed very near a whole assegai regiment, also a great number of others. I scarcely know what destruction would have been effected if all the Lancers and Dragoons had been present. The Mounted Volunteers did great execution, and are indeed a credit to South Africa; they are a brave lot of fellows, and had some narrow escapes. On our left flank hosts of Zulus were retreating over the hills in black masses, the nine-pounders sending farewell shells after them, the distance being over two miles. It is said Cetywayo was a spectator of this great defeat of his invincible warriors from the top of those hills. I wonder what he and his retreating army thought of the shells bursting over their heads! The Zulus being completely routed after one hour's hard fighting, we commenced to burn the military kraals. It was a grand sight to behold the burning kraals sending up their volumes of smoke. Having completed the destruction of Ulundi, both divisions marched homewards to the banks of the White Umfolosi River, the band of the 1-13th L.I., which was the only military band present at the engagement with instruments, played the usual national airs. This enlivened the spirits



of the troops after their hard day's work. On the first tap of the drum—(this being the same old drum, I hear, that was captured from the Afghans in 1849 by the 13th Regiment, and which was present on the occasion when the band of that regiment played into Jellalabad the relief for that regiment, which had been penned up so long in that miserable fort, surrounded by hosts of the enemy, and defending it against the assaults which were almost of daily occurrence)—when, I say, the first tap of this haggard-looking old drum was given, all the troops cheered lustily as they marched to the merry tunes of their excellent band."

The following short and graphic account of the battle was telegraphed by Lord Chelmsford to Sir Garnet Wolseley:—"The crossing of the river (Umfolosi) by our forces was watched by a large body of Zulus, and when when our column, marching in hollow square, was fairly in the open about one and a half miles from Ulundi, the enemy attacked with great bravery on all four sides. A gun was in position at each angle of the square, and these, with the terrible fire of the Martini-Henris broke the attack in about half an hour. Immediately the wavering commenced the cavalry were let loose, and the rout was complete. So fierce were the repeated onslaughts of the Zulus that at times they approached within sixty yards of our square. Such close quarters and the cavalry charge will readily account for their great loss, estimated by Mr. Archibald Forbes at 800. After a short rest the column advanced upon Ulundi, which they found deserted, and it with several important kraals within a radius of 10 miles was burnt. Our loss during the whole day's fighting amounted to one officer, Captain Edgell, of the 17th Lancers, and 14 rank and file killed; two officers (Colonel Low and Lieutenant Jenkins), and 30 rank and file wounded."

Such are the accounts of the battle of Ulundi, the winning of which by Lord Chelmsford, has undoubtedly been a blow which has materially broken the back of the Zulu war. Cetywayo sometime ago sent a message to Lord Chelmsford asking why (alluding to entrenchments) the latter gentlemen was "like an ant-eater, which when it is attacked, gets underground?" and he said that if the General beat him fairly in the open, he would acknowledge himself beaten. Judging by this message, it might be said



KING OETIWAYO'S KRAAL.



that the Zulu war was at an end; but the tradition or early history of the Zulus has shown us that when worsted they have retired northwards into broken country, rather than bow their neck under the yoke of the invader. The Zulu chieftains, Sotyangana and Umziligazi, adopted this course when pressed by Tshaka and Dingaan, and their people are now residing in the direction of the Limpopo.

The Pietermaritzburg correspondent of the *Standard and Mail*, writing on July 19, states that Dabulamanzi had surrendered. "The fact that he has given in is of great import, as there is no doubt he was the man upon whom Cetywayo chiefly relied. Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphs that the chief came into Fort Pearson and is on his road to Fort Durnford. No doubt on his arrival there he will be closely questioned as to the whereabouts and intentions of Cetywayo. The second division under General Newdigate was, on the 10th July, ten miles beyond Fort Evelyn and intended to return to Upolso for wood and grass. It was expected to arrive there about the 16th, but General Newdigate did not contemplate being able to move up again this season owing to the state of wood and grass. Possibly something may be done towards overcoming this difficulty by means of hand carriage by the natives. A general order has been issued containing the conditions under which 2,000 carriers who are not to be used in any other way than that for which they are raised, viz., carriers, are to be organised. They will receive 2s. 6d. a day and be officered by seven European officers and twenty Indunas. Each man is to carry a load not exceeding 56 lb., and will carry assegais. Preparations have been made for covering Cetywayo's retreat to the northwards, which is thought likely in consequence of the defeat he sustained at Ulundi, and the military authorities are keeping a close watch for him at all points. About 7,000 Zulus and their auxiliaries were reported to be gathered about the Intombi. A correspondent of the *Mercury* writes a significant letter, in which he suggests that Sir Garnet and all under his command be on their guard against Zulu treachery at the present stage of affairs, and adds that no faith ought to be put in any promise Cetywayo may make."

The Cape correspondent of the *South Australian Advertiser* gives the following opinion of the cunning of the Zulus.

in their negotiations, and also sends news of an outbreak by the Pondos :—"All the world now admits that the Zulus are brave soldiers; but they are more than this—they are clever diplomatists, and the chances are twenty to one they will yet get to windward of Sir Garnet, and that he in his turn will be only too happy when he is able to pack up his portmanteau and bid farewell to this sunny clime. Our latest advices from the front forbid the hope that a satisfactory settlement of the little bill which Cetywayo has run up will be arrived at as rapidly as the people at home would like, and we begin to think that the British taxpayer will be tempted to bracket Ireland and the Cape of Good Hope together, and to propose that both should be submerged for as long a time as will be required to cure all their grievances.

"It is not very long since I forwarded my previous letter to you, and yet it has been long enough to embroil us in another native war. The interesting creatures who have this time taken into their heads to rebel are the Pondos. They occupy a portion of the country which separates this colony from Natal. Their country is on the coast line, and it possesses a port which is known as St. John's. A little time ago we annexed the port and possessed ourselves of a portion of the lands which abut upon it. Some of the land was purchased, and some was not, but a magistrate and a custom-house officer were appointed, and just when things were beginning to look business-like a rumpus takes place, and everything is at sixes and sevens. Who the enemy is we have to fight, and what is the strength he may be able to bring into the field, nobody seems to know. The few Government officers who are scattered about in the country affect to treat the outbreak as a very small affair which can be settled without much difficulty; but the mischief is that in these native wars one never can tell who's who, and that your very good friend of to-day will not try his hardest to cut your throat to-morrow. No doubt all the native risings which have been witnessed within the last two years, whether in Gcalekaland, Griqualand, Basutoland, on the northern border, or in Pondoland, have resulted from the intrigue of Cetywayo; and one cannot help feeling sensible that if the movements which have recently been witnessed amongst these different tribes and peoples had taken place simultaneously, the

whites would have been sorely pressed to hold their own. Before I leave this subject I may as well say that previous to the departure from the colony of Colonel Wood—who left with Lord Chelmsford—the Colonial Secretary offered him the appointment of Commandant-General of the colonial forces, and it is probable the offer will be accepted. Colonel Wood has gained the good opinion of all who have come into contact with him, and he has proved himself a brave and skilful general. With such a leader our colonial troops would feel no diffidence in entering the field.

“Meanwhile the inhabitants of this colony are doing all that in them lies to improve and civilise the natives they have about them. The vacillating and timid policy which has hitherto marked the dealings of the Imperial and the Colonial Governments with respect to the native question is giving place to a healthier state of things. The process of disarming the natives is going on, and they are being taught that the day of power for their chiefs is passing away. The native policy of the present ministry is bitterly opposed by those whom they ousted from office, and by the many more who would be willing to take office, but it commends itself to the judgment of the country, and the bulk of the community feel that while no injustice is done to the natives, and they are amply protected in the enjoyment of their natural rights, they must not be allowed to disturb the public peace or to retard the prosperity of the colony. Time will show whether the plans which are now being worked out by this Government have been wisely adopted, but no one will deny that a change of system was necessary, and that the men who are at the head of affairs have possessed the best opportunities of forming a sound judgment.”

With reference to the transport difficulty which so hampered Lord Chelmsford, the home correspondent of the *South Australian Register* writes as follows:—“To the same vexatious cause—dissensions in high places—much of the discredit which the transport service has incurred is to be attributed. Lord Chelmsford was thwarted by Sir Henry Bulwer in this, as in nearly everything else. Perhaps there was much in Sir Henry’s objections which deserved consideration, but when they simply resulted in nothing being done but letter-writing, which

will be a monument of shame for both officials, it is impossible to exonerate either side. After the disaster of Isandula Lord Chelmsford, it is said, proposed that the Natal Legislature should proclaim martial law to enable him to seize, subject of course to reasonable compensation, all conveyances and cattle he required. The Natal Government would not make the proposal to the Legislature, and Lord Chelmsford threatened to proclaim martial law at his own hand. It is a pity he had not the pluck to do it, and cut short his correspondence with Sir Henry Bulwer. Between the relief of Ekowe and the starting of General Newdigate's column for Ulundi, a period of fully two months, most of his time seems to have been occupied with letter-writing. The Lord High Commissioner on his return from the Transvaal endeavoured to mediate, but the tone of his subsequent report to the Colonial Office implies that he had not much success. He found it necessary to warn Sir Henry Bulwer that unless all the material resources of Natal were heartily and unreservedly placed at the disposal of the military authorities the Lieutenant-General could not be expected to bring the war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. Sir Garnet Wolseley therefore did not arrive in the colony a moment too soon. It is odd to read, in his first telegram to the War Office, that Sir Henry Bulwer was rendering him willing and valuable assistance. But, of course, the relation between the two was different to that of Sir Henry and Lord Chelmsford. Sir Garnet Wolseley was dictator, and made that felt." From this it would seem that Lord Chelmsford, at least in this matter, was as much sinned against as sinning.

A correspondent of the *Cape Standard and Mail* telegraphs from Utrecht on Friday, August 1 :—"It has just been reported to the Landdrost of this place by native messenger that Cetywayo has been taken from his hiding-place by some Transvaal Boers, who are now harboring him somewhere near Luneberg. The messenger states that the spoor of cart-wheels is perceptible between the Ngomi and the Assegai River, where these Boers have been living during the whole of the war. If such is the case we may look out for a war with the Boers, as they will not easily give him up. I will telegraph again when the report is confirmed." Commenting on this telegram, the *Standard*



*and Mail* says :—"The report that Cetywayo is being protected by the Boers is extremely serious. Our informant is in a position to have the best possible information on the subject; and it should be remembered that the Transvaal Boers have never shown any hostility to Cetywayo, and ascribe the hostile attitude taken on some occasions against them by the Zulu King to British machinations. It is by no means impossible that our correspondent is right. If so, we feel deeply aggrieved at what is happening; but we cannot but request our readers to judge matters in a fair spirit, and to remember that there are reasons why the Transvaal Boers can feel justified in considering Cetywayo to be a better friend to them than the men who have seized upon their country. We shall not say more for the present, but we trust that Sir Garnet Wolseley will do his utmost to prevent actual war with the people whose country has been annexed, notwithstanding their own wish, to Her Majesty's possessions."

The following extracts are from the *Cape Times* of August 5 :—

"On the northern border of the colony (where the Orange River skirts the Kalahari Desert) the outbreak may be considered quelled, only one of the insurgent chiefs surviving at large, a fugitive with but a few followers. The following telegram from Mr. Scott, giving particulars of the last success over these people, was read in the Assembly by the Premier :—

" 'Kenhardt, July 28.

" 'Just arrived from Kakamas. McLean returned there yesterday. Following the enemy into the desert, he came up with them on morning of 20th. Donker Malgas made desperate resistance, thus assisting Klaas Lucas to escape with his followers. Donker Malgas, his brother, and seven others shot dead; all guns taken and destroyed. One hundred and fifty prisoners taken. No casualties on our side. Our men suffered much from want of food and water, but behaved very well. Malgas shot by B. Lynx, Sergeant-Major Lilyfontein Volunteers. Nothing but police work now remains.'

"King William's Town, August 6.

"A Mount Frere correspondent writes :—"Mr. Read, the Magistrate with Jojo (in Amampondoland, on the im-



mediate southern border of Natal), and a detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles, driven back. One policeman killed, unknown whether European or native. Twelve Amaxesibe (Jojo's men) killed. Five Pondos wounded. Unknown here yet the number of Amaxesibe missing. Pondos overran greater part of Amaxesibe country, and carried off a number of women and children. The Kokstadt Road to Pondoland is blocked. The Amabaca, under Makaula, are getting under arms; they are ordered to assist William Nota, the Hlubi chief at the Roode. Nquilis's Pondos are doubtful; they are on the right bank of the Umzimvubu. It is hoped that the Pondomisi, under Unhlonhlo and Umditshwa, will be sufficient for Nquilis. Principally native report."

Although it takes a steamer about three weeks to go from the Cape to Madeira, from whence telegraphic messages regarding South African matters are received in London, yet Adelaide, in South Australia, in which city I now write, receives, by the Orient liners from London *via* the Cape to Adelaide, African papers containing full particulars in about the same time, viz., three weeks; and the following are the latest telegrams from the special correspondents of the various South African papers which have been received by that route:—

"Greytown, Natal, July 31.

"Sir Garnet Wolseley and staff arrived here last night. Escort and wagons been here one day in advance waiting. We leave this morning at 7, and expect to reach Rorke's Drift on Saturday. Camp is pitched each night. Mr. Fynney, our Lower Tugela Border Agent, accompanies us as chief interpreter and political agent.

"The place is very quiet now, there having been no scares lately.

"Our escort is composed of Natal Mounted Police and some mounted infantry, but we take some dragoons with us from Rorke's Drift in addition."

Respecting the difficulty in Pondoland, the following telegrams were received by the Government from the chief magistrate at Kokstadt, close to the Pondoland border:—

"August 3.

"The day before yesterday a Pondo army attacked the Xesibes at Mgamgwede, some distance to the east of the

Residency. Read has not returned, but has sent for reinforcements.

"Yesterday five hundred men, under Deke, made an advance on the Xesibes to the west of the Residency. Hawthorne went out with twenty-five men of the C.M.R., but as his whole force was not more than one hundred and eighty men, he retired slowly before the Pondos, who, in their advance, burnt all Xesibe's kraals on their way to within a short distance of the Residency.

"One hundred natives, enrolled at Umzimkulu, arrived here only last night; they are just starting for Read's, which they will reach to-day. I will at once raise five hundred more natives and dispatch them with as little delay as possible. Have called for volunteers (European) to do garrison duty here, so that I may send off every effective man of the C.M.R. It is unfortunate that the Pondos have so soon made a forward move, but their having done so greatly simplifies our course of action. There is no alternative; we must fight. My only anxiety just now is about the Europeans in Pondoland. Will endeavor to communicate with them. I think they will be safe at Emfundisweni.

"August 4.

"Pondos pressing Xesibes from all points, and with increasing force. I am sending on reinforcements as fast as possible; but, having to get them from a distance, this is slow. Have directed Strachan and Liefelot to go to the front with as many men as possible."

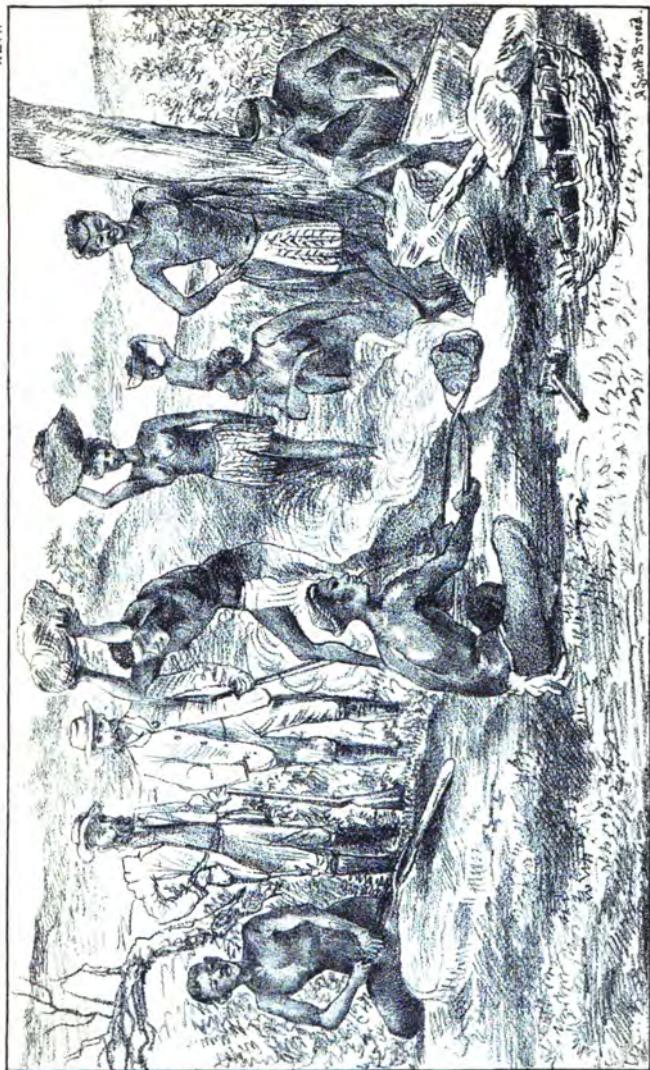
"The immediate cause of hostilities," says the correspondent of a Cape paper, "is the jealousy existing between the Pondos under Umqikela and the Xesibes, one of the sections of that tribe which was absolved by Sir Bartle Frere's proclamation of August last from its allegiance to Umqikela, and declared with other tribes to have come under British protection. The Xesibes and the Pondos have been antagonists of old, the former being the original owners of the soil, the latter a people driven out of Natal by Tshaka and Dingaan, and continual cattle wars have occurred since. The Xesibes, however, having now come under British protection, were forbidden to retaliate, and it was for their defence against an army of Pondos that the present hostilities were commenced on August 1."

On 7th August, 1879, the Colonial Secretary made the following statement in the House of Assembly :—"I received this afternoon still more recent intelligence from Pondoland, and I hear from Mr. Oxland that Umqikela seems now inclined to draw back. He is alarmed now that we have amassed a considerable force on the border, and has stated that he is going to make reparation for the wrongs he has done. In fact, he has already offered certain reparation. He will have to be informed, however, that he must go further than that. Mere reparation is not enough now, but he must be punished to some extent. Considering what he has done, and that he has acknowledged his complicity in certain affairs complained of, some very heavy fines will have to be inflicted upon him, and it may be that something else will have to be done in order to ensure that he will not repeat those offences for the future."

The *Cape Standard and Mail* of 9th August, 1879, contains a letter dated 30th July, from Mr. R. J. Dick, Special Magistrate at King William's Town, to the Civil Commissioner of the same place, relating to the disarmament of the Gcalekas, Fingoes, etc. He says—"In round numbers nine hundred stand of arms and four thousand assegais were received at this office and duly forwarded to the ordnance department." A fair value in money was given to all natives giving up their arms, £1,600 having been given away to date.

The Natal correspondent of a Cape paper writing from Rorke's Drift on August 4th, says :—

"General Sir Garnet Wolseley and head-quarters staff arrived on Saturday afternoon. The General yesterday during the morning held a parade of the 24th to witness him decorate Private Hook, of that regiment, with the Victoria Cross for bravery at Rorke's Drift last January. The General made a little speech, saying it was always a pleasure to a General to have to present such a decoration, being the highest that the Queen could give a soldier, but that the pleasure was greatly increased on this occasion because he was able to present it on the scene of the act of bravery which it rewarded. He said that in the future history of the world and on the regimental records the memory of the splendid defence of Rorke's Drift would



A ZULU BLACKSMITH FORGING AN ASSEGAI.



outlast fame. Private Hook was then called up, and had the coveted cross pinned to his breast by the General, who afterwards with his staff visited the scene of the defence."

The following London telegram, dated September 13th, bringing news from South Africa up to August 22nd, will have to conclude all reference to the present war :—

"The latest advices from the Cape announce that a second interview has taken place between Sir Garnet Wolseley and the principal Zulu chiefs. In his speech Sir Garnet Wolseley announced that the British Government intended that Zululand should be independent and placed under the rule of an independent chief. He added that the non-capture of Cetywayo was now the only obstacle to the conclusion of a speedy and durable peace."

The above account finishes to date (August 22, 1879,) all that relates to any engagement of consequence between the races inhabiting South Africa. There were certainly some other events of the same nature, but hardly worth mentioning. Such for instance as the expedition against Dushani in about 1850, the force sent against Isidoi, and the two like expeditions, one against Ukane, the chief of the Amakolo in "Nomansland" in 1866, and the other which went as far as Estcourt on the Bushman's River, where it turned back, the cause of alarm being a descent of some of Molappo's people after cattle. But these affairs were almost bloodless, and were very soon disposed of.

There is one of these events, however, that calls for more particular notice, as it occurred rather recently. I am favored by Mr. J. B. Austin, of Adelaide, with the following extract from the diary kept by his son in Griqualand East :—

"Saturday, 6th April, 1878. At the Umzimkulu. News from the coast that the Kaffirs under Isidoi (600 or 700) have planned a rising in conjunction with the discontented Griquas under Smith Palmer, to meet at Bee's Kraal on Sunday morning, 7th April, whence the Griquas are to proceed to Kokstadt to storm the little town, and murder all the whites; the Kaffirs meanwhile to try and intercept any communication between Umzimkulu and Kokstadt, and on Tuesday night to make an attack on all the whites about here, this place being selected on account of the guns and ammunition the whites have. A



friendly Kaffir gave the warning. Other Kaffirs seen about sharpening assegais, &c. Pondos, Basutos, as well as Kaffirs and Griquas, intend rising. Whites busy driving their cattle to laager. Blacks sending threatening messages. It was suspected that this rising was fomented by Cetywayo, who was also urging Sekukuni to revolt, gradually stirring up the tribes around Natal to harass the whites before he took any active steps himself. The blacks actually told the whites that they were watching the progress of European affairs, hoping that England would be involved in war with Russia, and that they would take advantage of such an event and strike them in South Africa when they were least likely to get help from home!

"April 11th.—Isidor's people (the Hlangwinis) busy making and sharpening assegais. Mr. Strachan called together 500 or 600 of the Amabaca Kaffirs (friendly), and armed them. Adam Muis drove away 23 horses from MacKinson's farm, and over 100 head of cattle belonging to Hall, of Kokstadt, taking them to Pondoland. Kokstadt people keeping constant guard. Rebel Kaffirs took two white men prisoners.

"Friday, 12th April.—Had to trek with women, children, and stock.

"Saturday, 13th.—Mr. Strachan passed with about 100 friendly Kaffirs, going to help Kokstadt, where the force was small, and where an attack was expected the same night. Said he would be glad if any white men chose to follow. J. A. Austin and three or four others did so, overtaking the little troop at the top of the Zuurborg Range, reaching Kokstadt after a sharp ride of forty miles at 7.30 p.m. One of Austin's friends, who left the party to call at his farm for an extra horse, was shot as he was coming away from his farm. His revolver, saddle, and bridle were taken. Smith Palmer had taken up a position about three miles from Kokstadt, with 150 or 200 Griquas, and was riding about the hills nearly all day, occasionally sending insulting messages to Captain Blyth, threatening to cut the children in pieces and murder all the women without mercy.

Sunday, 14th.—Some skirmishing took place with the Griquas. At last the whites in the centre, and friendly Kaffirs on each flank, made a gallant charge on Palmer in

his laager, driving him and his Griquas out of their stronghold and up the hill before them. The firing was pretty brisk for a time, and we unfortunates who were guarding the fort were heartily wishing we could take part in it. The Griquas bolted up the hill like deer, leaving their cattle and some horses behind, which of course were taken by our party. Our fellows were heartily cheered on their return. About eighteen or twenty Griquas were killed in the action, and three taken prisoners; also 104 Pondos who were fighting with them. Our Amabaca Kaffirs behaved splendidly, and killed several of the enemy. They took a fiendish delight, however, in sticking with their assegais any unfortunate Griquas who were wounded, and took care not to leave any alive on the field."

The hostile natives in the above affair were composed of Griquas, Hlangwinis, Basutos, and Amampondos, and the engagement took place at the Ingela Mountain.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## Conclusion.

Though I would fain wait until I could record the close of the Zulu war in the last sheets of the present volume or edition, yet it is necessary for various reasons to go to press at once, hoping that the firm though perfectly just measures of Sir Bartle Frere, endorsed, as they seem to be up to this time, by Sir Garnet Wolseley, may result beneficially, as far as regards the peace of Her Majesty's dominions in South Africa, and the happiness and ultimate prosperity of the Zulus.

It has ever been laid down in history that when a power superior in arts and civilisation finds it necessary to subjugate a comparatively barbarous one, that the temporary evils attendant upon conquest are greatly overbalanced by the blessings of ultimate good. When the eagle-bearer of the tenth legion under Julius Cæsar led the way on to the white cliffs of Kent, and the well-trained and veteran Roman bands, after a bloody struggle on the part of the brave British barbarians, led by Cassivelaunus, conquered them, and drove them back, the event was looked upon as one of dire calamity, but, as is well known, it led to the high advantages of the Christian religion, polite arts, literature, and civilization in general; and to adopt again the fluent analogy of the past, when ages ago Rollo, the old Norse Udaller of the Orkney Islands (the cradle of heraldry), wresting Neustria, now Normandy, from the nerveless grasp of Charles the Simple of France, sent his grandson, William the Conqueror, against the Saxon hosts of Harold, nought but lamentation was heard throughout the land, yet the Norman Conquest was the means of

bringing the English nation within the pale of European interests at once and for ever, with what ultimate good is well known—and so there is every reason at present to believe that even as Cæsar was the cause of good to Cassivelaunus and his people, and as William was to the English, even so will John Bull be to the Zulu nation.

As far as the primal action of Sir Bartle Frere is concerned, for some time after he took Zulu affairs into his hands, people on the spot, who of course were the best able to judge, demurred at his extreme cautiousness, patience, and long suffering in dealing with the question. But he had his orders, and being a statesman of acknowledged eminent ability, took his own course, and bided his own time. He, in common with Sir Theo. Shepstone, and all the best authorities, knew that the boundary claim was a mere pretext for aggression on the part of Cetywayo, and the truth was that the very existence of the Zulu nation depended upon the carrying out of the initial plan of the founder of that power, namely, the continuation of a series of murderous raids, without which it would have been impossible for Cetywayo to keep his soldiers together or to retain their respect. His Excellency was fully aware that the young warriors (by far the greater portion of the army) were continually crying out to their despot, "You won't let us marry without washing our assegais, and you won't give us an opportunity of doing so." A young Zulu is looked down upon by the women, and slighted by the elder men if he has not had a chance of achieving a distinction which his military tradition has taught him is his first and only duty.

That Sir Bartle Frere has acted boldly and wisely in the face of a dire emergency has been abundantly apparent. The eager attention of numerous Kaffir races was fixed intently upon the results of the first few conflicts between the black and white warriors, and he was well aware of the terrible and strong probability of a union between several powerful black nations, and a general rush upon British dominions, and he believed with reason in the dread likelihood of the numerous Kaffir tribes bordering the great Kalahari Desert (some of which we are at present—August 22, 1879—embroiled with) suddenly passing the broad and rapid stream of the Great Orange River, and bursting with

overwhelming and irresistible fury upon the confines of southern civilisation. It is now unfortunately apparent that these fears were not groundless, and Sir Bartle would have been deserving of censure if he had stayed his hand until the seditious spark had kindled in surrounding native nations an irrepressible and raging conflagration. This is not drawing too lurid a picture, for the history of the past has taught us that when the incipient signs of sedition were treated with a mistaken sentimental flaccidity, the evil, unchecked in its infancy, and growing in dimensions as it advanced, has at length fallen with crushing disaster upon the white races.

It is impossible to trace out Zulu intrigue, but wherever Cetywayo's numerous messengers have gone a seditious spirit has been aroused. The Zulu King himself has deliberately, for some time past and in the most open manner, made every arrangement for a deadly struggle with the English, and with the English alone, as also for a general rising of the natives. Although before the annexation of the Transvaal he found it convenient to court the friendship of Britons, yet there is no doubt whatever that this wily and arch intriguer was at the bottom of the Langalibalele rebellion in 1873. The latter was a great favorite of his, although his father Pande had chased him (Langalibalele) out of Zululand, and when the latter was taken prisoner Cetywayo pleaded hard that his friend might be given up to him; and at this moment some of the men whose hands were red with the blood of the men killed by Langalibalele at the Bushman's Pass on the Natal border in 1873 are enrolled in the battalions of the plumed and shielded warriors of the Zulu chief, and for the second time bathed their keen assegais in British blood at the sanguinary field of Isandula. It is also well known that Cetywayo was, as an active instigator, the chief cause of the Gaika and Gcaleka outbreak in 1877, as his Zulu messengers were seen by some of the Kaffrarian vanguard just before the principle battle of that campaign, and the Gaika chief, Kreli, is at present in Zululand. Cetywayo also despatched messengers to his hereditary enemies, the Amazwazis, lying to the northward of him, begging of them only to stand aloof; while it is a matter of notoriety that he sent ambassadors to Paul Kruger, the Boer Com-

mandant in the Transvaal, inviting the Boers to aid him in driving the English into the sea.

About the same time it was formally reported to the Government by the then friendly Amampondos, to the southward of Natal, that his emissaries were making overtures of a seditious nature to them. It has also been ascertained beyond doubt that he set Sekukuni, to his north-westward, in motion against the Boers, and afterwards, when the English took up the fighting, against the latter. This is the man that critics blame Sir Bartle Frere for checking in his reckless and rampant career. The High Commissioner of course knew all about his schemes which I have mentioned, and doubtless much more, and in the face of this knowledge it is hardly strange that he should have brought matters to a crisis and acted with promptitude. There were many other indications of the approaching storm, not to be understood by people who are not intimately acquainted with Zulu customs, and that for some considerable time past they have been actively preparing for war. Twice did Cetywayo summon his witch doctors and his army to his capital in order that they should be-devil the scraps of raw meat which the King puts into the mouths of his warriors with his own hands to strengthen their knees for impending battle; this ceremony is known to many white men under the Zulu phrase of "Qinisa madolo." As far back as October, 1878, Cetywayo's war cry of "Usutu!" was several times heard among the Zulu battalions, and when a Zulu warrior buries his terrible assegai in an enemy's heart he exultingly and hoarsely cries "Usutu!" About the same time that the Zulu autocrat was sending his messengers abroad to surrounding and distant native tribes he told Mr. Fynney, the Zulu agent for the British Government, that his warriors were like the grass, and that wherever they went the hills would burn; that as marksmen they were unsurpassed; that at first if his men could hit an antelope while it was stationary with a bullet, they thought it was good, but now they could single out a buck running and hit it where they liked. In fact he thought they were better shots than the Englishmen, and said that nothing could escape them. Mr. Fynney, who speaks the various dialects like a native, estimated the number of Zulu warriors at fully 60,000, and writing at the time mentioned,

he said—"The King is busily engaged erecting a military kraal amongst the hills between the Black and White Umfolosi Rivers, not far from the junction, in what he considers a very strong position; one near to which an army with cannon and baggage could not get, and he is contemplating the removal of other kraals to the same locality." This is significant, as his army was also called up at the time. "But the most forcible fact was that he was very minute in his enquiries as to cannon and English mode of warfare, and the fact that his warriors possess large numbers of guns has created in his mind unbounded confidence in his own resources." The Hon. Mr. Brownlee, late Secretary for Native Affairs in the Cape Colony, a gentleman of much talent and than whom no better authority is to be found on South African matters, reported to Sir Bartle Frere as far back as in November, 1877, that Cetywayo was making overtures to the Gcalekas; and in taking up arms they calculated upon assistance from him, holding out to the last in the belief that he would send them help. "Kreli and Cetywayo," says Mr. Brownlee in 1878, "may be regarded as the mainspring of all our troubles. Judging from the past conduct of the natives, whatever may be done to stave off a collision with Cetywayo I think will fail, and that before long the collision will *inevitably* arise." These were prophetic words; and as it has been well remarked, with the barbaric power of such a ferocious savage as Cetywayo in close vicinity, and his restless warriors ever occasioning ferment and alarm, the peaceful neighboring communities were forced to be continually upon the alert in a state of "armed observation." Colonization, progress, and civilization could not long exist under such a state of things; and Her Majesty's High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, charged with the solemn and important trust of protecting Her subjects, had no alternative but to use the power placed at his disposal to secure the safety and future peace of the Queen's dominions in Southern Africa.

As we now write (August 24, 1879) the home telegrams inform us that Sir Garnet Wolseley is advancing upon another kraal of Cetywayo's, to the northward of Ulundi; and the Cape news just to hand by the Orient Liner the "City of London," confirms the recent home telegram, which states "that Cetywayo had sued for peace, and

wished to know, in the event of submitting, whether his life would be spared." This is nothing surprising, as it has always been one of the tactics of this wily savage to make pretended overtures for peace while he was making tremendous preparations for war. On one such occasion, while his messengers were engaged in thus humbugging the British, a correspondent of a Cape paper, residing at Cetywayo's kraal, said that nothing was known there about peace proposals. The chief may be sincere now, but judging by his national antecedents it would appear hardly likely that he would so tamely submit. Those who have been unable to predict a speedy termination of the Zulu war will have been sustained in their views by late news from the Cape, which speaks of another general advance against Cetywayo. History repeats itself in South Africa as elsewhere, and those who look back to the earliest days of the Zulu power find that when attacked and overpowered these people, or branches of their tribe, have ever receded northward rather than bow under the yoke of the invader. When the intrepid regiments of Tshaka, early in the present century, fell furiously upon the Zulu chieftain, Sotyangana, the latter retired far northward, where his tribe still resides.

Again, in the time of Dingaan, the successor of Tshaka, a fine, intelligent and commanding Zulu savage, known by the cheerful name of Umziligazi, or "The Trail of Blood," disputed some orders of Dingaan, and a veteran regiment under him took his part, whereupon a bloody battle ensued. Umziligazi was outnumbered and driven off the field, and he also retreated to the wilds adjacent to the Limpopo River, where his people, commanded by his son Lo Bengulu, are now located.

It might very possibly be that everything will not turn out as I venture to predict, and that the case of Cetywayo may be the exception that proves the rule, but I simply judge from precedent and a most intimate knowledge of these people, their laws, customs, manners, language, &c., and a long residence amongst them. The Zulus are frank, manly, hospitable, and brave, and individually speaking, numbers of them were in every way more worthy of respect than many of my own countrymen, and as men I was much attached to them; but all their, doubt-

less, many virtues do not nevertheless blind me to the fact that they are ruled in absolute terror by, certainly, a fine, manly, intelligent, and lion-hearted savage, Cetywayo, but at the same time a bloodthirsty and ruthless despot, whose cause any ordinary Christian would be ashamed to take up if he only had, as I have, the means of knowing what a wanton murderer the man is. It is true his people would kill him if he didn't kill them, as he himself says in rather an Hibernian mood—"My people wont listen unless they're killed." What a confession! and what a system to uphold!

Sir Bartle Frere has had his policy enthusiastically supported by crowded meetings all over South Africa, and even Colenso has allowed, in a letter to him, that resort to arms should be had, if necessary, in such a cause; and the South African clergy, generally speaking, have endorsed his views. By his recent action Sir Garnet Wolseley has in effect also endorsed the policy of Sir Bartle Frere; and while upon this subject it would be as well to hear the latter in his own defence. In a letter to Bishop Colenso some time ago, he says:—"Regarding Cetywayo, I fear that you and I have little chance of agreeing. As far as I can judge, you look on him as entitled to all the consideration due to sovereigns in settled and constitutional countries. I can look on him in no other light than an enemy of his own people, and through them of all his neighbors; as one who avowedly has used and intends to use his power to restore the system of Tshaka; in other words, a system of undisguised land piracy. As regards his treatment of his own people, I have heard it questioned, I confess with little apparent ground, whether his atrocities were as frequent and horrible as the Blue Books represent? whether, as some of the witnesses state, 'the assegai is never idle?' whether there is daily slaughter by the king's order of men, women, and children, untried and unwarned, and with no better motive than caprice, or a desire to obtain cattle? Whatever allowance we may make for exaggeration in these pictures, there can be no doubt that life and property are utterly insecure in Zululand, and are held only at the will of a merciless tyrant; and so keenly is this tyranny felt by the people subject to it that a continued stream of immigration has for years past set in to Natal, which divested Zululand of a large proportion



(some authorities say half) of its natural population, and this in spite of the fact that every immigrant must, by mutual laws, come into Natal utterly divested of any property or means of subsistence beyond his labor. I do not now say that we are bound in the interests of the Zulu people to interfere with such a state of things. Whether we are or are not is a larger question which does not necessarily arise at the present moment. But I do say that the condition of things established by Cetywayo is utterly incompatible with the safety of life and property within reach of his 'impis' (armies) say within sixty to a hundred miles of his border, and that such a position constitutes a standing menace, which must be removed if his neighbors are to live in peace and security. As British possessions almost enclose him on the land side, this constitutes a duty of self-preservation which we cannot neglect, and which renders it incumbent on us to put forth our whole strength to remove the source of danger, unless Her Majesty's subjects, natives as well as European, are to remain in a position of permanent peril to which none under the English flag ought, I think, to be exposed."

Having had, during twenty years intimate private and official acquaintance with the Zulus, unusual and peculiar opportunities of knowing all about them, and being well aware that the fair future of South Africa is clouded solely by such conduct as Cetywayo's, I humbly venture to thoroughly endorse the policy of Sir Bartle Frere; and in order to show that that policy was not only most maturely considered and wise but absolutely necessary to the safety of Natal and the adjoining states, and backed by old and talented hands like Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Mr. Brownlee, the two Secretaries for Native Affairs, who loved the Kaffirs and have spent nearly a lifetime amongst them, I propose to give a miscellaneous and perhaps incongruous mixture of extracts setting forth the truth. Early in 1879 Sir Bartle Frere, amongst his reasons for going to war, gave the following:—

"When Panda died in 1872, he was succeeded by his son, Cetywayo. The peaceable succession of Cetywayo was mainly due to his recognition by the British Government of Natal some years before, when there were many rival candidates for the succession, and to the presence of the British



representative at his installation. Cetywayo then made many solemn promises and engagements, which were formally published to his people, and accepted by the British Government as guarantees for the better and more humane government of Zululand, and for the greater security of peace with all his neighbors.

"None of these promises have been since fulfilled; the cruelties and barbarisms which deformed the internal administration of Zululand in Panda's reign have been aggravated during the reign of Cetywayo, and his relations with his neighbours have been conducted in a spirit fatal to peace and security beyond the Zulu border.

"To the great detriment and grievous oppression of his people, he has maintained a formidable military despotism, which has become a standing menace to all his neighbors. Its organisation and armament have been accompanied by the advancement of claims formally put forward to countries which had once been overrun by his predecessors, but which have now for many years been under other sovereignty.

"Cetywayo has at the same time formally and repeatedly requested the consent of the British Government to wars of aggression, which he proposed, not for any purpose of self-defence, but simply to initiate his young soldiers in bloodshed, and to revive a system of unprovoked territorial aggression by the Zulus, which had for many years been laid aside.

"There was but one direction in which there was the slightest excuse for any disagreement with his neighbors. On the western boundary of Zululand, between the Buffalo and Pongolo rivers, a large tract of land was claimed by the Zulus, which had long been occupied as Transvaal territory, by Transvaal subjects, in virtue of a cession which the Transvaal Government alleged had been made to them by the Zulus many years previous.

"The Zulus had repeatedly requested the Natal Government to arbitrate in this matter. The Natal Government had promised to do so. Meanwhile the annexation of the Transvaal brought a peaceful solution of this dispute still more within the power of the Natal Government, which had throughout shown a most friendly disposition to the Zulus.

"But in the meantime, since his installation, the tone

of Cetywayo in his communications with the Natal Government had essentially altered, notably in reply to a remonstrance addressed to him by the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, regarding the barbarous massacre of a number of young women by the king's order. Cetywayo addressed the Government of Natal in terms of unprecedented insolence and defiance, affirming his irresponsibility to the Natal Government for anything he might please to do, denying his solemn promises at his installation, and declaring his intention of shedding blood in future on a much greater scale than in the massacres referred to in the Lieutenant-Governor's remonstrance.

"These declarations, made in 1876, were followed up by a course of intimidation pursued towards European missionaries—Germans, Norwegians, and English—who had been long settled in the country with the full permission of Cetywayo's predecessor. Three at least of the missionary converts were, on various pretexts, killed, ostensibly by the king's order, and certainly by his tacit permission and sufferance; others were threatened, and hunted out to be killed; and the missionaries and their remaining adherents were driven to fly from the country for safety. It is only justice to the missionaries to note that there was no accusation of disloyalty or of misbehavior to the Zulu king, nor of any other sufficient reason for the king wishing to withdraw the permission given to them, many years before, to live and teach in the country."

The foregoing misdeeds of Cetywayo were, in 1878, followed by the rough handling and plundering of a surveyor named Smith, a British subject, who was surveying on the Zulu Border, and the subsequent flagrant violation of Natal Territory when the sons of Cetywayo's brother, Usirayo, dragged some unfortunate girls, who refused to marry decrepid soldiers, off Natal soil, first cruelly tortured and then under circumstances of the most blood-curdling and fiendish atrocity ruthlessly murdered them.

Colenso, in his officious defence of Cetywayo, is very evasive about the latter barbarity, but says Sirayo's sons took the women away, "without doing the slightest injury to the colony." Rather a queer way of trying to white-wash over a flagrant violation of territory. In fact, most

of His Lordship's statements on the Zulu subject are characteristically devoid of what has been called the particularity which relates to fact, but his weakness must be put down to delusion and sophistry, and not to what might be named by a severer title than sophistry, or to a desire to compare angelically with the colonists in the eyes of the visionary philanthropists of Exeter Hall, who would convert a "crafty gorilla" and an exterminating fiend with the tripartite blessings of æsthetical sentimentality, a flannel waistcoat, and a pictorial pocket-handkerchief.

A correspondent to the *Natal Mercury* of December, 1878, says—"Our friendly Kaffirs openly assert that it is plain to be seen that the English are afraid of the Zulus, and the Zulus are equally in fear of the English, though they mutually snarl and sneer at each other, and are afraid to bite. There is no doubt that the extremely hostile attitude that the Zulus have assumed since the sitting of the Rorke's Drift Commission is, in a measure, attributable to the biassed demeanor of the Natal Commission in their favor. They are keen-sighted enough to see the scant courtesy with which the Transvaal Commission were treated, and the manner in which the witnesses on our side were treated by being openly snubbed, closely cross-questioned, and their veracity doubted; while on the other hand Cetywayo's chiefs—who insulted the Transvaal Government by displaying at the Commission horses stolen from Her Majesty's Transvaal subjects, a fact proven to Natal Commissioners at the sitting—were allowed, unchecked, to use grossly abusive language to all whose evidence displeased them; at the same time their refusal to submit to cross-questioning passed unnoticed. The Zulus reply that 'we did not come to be questioned, we only come to make demands,' was deemed quite sufficient. The publication of the full proceedings of that Commission would astonish the world and enlighten our African colonists."

The ex-Bishop of Zululand, the Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, who is now holding the rectory of St. Michael Carhayes, near St. Austell, Cornwall, and who spent six years in Zululand, returning the year before the war commenced, states to the representative of the *Western*

*Morning News* that he always found the Zulus most kindly disposed to the English. He added: "I cannot help feeling we shall hold the same high position amongst them still, because I have every reason to believe they will feel we are fighting, not against them, but their king, whose reign has been a reign of terror. There are thousands of Zulus who would be glad to escape from the wretched condition in which Cetywayo keeps them." The king liked to talk to the Bishop of nothing so much as the slaughter made by his army and the strength and constitution of the English army, and was evidently always calculating in his own mind whether he would be strong enough to attack us. The cause of the war, in the Bishop's opinion, was simply this. By taking over the Transvaal and gaining the friendship of the Swazi people, we had so shut Cetywayo in that it was impossible for him to "wash his spears" without coming into collision with the British power. Consequently, as the Zulus lived for nothing but hunting and fighting, it had long been seen *inevitable* that war must sooner or later occur between them and us. It was, however, a great day for Zululand when the British army entered it, as nothing could improve the wretched condition of the people; nothing could prevent them from being, as Sir Bartle Frere termed them, the great man-slaying machine of that part of the world, but the breaking up of Cetywayo's bloodthirsty rule. The Bishop thinks also that we must take Delagoa Bay at all costs, as that is the natural export and import harbor for the Transvaal; and besides, Cetywayo had wagon loads of guns brought in through Delagoa Bay. "If," he added, "we don't take Delagoa Bay, we may have peace to-morrow, and in five years' time we shall have the war over again." These sensible words, coming from such a high and worthy authority, who has been on the spot, will commend themselves to every one.

A correspondent of the *Natal Mercury*, writing from Greytown (Natal) on September 24, 1878, says:—"Having just seen a note from a resident on the Tugela, dated 21st, he says—'On Tuesday last a Mr. Smith and Mr. Deighton went down to the Lower Drift that crosses to the Zulu country; and while standing on a rock in the river, a party of armed Zulus arrived, and robbed Mr. Smith

of a whole lot of articles, and likewise Mr. Deighton of his coat and pipe. Rather neat ; yet still the Government keep their eyes shut ; but I suppose things will be brought to a crisis. I believe that part is totally unprotected at present. Why does not the Government send the police, instead of keeping them packed in camp ? ”

And again—“ Things are strangely silent in Pondoland. Is it natural ? Scarce a murmur has been heard, and Umqikela, Faku's great son, has seemingly bent his head to the British yoke. Will it last ? Cetywayo's word has gone out to every chief of any importance. I cannot give you the exact message, but it is to this effect—“ That if the chiefs do not give him “ dogs ” (a usual form of message, veiling the real request) when his war cry is sounded, they will have the pleasure of his revenge. ’ Time will tell whether the Pondos, the Basutos, and the other tribes between the two rivers already mentioned will keep faithful to the Government, or fall in with the wild passions of the paramount Kaffir Chief, driven either to do so by fear or by a kindred desire to drive the white man into the sea. ” It will have been seen by late news from South Africa quoted elsewhere that Umqikela has since taken up arms against the Xesibes and driven Capt. Blyth's police and the Cape Mounted Riflemen back.

The same paper, of March 24, 1879, says :—“ The *Times* of this morning has the following note with reference to the attempt of Cetywayo to obtain further delay after Sir Bartle Frere had sent in his ultimatum :—‘ It appears from the despatches, &c., in the recently published Blue-Books that Cetywayo's messengers wished for ten days beyond the time specified in Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum to enable them to “ give their answer. ” Our troops crossed the Tugela on the 12th January. Ten days after this was the 22nd January, the fatal day of Isandhlwana. The ten days were required for massing the Zulu army for action. What would have taken place had there been none of our forces in Zululand to oppose them, and, still expecting Cetywayo's answer, we had left Natal open to be invaded by the 20,000 men which he asks us kindly to allow him ten more days to get together ? ”

And further in a letter headed “ A pill for the Apologists of Saint Cetywayo, ” a writer to the above journal

signing himself "A true friend to the Zulus" says on December 23, 1878—"I have just heard that there has been a great 'smelling-out' case at the King's kraal. Three whole kraals under Umavumengwana have been entirely destroyed—people shot—one owner only escaping; all because some of Umavumengwana's daughters have been takata'd (bewitched). From what I can hear, the slaughter had been wholesale. From this it seems that this most exemplary Zulu King is making the most of his opportunity, before those villain red-coats go in to do so much mischief as they will be sure to do. What a pity that so good a man should not be left alone, seeing he rules so justly and so mercifully."

The following are extracts from private letters from the Cape:—"Cetywayo, the Zulu king, is as merciless as he is bloodthirsty. I have known him to kill fifty women and children to feed his golden eagles. As brave as a lion, he will fight until he dies; and if he only sees a scratch on one of his warriors' backs when they return home, he is put to death, as Cetywayo thinks he must have turned from the enemy and have thus received the wound. . . Advocate, for God's sake, that three light cavalry regiments be sent out here to harass the Zulus; only that sort of cavalry will do; heavy no good! . . . The War Office is horribly to blame in this matter. They sent out a splendid force to Afghan, the tribes not being nearly so resolute as the Zulus, and we are passed over with a few hundreds. When I tell you that the Zulus have 60,000 fighting men, armed with the Martini and that most dangerous of weapons, their assegai, you may imagine what we have to put up with."

"The sample of one Zulu war ought to be enough for the English public, leaving alone the enormous cost that has been incurred, and the blood that has been spilt by a savage and merciless foe, who, not content with killing his enemies gives the bodies to the dogs to feed on. The sight to be seen under the Zlobane Mountain is horrible and sickening."

"The Orange Free State expresses its hearty sympathy with the neighboring colony of Natal in the difficulties in which she is now with the natives on her borders, and cherishes the sincere wish that Her Majesty's forces may speedily gain such a decisive victory that a substantial and

lasting peace may be concluded over the whole of South Africa." Further resolved :—"The Raad fully approves of the measures taken by the Executive Council during the war between the colony of Natal and Cetywayo."

"If the King's brother Dabulamanzi has been slain, he has only got what he deserved. This man I think has been even a worse tyrant than the King himself. I know Dabulamanzi well. Once, for instance, he put a firebrand into the body of a girl, burning her terribly, and used her in such a detestable way that I feel ashamed to write about it. Such are these innocent men, defended by the philanthropists! *O tempora! O mores!*"

In foregoing pages I have endeavoured to show that eminent authorities, such as Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Mr. Brownlee, whose sympathies may almost be said to be "Kaffir," have borne out Sir Bartle Frere in his views. As to the latter, the *Natal Mercury* very truly says :—"Mr. Brownlee is himself one of the earliest living visitors to Natal. He was here in 1837, before the emigrant Boers had yet crossed the Drakensberg, and he was at Dingaan's kraal when the Zulu chiefs discussed the expediency of sending another army off to plunder the Pondos, who then lived on the south-western side of St. John's. Since that time he has held office as Gaika Commissioner, Civil Commissioner, and Secretary for Native Affairs in the Cape Colony, and has earned in an extraordinary degree the confidence and attachment of the Cape frontier natives. When the last Ministry retired, owing to complications in which he took no active part, Mr. Brownlee's services and experience were deemed far too important to be lost to the country; and the office of Resident Commissioner for Native Affairs, which brings him in direct personal contact with the native tribes, was created for him, and in this capacity he goes to the Tugela. No man in South Africa has so intimate and minute an acquaintance with the past history of the several tribes from Delagoa Bay to the Keiskama. It is, we consider, a fortunate circumstance that he should be on the spot, and able to lend the aid of his counsel and experience to the High Commissioner at so critical a juncture in affairs."

And in addition to the above I would draw attention to the following short extract from the official minutes of



Mr. Ayliff's (also an eminent authority) meeting with Jojo's (an Amapondo chieftain) people at Kokstadt. The following is the evidence of Jojo :—"Umqikela (son of Faku, and chief of the Amampondos) asked for a private meeting with me to resist, he said, the encroachments of Government; that was in 1875, and up to last year the same messages have come. James was at Umqikela's two months before the disturbance here with the Griquas, and Umqikela said he would join the Griquas against Government, because Government had taken over the Griqua country. Umqikela told James he was to tell me (Jojo) that the war would be between the Pondos, Griquas, and the Government, and that he would send a regiment to help. James is a man I would quite believe, he is now dead; but the two men, Ndwaina and Dambewana can prove publicly that what I say is true.

"Were Cetywayo's men there (at Umqikela's) when he arrived at the kraal?—Yes; and James left them there. I do not know their names, and the object of their visit was kept dark, though it was said they came to beg for dogs and tiger skins. There are other reports, but I will not mention them, as I have no chance to prove them.

"Your reason, therefore, for coming under Government is to save yourself, and not to be involved with Umqikela against Government?—Yes; that is my reason."

As far back as the 14th October, 1878, the *Utrecht correspondent of the Natal Mercury* writes :—"Reliable reports have arrived concerning more Umbelini atrocities. On the 6th inst., he made a daring and unprovoked slaughter of the inhabitants of a kraal near his old caves in the vicinity of Luneberg, and some forty or fifty souls perished by assegais and bullets; all the cattle were driven off, and the kraal burnt. The following day he marched to Zendelingsberg, near the Assegai River, and the day after to Korning's Kop, on the Moozanne River (Korning's Kop is the burial place of the Amaswazi king, and held sacred by the nation) here; he attacked some Amaswazi kraals, killed four men, and wounded another, the remainder and the cattle escaped; it being a wet night the cattle were not kraaled. *All the women and children were carried away for slaves, to be sold to the Zulus.* The general attack was a failure, for alarm spread as far as the



Umkupise, and there was a muster and pursuit, but Umbelini got back into Zululand, with the loss of but one man killed by the pursuers. The alarm and excitement is so great that the Amaswazies have sent all their families into the caves, and intend retaliating by an attack on the Zulus who protect Umbelini. Cetywayo is known to have prompted Umbelini to commit this outrage. The kraal that was destroyed is situated near the Intombi River, in British territory."

Some apologists for Cetywayo say that he (Cetywayo) said he was powerless to prevent Umbelini carrying on these atrocities in his country—a confession of weakness which will hardly be credited, and if believed would only argue the more reason for superseding Cetywayo.

But beyond all the support that Sir Bartle Frere has had from official gentlemen of over forty years' standing, such as Sir Theophilus Shepstone, Mr. Brownlee, and Mr. Ayliff, nearly the whole of the clergy of South Africa have thought it their duty to support him, and, as pointed out, even the inconsistent Colenso declared by letter that "a Christian power should use force in such a cause." The veteran and warmly esteemed Colonial Chaplain at D'Urban, Archdn. Lloyd, has also frequently in strong but righteous terms denounced the horrible barbarity of Cetywayo. The *Christian Express* (at Lonsdale in South Africa), which is the organ of native mission interests, sums up the whole matter from a missionary and philo-Kaffir point of view in the following terms:—"The conduct of Sir Bartle Frere has our sad but hearty approval. We are deeply grieved that there should be war, and that death and desolation should be falling on so many a home, whether English, Colonial, or Zulu; but the state of Zululand was such that we cannot but endorse the Governor's decision that endurance had been carried to its very utmost bounds, and was no longer possible. Our soldiers, indeed, have more truly died for Zululand and the Zulus than for England or for us. We repeat, therefore, that the conduct of Sir Bartle Frere has our sad but hearty approval; and our sympathy is all with him in his trying position, and in the decision of the troubled questions that meet him on every hand."

And last, but by no means least, is the evidence of

the Rev. R. Robertson, the highly respected missionary, who for the long period of eighteen years has devoted himself to mission work among the Zulus at Kwamagwasa, and I am glad to be in a position to accord my tribute of praise and attachment to a sincere Christian gentleman, who throwing up a good prospect in Natal many years ago, quietly devoted his life to the improvement and happiness of the Zulu people, whose welfare he had ever earnestly at heart. His letter of the 8th of September, 1878, to the *Natal Mercury*, bears such sterling impress of truth that it cannot be abridged, and I therefore give it in its entirety:—

“In the *Colonist* of the 24th instant there appears a letter from a correspondent signing himself ‘Equity.’ The object of the writer, whoever he may be, seems to me clearly to be to throw dust in the eyes of His Excellency, Sir Bartle Frere, regarding the Zulu question. I have more faith in Sir Bartle Frere than to believe for a moment that he will be misled by any such clap-trap; and had not reference been made to myself and other Zulu missionaries, impugning our truthfulness, I should have passed it over—as I have passed over other attacks emanating from the same quarter—with the contempt it deserves.

“‘Equity’ says—‘Then there is lacking to us proper and trustworthy information, as to how far the alleged cruelties in Zululand really took place. A missionary, who was strong in holding them up, was asked, properly enough, to state what came actually under his own observation. His reply was vague and trifling. What he could speak to as under Cetywayo’s reign—the period, remember, for which alone we have the pretence of a right to speak to him—was comparatively nothing, and he had to ramble into remarks on the state of Zululand for thirty years back. One or two who have come forward to corroborate him have given us little better.’

“The letter here referred to was published in your issue of the 24th of June last. Perhaps ‘Equity’ hoped that by this time its contents would be forgotten. I beg to refer you to it, Sir, and only a cursory examination of it will show how misleading and false is the impression which ‘Equity’ desires to convey to the public regarding it.

“‘Equity’ says that I wandered into remarks on the state of Zululand thirty years ago. Where, let me ask, do

I say one word about thirty years ago? I confined myself to the eighteen years I have been at Kwa 'Magwaza, and I stated that during that time no fewer than twenty-four persons had been killed there within a radius of about eight miles; and of these twenty-four I stated that nineteen had been killed since the death of the late king, Umpande.

"Another missionary, I stated, supplied me with a list of 29 persons, all killed in his neighborhood since the installation of the present King; and with regard to those cases I myself vouch for, I am prepared, I also stated, to prove that what I say is true, by the production of witnesses, both white and black. 'Equity' rightly objects to our going further back than to the beginning of the reign of the present King; but it ought to be remembered that from 1857, Cetywayo was really king *de facto*, the old man Umpande, being merely a puppet in his hands. Let it be so, however; all that is necessary to be done is to change 24 to 19, for the satisfaction of the upholder of tyranny and oppression, viz., we find 19 persons killed in a period of about five years, within a radius of about eight miles! I ask, in what is my statement 'vague and trifling'?

"Cetywayo, bloody tyrant and oppressor as he is, meets with no end of apologists. How is it that the poor suffering people, the men, women, and children find no one to take their part? Has the *Colonist* no word to say on their behalf?

"In my heart I wish no harm to Cetywayo, personally; but as a Christian, and one wishing well, not only to himself, but to his people also, I purpose, with your kind permission, to recall to the public mind, at this critical moment of our history, some of the counts against the Zulu King; and for the satisfaction of his friends, episcopal or otherwise, I shall go no further back than 1873:—

"(1). In that year he was solemnly installed as King, by the Hon. Mr. (now Sir) Theophilus Shepstone. He then consented to a treaty, by which he agreed that there should be no more killing in Zululand, unless after a full and open trial. Sir T. S. had not crossed the Tugela before the killing was going on just as usual, nay, worse than ever it was before.

"(2). He then reorganised and rebuilt the military kraals. This was a task of great labor, and because the

work did not go on as quickly as he desired, he sent out and killed the sick throughout the land, it having been represented to him that some of the men were sick.

"(3). In 1876, he, in addition to the all but daily executions for witchcraft, killed—no one can ever know how many—young women, because they refused to marry old men for whom they cared nothing.

"(4). When Sir H. Bulwer remonstrated with him on this particular point, he treated him and the Queen he represents with supreme contempt, saying, 'Sir H. Bulwer is Governor of Natal, and I am King of Zululand.'

"(5). In 1877 he caused three Christians to be killed, and subjected the missionaries to so many insults—their people being assaulted and driven from the stations—that they were obliged to remove for safety to Natal.

"(6). In my letter referred to above I have said that it is impossible for anyone to state exactly the numbers yearly killed in Zululand, and for very good reasons; it is done secretly, and there are no reporters; but I believe, and I am not alone in my belief, that not a sun rises and sets without its victim. Zulu-philists may pooh-pooh this, as they will, no doubt, but I believe it to be true.

"Personally, I shall be a great loser should war ensue, and I earnestly desire and pray that a peaceful and righteous settlement of Zulu difficulties may be arrived at; but when I think of the grinding tyranny, the blood shed in Zululand, the oppression, and the door shut against the messengers of the Prince of Peace, I say, though I may perish in the storm, let it come rather than that the present state of misrule and heathen darkness continue for a single day longer.

"Time forbids my entering upon other topics. I shall only refer to one other; it is this: I believe that there will never be peace and security in South Africa, so long as the Zulu power remains unbrought to book."

In fact, the whole of Sir Bartle Frere's matured and carefully prepared plan was upset, whatever a few misleading South African papers may say to the contrary, by Lord Chelmsford's unfortunate disobedience of "Instructions to Field Officers" in not "laagering" his camp at Isandula, and, in such a very rough country, not throwing out his flankers, or mounted side videttes, more

widely. Before the terrible slaughter under the crag of Isandhlwana at Isandula, no violent objection was made against the war; but after the disaster happened, by no fault of his own, a man who had studied the subject for forty years, and who had twice received the thanks of Parliament on other occasions, besides having in this case the warm support of the Earl of Carnarvon, who was a seceder from the present Home Ministry, was at once pounced upon, either by the regular croakers or those at a distance, who could not by any means be supposed to know much about the subject upon which they were hazarding wild speculations, in support of a "crafty gorilla" who had butchered in cold blood nearly all his brothers and many of his poor mild old father's wives. That he roughly handled and bullied his aged and invalid old father is also well known.

If it were necessary to say anything further in support of the policy of Sir Bartle Frere, attention might with advantage be called to the speeches made at Cape Town on June 11, 1879, at a banquet given in honor of his return to Cape Town. Mr. Fuller, M.L.A., in proposing the toast of "Sir Bartle Frere," quoted the remarks of the Natal correspondent to the London *Times*, in which the writer stated that Sir Bartle Frere had the confidence of all the European races in South Africa; that public meetings everywhere recorded their convictions that the course taken by His Excellency in commencing the war was inevitable; and that while other men, situated as he was situated, might have deferred the decision of the question *until a time when the responsibility would have fallen upon other shoulders* (a failing often before noticed in Governors of South Africa), Sir Bartle Frere was actuated by no such selfish consideration. Mr. Fuller also said—"My own opinion is that there was a crisis in the history of South Africa; that the temper of the Zulu king was dangerous to the people of South Africa, and that His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere came to a prompt and a wise decision at the crisis; and I believe that but for that prompt and wise decision the struggle which has taken place to the north of the Tugela would have taken place in the colony of Natal."

Sir Bartle Frere said—"For many years past the deepest thinkers, and the closest observers of native life on

the Zulu border, have been of opinion that the condition of settlers in that country was one of extreme peril. I have heard this same opinion from other colonists, from Australians and Canadians, who objected to Natal as a field for emigration, and what I witnessed there convinced me that what had long before been told me by persons well acquainted with the country was correct, and that the condition of the people there was extremely hazardous. Everything I saw and everything I heard tended to the same opinion, and it proved what I believe will bear the test of the closest investigation ; it proved that, throughout the whole of South Africa, a movement originating with the Zulu rulers had stirred to their hearts the whole of the native population, and they only looked and hoped for some revolution which should bring about the supremacy of the black races and the expulsion of the Europeans. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, the measures which were then taken were taken with the most careful consideration, not only of His Excellency the Governor commanding the forces, but of the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, and they were strictly directed to defence. It appeared to us to be quite impossible to attempt the defence of the Natal border with the forces which were then in the colony, or any which it was possible to command, and that the only system of defence which could be effected was one of active defence ; that it was only by carrying the war at once into the enemy's country, by posting men within the enemy's border, by meeting him upon his own ground and threatening his own communications, that we could prevent an irruption into the colony of Natal. (Cheers.) This, gentlemen, is our justification, a justification for the act which you have been pleased to confirm this day, and, as stated by Mr. Fuller, to be a necessary act of defence. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) I feel convinced that when our countrymen at home, even including those adverse critics to whom Mr. Fuller has so well referred, come to look at these transactions in the light of history, they will do us justice, and say that we did no more than was necessary for the safety of the colony of Natal. (Loud cheers.) It is quite possible that that verdict may not come in my time. All history points to similar circumstances of men who have done their best according to their lights, and to

whom justice was not done till long after they had passed away. (Loud cheers.) But, whenever it may be, the thing that has mainly sustained me in all that has passed has been the conviction that, except in necessary measures of defence, no soldier of Her Majesty has hitherto been employed. (Loud and enthusiastic cheers.) I think, gentlemen, I might well refer to what was my commission when I came to these shores. I was charged as High Commissioner in these terms—'To take all measures and do all that can be lawfully and discreetly done for preventing the recurrence of any irruption into Her Majesty's possessions by hostile tribes, and for maintaining the said possessions in peace and safety.' (Loud cheers.)" As to Cetywayo, he said—"I find that he had repeatedly stated that his power was founded on blood; that it was necessary to the due maintenance of his power that he should be unrestrained in his ability to slay his subjects and make war upon other people. I had before me the patent fact that he had asked for leave to wash his young men's spears, as well as the distinct geographical fact that it was impossible for him to do so without slaying British subjects, or those who were so closely allied to us that they considered themselves under our protection. I would ask, gentlemen, in the name of common sense and common prudence, was it to be relied upon that Cetywayo would not use the enormous power which he possessed? (Loud cheers.) Were your fellow-colonists to live in trust, knowing how bloodthirsty this man professed himself to be; and, knowing how powerful he was, were your fellow-colonists to live on sufferance that he would belie his own statements, behave as a humane and well-meaning ruler, and abstain from those acts of bloodshed and aggression which formed the main glory of the Zulu nation? (Cheers.) I could not believe it; I could not so persuade myself; but I believed in my heart that no risk which could be undertaken by Her Majesty's soldiers was to be thought of for a moment against the paramount duty of doing our best to protect Her Majesty's subjects. (Enthusiastic cheers.) You know that such principles of government as we live under—the principles which our ancestors have worked for during ages past—are symbolised by the Crown, while the Zulu rule of violence may be symbolised by the



assegai, and I would ask whether the Crown or whether the assegai is to prevail. They cannot co-exist ; we must make our choice."

Mr. J. W. Ebdon, who proposed the "Ministry," said—"South Africa had to meet barbarism in arms, and to strike at the power of the tyrant Cetywayo, and the Governor and High Commissioner had been sustained by the counsels and advice of Mr. Sprigg (the Premier) in meeting the emergency. A good deal had been said about the native policy, and it was gratifying that the Earl of Carnarvon (a seceder from the present Home Ministry) at a recent meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, should have said that the policy adopted by the present Cape Ministry was just and beneficial to the native races."

The Colonial Secretary said—"As representing the Government of this colony, if he thought that His Excellency was taking a course likely to be prejudicial to South Africa, especially to the interests of this colony, it was his duty to remonstrate with him as to the course he was taking. He might be asked what had been the character of the advice he had given to the Governor, and whether in any respect he had remonstrated with him upon the steps he had taken. Not in the least, and for this simple reason, that they, the Ministry of this colony, and he spoke more particularly for himself as the head of the Ministry, believed that the Zulu chief was at the bottom of all the native troubles of South Africa. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) His Excellency would testify that in all the communications which he had addressed to him during these difficult and perilous times through which he had passed in Natal, he at all times was cheered and encouraged by himself for the noble and patriotic course he had taken, for he believed it to be a course which would result in the ultimate good and permanent peace and security of South Africa. (Loud cheers.)"

The Chairman, the Honorable W. de Smidt, said—"His Excellency said something about his being an old colonist ; he was perhaps, in years, the oldest person there present. He had seen different phases of affairs in the colony ; and he might say that the native policy of Sir Bartle Frere would be beneficial not only to the European



ances in South Africa, but also to the natives themselves. (Hear, hear.) The only way to civilise them was to bring them under the rule of Her Majesty, and that was the best rule under which any people lived on earth. (Hear, hear.) He had himself had experience of wars with the natives as far back as 1819, and under Sir B. Durban in 1835; and the policy then was the same as the policy of Sir. B. Frere, and if that policy had been carried out it would have been the saving of many lives and of heaps of treasure. (Hear, hear.) He hoped that policy would be carried out now, not by the extermination of the natives, but, as His Excellency hoped, by civilising influences, and good to South Africa at large would be the result."

In fact Sir Bartle Frere objected to the then position of the Zulu King more than the Zulus, as a standing menace, necessitating a restless and anxious state of armed observation, which he did not consider advisable, as, he said, any one ought to go to sleep in any British possession with the same sense of security as he would do in London; and it will not be thought strange that he should act promptly when the Zulus were guilty of a continuous series of aggressive acts, assaulting Natal residents, dragging refugee women off Crown lands, and in many other ways wantonly violating Natal territory. Sir Bartle might well wish to bring the Zulus into the same state as the Natal Kaffirs, who are professedly happy and prosperous, and are rapidly becoming civilized, using horses, ploughs, and many other means of industry hitherto unknown to them. And in a military point of view the Zulus, controlled by proper restrictions, will, under English guidance, become as good, if not better soldiers for us than did the conquered Sikhs in India some time ago. The Natal Kaffirs at the Edendale Station near Maritzburg are very far advanced in civilization, living in comfortable square built houses and using all European appliances for farming, travelling, &c. Their mode of treatment when in a savage state by their former master, Mr. Allison the missionary, was very successful. That gentleman never puzzled their wild savage ideas by abstruse and complicated notions of theology, but he first taught them to read and write, and then taught them various trades as handicraftsmen, and when they had seen for themselves the comfort and advan-

tages of a civilised mode of life, then, and not before then, he put the prayer book and hymn book into their hands, when they were ripe to receive and understand them. As an illustration of the absurdity of expecting a Kaffir to be gifted with sublime ideas of theology, I was once interpreting in a court in the Transvaal, and was proceeding to caution the Kaffir witness, before hearing his evidence, when the old Dutch Dogberry, fit subject for a Vandyke or a Rubens, reverently stroked his unkempt locks over his forehead, and monotonously drawled out, "Waght (wait); ask him if he knows that there is a God in heaven." The wild puzzled barbarian, who had scarcely seen a white before, said something which made those in court who understood a little Kaffir laugh. "What does he say?" said the old landdrost, in heartbroken tones. I merely explained that he said "he didn't know; he'd never been there."

As I have said, I have many pleasant associations in connection with the Zulus, but nevertheless see as much necessity of depriving them of their power of doing wanton evil as I do the advisability of drawing the teeth and claws of a brave and fine animal in the shape of a man-eating tiger, which lives by blood and holds in daily and hourly terror the surrounding peaceful hamlets.

Public meetings throughout South Africa were unanimous in their enthusiastic approval of the policy of Sir Bartle Frere, which it is a satisfaction to see now (August, 1879,) endorsed in effect by the action of such a man as Sir Garnet Wolseley, the right hand man and battle axe of Her Imperial and Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. God bless her!

Sir Garnet Wolseley brings to bear upon South African matters the many and unusual combined qualities of bravery, humanity, a high order of tact and intelligence, and undoubted military and diplomatic talent and general ability. And, by every account, the result of his eminent endowments and unflagging application is invariable success. It is gratifying to behold in such a man, spite of what envious detractors may say, the natural outcome of a strict and effective military system, a great nation, a grand constitution, and a glorious Empire. If Sir Garnet does not perhaps unite in himself all the talents of a Cæsar, a

Wallealey, and a Beaconsfield, yet he is a Christian, a soldier, a gentleman, and a keen tactician; and in the hands of such a man South Africa will at last emerge from the successive waves of desolation which have so long swept over her devoted head; and in the extinction of the obstructive tribal system, and the possession of such a magnificent harbor as Delagoa Bay, the natural outlet of the unbounded resources of the Transvaal, &c., &c., find the only two stumbling blocks to her inevitable but retarded prosperity removed.

We must now for the present take leave of South Africa and all that concerns it. Under the guidance of Sir Garnet Wolseley that country will doubtless be well managed, although, if excessive caution be not used, I should not be at all surprised to hear of another disaster, equalling if not eclipsing Isandula; for the greater the reputation of our generals the more they seem to make the un-Napoleon-like and fatal mistake of underrating their enemies. Although, on the other hand, if we had not, as a rule, underrated our enemies, or in the inverse, overrated ourselves, our arms would perhaps not have been attended by the glorious success which has always followed them. Instance the taking of the King of Delhi from amongst thousands of yelling Indians by a British officer with a handful of men. That act, it is said, gave us India. Everything (from the battle of Blumberg at the Cape in 1806 to the closing battle of the Zulu war, that of Ulundi) in the way of war, raid, or disturbance has now been touched upon, with the exception, perhaps, of a disturbance away to the far westward, where the Orange River joins the ocean, where, some ten months from this date (September, 1879) a mixed lot of whites, Hottentots, and Damaras united themselves to repel the attacks of the Korannas, who came from the eastward, but the affair has been settled, as I see by Cape papers of August, 1879, that the Parliament there have passed a vote enabling the Government to send a British Resident to Damaraland. With Tshaka and his confreres this history began; and, arguing in a circle as do the Zulus themselves, I must end this conclusion with a few words about those gentlemen, if only to show what examples Cetywayo openly made it his boast to follow. Umziligazi, concerning whom parti-

culars, in which the Boers are involved, will be found further on, was the despotic ruler of a powerful tribe called the "Abaka Zulu," i.e., "those of Zulu." "Zulu" is the first chieftain mentioned by tradition in connection with the people now known as Zulus. Many tribes speak of them as the "Amadebele." The father of Umziligazi was a chieftain whose territories lay at some distance to the north-eastward of Natal, but being attacked and totally defeated by a neighboring tribe, he took refuge with Tshaka, with whom he remained till his death. He succeeded in gaining the confidence of Tshaka, and in process of time was entrusted with the command of an important military post and the charge of a large number of cattle. Seizing his opportunity, he revolted, and fled with his people and the booty towards the north-west, eating up in his progress the several tribes which then occupied the country, and soon becoming so exceedingly formidable that his very name inspired terror through a vast region. Having completely subjugated or destroyed every tribe from whose opposition he had anything to dread, he ultimately selected the country near the sources of the Molopo and Mariqua Rivers for his permanent residence, where he lately reigned, the terror of the surrounding nations.

But Umziligazi, with his interminable catalogue of crime, is no more than a humble follower in the reeking footsteps of Tshaka, aptly surnamed "The Bloody." The reign of this inhuman despot was stained by a succession of enormities of so deep a dye that the blood curdles in the recital. Even in the annals of savage nations (says Isaacs) his atrocities stand forth pre-eminent. He was a fiend in human form, to whose vices and crimes history, either ancient nor modern, cannot furnish the slightest parallel.

The family of this monster, whose name in the Sechuana language signifies "The Battle Axe," for ever remarkable for its conquests, cruelty, and ambition, emerged from a tribe originally inhabiting a district about Delagoa Bay, of which, as I have said, tradition informs us the first king was named "Zulu." Senzangakona, a son of "Zulu," and father of Tshaka, made his way from the primitive location of his ancestors to the White Umfolosi, and colonising within sixty

miles of the coast, kept the neighboring tribes in terror and subjection. In addition to thirty wives, he was possessed of concubines without number, and had many children; but from peculiar circumstances attending the birth of the infant Tshaka it was esteemed a miraculous event, and the child in consequence was held by the nation to be something superhuman. Advancing towards manhood, he did not disappoint the expectations formed of him. His strength became herculean, his disposition turbulent, his heart iron, his soul a warring element, and his ambition boundless.

The precocity, shrewdness, and cunning of Tshaka speedily attracted the notice and jealousy of his father. Knowing full well from the fate of his own progenitors that amongst the Zulus the son, whose ripening energies and developing physical powers render him capable of setting an example for his subjects to imitate, experiences little difficulty in dethroning his aged and grey-headed sire, whose declining years render him no longer fit for feats of prowess, he resolved that the young prince should die, and began to plot his destruction. Discovering this, Tshaka fled with his younger brother to a neighboring tribe called the Umtetwas, under Dingiswayo, as we have already seen, where he was hospitably received. He soon distinguished himself, as well amongst the warriors by deeds of daring as by his surpassing skill in punning and singing, both of which accomplishments are held in rare estimation, being, with the exception of dancing, almost the only amusements in which the Africans ever indulge.

On the sudden decease of Senzangakona, one of his youngest sons, assuming the crown of the Zulus, Tshaka at once resolved to dethrone him, in order to usurp his place at the head of the nation; and with this view he formed a project which he speedily put in execution.\* His younger brother repaired to the residence of the young monarch with a story that Dingiswayo had slain Tshaka, in consequence of which he had himself been obliged to fly

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\* It will be noticed that this account slightly differs from another traditional account elsewhere (page 175); but this one—giving the supreme credit to the Zulus—is by far the most likely one to be true, as back to Tshaka's grandfather, Zulu, the Zulus, as has been said, were paramount as far as prowess is concerned.

for life and throw himself at his brother's feet for protection, This important and much wished for information being implicitly believed, Umgatye, the said younger brother, was presently installed in the office of chief domestic, and being thus constantly about the royal person, had every facility afforded him for the accomplishment of his bloody mission. Sending two of his confidential friends to secrete themselves in the long grass by the river side, while the king was taking his usual morning bath, the latter was speared to death on a preconcerted signal, and Tshaka took possession of the throne.

The putting to death of all the principal persons of his brother's government, including every one that was suspected of being inimical to his own accession, was the first act that signalised his bloody reign. Dingiswayo dying shortly afterwards, the young king went to war with the Umtetwas—the nation that had so hospitably sheltered and protected him while in exile; and having destroyed the major part of the tribe, the remnant were fain to become his vassals. In a few years Tshaka had depopulated the whole of the coast from the Maputa River to the Tugela; signal success also attending his incursions among the interior tribes, over whom he exercised the most sanguinary persecution, pursuing them with a refinement of fiendish ferocity too harrowing to be detailed.

Arriving at the zenith of his pride and ambition, and having for a brief space sated himself with the blood of his neighbors, the savage despot began to direct his thoughts towards the internal government of his realm—a measure which was rendered more than ever imperative from the circumstance of his extensive victories having placed him at the head of a gigantic and ever-growing nation. His first care was to discipline his rabble forces, which were already elated with achievements, originating chiefly from the dauntless and irresistible spirit of their leader. Unlike Cetywayo, ever in his own person did Tshaka set an example in the field well worthy the imitation of his followers, and whilst his ferocity kept his people in abject awe, dauntless intrepidity rendered him the terror of his opponents. Having once entered into hostilities against a native power, his whole soul and energies were irrevocably bent on its extermination. Mercy was never for a moment an inmate of his

bosom, and nothing short of rivers of blood, caused by the most lavish sacrifice of human life, was capable of gratifying his horrible appetite. Partaking of this spirit, his warriors were ever eager for battle, and shouted for war from their love of plunder. On one occasion a ferocious regiment pestered Tshaka to be lead to battle, when a messenger brought the news that a lion had killed three of his favorite cattle. "Here," said Tshaka, "you want to fight, do you? Throw down your shields and assegais, and rush the lion that dares to kill my cattle, naked-handed, and bring him to me, bound, before sunset." To delay was certain death, and he was obeyed to the letter. The magic of his name gained for his warriors even more renown than their actual prowess in arms, which nevertheless was rendered recklessly desperate by the alternative he extended to them, of either returning victorious to participate in the spoils they won, or being condemned to a cruel and immediate death for alleged cowardice.

Of Tshaka's army, amounting altogether to near one hundred thousand men, fifty thousand were marshalled into regiments and held in constant readiness for battle. Each regiment was distinguished by shields of a different color, the great warriors having white ox-hides. Individuals distinguishing themselves in battle received a badge of nobility, and were honored with a title, by which they were ever afterwards known. *Apropos* of these people being thought to be ignorant savages, *Mayfair* wittily says:—"A bespectacled and somewhat fussy member of the Cabinet has received a snub from his cynical but august master, in whose presence he was depreciating the Zulus. "Uncivilised?" enquired the Premier, with that calm astonishment that precedes his plunge in paradox. "I do not quite see that. They have routed our armies, outwitted our generals, killed a prince, and converted a bishop. The most civilised nation could do no more."

Having organized his army, the despot next introduced a totally new system of discipline. The slender javelins hitherto employed for throwing were abolished, and their use interdicted on pain of death, a single short stabbing spear of stouter materials being introduced in place of them. The superior efficacy of this novel equipment had previously been established in a mock fight with reeds, which took place in presence of the assembled nation, and death by



impalement was the penalty attached to the loss of an assegai in battle. The warriors had now no alternative but to conquer or die, and as an additional spur to their valor the commissariat of an invading army was never more than barely sufficient to last them to the scene of action. In order that the youths of the rising generation might imbibe a taste for military tactics they were ordered to accompany the tried warriors in the capacity of esquires, and on having attained an age which rendered them capable of wielding an assegai with effect they were immediately supplied with arms and duly incorporated.

With a view to render the troops as efficient as possible, the most unnatural abstinence was enforced, under the pretext that marriage deprives man of his relish for war, and that domestic influences are distracting and enervating, directing his thoughts homeward rather than to the enemy. Commerce was likewise strictly forbidden, under the belief that it would unfit the men for military duties. Every plan in short which ferocity or barbarity could devise was resorted to by Tshaka to inspire his men with a martial spirit; and under the excuse of perfecting the model of his army, the monster's unnatural propensities and insatiable thirst for blood induced him, horrible to relate, to weed his warriors by singling out the maimed, the aged, and the infirm to be assegaid; observing with savage sagacity that "such cripples were only in the way, and without making him any return did but consume his beef, which was required to make young men stout and lusty!" Upon the occasion of this foul slaughter of numerous brave veterans, to whose valor and devotion Tshaka owed a large portion of his richest conquests, the wretch erected a kraal upon which the name of "Keta-abadala," signifying "Pick out the old ones" was humorously bestowed, in commemoration of the base and barbarous deed.

Fully impressed with the conviction that his warriors, thus organized and disciplined, would prove themselves invincible, Tshaka now indulged in projecting movements upon a grander scale than formerly, planning new predatory inroads upon those independent tribes whose wealth in cattle afforded the greatest inducements, and looking forward with a sort of prophetic spirit to a day not far distant when all his ambitious schemes should be achieved, when



his expectations should be fully realised and he should find himself the sole and undisputed "Master of the World." Spring never appeared without its marauding expeditions. Every succeeding season also brought upon the weak and tributary tribes visits of violence, desolation, and plunder, each in its turn sooner or later feeling the monster's scourge for some alleged offence against Majesty, which alone had existence in his fertile invention. The eve of going to war was with him always the period of brutal and inhuman murders, in which he seemed to indulge with the savage delight of the tiger over its prey. A muster being taken prior to his troops moving, those warriors who on any previous occasion had not in his estimation properly acquitted themselves of their duty, or were suspected of being cowards, were singled out and publicly impaled. Once determined upon a sanguinary display of his power nothing could curb his ferocity. His twinkling eye evinced the pleasure that worked within. His iron heart exulted, and his whole frame seemed as though knit with a joyous impulse at beholding the blood of the innocent flowing at his feet! Grasping his herculean limbs, his muscular hands exhibited by their motion a desire to aid in the execution of the victims of his barbarity. He seemed, in short, a being in human form endowed with more than the physical capabilities of man; a giant without reason; a monster created with more than ordinary power and disposition for doing mischief, from whose withering glance man recoiled as from the serpent's hiss or the lion's growl.

Tshaka constantly exercised a perfect system of *espionage*, which served to keep him minutely acquainted with the condition and strength of the tribes, whether independent or tributary, by which he was surrounded; his scouts being also enjoined to make such observations regarding the country as might enable them to lead his troops to the scene of action with the least chance of discovery or surprise. Three months before he meditated an attack he discoursed freely on war, and talked with confidence of routing his enemies—being withal exceedingly wary, and using every precaution to conceal, even from his generals and chiefs, the real power with which he designed to contend; precluding by this crafty discretion the possibility of his enemies being in readiness for the march. Should he not

lead an army in person his plans were confided to a general-in-chief, who, however, was never selected for command on a second occasion. It was his invariable policy also to harangue his warriors at their departure, in language calculated to raise their expectations, and elate them in the hour of battle; but in order to prevent any treacherous communication with the enemy, the true object of the expedition was still studiously concealed, and the soldiers induced to believe that they were about to attack any but the devoted tribe. Achieving a signal triumph, the spoils were liberally divided amongst them as a stimulus to further exertions; but defeat under any circumstances was the watchword for a scene of woe and lamentation, and for a massacre of no measured description—hundreds of brave men being hurried off upon the fiat of their ruthless and unappeasable master, to be impaled as a warning beacon to future expeditions.

In all civilised countries cowardice in the army is very properly punished with death, the testimony of guilt having been first fully established; but Tshaka was neither remarkable for his nice discrimination, nor for his minute investigation of a charge preferred. On one occasion in particular, a whole regiment was indiscriminately butchered, together with the wives and families of the veteran warriors that composed it, and who, although they had fought with signal bravery, had been overpowered by superior numbers, and thus compelled to retreat. The scene of this revolting tragedy was designated "Umbulalio," or the "place of slaughter," in order to perpetuate its recollection in the minds of the people. But defeat was of rare occurrence. The predictions of the monarch were speedily verified by the success that attended his arms, and the fame of his troops spread rapidly over the whole country. Every tribe they encountered became an easy conquest, and no quarter being given, the inhabitants at once abandoned their villages and property to the greed and rapacity of their insatiable invaders. Thus did Tshaka spread devastation and terror throughout the whole country, from the Maputa River that runs into Delagoa Bay right down to the Umzimvubu or St. John's River. Tribe after tribe was invaded, routed, and mercilessly butchered; their huts were fired over their devoted heads, and the few that

escaped of the ruined inmates were driven to seek shelter in the depth of the forest, either to perish from hunger and want, to become a prey to wild beasts, or to be ultimately hunted down by the relentless and sanguinary Zulus. Such a martial name did Tshaka make for himself, that the Natal Kaffirs, to this day (September, 1879) swear by him more than by any other king.

Death ever reigned without a rival over the extensive dominions of Tshaka, alike during the intervals of peace as in the time of war; the unexampled cruelties practised by the despot, and the plausible reasons assigned for their perpetration, being withal the surest means of governing his oppressed and wondering subjects.

Having completed the re-organisation of the army, elected rulers, abolished old laws, and enacted new ones, Tshaka finally succeeded in establishing that which may with strict propriety be termed a *Zulucratistical* form of Government. It is one that defies description or detail, and which neither can be comprehended or digested; that affords protection to no living creature, and places the trembling subject at the mercy of a despotic monarch whose nod may consign him, innocent or guilty, to a lingering or an instant death. One that may compel the agonised father to butcher his unoffending child, brother to execute brother, the husband to impale his wife, and the son to become the inhuman mutilator of her who gave him birth! And yet, strange to say, amiable enthusiasts well known as humane and benevolent philanthropists strenuously opposed Sir Bartle Frere, and, in effect, sought to countenance such a monstrous system. The ties of consanguinity availed nothing with this inhuman tyrant. A sign given by the fatal pointing of his blood-stained finger, or the terrible declination of his head, must be promptly obeyed; and if, after the perpetration of the revolting deed, the feelings of outraged nature should predominate and manifest themselves to this fiend in human form, the luckless wretch was ordered for instant despatch, either by impalement, by having the neck twisted, or by being stoned or beaten to death with sticks. The kith and kin of the wretched victim likewise shared his fate, his property being also seized and distributed amongst the warriors. Neither was any reason assigned for the murderous decree until it was too late to recall the

fiat of execution, the devoted subject frequently thanking his savage monarch whilst he was undergoing the sentence that had been thus iniquitously passed upon him. To this unenviable state of things there succeeded a dreadful lull, which may fitly be compared to that which intervenes between the shocks of an earthquake, when all are in consternation, fearing that the next moment they may be swallowed during the devastating convulsion. This pause from war and sanguinary executions was devoted to the superstitious ceremony of appeasing the *manes* of the departed and quieting the apprehensions of the living by great sacrifices of oxen and by a distribution of property of the murdered amongst the executioners.

Amongst barbarous tribes it is a common custom superstitiously to contend that their chiefs cannot die naturally, that they are destined to live until they fall in battle, and that death proceeding either from age or disease is occasioned by the "working of the wizard." This sanguinary superstition was carried to the fullest extent by Tshaka, who uniformly on the death of a chief endeavored to discover those who possessed the charm by the test of their being unable to shed tears. On these occasions numbers were put to death for not weeping, the forcing of large quantities of snuff up the nostrils in order to bring about a copious flood, and the vigorous application of a root similar to the onion, sometimes failing to have the desired effect. Mr. Fynn used to say that on the death of the mother of Tshaka, a public mourning was held which lasted for the space of two days, the people being assembled at the kraal of the chief to the number of 60,000 or 80,000 souls. Mr. Fynn, who was present, describes the scene as the most terrific which it is possible for the human mind to conceive, the immense multitude all engaged in rending the air with the most doleful shrieks and discordant cries and lamentations, whilst in the event of their ceasing to utter them they were instantly butchered as guilty of a crime against the reigning tyrant. It is said that not less than 6,000 or 7,000 persons were destroyed on this occasion, charged with no other offence than that of exhausted nature in the performance of this horrid rite, their brains being mercilessly dashed out amidst the surrounding throng. As a suitable *finale* to this dreadful tragedy, ten young girls

were actually buried alive with the royal corpse to act as handmaidens to it in the Zulu Hades, whilst all who witnessed the funeral were obliged to remain on the spot for a whole year.

As an example for his followers to imitate and admire, Tshaka married no queen, although at each of his palaces he possessed from three to five hundred girls who were termed servants or sisters. A damsel becoming pregnant was immediately put to death upon some imaginary crime, the sturdy executioner laying one hand upon the crown of the head, placing the other under the chin, and dislocating the delicate neck by a sudden wrench. The body was then dragged outside the kraal, and left to be devoured by hyenas and carnivorous birds that were ever in attendance about the habitation of the destroyer, whose whole country had become a sepulchre white with the bones of his murdered subjects! Early one morning Tshaka took his seat as usual, and having, with great earnestness, enjoined his audience to secrecy, informed them that he had had a dream which greatly concerned him. The spirit of Umbia, an old and favorite chief, had appeared, warning him of the designs of his people, and telling him that whilst he (Tshaka) had been teaching songs to some of his warriors the preceding evening, others had been debauching his women and polluting the imperial seraglio! This offence he declared himself determined to punish with rigor, and the courtiers applauding his resolution, he held a consultation with them as to the best mode of securing the whole of the people in the kraal. The place having been suddenly surrounded, the diabolical tyrant entered at the head of a party of warriors, and having first beaten his aged and infirm mother with inconceivable cruelty (for not taking proper care of the girls), he caused one hundred and seventy persons of both sexes to be driven into the cattle enclosure, selecting several to be put to death with truly monstrous refinement by the hands of their own relatives, and leaving the remainder to be afterwards indiscriminately butchered. Upon the completion of this infernal work, his Majesty announced his intention of consulting Umbia "in order that he might find out the rest of the delinquents," adding that on the morrow he contemplated putting to death all who had offended since the commencement of his

reign, in order that nothing might be wanting to complete his own happiness and that of his people !

Shortly after the perpetration of this Satanic deed, the aforesaid queen mother died, and other eye witnesses beside Mr. Fynn say that men, women, and children, having been first cruelly tortured, were roasted alive in the flames ; this unprecedented act of barbarity being followed by a general massacre throughout the realm, the tide of blood flowing for a whole fortnight, and reeking of cruelties too revolting to narrate.

But with this horrible and fiendish slaughter terminated the unexampled reign of the bloody-minded Tshaka. He had now subdued all the tribes and left the whole country as far south as St. John's River a howling wilderness, and had begun to contemplate an attack on some of the Cape frontier tribes. Death, however, arrested his ambitious and merciless career. He fell as he deserved, by the hands of his own subjects, and by none was his fate mourned.

The assassination of Tshaka had long been meditated by his brother Dingaan, and the diabolical massacre just alluded to hastened the execution of his design. The tyrant was sitting one evening after sunset (near the Umhlali River, in Natal), with one or two of his principal chiefs, admiring the vast droves of sleek cattle returning to the kraal from pasture, when he was startled by the audacity and unwonted demeanor of Bopa, his principal attendant, who approached him with a spear used for slaughtering cattle, and in an authoritative tone demanded of the old chieftains, who were humiliating themselves in the Royal presence, "what they meant by pestering the king with falsehoods and accusations?" An effort was immediately made on the part of the exasperated warriors to secure the traitor ; and at that moment Umslungani and Dingaan, the two elder brothers of the despot, stealing unperceived behind him, buried their assegais in his back. Tshaka was enveloped in a blanket, which he instantly cast off, making an ineffectual attempt to escape that death to which his odious decrees had consigned so many of his loyal subjects. Being overtaken in his flight by his pursuers, Bopa, the domestic, transfixed him with his assegai, and the assassins then left him in order to execute a similar deed upon the chiefs who were with him, and who

had also attempted to escape, but were arrested in their flight, and shared the fate of their ferocious master. One of these was an old grey-headed warrior, who had only a short time before put to death his seven concubines, together with their children, for having neglected to mourn for the queen mother. Returning to the prostrate body of their oppressor, the regicides then danced and howled around it, as round the body of a vanquished panther, an animal they greatly dread. The inhabitants of the kraal fled in consternation, and during the confusion that ensued Dingaan ascended the throne.

So fell Tshaka. And of him it cannot even be said, as of Nero, the scourge of Rome, that

“Some hand unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb.”

To his savage propensities he added no redeeming quality. In war an insatiable and exterminating fiend, in peace an unrelenting and sanguinary despot; he kept his people in awe by his monstrous executions, and was unrestrained in his vicious career because they were ignorant of their power. Ever thirsting for the blood of his subjects, the cruel tyrant could stand unmoved, and blandly smile, while he feasted on the execution of his atrocious decrees. The world has been scourged by monsters. Rome had her Nero, the Huns their Attila, and Syracuse her Dionysius, but Tshaka immeasurably eclipsed them all. In sanguinary executions, and in refined cruelties he outstripped all who have gone before him in any country in the world. He was a monster, a compound of vice and ferocity, without one virtue, except that of valor, to redeem his name from the infamy to which history has consigned it.

We have seen that Dingaan followed him, with all his cruelty, but not his valor; and he, in his turn, suffered the fate of a tyrant, for after being put to flight by the combined forces of the Boers and his younger brother Um Pande, he was detected hiding in the forest called “Slatikulu,” and there he was stabbed like a sheep by his late dependents. Um Pande had a long and peaceful reign, although after the English took him out of the hands of the Boers they incautiously allowed him to remould the army, broken and scattered by the latter, until Cetywayo, professedly aping the spirit of Tshaka, finding the organized regiments ready to his hand, used them to such



fearful purpose as to prompt me with the idea of submitting this history to the public.

As to Umziligazi, his name has prominently figured in connection with one of the races whose adventures have been narrated in the foregoing pages. About the end of May, 1836, two parties, headed by J. S. Bronkorst and H. Potgieter, left the Dutch emigrant camp pitched near the Vaal River for the purpose of exploring the country to the north-eastward. They visited Louis Trieckard at Zoutpansberg, and for sixteen days penetrated the country northward, finding it "a lovely, fertile, and unoccupied tract." Returning thence by a short route with an account of their success, and the discovery of a land flowing with milk and honey, they found their camp totally deserted, and the ground strewn with the mutilated bodies of their friends and relatives! The migratory farmers had been attacked three days before by Umziligazi, and twenty-eight of their number had been butchered. Umziligazi, whose vast territory stretched from the willow-fringed Vaal to the broad and reedy Limpopo River, had previously been repeatedly attacked by bands of Griquas under Jan Bloem, a notorious and often successful freebooter, and by other leaders of predatory bands of Griquas, who scoured his territories and swept away his cattle. In 1831 he was at last attacked by a strong commando of Barend Barend's Griquas, who succeeded in obtaining possession of the whole of the Madebele herds, and all the regular warriors of Umziligazi being absent at the time upon an expedition to the northward, the ruin of the tribe had nearly been accomplished. Owing, however, to a want of proper precaution on the part of the invaders, they were signally defeated by a mere handful of irregulars, who attacked them during the night, and ere the day dawned had slaughtered the greater part of them.

Umziligazi, since this occurrence, had publicly and positively prohibited any trader or traveller from visiting him or entering his territories from the direction of the Vaal River; whilst to guard against the inroads of his enemies, strong armed parties were frequently sent to scour the country watered by the said "Likwa." A Boer named Stephanus Erasmus, who, having been on a hunting tour in the remote interior, and returning by the forbidden



route, found on his return with his son to his wagons after a short absence, that they were surrounded by a host of armed savages. He and his son precipitately fled to the nearest emigrant camp, about five hours ride on horseback from his own, where, having succeeded in persuading a party of eleven farmers to accompany him, he returned towards his wagons. On the way thither, they were met by the Zulus of Umziligazi, whose daring and impetuous onsets obliged them to fly back and seek refuge within the encampment. A severe struggle ensued, but the enemy were finally repulsed with great slaughter, with the loss, on the part of the farmers, of only one man named Bronkhorst.

This was, however, but the prelude to a more bloody ragedy. A party of these Amadebele soldiers had in the meantime detached itself from the main body, and fallen upon nine other wagons that were assembled at a distance from the principal camp. The wagons were saved, but the greater part of the flocks and herds were carried off, and twenty-four persons massacred, viz., Barend Liebenberg, sen.; Stephanus Hendrik; and Barend Liebenberg, jun.; Johannes De Toit; an English schoolmaster named McDonald; Mrs. H. Liebenberg, Mrs. De Toit, four children, and twelve black servants. Six days after this catastrophe Erasmus's anxiety prompted him to ascertain the fate of his family and property. Proceeding to the spot where he had left his wagons, he found the bodies of his five black slaves, and could distinguish the wheel tracks of his five wagons going in a northerly direction. Two of his sons, and a youth named Karl Kruger, had been taken prisoners, and it was afterwards ascertained that, having attempted to escape on the way to the king, they were mercilessly put to death.

Almost immediately after this disastrous occurrence, having been rejoined by the parties that had proceeded to explore the north-east country, the migratory farmers fell back about four days' journey from their first position to the south of the Vaal River, and encamped near the embouchure of the Donkin, one of its principal tributaries, called by the natives the Nama-Hari. Here they remained in blind and fancied security, without taking any steps towards an amicable understanding with the king until the end of

October, 1836. They had scarcely recovered from the confusion into which they had been thrown by the first attack, when to their great consternation, they received intimation of the near approach of another and far more formidable body of Umziligasi's warriors. Retreat being impossible, they sedulously applied themselves to fortify their position. They drew up their fifty wagons in a compact circle, closing the apertures between and beneath them with thorn bushes, which they firmly lashed with leathern thongs to the wagon poles, which had each one been thrust under the wagon in front of it, and to the wheels; constructing within the laager so formed a smaller one for the women and children. These arrangements hastily completed they sallied forth on horseback to confront the enemy, whom they presently met, in number about 5000, on their march towards the camp, when some skirmishing took place, in which several of the Madebele were slain. But terrible as was their mode of fighting with the short stabbing assegai it was but ill calculated to contend against muskets in the hands of cavalry. Their numbers and impetuosity, however, rendering it impossible to keep them from the wagons, the farmers retired within the laager, where they were furiously assailed by the barbarian horde, who with savage yells and hideous warcries poured down like locusts upon the encampment. Closing around the circle, and charging the *abattis* with determined resolution, again and again did they endeavor to break through the line or clamber over the tents of the wagons. Dealing, however, with men whose own lives and those of their families were at stake, their attempts were as constantly repelled. Repeated volleys of slugs and buckshot, discharged at arm's length from the enormous elephant guns of the Boers, ploughed and tore through their crowded ranks;

“ Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,  
When his work is done on the levell'd plain;  
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.”

A desperate struggle of fifteen minutes terminated in their discomfiture. Hurling their assegais into the enclosure they retired in confusion over the heaps of slain.

In this affair, which took place on the 29th of October, 1836, Nicholas Potgieter and Piet Botha were killed behind

the stockade, and twelve other Boers were severely wounded. The assault was led in person by Umkalipi, Umziligazi's principal captain. Although shot through the knee, he contrived to make good his retreat, nor did he retire empty handed; the whole of the flocks and herds of the Emigrant Boers, amounting to six thousand head of cattle and 41,000 sheep and goats, being swept away by the barbarians and safely conducted to Kapain. Remounting their horses, the Boers took advantage of the retreat of their foes to add a few more to the list of slain, until the sun, descending below the horizon, let drop the curtain upon the scene of carnage.

This second gentle hint upon the part of the "Lion of the North" had the desired effect. A portion of the farmers remained with the wreck of the late flourishing camp, whilst others with all possible haste conveyed the women and children to the Reverend Mr. Archbell's Missionary Station at Thaba Uncha; whence, having procured fresh oxen, the whole party fell back and encamped near the sources of the Modder River, in what is now the Free State. Here their numbers were shortly reinforced by a strong detachment of Boers under the guidance of Gert Maritz, a wealthy and ambitious burgher from Graaf Reynet, who soon contrived to cause himself to be elected Governor-General. At this period the number of wagons assembled near the populous Baralong village of Thaba Uncha amounted to about 250, and the number of souls may be estimated at about eighteen hundred.

Maritz's first step after assuming the reins of Government was to assemble a force for the purpose of retaliating upon the Zulu monarch the injuries that the emigrants had received at his hands, but for which, in truth, they had alone to thank their own obstinacy and imprudence. On the 3rd of January, 1837, a commando, consisting of 107 Boers, forty of Peter David's mounted Griquas, and sixty auxiliary savages on foot, left Thaba Uncha on their march to invade Umziligazi's country, under the guidance of a warrior who, having been taken prisoner in the affair of the 29th of October, durst never again present himself before his royal master. Keeping considerably to the westward of north, they crossed the head of the Hart River, and struck into the Kuruman Road, by this masterly manœuvre approaching the Madebele from the very

quarter whence they were least prepared to expect an attack. A lovely and fertile valley, bounded on the north and north-east by the Kurrichane Mountains, and in form resembling a basin of ten or twelve miles in circumference, contained the military town of Mosega, and fifteen other of Umziligazi's principal kraals, in which resided Umkalipi and a large portion of the fighting men. To this spot were the footsteps of the Boers directed. As the first streak of light ushered in the eventful morning of the 17th of January, 1837, Maritz's little band suddenly and silently emerged from a pass in the hills behind the houses of the American missionaries; and ere the sun had reached the zenith the bodies of four hundred chosen Amadebele warriors, the flower of barbarian chivalry, strewn the blood-stained valley of Mosega. Not a creature was aware of the approach of danger, and so perfect were the military dispositions which the information afforded by the captive had suggested that the valley was completely invested, and no avenue of escape remained. The Amadebele flew to arms at the first alarm, and bravely defended themselves, but were shot like sparrows as fast as they appeared outside of the enclosure, nor did they succeed in perforating the leathern doublet of a single Dutchman. But the star of Umziligazi was still in the ascendant. At the time of this successful attack he was residing at Kapain, fifty miles further to the northward; and Umkalipi, singularly enough, having been summoned thither only the day before, escaped the fate of a large proportion of his brave but unfortunate followers. The Boers, neglecting this golden opportunity of crushing the Amadebele power, swept off seven thousand head of cattle, and the wagons which had been taken from Erasmus, and safely arrived a short time afterwards at Thaba Uncha.

Magical indeed was the effect which the news of this victory produced upon the Boers of the Cape Colony. The rage for emigration burst forth again and spread like wild-fire, and for several weeks the whole of the frontier line was in a state of ferment and commotion, and large caravans were daily to be seen hurrying across the border and flocking to the standard of their expatriated countrymen; and in May, 1837, upwards of 1,000 wagons and 1,600 efficient fighting men, with their wives, families, and

followers, were assembled near the confluence of the Vet and Vaal Rivers.

No sooner had the tidings of the disastrous defeat of the Amadebele at Mosega reached the ears of the hereditary foe of Umziligazi, Dingaan, than the latter tyrant dispatched an army with orders to complete what, in his eyes, the Boers had so laudably begun. Already harassed by a long march, in the course of which they had suffered the greatest privations, the invaders were promptly met by the Amadebele, and routed with terrible slaughter; and, taking advantage of the confusion, a band of vagabond Griquas and Korannas slunk, jackal like, into Umziligazi's country from the westward, and were actually in full retreat with a large booty in cattle, when they were overtaken by an intrepid regiment of Amadebele warriors and utterly destroyed. Thus badgered and worried, the "Lion of the North" yet gallantly held his own in his beautiful stronghold.

Since writing the above, news has been received by the "Chimborazo" from the Cape to the effect that Cetywayo had at last been captured, and the London telegrams of 26th September bring the satisfactory intelligence that the remaining principal Zulu chiefs had surrendered, thus enabling me to announce in this last chapter the conclusion of the present struggle—that of 1879. Fuller particulars of these events will be found in the appendix.

My self-imposed task is now done. I have striven to the best of my ability to supply a much felt public want in affording details regarding South Africa, and especially regarding the Zulu war. I have made it my chief aim to be thoroughly correct in facts and dates. No one is infallible, but I have had every requisite knowledge and material about me calculated to further my ends. My father, Donald Moodie, R.N., had a wide and finished experience of all matters whatever relating to South African affairs. He went to the Cape early in the present century to join his elder brother who, after the family estates, in the island of Hoy in the Orkney Islands, had passed into the hands of creditors, sailed to South Africa with a number of his home (Melsetter) tenantry, along with two hundred men who were indentured to him in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. A third

brother also left his regiment, 21st Fusileers, in another part of the world, at the same time that the writer's father left his ship and joined his brothers in farming in South Africa, but the Kaffirs stole their horses and killed their sheep, and the elephants made off with their rush huts bodily, and so the elder, "The Laird," as he was called, went back nearer the Cape and prospered apace, leaving his family very well off. The soldier went home and wrote his book, "Ten years in South Africa," published in 1835 (Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, London).

Pardon this digression, but reverting to what I was saying as to being in a position to know all about my subject, it was especially through my father, as he had every facility for acquiring reliable data upon affairs South African, for early in the century (about 1817) he was first President of the Bank of Cape Town, Protector of Slaves on their emancipation, Magistrate of several towns, Colonial Secretary of Natal, and Speaker of the first Natal Parliament. While in Cape Town he began the colossal task of compiling the Cape Records, having easy access to all the old and musty official documents dating back as far as 1495, and referring to the particulars concerning the periods of the Portuguese, Dutch, and early English Governments. The "Cape Records" were brought down to 1859, when he died. For some time before his death it was my privilege to serve under him as his clerk in connection with these Records, my work being to copy, help to compile, and translate. I have therefore ventured to take the liberty of obtruding a slight family sketch in order to show that I ought to know, if I do not, something of what I have written about, as these advantages, combined with a residence of over twenty years, and a thorough acquaintance with the languages, manners, customs, etc., of the various South African races, would be calculated to greatly expedite one's labors.

THE END.

BATTLES AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
THE BRITISH, THE BOERS,  
AND  
THE ZULUS,  
IN  
SOUTHERN AFRICA.

# APPENDICES.

## APPENDIX A.

### *South African Chronology.*

|                                                                                                           | A. D. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Cape of Good Hope discovered by Bartholomew Diaz ...                                                      | 1492  |
| Discovery of Natal by Vasco de Gama ... ..                                                                | 1497  |
| Van Riebeck arrives and founds the Cape Colony ...                                                        | 1652  |
| War with Hottentots ended ... ..                                                                          | 1672  |
| First Conflict of Dutch and Kaffirs at the Cape ...                                                       | 1683  |
| Natal first visited by English ... ..                                                                     | 1683  |
| Arrival of French Refugees at the Cape, in consequence of the<br>Revocation of the Edict of Nantes ... .. | 1685  |
| Cape of Good Hope first taken by the British... ..                                                        | 1795  |
| Lord Macartney appointed first Governor of the Cape ...                                                   | 1797  |
| Cape of Good Hope restored to the Dutch ... ..                                                            | 1800  |
| Battle of Blumberg—Cape Town capitulates to General<br>Baird ... ..                                       | 1806  |
| Boers reach northward as far as Graaf Reynet... ..                                                        | 1811  |
| First Kaffir War near the Cape ... ..                                                                     | 1811  |
| Graham's Town established ... ..                                                                          | 1812  |
| Natal first ravaged by Zulus ... ..                                                                       | 1812  |
| British Settlers located in Albany ... ..                                                                 | 1820  |
| Devastation of Natal by Tshaka .. ..                                                                      | 1820  |
| Waterboer succeeds Adam Kok in Griqualand West... ..                                                      | 1821  |
| Adam Kok goes to Griqualand East ... ..                                                                   | 1821  |
| Lieutenant Farewell arrives at Natal ... ..                                                               | 1823  |
| Dutch Courts of Law first abolished at Cape ... ..                                                        | 1828  |
| Barend Barend Griquas attack Umziligazi ... ..                                                            | 1831  |
| Commencement of Emigration of Dutch Boers from the Cape                                                   | 1833  |
| Sir Benjamin D'Urban makes Convention with Andreas<br>Waterboer about defending northern boundary ... ..  | 1834  |
| Slavery abolished at the Cape ... ..                                                                      | 1834  |



|                                                                                                                                                |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Emigration of Boers from Uitenhage across the Drakensberg on to Natal Coast                                                                    | 1834 |
| Transvaal settled by the Boers                                                                                                                 | 1834 |
| Second Kaffir War, which took place in British Kaffraria                                                                                       | 1835 |
| Potgieter's party of Emigrants settle in the Orange River Free State                                                                           | 1836 |
| Battle between Boers and Umziligazi                                                                                                            | 1836 |
| Boers and Griquas, under Maritz, leave Thaba Uncha to invade Umziligazi's country, January 3,                                                  | 1837 |
| Boers and Griquas sack Mosega, the capital of Umziligazi, January 17,                                                                          | 1837 |
| Arrival of Peter Retief and first party of Dutch Emigrants in Natal, October 19,                                                               | 1837 |
| Massacre of Retief and his party by Dingaan whilst negotiating for land in Natal, October 19,                                                  | 1837 |
| Dingaan and his party of 10,000 routed by Pretorius and 460 Boers, 3,000 of the Zulus being killed, and only three Boers wounded, December 16, | 1838 |
| Piet Uys, the elder, killed by Zulus                                                                                                           | 1838 |
| Bloody Battles near the mouth of the Tugela River between Natal armies of white and black and Zulus under Dingaan                              | 1838 |
| Major Charteris takes possession of Natal                                                                                                      | 1838 |
| Abandonment of Natal by the British                                                                                                            | 1840 |
| Combined Forces of Boers and Zulus (under Pande) put Dingaan to flight                                                                         | 1840 |
| Pande proclaimed King of Zulus by Andreas Pretorius, Feb. 14                                                                                   | 1840 |
| Second military occupation of Natal by the British, May 4...                                                                                   | 1842 |
| Severe Engagement between the 27th Regiment and the Boers at D'Urban, Natal, May 24,                                                           | 1842 |
| Reinforcements arriving from the Cape, the Boers completely routed, June 26,                                                                   | 1842 |
| Battle of Zwaartkop between British and Boers                                                                                                  | 1844 |
| Port Natal annexed as a district of the settlement at the Cape of Good Hope                                                                    | 1846 |
| His Honor Martin West, Esq., and Donald Moodie, Esq., R.N., appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary for Natal, November           | 1846 |
| Third Kaffir War, which took place in British Kaffraria                                                                                        | 1846 |
| Affair of the Goolah Heights                                                                                                                   | 1847 |
| Battle of Boom Plaats, between the British and Boers, and Orange Free State taken from the latter, August 29,                                  | 1848 |
| Colonel Boys, 45th Regiment, appointed Administrator of Natal, August 2,                                                                       | 1849 |
| Anti-Convict movement at the Cape                                                                                                              | 1849 |
| His Honor B. C. C. Pine appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Natal                                                                                 | 1850 |
| Fourth Kaffir War (British Kaffraria), lasting about two years and a half                                                                      | 1850 |
| Battle of the Boomah Pass, June 24,                                                                                                            | 1850 |
| Expedition Against Dushani                                                                                                                     | 1850 |
| Orange Sovereignty declared separate British Colony                                                                                            | 1851 |

A.D.

|                                                                                                                                                 |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Battle of Berea between British and Boers ... ..                                                                                                | 1852 |
| Andreas Waterboer died, and Nicholas his son succeeded him,<br>December, ... ..                                                                 | 1852 |
| Transvaal declared Independent by Cathcart ... ..                                                                                               | 1852 |
| General Andries Pretorius, President of Transvaal Republic,<br>died, and his son, Martinus Wessels Pretorius, succeeded<br>him, July 23, ... .. | 1853 |
| Orange Sovereignty abandoned to the Boers by the British ...                                                                                    | 1854 |
| Battle between Cetywayo and Umbulazi on the Banks of the<br>Lower Tugela, December 2, ... ..                                                    | 1856 |
| The Affair of Matyana ... ..                                                                                                                    | 1858 |
| M. W. Pretorius made President of Orange Free State ... ..                                                                                      | 1860 |
| Expedition Against Isidoi ... ..                                                                                                                | 1866 |
| Expedition Against Ukane ... ..                                                                                                                 | 1866 |
| First Diamond found in South Africa ... ..                                                                                                      | 1867 |
| Basutos became British Subjects ... ..                                                                                                          | 1868 |
| First Diamond found on Diamond Fields in Griqualand West                                                                                        | 1869 |
| Griqualand West ceded to British by Nicholas Waterboer, he<br>receiving an annuity of £1,000 per annum, Oct. 27, ... ..                         | 1871 |
| Diamond Fields Annexed ... ..                                                                                                                   | 1871 |
| M. W. Pretorius resigned, Mr. Burgers succeeding him ... ..                                                                                     | 1871 |
| Responsible Government Established at Cape Town ... ..                                                                                          | 1872 |
| Um Pande died ... ..                                                                                                                            | 1872 |
| Coronation of Cetywayo, September 1, ... ..                                                                                                     | 1873 |
| Langalibalele Rebellion—Three Volunteers shot at the Bush-<br>man's Pass, Nov. 4, ... ..                                                        | 1873 |
| Transvaal Annexed, April 12, ... ..                                                                                                             | 1877 |
| Fifth Kaffir War, which took place in Kaffraria ... ..                                                                                          | 1877 |
| Smith Palmer, a Griqua, and 18 of his men shot by Capt.<br>Blyth's Party in Griqualand East, 14th April, ... ..                                 | 1878 |
| Korannas attack Damaras in Namaqualand ... ..                                                                                                   | 1878 |
| Sixth Kaffir War, which began in Zululand ... ..                                                                                                | 1879 |
| Attack on Sirayo's Kraal, 12th Jan., ... ..                                                                                                     | 1879 |
| The Massacre of Isandula or Isandhlwana, 22nd Jan., ... ..                                                                                      | 1879 |
| Defence of Rorke's Drift (Afternoon), 22nd Jan., ... ..                                                                                         | 1879 |
| Col. Pearson's Battle near Ekowe (Morning), 22nd Jan., ... ..                                                                                   | 1879 |
| Massacre at the Intombi River, March 12, ... ..                                                                                                 | 1879 |
| Massacre at the Zlobane, March 28, ... ..                                                                                                       | 1879 |
| Piet Uys, the Younger, killed by Zulus at Zlobane Mountain,<br>March 28, ... ..                                                                 | 1879 |
| Battle of Kambula, March 29, ... ..                                                                                                             | 1879 |
| Battle of Umgungunhlovo, April 2, ... ..                                                                                                        | 1879 |
| Attack on Morosi's Mountain, April 8, ... ..                                                                                                    | 1879 |
| Prince Imperial of France killed, June 1, ... ..                                                                                                | 1879 |
| Battle of Ulundi, July 4th, ... ..                                                                                                              | 1879 |
| Body of Prince Imperial of France arrives in Maritzburg,<br>June 8, ... ..                                                                      | 1879 |
| Body Arrives at D'Urban, June 10, ... ..                                                                                                        | 1879 |
| Boadicea sails with the Body for Simon's Bay, June 12, ... ..                                                                                   | 1879 |
| Body Arrives at Simon's Bay, June 16, ... ..                                                                                                    | 1879 |
| Orontes leaves with the Body for England, June 16, ... ..                                                                                       | 1879 |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | A. D. |
| Body reaches Spithead, July 10, ... ..                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 1879  |
| Funeral of Prince Imperial at Camden Place, Chislehurst,<br>July 12, ... ..                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 1879  |
| Home Government announce appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley as Governor of Natal and Transvaal, and High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of those colonies, and the Districts adjacent to the north and east of the Colonies which were the Seat of War, May 26, ... .. | 1879  |
| Sir Garnet Wolseley arrives at Grey Town, June 30, ... ..                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 1879  |
| Donker Malgas, his Brother, and Seven Griqualand West Rebels shot dead. Outbreak considered quelled, July 28, ... ..                                                                                                                                                        | 1879  |
| Amampondos attack Xesibes—European Police retire before them, August 1, ... ..                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1879  |
| Sir Garnet Wolseley Arrives at Rorke's Drift, August 14, ... ..                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 1879  |
| Capture of Cetywayo, September 1, ... ..                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1879  |
| Remainder of principal Zulu Chiefs surrender to Sir Garnet Wolseley, September, ... ..                                                                                                                                                                                      | 1879  |

## APPENDIX B.

*List of Officers and Men Killed at Isandulula.*

The following is the long sad list of the officers and men killed at Isandhlwana on the 22nd of January, 1879. It will doubtless be of melancholy interest to (amongst others) the friends of the dead heroes in Birmingham, Warwickshire, and Chatham, where the 1-24th Regiment was stationed for some time :—

"N" Battery, 5th Brigade, R.A.—Captain and Brevet-Major Stuart Smith; Brevet-Major Russell, R.A., Rekt. Bat.; Sergeant Edwards, Corporals Bailey, Cooper, Langridge; Bombadiers Parker, Nash; Act.-Bombs. Lequay, McDonnell, Aylett, Boswell; Farrier Whenham, Collar-maker Sheppard, Shoeing-smith Elliott, Gunners Reede, Meade, Woolacott, Wilson, Page, Beach, James, Miller, Lamb, Byrne, O'Neal, King, Williams, McGregor, Smythe, Burk, Regan, Hicks, Collins, Berry, Roscoe, Davies, Marshall, Redman, Wilson, Dickings, Stevenson, Connelly, Harrison, Cockrane; Drivers Barron, Hutchings, Bailey, Clark, Brooks, McKeown, Allen, Jones, Marchant, Cowley, Dailey, Murphy, Hiatt, Joyce, Adams, Spread, Bruce, Bishop.

Royal Engineers.—Lieutenant-Colonel Durnford, Lieutenant McDowell, Corporal Gamble, Sappers Cuthbert, Maclaren, Wheatley; Capt. G. Shepstone, Political Assistant to Colonel Durnford.

1st Battalion 24th Regiment.—Major and Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, Captains Degacher, Mostyn, Wardell, Younghusband; Lieut. and Adjutant Melville, Lieutenants Porteous, Cavaye, Anstey, Coghill, Daly, Hodson, Atkinson; 2nd, Lieut. Dyson, Paymaster

White, Quarter-Master Pullen, Sergeant.-Major Gapp, Quarter-Master-Sergeant Leitch, Inst. Musketry Chambers, Drum-Major Taylor, Order-Reg.-Sergeant Fitzgerald, Paymaster-Sergeant Mead, Armoury-Sergeant Hayward, Cook-Sergeant Field, Tailor-Sergeant Smedley, Color-Sergeants Brown, Whitfield, Edwards, Ballard, Wolfe; Sergeants Edwards, Heppenstal, Clarkson, Bradley, Fowden, Hornibrook, Piall, Fay, Bennett, Cooper, Upton, Gamble, Parsons, Cohalan, Giles, Ainsworth, Greateorex, Smith; Lance-Sergeants Milner, Reardon; Corporals Ball, Bell, Bellhouse, Board, Davis, Everett, Franks, Knight, Lawler, Markham, Miller, Rowden, Tarbuck, Williams, and Richardson; Lance-Corporals Chadwick, Conboye, Every, Hackin, Hewitt, Horgan, Johnson, Murphy, Thrassell, Wheatherhead, and Young; Drummers Adams, Andrews, Dibden, Haynes, Osmond, Orlapp, Perkins, Reardon, Stansfield, and Thompson; Privates Alingham, Amos, Atkins, Bailey, Baker, Barry (727), Barry (466), Bartles, Bastard, Beadon, Beckett, Benham, A. Bennett, R. Bennett, Benson, Betterton, Birch, Bishop, Blackhurst, Blower, Bodmin, Boulton, Boylan, Bray, Breese, Brew, Brodrick, J. Brown, Wm. Brown, Bugby, Bud, T. Burke, Wm. Burke, Burns, Busby, Butler, Bye, Cahill, Calahan, Campell, Camp, Canhillon, Carpenter, Carrol, Casey, Ceiley, Chalmers, Chapman, Chatterton, Christian, Clarke, Clements, Clutterbuck, Cole, Coleman, D. Collins, T. Collins, Colston, C. Connelly, J. Connelly, Cormers, Cook, Cooper, Coughlin, J. Cox, T. Cox, M. Clarke, Cullen, A. Davis, E. Davis, W. Davis, Diggle, Diggles, Dobbin, Dobbs, Donohoe, Dorman, Doran, Dowde, Dredge, Duck, Duckworth, Duffey, Dugmore, Dunn, Dyer, J. Edwards, W. G. Edwards, Wm., Egan, T. Egan, Elderton, Eldrington, Ellis, Ellisan, J. W. Evans, D. Evans, Ellsmone, Faircloth, Farmer, Fay, Ferris, Fitzgerald, Fortune, Flint, Freeman, Gilder, Gillan, Gingle, Glass, Graham, Goddard, Goddchild, Gass, Green, Greig, Gregson, Griffiths, Hall, Hadden, Hall, Hannaford, Hannard, Hamey, T. Harris, Wm. Harris, Hayden, Hedges, Hemmings, Hibbard, Hickin, Hicks, Hitchin, Hines, Higgins, Holland, Holden, Home, Hornbuckle, Horrigan (Rorke's Drift), D. Harrington, T. J. Harrington, Haugh, E. Hughes, Jno. Hughes, John Hughes, Owen Hughes, S. Hughes, Iggulden, Ilaley, Ivatts, Jas. Jenkins, Wm. Jenkins, Wl. Jenkins, G. Johnston, H. Johnston, Job Johnson, Jno. Johnson (381), Jno. Johnson (144), Jno. Johnson (1465), Jas. Johnson, Johnstan, E. Jones, Jno. Jones (360), Jno. Jones (428), T. Jones, Wm. Jones (341), Wm. Jones (1681), Keene, Keegan, Kempshall, Kempster, A. Kelly, J. F. Kelly, Jas. Kelly, F. Kelly, Knight, Lamb, Lambert, Leach, Leaver, Lee, H. Lewis, R. Lewis, Lenain, Ling, Lippet, Lisbeck, Lloyd, C. Lowe, R. Lowe, Lockett, Lovell, Lyons, Lycett, Lawrence, Mack, Maney, Mann, Martin, McDonald, McFarlane, McHale, McKenzie, Mair, Mahoney (Rocket Battery), Malarey, Marley, Meredith, Millen, Miller, Moore, Jno. Morgan, Wm. Morgan, Morris, Morse, Jno. Murphy, P. Murphy, Murray, Nash, A. Newbery, T. Newbery, E. Nickolas (Rorke's Drift), Wm. Nickolas, Nye, Oakley, Odey, Ogden, Padmore, Painter, Jno. Parry, R. Parry, Patterson, Petus, Jno. Phillips, J. N. Phillips, Pickard, Plant, Plunkett, Pallen, Pope,

Pottow, Powell, Procter, G. Prasser, Jno. Prasser, Wm. Pugh (182), Wl. Pugh (856), Quirk, Remington, Retford, Richards, Richardson, Rigney, Rettman, Roberts, Rowan, Rodgers, Rowbery, Rule, Rutter, Ryan, Salter, Sainey, Sears, Sellwood, Sharp, Shaw, Shea, Sheather, Shrimpton, Silcock, Skelton, C. Smith (506), C. Smith (1867), E. Smith, Jas. Smith, G. Smith, Speed, H. Stevens, W. Stevens, Strange, Jno. Sullivan, P. Sullivan, Sutton, Swaffer, Taylor, Tate, Terry, Theobald, J. B. Thomas, Jno. Thomas, Thomett, Tillisard, Tuneny, Todd, Townsend, Trottmann, Turner (Mounted Troop), Trowell, Tullett, Vines, Waller, Walker, Thos. Walsh (285), Thos. Walsh (493), Walhan, Wamer, Watkins, Watley, Watts, Webb, Welsh, Whealon, Whelan, Wilks, Wilkinson, Ellis Williams, Jno. Williams, E. Williams, P. Williams, M. Williams, Thos. Williams (534), Thos. Williams (624), Jas. Williams, Wilson, A. Wollendale, J. Wollendale, Wood, Wooley, Worthington, Wright, Whybrow.

2nd Battalion, 24th Regiment.—Lieutenants Pope, Austen, and Dyer; Sub-Lieutenant Griffiths; Quarter-Mstr. Bloomfield; Band-Master Bullard; Quarter-Master-Sergeant Davis; Sergeants Linee, Chew, Ross, Reeves, Carse, Shaw, and Wilkins; Lance-Sergeants McCaffry and Haigh; Corporals Henshaw, Sims, Lowe, Thompson, Mortlock, and Greenhill; Lance-Corporal Elvey; Drummers Anderson and Holmes; Privates J. Byrne, Quinn, McGuire, T. White, Mockler, Sherwood, Malley, J. Smith, Horrocks, J. Flynn, Hawkins, T. Jones, Broderick, Kelley, Kennedy, Phillips, Howells, Evans, P. Smith, Long, T. Jones, Emerson, Lynch, E. Edwards, R. Smith, Prichard, Buerly, T. Jones, W. Jones, Sathand, Mack, Stevens, Pedler, Watkins, Woods, J. White, Bryant, Carroll, Cornish, J. J. Davis, J. Davis, Hacker, C. Hall, McCormack, Hudson, Hopkins, Slade, Thompson, Ball, J. Hall, J. Davis, Fortune, Lewis, G. Williams, Montgomery, Perkins, McCaffry, Waterhouse, Bishop, Byard, Turner, McCracken, Fitzpatrick, Watson, Hill, King, Nobes, Machin, Neagle, Quelford, Farr, Allen, Bevan, Bennett, J. Byrne, Buckley, Bray, Bridgewater, Cleary, Charles, G. Davis, Cherry, D. Davis, Dowle, Donegan, J. Edwards, Earish, Finn, Fitton, D. Flynn, Fry, Fox, Gee, Ghost, W. Hall, W. Griffiths (V.C.), Hughes, Healy, Hunt, Johnstone, Jenkins, J. Jones, E. Jones, J. Jones, Llewellyn, Martingale, Marsh, Moore, Morris, Morrissey, Morgan, Murphy, McDoon, Poole, Popple, H. Price, J. Price, O'Keefe, Rees, Rice, W. Roche, M. Roche, Sheane, C. M. Smith, H. Smith, D. Smith, F. Smith, Ferrett, Thomas, Treverton, Walker, E. Williams, E. Williams, E. Williams, E. Williams, Williamson, Wright, Young, Scott, Waters, Muirroy, B. Hall, Shuttleworth, Barton, Wightman, and Saunders; Boys—Gordan, Gurney and McEwan.

Army Service Corps.—Corporal Pritchard, Privates Cole and Jaques.

Army Hospital Corps.—Lieutenant of Orderlies Hall, Corporal Lee, Privates Kremer, Lewis, Dean, Hughes, Munn, Gillman, Hogan, Keen, Baker.

Army Medical Department.—Surgeon-Major Shepherd, Boy—Green, servant to Surgeon-Major Shepherd.

Mounted Infantry.—30th, Quarter-Mstr. Sergeant Johnson; 9th

Lancers, Farrier Sampson; 6th Dragoon Guards, Private McStravick; 2-3, Privates Shaw, Wheatley; 1-24th, Turner; 80th, Chesterton, Holman, McDonald, Shoeing-smith Seymour, Private Whitehouse.

Civil Servant—Popworth, Wm., servant to Captain Gardner, special service; Turner, Robt., servant to Captain Hallam Parr, 13th Regiment.

Natal Mounted Police.—Corporal Lally, Lance-Corporal Campbell, Troopers Banger, Berry, Blakeman, Clarke, Capps, Daniels, Dorey, Eason, Fletcher, Hunter, Lloyd, McRae, Meares, Neil, Parsons, Pleydell, Pollard, Secretan, Siddall, Stimson, Thicke, White, Winkles, and Pearce.

Natal Carbineers.—Lieutenant Scott, Quarter-Master London, Quarter-Master-Sergeant Bullock, Troopers, Blackie, Borain, Christian, Deane, Davis, Dickenson, Hawkins, Hayhow, Haldane, R. Jackson, F. Jackson, Lumley, Macleroy, Mendenhall, Moodie, Ross, Swift, Tarboton, and Whitelaw.

Newcastle Mounted Rifles.—Captain Bradstreet, Quarter-Master Hitchcock, Sergeant Swan, Troopers Barnes, Greenbank, McAlister, and Dinkelman.

Buffalo Border Guard.—Troopers Eary, Guttridge, and Wehr.

1st Battalion 3rd Regiment, N.N.C.—Captains Krohn and Lonsdale, Lieutenants Avery, Holcraft, and Jameson; Acting-Surgeon Bull, Quarter-Master McCormick, Interpreter Grant, Sergeants Connock, Cole, Church, Welsh, Patterson, Golling, Bryant, Atkins, Russell, Donnell, Golding, McCarty, and Humphries; Corporals Sibley, Anderson, Palmer, Balmore, Duprie, O'Connell, O'Neil, Davidson, Quinn, Willey, Pearson, and Price; Hospital Sergeant Cane, Conductors Doyle and Le Roue, Cook Neil.

2nd Battalion, 3rd Regiment, N.N.C.—Captains Erskine, Barry, and Murray; Lieutenants Pritchard, Young, Gibeon, Standish, and Rivers; Quarter-Master Chambers; Quarter-Master-Sergeant Farr; Sergeants Schaap, Phillips, Brebner, Murray, Hamilton, Allen, Mowbray, A. Broderick, M. Broderick, Moore, Kemp, and Elverson; Corporals Walker, Green, Delaharpe, Sturk, Harrington, Willis, Styles, Caulfield, Welsh, Allen, Schneither, De Villiers, Stapleton, Laughin, Pitzer.

## APPENDIX C.

*Roll of Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men present at the Defence of Rorke's Drift, 22nd January, 1879.*

Royal Engineers.—Lieutenant J. R. M. Chard (in command), Private Robson.

Royal Artillery.—Bombardiers Cantwell and Lewis, Gunners Evans and Howard.

General's Staff.—Sergeant Maybin.

3rd Buffs.—Sergeant Milne.

2-24th Regiment.—Lieutenant Bromhead (commanding), Color-Sergeant Bourne, Sergeants Gallagher, Smith, Windridge, Maxfield (killed); Lance-Sergeants Williams (wounded died 25th January) and Taylor; Corporals Allen (wounded), French Lyons, and Saxty; Drummers Hayes, Keefe, Mecham, and Galgey; Lance-Corporals Bessell, Halley; Privates Ashton, Bennett, Chas. Bromwich, Joseph Bromwich, Buckley, Bush, Camp, Chester, Clayton, Cole (killed), Collins, Timothy Connors, Anthony Connors, Deacon, Deane, Dicks, Driscoll, Dunbar, Edwards, Fagan (killed), Gee, Hagan, Harris, Hitch (wounded), Hooke, Jobbins, Wm. Jones, Robt. Jones (wounded), Jones (970), Jones (1179), Jordes, Judge, Kears, Riley, Lines, Lockhardt, Lloyd, Lodge, Marshall, Martin, Mason, Michan, Moffatt, Frederick Morris, Augustus Morris, Morrison, Murphy, Neville, Osborne, Pitt, Robinson, Savage, Sherman, Stephens, Fasker (wounded), Thos. Taylor, Frederick Taylor, Thomas, Thompson, Tobin, Todd, Tongue, Wall, Whetton, John Williams, Joseph Williams (killed), Wilcox, Woods, Lyons, Pears, Manley, Scanlan (killed), Chick (killed), Adams (killed), Hayden (killed), Williams, Cooper, Cole, Connolly, Partridge, and Evans.

1-24th Regiment.—Sergeant Wilson; Privates Nicholls (killed), Jenkins (1083), Horrigan (killed), Desmond, Paton, Turner, Waters (wounded), Jenkins (841—killed), Bekett (wounded—since dead), and Roy.

90th Light Infantry.—Corporal Graham.

Assistants-Commissary Dunne, Byrne (killed).

Acting-Commissary Dalton (wounded).

Army Service Corps.—Lance-Corporal Attwood.

Dr. Reynolds, A.M.D.; Pearse (doctor's servant).

Army Hospital Corps.—Corporal Miller; Privates McMahon and Luddington.

Rev. Geo. Smith, Chaplain, Vicar of Estcourt.

Natal Mounted Police.—Troopers Green, Hunter (killed), and Lagg.

Natal Native Contingent.—Lieutenant Adendorff; Corporals Doughty, Mayer, Scammell (wounded), Anderson (killed), Scheiss (wounded), and Wilson.

Ferryman.—Daniels.

Private (native Umkungu's tribe), Natal Native Contingent (killed).

#### APPENDIX D.

##### *Visit to the Battlefield of Isandhlwana.*

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, thus graphically describes his visit to Isandhlwana, when he accompanied an expedition to bury the bodies of those who fell in the memorable and disastrous action with which the Zulu campaign was opened:—

"At the top of the ascent beyond the Bashee, which the Dragoon Guards crowned in dashing style, we saw on our left front, rising above the surrounding country, the steep, isolated, and almost inaccessible hill, or rather crag, of Isandhlwana, the contour of its rugged crest strangely resembling a side view of a couchant lion. On the lower neck of the high ground on its right were clearly visible up against the sky line the abandoned wagons of the destroyed column. No Zulus were seen. Flanking parties covered the hills on either side the track, along which the head of the column pressed at a trot, with small detachments of Natal Carbineers in front of the Dragoon Guards. Now we were down in the last dip, had crossed the rocky bed of the little stream, and were cantering up the slope that stretched up to the crest on which were the wagons. Already tokens of the combat and bootless fight were apparent. The line of retreat towards Fugitives' Drift, along which, through a chink in the Zulu environment, our unfortunate comrades who thus far survived tried to escape, lay athwart a rocky slope to our right front, with a precipitous ravine at its base. In this ravine dead men lay thick—mere bones, with toughened, discolored skin like leather covering them and clinging tight to them, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost dismembered heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces with their blackened features and beards blanched by rain and sun. Every man had been disembowelled. Some were scalped and others subjected to yet ghastlier mutilation. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced by the ghastly token of dead men the fitful line of fight. Most of the men hereabouts were infantry of the 24th. It was like a long string with knots in it, the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead where, as it seemed, little groups might have gathered to make a hopeless gallant stand and die. I came on a gully with a gun limber jammed on its edge, and the horses, their hides scored with assegai stabs, hanging in their harness down the steep face of the ravine. A little further on was a broken and battered ambulance wagon, with its team of mules mouldering in their harness, and around lay the corpses of soldiers, poor helpless wretches, dragged out of an intercepted vehicle and done to death without a chance of life.

"Still following the trail of bodies through long rank grass and among stores, I approached the crest. Here the slaughtered ones lay thick, so that the string became a broad belt. Many hereabouts wore the uniform of the Natal Police. On the bare ground on the crest itself, among the wagons, the dead were less thick, but on the slope beyond on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was the saddest and more full of weird desolation than any I had gazed upon. There was none of the stark, blood-curdling horror of a recent battlefield; no pool of yet wet blood; no raw gaping wounds; no torn red flesh that seems yet quivering. Nothing at all that makes the scene of yesterday's battle so rampantly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature; grain had grown luxuriantly round the wagons, sprouting from the seed that dropped from the loads, falling in soil fertilised



by the life-blood of gallant men. So long in most places had grown the grass that it mercifully shrouded the dead, whom four long months to-morrow we have left unburied.

"As one strayed aimlessly about one stumbled in the grass over skeletons that rattled to the touch. Here lay a corpse with a bayonet jammed into the mouth up to the socket, transfixing the head and mouth a foot into the ground. There lay a form that seemed cosily curled in calm sleep, turned almost on its face, but seven assegai stabs have pierced the back. Most, however, lay flat on the back, with the arms stretched widely out, and hands clenched. I noticed one dead man under a wagon, with his head on a saddle for a pillow, and a tarpaulin drawn over him, as if he had gone to sleep and died so. In a patch of long grass near the right flank of the camp, lay Durnford's body, the long moustache still clinging to the withered skin of the face. Capt. Shepstone recognised him at once, and identified him yet further by rings on the finger and a knife with the name on it in the pocket, which relics were brought away. Durnford had died hard—a central figure of a knot of brave men who had fought it out around their chief to the bitter end. A stalwart Zulu covered by his shield lay at the colonel's feet. Around him, almost in a ring, lay about a dozen dead men, half being Natal carbineers, riddled by assegai stabs. These gallant fellows were easily identified by their comrades who accompanied the column. Poor Lieut. Scott was hardly at all decayed. Clearly they rallied round Durnford in a last despairing attempt to cover the flank of the camp, and had stood fast from choice, when they might have essayed to fly for their horses. Close beside the dead at the picquet line a gully traverses the ground in front of the camp. About 400 paces beyond this was the ground of the battle before the troops broke from their formation, and on both sides this gully the dead lie very thickly. In one place nearly fifty of the 24th lie almost touching, as if they had fallen in rallying square. The line of straggling rush back to camp is clearly marked by the skeletons all along the front. Durnford's body was wrapped in a tarpaulin and buried under a heap of stones. The Natal Carbineers buried their dead comrades roughly. The gunners did the same by theirs. Efforts were made at least to conceal all the bodies of the men who had not belonged to the 24th Regiment. These were left untouched by special orders from General Newdigate. General Marshall had nourished a natural and seemingly wish to give interment to all our dead who so long have lain bleaching at Isandhlwana, but it appears that the 24th wish to perform this office themselves, thinking it right that both battalions should be represented, and that the ceremony should be postponed till the end of the campaign. In vain Marshall offered to convey a burial party of the regiments with tools from Rorke's Drift in wagons. One has some sympathy with the claim of the regiment to bury its own dead, but why postpone the interment till only a few loose bones can be gathered? As the matter stands, the Zulus, who have carefully buried their own dead, who do not appear to have been very numerous, will come back to-morrow to find that we visited the place, not to bury our dead but to remove a batch of wagons.

"Wandering about the desolate camp amid the sour odor of stale

death was sickening. I chanced on many sad relics—letters from home, photographs, journals, blood-stained books, packs of cards. Lord Chelmsford's copying-book, containing an impression of his correspondence with the Horse Guards, was found in one of his portmanteaus, and identified in a kraal two miles off. Colonel Harness was busily engaged collecting his own belongings. Colonel Glyn found a letter from himself to Lieutenant Melville, dated the day before the fight. The ground was strewn with brushes, toilet bags, pickle bottles, and unbroken tins of preserved meat and milk. Forges and bellows remained standing ready for the recommencement of work. The wagons in every case had been emptied, and the contents rifled. Bran lay spilt in heaps. Scarcely any arms were found, and no ammunition. There were a few stray bayonets and assegais, rusted with blood. No firearms.

"I shall offer a few comments on the Isandhlwana position. Had the world been searched for a position offering the greatest facilities for being surprised, none could have been well found to surpass it. The position seems to offer a premium on disaster, and asks to be attacked. In the rear laagered wagons would have discounted its defects; but the camp was more defenceless than an English village. Systematic scouting could alone have justified such a position, and this too clearly cannot have been carried out."

#### APPENDIX E.

##### *Young Soldiers in the British Army.*

English papers are beginning to speak out on the subject of the raw-boned lads who, the outcome of the short service system, now form the bulk of our soldiers of the line. *Truth* says:—"Our army mainly consists of boys who have enlisted because they do not know their own minds, and of bounty-jumpers. I cannot conceive how any one can suppose that respectable men will enlist so long as they know that they may be flogged after a very perfunctory trial for some breach of discipline. Let garroters, wife-beaters, and such like ruffians be flogged. The cat is the only argument that they understand; but no soldier should be flogged for an act which would not render him liable to this punishment were he a civilian. If, however, we continue to enlist the lads that now form the majority of our soldiers, putting in the corner, sending to bed, and other nursery punishments will have to be introduced into the army."

All who are concerned for the interest, not to say the safety (says the *Home News*), of the country should read an article in a recent number of the *Times* by "A Military Correspondent" on the state of the army. They will there learn that the actual number of infantry soldiers in the United Kingdom over three months' service is but 21,950 men; that not only is the army deficient in

point of numbers, but that its discipline is rapidly deteriorating, and that the weedy lads who fill its ranks cannot—as we have seen in Zululand—be relied upon in time of danger. These facts have long been known to professional men, and the general public has a hazy notion that the condition of our military forces is not what it ought to be, considering the stupendous armaments of the other States of Europe and the absolute uncertainty as to how those armaments may yet be employed. But we trust that now that the truth is allowed to be told without contradiction (as it used to be, systematically) serious attention will be given to this most grave question.

A third letter from “A Military Correspondent” on the state of the army appears in the *Times*. In this communication the growing impression that our army is at present little better than the sweepings of raw lads from the streets is fully confirmed. Speaking of the forces at the Cape, he says, “The lads composing them can scarcely be styled trained soldiers, because they have not yet mastered the true meaning of the word discipline.” Can anything well be more alarming than to reflect that in these days of vast armaments we have at this moment but 15,000 of these half-trained striplings available in England? What, too, about the 60,000 men who garrison India? There is but too much reason to fear that many of them are little better prepared to meet the strain of a serious campaign. It is scarcely to the point to urge, as the “Military Correspondent” does—more, we fancy, to console his readers than because the reflection consoles himself—that our costly army is thus inefficient because we refuse to resort to conscription, and leave the adult population to work on without imposing upon them the burden of military service.

#### APPENDIX F.

##### *Zulu Custom of Disembowelling.*

A special correspondent of the *Times of Natal* gives the following particulars of the condition of the body of Prince Louis Napoleon:—“Short of a *post-mortem* examination, it would, of course, be impossible to speak with any exactitude, but there was one longish wound on the right breast which was evidently mortal, for the assegai has passed through the body, and the point had penetrated the skin of the back. There were two hurts in the left side also which might well be mortal, and less serious wounds all over the upper part of the chest, and one in the right thigh. The right eye was out, but whether by the thrust of an assegai or by the impact of a bullet of some kind was impossible to say. If a bullet or stone from a sling, it could not have been projected with any force. There was a large gash in the abdomen exposing the intestines, which were, as in the case of the trooper, uninjured. Close by the left shoulder of the

corpse, half trodden in the bloody mire, was a sock and a pair of spurs, which had evidently belonged to the Prince, and round his neck was found, when Dr. Scott moved the body, a small gold chain, holding a few gold and stone trinkets. I am inclined to think that Zulu superstition had something to do with this being left. The witch doctors carry their magic *materia medica* round the neck, very much after the same fashion, and I am pretty sure that they looked upon the bunch of trinkets as the Prince's witch apparatus, and thought it best to have nothing to do with it. The gash, too, in the abdomen is not, I feel assured, inflicted with any idea of mutilating the corpse of a slain enemy, but simply because it is a belief among them that if this *coup* is not given, and the body swells, as it would by the generation of the gases of decomposition, the warrior who had neglected this precaution is destined to die himself by his body swelling. Apart from the gash which was in every case inflicted after death, for no blood had flowed, there was no mutilation whatever. Many of the wounds were so slight that I think they too must have been inflicted after death, all the members of the party probably 'washing their spears,' in pursuance of some ceremonious regulation on the subject of a dead enemy." The above reason for the Zulus disembowelling their victims is correct.

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#### APPENDIX G.

##### *Capture of Cetywayo and the Close of the Zulu War of 1879.*

This most satisfactory news (says a Cape Paper) reached Cape Town on Friday, the 29th August, by telegraphic despatch from Sir Garnet Wolsely to Sir Bartle Frere. The Amatonga king, Nozingili, to whom Cetywayo had made overtures in the way of heavy bribes of cattle, refused to shelter him. The Cape Papers give the following particulars of the eventful capture:—

"Lord Gifford and his party, consisting of a few mounted infantry, mounted police, Natal guides, and Captain Hayes' troop of Jantze's horse, had for some days followed up Cetywayo's track. Having been misled several times by the Zulus, and even fired upon, Lord Gifford found it necessary to adopt more harsh measures, so he burnt some kraals, took the men, women, and children prisoners, and captured all their cattle and goats. At last he got some to scout for him and others to bring in real information. They followed so close to the King's heels that the latter gave up riding and gradually left his horses behind until he had none left and had to walk. Even then he managed to keep one day ahead of his pursuers. On August 27, however, he was so knocked up that he had to rest at a kraal, near the south-west corner of the Ngomi Forest, belonging to the Prime Minister. Two of the enforced spies led them close to it, and then some of their own men went out reconnoitering next day and witnessed the people of the kraal kill an ox and go through other performances,

which assured our men that the King was there. Lord Gifford then made arrangements to leave the horses, saddles, and other things at the kraal they were at, and proceeded on foot quietly to the place, which was eight miles off, at sundown. In the meantime, hearing that Major Marter's party of the King's Dragoon Guards and Captain Barton's battalion of the Native Contingent had gone past close by, and were on the north side of the forest, he sent two natives across to them asking for assistance. Major Marter immediately made the two men guide him to the spot, sent all the natives armed, but naked, to go down and surround the kraal, which, when they had done they were to fire a shot as a signal for the rest and the dragoons to come down. The plan succeeded, and Cetywayo was found inside with Umkozana and some petty chiefs with him, also some women. The King refused to come out for the natives and although there were Zulus in the kraal armed, no resistance was shown, and Major Marter dismounted and entered the kraal himself. Cetywayo came out to him and asked to be shot. He was told that there was no violence intended, for all that he had to do was to come along quietly with them. The rest were all taken prisoners, and these latter with the cattle, over 2,000 in number, are being brought in by Marter, Barrow, and his cavalry. Cetywayo had only a following of twenty with him when he was captured, eleven of whom tried to escape on the road to Ulundi, and five of the eleven were killed. Lord Gifford carries to England the despatches from Sir Garnet announcing the capture of the King. In Natal the news has been received with great delight. It is perhaps impossible to overrate the effect which the capture of the King will have upon the native mind, and even the sanguine anticipations of Sir Garnet Wolseley that Sekukuni will be brought into a state of submission without fighting is not an impossibility.

"Much disappointment was expressed when news was received at Maritzburg to the effect that the *Natal Mercury* had a telegram from Port Durnford stating that Cetywayo and followers, three wives and one daughter, had all embarked at noon on September 4 per Natal, for the Cape, instead of being sent through Natal to embark at D'Urban.

"At a great meeting of Zulu chiefs at Ulundi, on September 1, the anniversary of Cetywayo's coronation six years ago, Sir Garnet Wolseley announced his deposition and banishment from Zululand; at the same time the following chiefs were proclaimed independent in the several territories assigned to them:—Mr. John Dunn, Umgoya, Usibebo, Nucetsobur, Somkella, Gonzi and Sigoeo. The terms upon which they accept chieftainship will be proclaimed later. British Residents will reside in Zululand, who will be eyes and ears of the Government. The chiefs undertake to respect the boundaries assigned, to abolish the military system, to allow all men to marry, and work as they will, to prohibit all importations of arms and the importations of goods by sea, to take no life without fair trial, to discountenance witchcraft, surrender fugitive criminals from British territory, to make no war without the sanction of the Government, to prevent the sale or alienation of land, and in all cases of dispute with British subjects to appeal to the arbitration of the residents. Succession to chieftainship is to be dependent on the approval of the British Government."

## APPENDIX H.

*Recovery of the Guns taken at Isandula.*

Some very interesting details have come to hand with reference to the recovery of guns taken at Isandula. A correspondent writing from Ulundi, under date of 13th August, says a cavalry patrol which has been on a reconnoissance to the military kraal of Maizekanye, returned on the 11th with numerous articles of war found hidden in various kraals, and buried in the earth. Among the articles found were rockets, rocket-tubes, shells, shrapnel, &c., rifles of modern and antique design, shot, and other things too numerous to enumerate. The party, after a diligent search for valuables, were returning with their spoil when at a short distance they espied the gun-carriage with the two guns, of which so much has been heard, they having been taken from the Imperial forces on the memorable battle-field of Isandula. One was found to be loaded with shells, which were extracted, and it was found that they were not spiked, but that rifle nipples had been placed in their vents, which had never been extracted, consequently the guns were harmless. They were in a good state of preservation and could be soon made fit for service again. They were brought into camp and placed close to the flagstaff, where they now remain in solemn grandeur, relics of a disaster scarcely ever known to our arms, an object of interest to every Englishman. The Zulus in their flight entirely overlooked these guns, upon which they set such value, and which, from their long detention by the enemy, have become historical objects, which will be viewed by future generations as interesting relics of a war which has proved so deplorable to many. The kraal had previously been burnt by the Zulus, but some of the huts were still standing.

## APPENDIX I.

*The Battle of Ulundi.*

The Derby correspondent of the *Natal Mercury* is responsible for the following:—"New facts and theories about the battle of Ulundi are coming up, and Lord Chelmsford is blamed for not having followed up his victory; perhaps if he had known that the king was not quite half an hour in front he would have sent some one to catch him. It is known now that such was the case, and that in his flight he had no one with him. The night before the battle the English camp was greatly disturbed by the war dance and songs of the Zulus. This is believed to have taken place round a white man who was being tortured by the Zulus. He was one of the Frontier Light Horse, and was taken the day before the battle at Spruit, when the reconnoissance party were attacked when retiring. After the battle the body was found horribly mutilated." The *Journal* contains an

account of gallant conduct of which we have seen no mention elsewhere :—"Cochrane's Basutos distinguished themselves at the battle of Ulundi by their dash. They were ordered by Colonel Buller to draw on the Zulus from the right side of the square. Instead of firing a few shots and then falling back upon the square, they made a stand and poured volley after volley into the advancing masses of the enemy. When told to retreat they asked their officers what was now to become of them. They were under the impression that they had to remain outside the square, and wait patiently until they were all killed. As they were retiring the pursuing Zulus tried to afford consolation by shouting after them a few cheerful remarks. 'Gallop on,' sang out Cetywayo's confident warriors, 'but we will overtake you. We are going to kill every one of those red men. Perhaps some of you wild men may escape. But go quick, for we will chase you over the Buffalo.' The Basutos retreated sullenly. They thought it would be more exciting to die fighting than when flying, but when they drew near the glittering line of bayonets and saw the veteran Thirteenth open a way for them to enter into the square, they saw that they were not to be aimlessly sacrificed. When they had dismounted they asked the soldiers what they had to do. 'Eat your biscuits, Johnny, and lie down,' was the reply, and the Basutos, as they afterwards said, were struck with admiration at the bravery of the British soldiers who could form a laager of their own bodies for the protection of others. They did not think much of the soldiers before, but then they saw what they could do. A few minutes after the Lancers swept out from the left corner of the rear, the Basutos dashed out at the right corner of the front, and were greeted with ringing cheers from the 13th and 80th as they rushed onwards. It seems incredible, but those one hundred men chased half the Zulu army past Ulundi. When they ceased pursuing they shouted out after the very same regiment that had chased them into the square the ironical words : 'Well, and are you going to the Buffalo now ?' The Basutos took three prisoners—the only prisoners taken. During the chase one of the Basutos shot a Zulu in the leg, and then interviewed the wounded man with all the thirst for news which distinguishes a New York reporter. It was a singular time, and a dangerous spot, in which to interview a man, especially a wounded man, but the questioner went to work seriously, and got all the news of the week. Then he gently asked the Zulu if he had got nothing more to tell, and on being assured that there was no more information to be had, he quietly shot the man, mounted his horse, and joined again in the chase. If this was cruel, and deeds which appear cruel in times of peace are regarded in a totally different light in times of war, then there was much cruelty that day, for every wounded man was killed."

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#### APPENDIX J.

"Olla Podrida."

The Cape correspondent to the *South Australian Advertiser*

says :—"Matters remain *in statu quo* at Morosi's Mountain. The investment is still kept up, but without any appreciable results. The old chief is as obstinate as ever, and whilst our men are doing all in their power to keep him in a trap, small parties of his followers who are still at large are levying black mail on the neighboring farmers, and a few days ago captured two wagons loaded with stores for the besiegers. On the northern border, as it is called, the Korannas have been thoroughly cowed, and hopes are indulged in that there will be no more fighting for some time near that portion of the Orange River."

The *Advertiser* home letter of 13th August says :—"Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, while complimenting Mr. Chamberlain on his speech on the Zulu war, threw his shield, as usual, over Sir Bartle Frere, whom the Government appear always to reprove when they write despatches, and always to defend when they make speeches in answer to any other critic. Sir Michael declared that the reiterated wars in South Africa were due to the constant tide of white migration northward meeting a far more powerful wave of black migration southward. But his only remedies were Confederation, the organisation by the Confederated colonies of a proper and well-disciplined force for their own defence, which would save them from panics, and which, by discouraging the great southward migration of the black races, and accustoming those within the colonial limits to civilised labor and pastoral or agricultural tastes, would prevent the collisions which had given rise to so many wars. He had perfect confidence in Sir Bartle Frere, in spite of all the official snubs he has had to administer to him, and he exhorted the House to have perfect confidence in himself; which, whether it feels it or not, it is of course ready to express. Mr. Chamberlain did not succeed in eliciting from the Government that any change of policy was about to be adopted, or any effectual check administered to Sir Bartle Frere's pertinacious Imperialism."

Amongst the many books upon the Zulus which have lately deluged the home market is one by Capt. Lucas, which I have not seen, but a review of it in the *Home News* says that the author speaks of the Zulus as being of the great race of the "Abantu." He may well say "great," as "Abantu" in the Zulu language means "people!"



# AUSTRALIA.

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Hail to the glorious sun of Australia,  
 That smiles on content in her myriad homes,  
 That kisses the cheek made happy by labor,  
 That gilds her proud temples, towers, and domes !  
 No record of war, or of carnage, or slaughter,  
 Stains her past struggles for honor and fame ;  
 But pure as the snow stands Britannia's daughter—  
 Proud of her mother, and proud of her name.

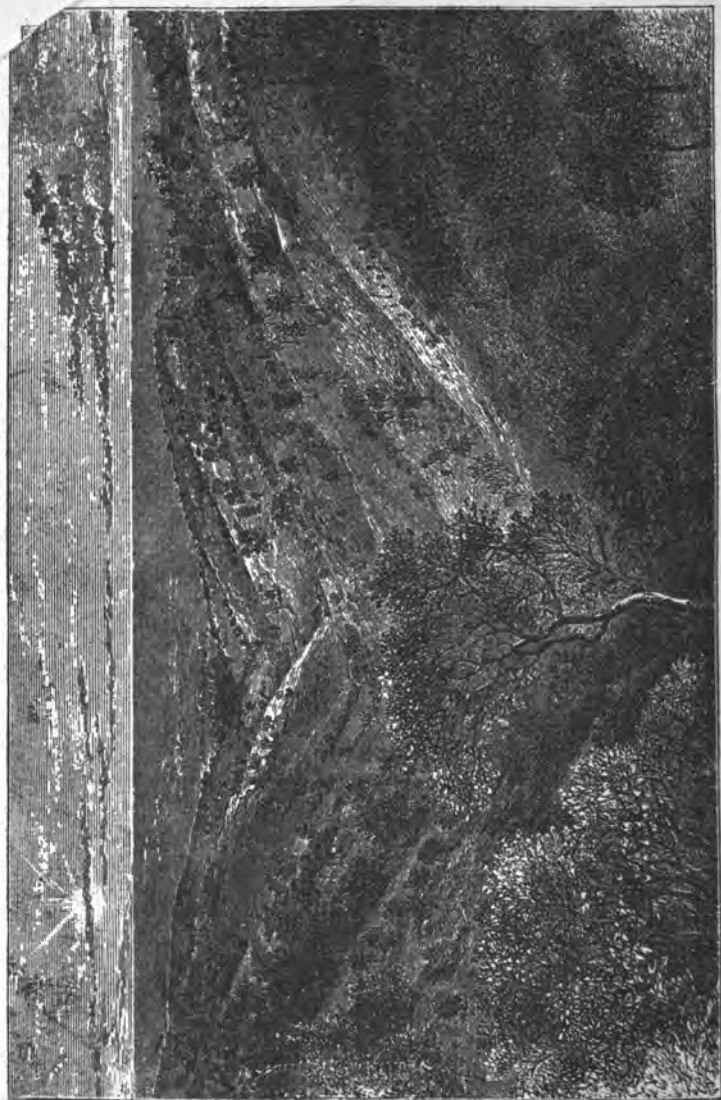
The door of her heart stands open and ready  
 To welcome the stranger from over the sea ;  
 With homes for the homeless, rest for the weary,  
 Where poverty's slaves may hope to be free.  
 Thy place—it is fixed in the great list of nations ;  
 Thy past or thy present can never be lost ;  
 Thy future—as bright, firm, and enduring,  
 As the stars that shine down from thy Southern Cross.

Hail to thy sons, who with garlands have crowned thee,  
 And have written a chapter on history's page,  
 By bringing the treasures of science around thee,  
 And placing thee foremost and first of the age !  
 All hail to thy sons who have gathered around thee,  
 And built up thy commerce, glory, and fame !  
 Who, out of the unfinished jewel they found thee,  
 Have made thee a *nation* that's worthy of name.

Bountiful Nature with plenty has blessed thee,  
 And poured in thy bosom her mineral wealth ;  
 With liberal hand in evergreen dressed thee,  
 And crowned all her blessings with vigor and health.  
 Long may the Father of Nations befriend thee,  
 And blend all your hearts in friendship together,  
 While angels above, from discord defend thee ;  
 God bless thee, Australia, for ever and ever.

J. J. WALLACE.





WATERFALL GULLY, NEAR ADELAIDE.

A SHORT SKETCH  
OF  
SOUTH AUSTRALIA,  
BY  
D. C. F. MOODIE.

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As I close the preceding work in Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia, it is but meet that I should give a short sketch of this colony, which for nearly ten years has been my adopted, and I may add, pleasant home. Some friends have tried to dissuade me from publishing this chapter, but they must remember that it contains many fresh items and remarks upon things which have occurred since the issue of the book by Mr. Marcus upon South Australia, and as a summary, an epitome, or as a succinct sketch of the land I am now in, it may recommend itself to the public abroad. Besides, it is but an act of scant courtesy to the flourishing little city, the advantages offered by which have enabled me (for my benefit, I hope) to produce this work. And the chapter may also be looked upon as the vehicle fraught with my grateful acknowledgments of the ready and courteous aid I have met with on every side, from the public institutions and the private editor to the business-like and efficient printer, who with

singular liberality has given me the run of his large establishment, without shackling me with any mere mercenary complications or conventionalities.

South Australia! the land of religious tolerance, Saxon go-aheadism, and golden grain, and one of the best, if not the very best fields or field for emigration on the face of the globe. No sensible man who comes to this colony need want. Of course there are some who come out here who expect everything to their hand, and every luxury around them. These kind of gentlemen are not wanted in Australia. But to the man, of whatsoever grade in life, who looks honest hard work in the face, and takes off his jacket to it, South Australia is a pleasant and sunny land, where, however poor he may be, he may soon be the possessor of some acres of land, and have a roof over his head which he can call his own. I can now speak with confidence on this subject, and may be all the more credited because for some years I had nursed an unreasonable prejudice against the country. I now, however, with much pleasure embrace the opportunity of doing the *amende honorable*, as later experience and maturer reflection have shown my animus to be unjust. I at first disliked Adelaide people and Adelaide wine. I have learned to like both. While on the subject of wine, I may particularly mention that of Mr. Auld, of Auldana, near Adelaide, as a pleasant, light, dry, and wholesome kind of hock, and known as "Auldana White." Mr. Auld holds several high prizes for it, one of the prizes being from the judges at the late Paris Exhibition.

The following article from the *South Australian Register*, dated September 6, 1879, was written in anticipation of the Sydney Exhibition:—

"Commenced on a broad and liberal basis, without some of the adventitious advantages enjoyed by other British provinces, South Australia, under the stimulus of true Anglo-Saxon energy, has so far pursued a prosperous career. Its early history was chequered, and at times the difficulties which the pioneer settlers had to contend with threatened to become overwhelming. At a later period the attractions of the gold discoveries produced a temporary depopulation, especially of the industrial element, and for a time the progress of the province was seriously retarded.

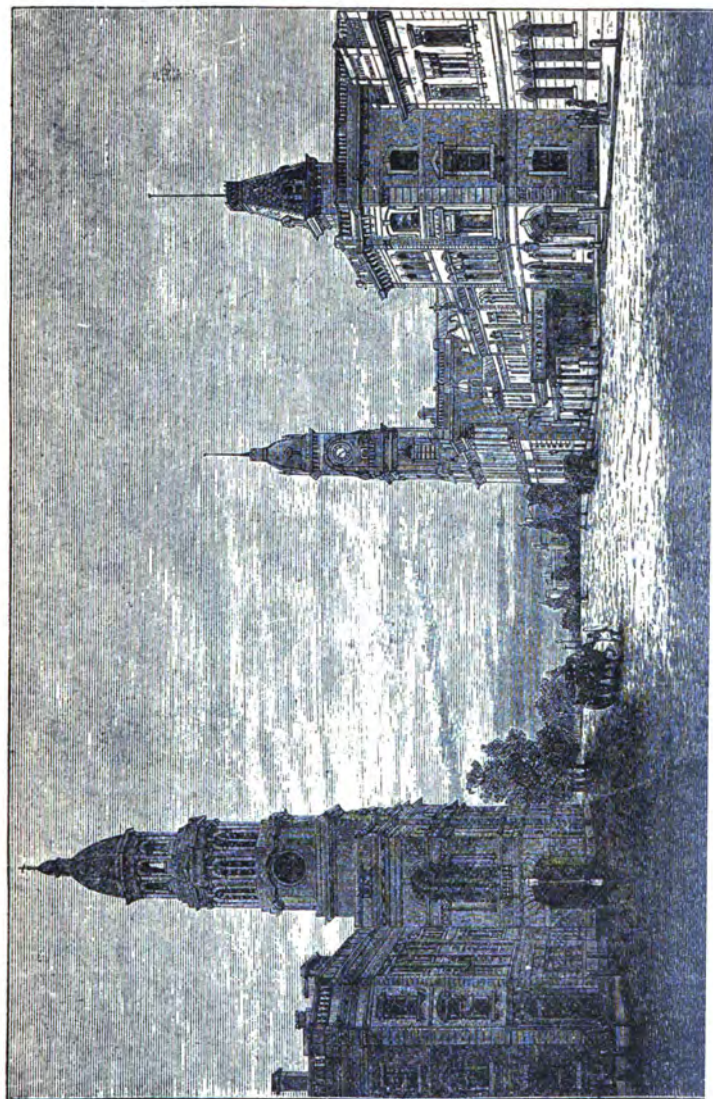
These and other embarrassments were eventually overcome through the abundant natural resources of the land and the steady perseverance which has largely characterised its occupants. Although no such rich and permanent gold-fields have been proved to exist as those which have made the colony of Victoria famous, our copper mines have given employment to tens of thousands and earned a world wide renown. At present this industry is depressed all the world over, but those who are well acquainted with the localities where cupriferous deposits abound do not hesitate to predict for our mining a brilliant future. The capabilities of the country for the production of pastoral wealth have been recognised from the first, and as regards agriculture South Australia not only holds the premier position in the Australian group, but bears satisfactory comparison with any other part of the world.

“The three sources of wealth to which we have referred—mineral, pastoral, and agricultural—have necessarily developed trade and commerce to an extent that appears surprising when the statistics of population are taken into account. Remembering that the entire number of inhabitants barely exceeds a quarter of a million, the fact that the total import and export trade of 1878 amounted to upwards of £11,000,000 sterling speaks well for the general prosperity. Of the staple exports of the colony, wool, copper, and wheat hold by far the most prominent position. Notwithstanding the falling-off in copper, the combined value of these exports amounted last year to close upon £4,000,000 sterling. Year by year the figures grow larger. Comparing the returns for last year with those for 1868, it is found that the exports of wheat and flour have increased more than a million, and of wool more than half a million sterling. Nor is there the slightest ground for apprehension that the limit has been reached. Of late years, through more liberal land legislation, vast areas have been brought under cultivation which only a short time ago were believed unfit for the plough. As lines of railway are being constructed the produce of the interior is more quickly and economically conveyed to ports of shipment, and the boundary of agricultural settlement is receding still further from the seaboard. The colony has an extensive coastline, and the land which will

ultimately prove available for cultivation is practically unlimited. Some of the foregoing remarks apply to mining pursuits. Rich and valuable mineral properties in the interior have hitherto proved comparatively valueless on account of the cost of conveying the ore to a market, but the lines of railway that are being pushed on with vigor will materially lessen this drawback. With regard to pastoral pursuits, the opening of the vast interior by the construction of the telegraph line to Port Darwin, the results of the researches of various exploring parties, and the construction of a transcontinental railway—the first link of which is in progress—are destined to facilitate their expansion to an extent which it is at present impossible to estimate. When it is borne in mind that the area of the colony (including the Northern Territory) is upwards of 900,000 square miles, of which only about one per cent. is alienated from the Crown, and less than one-third held under pastoral leases, the undeveloped resources of the colony will be seen to justify very sanguine anticipations.

“When regarding the progress of South Australia, the initial difficulties it had to contend with and its slow growth for the first twenty years should not be forgotten. Twenty years ago the interior was comparatively unknown. What were then scattered sheep-runs are now immense stretches of waving corn. The trackless wilderness of those days is occupied by the squatter with his countless flocks and herds; it is traversed by the electric wire, and will soon be startled by the shriek of the locomotive. Then the shipping trade of the colony was confined to vessels of small capacity and limited for the most part to Port Adelaide; but now the lines of magnificent ocean steamers take us in their way, while up the Gulf and along the coastline outports are opened to which traffic converges, and which are being continually improved. Twenty years ago there were only 264,462 acres of land under cultivation; now there are over two millions. At that time the population was 113,340; now it exceeds a quarter of a million. The revenue of the colony in 1858 was £469,637; in 1878 it was £1,592,635. Other statistics of a similar nature might easily be grouped to illustrate the same fact, but these will suffice to show the steadiness and solidity of our material progress. In other respects there is much cause









for felicitation. From the first there has been no alliance between State and Church, and all denominations are agreed that the voluntary principle has proved a success. A great impetus has been given to primary education during the last few years, and although no true patriot would deny that there is still room for improvement, there is a general desire to make our educational system as perfect as possible. The founding of the Adelaide University and the liberal endowments it has received attest the value set on higher education. In politics we have happily escaped any such complication as that which has prevailed in an adjacent colony. Our fiscal responsibilities are increasing, and a further augmentation may be expected if the public works which are so urgently required be carried out; but the resources of the colony are equal to a much greater strain than has so far been imposed upon them. We do not in the least envy our neighbors on the Australian Continent who have thought fit to emulate older nations in organizing Exhibitions, at which the resources and the producing power of the world are to be represented. On the contrary, we cordially congratulate them upon the courage and enterprise they have shown, and sincerely trust that it may be amply rewarded. South Australia can afford to wait a few years before following the ambitious example of New South Wales and Victoria; but there is no reason why the time should be greatly prolonged. New South Wales is holding her Exhibition in celebration of her century; this colony may very appropriately make her jubilee in 1886 the occasion for a like grand commemorative gathering.

“What will greatly add to the value of the Sydney Exhibition is the fact that the colonies represented there are yet in their infancy. It is little more than ninety years since the first European settlement was formed, and thirty years afterwards the entire population was less than 30,000, of whom, moreover, two-thirds were convicts. The progress of each colony was extremely slow at first, and it may be said that the group has only risen to any importance during one generation. This being taken into account, the increase of inhabitants to nearly three millions, the territory over which they have spread, the wealth they have accumulated, and the work they have done cannot fail to

impress an observer with wonder. The pastoral wealth includes cattle that are reckoned by millions and sheep by scores of millions. Cereal produce is counted by hundreds of thousands of tons. The total import and export trade of the Australasian group amounts in value to upwards of £90,000,000 annually. Other statistics present an equally satisfactory aspect, and notwithstanding defective legislation in some quarters, and the present depression in some leading industries, there is general and steady progress. Such facts as these, if brought clearly before the minds of people who only think of Australia as an obscure and far-away appanage of the British Crown, having no political history, and but little commercial importance, must necessarily turn to our advantage. The Australian Colonies have from the first enjoyed political freedom. This has materially aided their prosperity; but more is due to the energy of the colonists. Gold attracted great numbers to the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales; but though the yield of the precious metal is only a percentage of what it once was, the population has not decreased. The carboniferous basin in which Sydney lies, and the inexhaustible copper mines of this colony, afford an assurance that though the supply of the precious metals has fallen off we are far from the end of our mineral wealth. While this is the case both pastoral pursuits and agricultural operations are capable of almost indefinite expansion. During the past few years railway extension has been prosecuted by all the colonies with unprecedented vigour, and is doing much to develop the scarcely touched resources of the interior. Looking backward over the initial difficulties vanquished, the exploration that has taken place, the cities built, the territory cultivated, the mines opened, the flocks and herds multiplied, the traffic secured, the roads, bridges, railways, and telegraphs constructed, the charities established, the churches and schools that are in operation, and the amenities of social life that have found a permanent home, and remembering that nearly the whole region was a savage wilderness half a century ago, an honest pride in the success of Australian colonization is at least pardonable. If the present can be regarded as an epoch its prospective character warrants cheerful anticipation. There is no cause to fear that the progress of the colonies will be retarded for

generations to come. An influx of population without means of employment would be a disaster, but this is not likely to take place. The foundations of a prosperous Australian nation have been laid, and the respective states of which it is composed have so many affinities that any existing rivalry may be expected to give place in the end to federal union for mutual support."

Fair smile these fruitful fields in Austral lands,  
Full plenty glads the hearts of rustic bands ;  
Good Ceres plants, and swelling uplands stain  
The charming landscape with their golden grain.  
The groaning cars thro' em'rald sunlit downs  
Unceasing speed to neighboring ports or towns.  
The portly steers, full many a thousand strong,  
Low o'er the valleys as they southward throng ;  
And o'er the fields the white-robed joyous lambs  
Dance nimbly round their bleating woolly dams,  
While countless flocks on many a mountain side  
The squatter rides thro' with a conscious pride.  
With these he crowds the busy Adelaide Mart,  
And ample Plenty cheers the poorest heart.

In South Australia the Government (a democracy tempered with a healthy amount of conservatism) is good ; religion, as I have stated, tolerant ; and the people happy, homely, and most hospitable.

The Government of this colony (as the late Mr. Marcus in his History of South Australia says) is to a certain extent after the model of the British Constitution. We have not exactly three estates—Sovereign, Lords, and Commons—but we have the representative of the Sovereign, and two Houses of Parliament—the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly. Both Houses are elective, but only the Assembly can be dissolved at the will of the Governor. Every four years one-third of the members of the Council retire, but they can offer themselves for re-election.

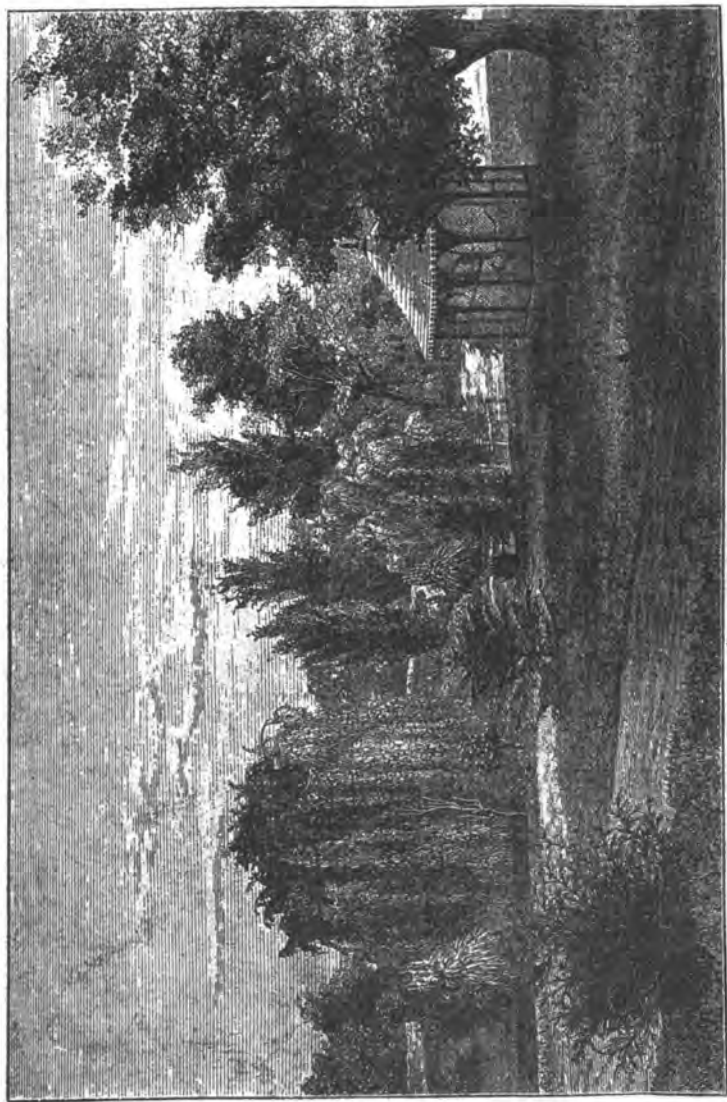
The colony of South Australia is not yet 40 years old. In 1876 it had a population of not more than 210,000, and yet it has done a brave work in the interests of humanity, and already possesses a history of which it need not be ashamed. A prosperous community, having within itself all the elements of future development and future greatness, has grown up within a generation from very small beginnings, owing to natural advantages seconded by the energy,

enterprise, and persevering industry of the early pioneers, A free colony has been fairly planted upon a free soil. where the tree of liberty by careful nursing and pruning is kept from the straggling and rank growth of licentiousness; where the daring expansiveness of the energetic present has not broken away altogether from the wholesome traditions of the past; and where the freest of the free, political, and religious institutions may flourish harmoniously with a profound regard for, and attachment to, the old monarchical institutions with which we were familiar in the days of our childhood. This colonizing experiment has to a large extent been a successful one. The colonists have shown (so far) how the broadcast form of political liberty can be enjoyed without lawless excess, and how religion can be preserved without a State Church, and how the government of a people can be carried on *by the people* without losing any attachment to the Throne and Person of our Queen. God bless her!

As regards the physical features of this country, magnificent plains of agricultural land, mountain ranges, stretching for hundreds of miles and often covered with large timber, chiefly eucalyptus, and lovely and enchanting valleys, through which the brooklets run gurgling to the sea. On the other hand there are in several parts of the colony long stretches of arid plains on which vegetation is stunted, and cultivation difficult, if not impossible. On these plains, however, the greatest mineral wealth of the province has been found, and there is every reason to believe that the earth is still full of riches, which only await the employment of labor and capital to be developed.

Adelaide is decidedly a good looking city, and beautifully pitched (to the everlasting credit of Colonel Light) upon a pretty, wooded, and rich plain that slopes down for some fifteen miles to the western edge of the Gulf of St. Vincent, an inlet of the Southern Ocean; while the picturesque Mount Lofty range of hills, some 3,000 feet in height, forms a charming background and spans the city in a semi-circle from its north-eastern point, to where in the south-west it dips its gentle termination in the blue waters of the Gulf.

Some of the streets of Adelaide are very fine. King William Street, which runs from north to south, bisects



**BOTANICAL GARDENS, ADELAIDE.** (*Cockatoo House and Lake.*)



the city in its centre, as does Wakefield Street from east to west, and they are among the handsomest streets in the Southern Hemisphere. Here are found the Government Offices, a fine massive and substantial pile of buildings, forming a solid block embracing a quadrangle, and covering a considerable area.

South Australia's boldest and grandest work (before spanning this continent with a railway, which, as has been intimated, has already started from Port Augusta, at the head of Spencer's Gulf, northwards) was undoubtedly her Overland Telegraph Line. Probably nothing has been done during the history of South Australia which has more strikingly brought out the enterprise of the South Australian colonists than the construction of this line. A few years ago the heart of the continent was a *terra incognita*, about which there were strange dreams and speculations. Now a well constructed line of telegraph has been carried nearly 2,000 miles from Adelaide in the south, to Port Darwin, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, in the north, and this great work has brought the whole of Australia into telegraphic communication with every part of the civilized world. The colony owes this large undertaking primarily to Charles Todd, C.M.G., the accomplished and indefatigable Superintendent of Telegraphs. In the arduous details of this work Mr. Todd was most efficiently backed up the intelligence, perseverance, and physical hardihood of Mr. R. R. Knuckey, and many other hardy and spirited colonial youths.

At the time the British-Australian Telegraph Company was launched it was proposed to bring the cable to the feet of South Australia without subsidy or guarantee. Fortunately at that time Mr. R. Dalrymple Ross, a gentleman who had been connected with the Imperial Commissariat, and who had taken a lively interest in opening out North Australia for purposes of trade with British India, was in London, and he wrote an able letter to the *Times*, pointing out the importance of opening our facilities for trade between Australia and India. He also demonstrated the probability of a telegraph cable, connecting Australia with India and Europe, becoming in a few years highly remunerative to the Company which would undertake it. Mr. Ross placed the whole advantages of the scheme very clearly and



forcibly before the British public, and his letter had much to do in hastening the progress of the work, as it formed the subject of a leader in the latter paper, which drew the attention of the public everywhere to the matter.

When all was ready for a beginning, the Government parties started from Adelaide in August 1870, and the first pole was planted at Port Darwin about the middle of September, and the first at Port Augusta on the 1st October, 1870, and on the 22nd of August, 1872, the two ends of the wire were joined, and the construction of nearly 2,000 miles of telegraph line across the entire continent was an accomplished fact.

In lecturing on this work, Mr. Todd said, "Thus the great work, notwithstanding all disasters and mishaps, was successfully completed within two years; and he thought he might with confidence assert that no line passing through a similar extent of uninhabited country, where the material had to be imported and carted over such long distances, or country representing similar natural obstacles, had been constructed in the same short space of time." It should be borne in mind, too, that this stupendous work was undertaken at the sole cost of a people numbering, at the time, less than 200,000 souls. The audacity of the enterprise was no less than the success with which it was carried out.

It was feared that the line might suffer from the wild natives in the interior, who, from malice or ignorance, might cut the wires. Singularly enough, however, there has been no instance of their doing so. They seem to have a wholesome dread of the telegraph. During the process of construction, the operators gave several of the curious blackfellows electric shocks, which alarmed them beyond measure, and vividly appealed to their imaginations. They learnt to associate the peculiar sensation caused by the shock with the line, and this has prevented them from interfering with it. The terror caused by reports of "whitefellow's devil" spread like wildfire amongst the timorous savages. They have attacked the operators at the stations, and sometimes with fatal consequences, but they fight shy of the wires.

It is a pardonable boast on the part of South Australia that no country in the world with such a small

population, and such limited resources, has done as much in the way of telegraphic extension as she has done. The bulk of the men who carried the line through were young born-and-bred South Australians, and the brave way in which they set themselves to the work, and encountered and mastered all difficulties, shows that the new generation born and brought up here have lost none of the high qualities of courage, energy, and endurance which have always characterised the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the class of men whom we may safely trust to advance the future progress of the colony—men full of pluck, patient and hopeful under difficulties, and fruitful in resources in the face of danger or unforeseen obstacles. The construction of the overland telegraph may be regarded as a test of the capabilities of young Australia, and as a satisfactory answer to the question whether they inherit the high qualities which have made their fathers great. I may also mention that South Australia has lately completed many hundreds of miles of telegraph from Port Augusta to the eastern border of Western Australia. As soon, therefore, as vessels from home and elsewhere reach Albany, telegrams of all the news immediately reach us.

South Australia may also well be proud of what she has done in the way of exploration. No community so small has ever done what she has in this respect, and the cost has been trifling to the colony. The intrepid explorers soon learnt the important lesson that to be successful they must travel lightly, with as few *impedimenta* as possible. Some of the earlier expeditions broke down by their own weight, and it was found that a lightly equipped party of about half-a-dozen men of the right sort could accomplish a great deal more than one provided on a more ambitious scale. Our most recent exploration was that of the plucky and hale old Colonel Warburton, who was commissioned by Sir Thomas Elder (who has shown a spirit of large-hearted enterprise, not only with reference to exploration, but in relation to the progress of the colony in various ways) to search for cattle country to the west of the telegraph line, in the centre of the continent. The gallant colonel was an old explorer, and in spite of his many years he undertook the trying work. Several camels were placed at his disposal, and he had a small and carefully selected

party to accompany him. He started from one of the stations on the telegraph line, to penetrate to the western coast, in high hope. Many months passed without any news being heard of him, and grave misgivings were felt as to the fate of the expedition. At length, however, after a silence of something like twelve months, news was heard of him. One of his party turned up at one of the most northern stations in Western Australia, and reported that the brave old colonel was camped many miles away, with no provisions but camels flesh, and very little of that; ill, wasted to a shadow, gaunt, and half starved. Immediate assistance was sent to him, and it was just in time. The party could not have survived much longer. The colonel subsequently visited England, received the gold medal of the Geographical Society, and was made a C.M.G. in 1875.

Australia has a beadroll of martyrs to scientific exploration of which any country might feel proud. Their material rewards have been but little, but their names are written in ineffaceable letters on the annals of the colonies, and future generations will point to them as amongst the bravest and noblest of Australia's sons. Amongst the colonies which have furnished some of the bravest of these, South Australia occupies a prominent place. Indeed, whenever a man has been wanted for any special work, requiring peculiar gifts and qualities, that man has been forthcoming; and in nothing has this been more manifest than in the number and character of our South Australian explorers.

On the 30th July, 1879, the highly talented and popular Governor of South Australia, Sir William F. Drummond Jervois, R.E., C.B., G.C.M.G., in the presence of hundreds of the leading people of the city, laid the foundation stone of the Adelaide University, which is now being built. South Australia owes this institution to the generosity and public spirit of Sir Thomas Elder and Captain W. W. Hughes, who has been very successful in connection with copper mining on Yorke's Peninsula. At first it was intended to have a college, but the idea was changed to a University after Captain Hughes had shown his liberality in offering £20,000.

Sir Thomas Elder (then the Honorable Thomas), a wealthy merchant, and sheepfarmer, spontaneously gave a



**MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. F. D. JERVOIS, R.E., G.O.M.G., O.B.**  
*(Governor of South Australia, 1879).*



donation similar to that of Captain Hughes's £20,000, but without any conditions or restrictions whatever.

There is something charmingly affecting to the sense of gratitude to behold men who have in a creditable manner acquired wealth in the colony, by laudable industry, study the true and highest interests of the fair country of their adoption, and its welfare and that of those in it, by the noble exercise of such enlightened, philanthropic, and princely munificence like that so lavishly yet unobtrusively evinced by such public benefactors as Sir Thomas Elder, Captain W. W. Hughes, and the Honorable Henry Scott, M.L.C. Such eminent examples have already borne fruit, for several other gentlemen upon whose industry Providence had smiled (Chief Justice Way and the Hon. Alexander Hay, M.L.C., amongst others) laid their cheques for some hundreds of pounds each upon the foundation stone which the Governor had "well and truly laid."

Let it not be thought that this eulogium is too highly colored. I have always fancied, if only for the sake of example, these deeds of broadcast philanthropy were not sufficiently recognised. There should be no false sentiment as to stinting the terms or measure of praise for such actions as these, especially as the sense of delicacy would render it impossible for the donors themselves to breathe a word on the subject. These gentlemen, perhaps unfortunately, are nothing to me; one I have never known, the others only slightly; but there is no reason why even one who has had perforce to don the cap and bells for means of sheer livelihood, should be unable, in a proper manner, to mark his sense of the great good of substantial gifts likely to prove of lasting benefit to his fellow-citizens and their descendants. People are always glad to find gentlemen recognising the claims of a place in which they have enjoyed much prosperity by devoting to the assistance of its leading institutions part of the wealth they have so honorably gained. There are many modes, more or less ostentatious, in which men may cause themselves to be remembered in a city, but in the benevolent liberality of these gentlemen there is no vulgar parade of superior means, but a great service modestly rendered, and even though in years to come the special gifts may be almost forgotten in the large growth of their object, the donors,

I am sure, seek no personal reward beyond the consciousness of having done a good deed, and will be content to receive the thanks of their fellow-townsmen, and watch with pleasure the progress of the institutions they have so greatly benefitted.

There is no doubt that colonization will continue to be a question of the greatest interest to the British people. Our old island home in the North Sea is getting overcrowded, and an outlet is wanted for its surplus population. This has been felt for years past, and some millions of the Queen's subjects have been forced out of the land of their fathers to find or make a "Greater Britain" in the lands of the West and the South, and to re-produce the institutions under which they were nurtured. The progress of the Colonies of Australia has been great and very remarkable. One must bear in mind that they are 15,000 miles away from the mother Country. This fact, of course, places the Colonies of Australia at a disadvantage when compared with Canada or the United States. Notwithstanding this, however, they have made rapid progress during the last forty or fifty years. The foundation of future greatness has been well laid, and when they, as they must and will, shortly, become a confederated nation, the Southern Pacific will produce, with such modifications as are due to soil and climate, another Britain, which will play its part in the future history of the world.

But amongst the colonies which are destined to greatness, South Australia is undoubtedly prominent in the foremost rank. She possesses many of the elements of expansion and progress. There is no colony which presents greater attractions or gives a higher promise of success to careful, industrious, hopeful settlers than this colony does. It has a magnificent and salubrious climate, a fruitful soil, an abundance of mineral wealth, and millions of acres of good unoccupied land inviting the industry of man. It has a free Government, liberal institutions, the smallest amount of taxation, and the necessities of life are obtainable at the cheapest rate. Its land laws will enable any industrious man to get on the soil, and in the course of a few years to make a handsome estate his own with only hard work and moderate self-denial. No man in South Australia who has health (as the late Mr. Marcus truly says) and is willing to

work, need be poor, as poverty is understood and felt in the older countries of Europe. There are hundreds who came here with nothing who are now wealthy men, whose families are growing up around them in positions of respectability and honor. Some have returned to the old country to educate their children, and to show them something of the refinements which belong to the more settled states of society; but most of them after a few years absence return to the land where they have acquired their wealth, made their homes, and formed those associations which are most abiding. With a wise forethought the Imperial Government have, from time to time, recommended some of the most useful of the colonists to Her Majesty for special distinction, as those who have served their country well; and as a rule honors thus conferred have been worthily worn. Some names have already taken root amongst us, brought by worthy settlers in the beginning of the history of the colony, which will go down with honor to the coming generation as the names of the Pilgrim Fathers are now honored in New England.

While large fortunes have been acquired by a special class the savings of the poorer have been considerable. More than three-quarters of a million sterling is deposited in the Savings Bank, the interest on which varies from 4 to 5 per cent. Most of this belongs to the humbler classes, and represents a portion of their savings. It is, however, only a small portion. Many of the artizan class have, through the aid of Building Societies, erected for themselves comfortable cottages, surrounded by pretty, fruitful gardens, and they are thus able to live rent free—a matter of no small account in a country where house rent is high. For real substantial comfort there are few countries more highly favored than South Australia. The large sums of money which have been raised voluntarily for the building of Churches and the support of religious and educational institutions show a well-to-do people, who, after supplying their own wants, can spare considerable sums for such objects.

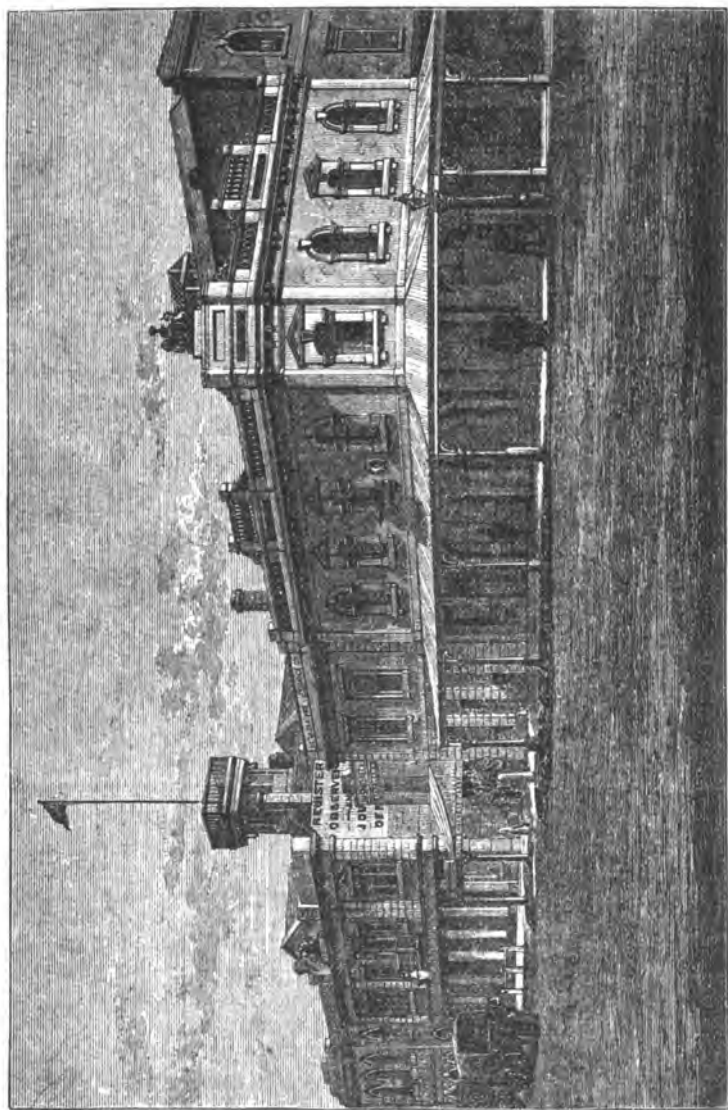
I have been many years in the colony (says the late Mr. Marcus), and I can honestly say I have never seen anything approaching to the terrible poverty and consequent suffering which I remember existing in such towns



as Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and London. When I have seen the comfort in which the poorest, who can work, *and are willing to work*, live in this province, the abundance of good food—not to mention the luxuries—which they enjoy, I have wished that we could transport to our shores such of the suffering English poor as are willing to work if they could only obtain remunerative employment.

There is no doubt that if the Colony of South Australia were better known; if the advantages it offers to the working classes and industrious men with some little capital were understood, thousands of families would soon be attracted to its shores. Although at the time I now write (October, 1879) everything is considered dull as ditchwater and flat as a flounder, yet as a field for the man who can and will work it is in every way to be recommended. Very much land remains to be possessed and subdued and brought into use. For this, above all things, we want people, and the people will come when they only know what is offered them.

The "Colonial question" is one for the Empire as well as for the colonies. As the father lives again in his children and his grandchildren, so Great Britain lives again, perhaps a more vigorous life, in her colonies. All we ask from home is a word of encouragement now and then, and a spirit of forbearance, and a forgiving sympathy, if we do occasionally make a mistake or two. To make mistakes belongs to the period of youth, and as we grow older we shall grow wiser. We do not ask for money; we can make plenty of that for ourselves; but we sometimes hunger for a kind word of recognition, and we do ask that our efforts—blundering as they may sometimes prove—to raise up a new England in the South, not unworthy of the old stock from which we sprung, may be treated with respect. We are even now the best customers England has for her merchandize; we supply her with a great deal that she needs, and without which she would be less prosperous than she is. We take her as our model, and try to be what she has been in her grandest days, and we say, "Do not look coldly upon us; for one day you will be as proud of us as a father is proud of his brave and stalwart sons." So says the late William Harcus, late editor of the



GREENFELL STREET. ('Register' Office.)



*South Australian Advertiser*, a clever, respected, genial, and much-lamented gentleman, who, in his History of South Australia, has made his mark upon the sands of time.

The Imperial Government, with a wise eye to the importance of her rising offspring, has sent us a sterling man in the person of Sir W. F. Drummond Jervois, who has long been one of the most trusty and talented officers of the Home War Department, having been long employed in the building of the fortifications of Great Britain. As far back as about 1841 or '42, Captain Jervois, as he then was, was sent out by the Home Government to South Africa to take a flying survey of the Transvaal, which he performed with his accustomed efficiency. On this occasion the father of the present writer, on being appointed Colonial Secretary of Natal, chartered a schooner named the "Pilot," and proceeding to Natal from Cape Town, picked our present Governor up at Algoa Bay. His Excellency, as has been said, has recently laid the foundation stone of the Adelaide University, and on that occasion, made, it is thought by many, a remarkably shrewd and far-seeing speech, and in its able conclusion, alluding to an aristocracy, perorated pointedly and properly in saying that the initial step that had just been taken in the erection of the University would tend towards a loftier aristocracy, *videlicet*, that of "The Mind."

His Excellency has the advantage, also, of being backed up by the most respected and efficient Ministry that (it is conceded by all people whose opinions are worth anything) this country has ever had. Six men more stalwart in intellect or common sense could not be found in the colony. And their names are—

The Hon. William Morgan, Premier.

The Hon. Charles Mann, Treasurer and leader in the Assembly.

The Hon. G. C. Hawker, Commissioner of Public Works.

The Hon. W. H. Bunday, Attorney-General.

The Hon. T. Playford, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The Hon. Thomas King, Minister of Education.

Mr. Morgan has been a very successful business man, is a good leader, and besides being a general favorite, he is possessed of happy tact, and some humor withal.

Mr. Mann is a Q.C., and a leading solicitor—shrewd, cool, collected, and generally indispensable in a Ministry.

Mr. Hawker is a genial gentleman of the good old school, an influential and wealthy squatter, a remarkably sound and good speaker, and a capital Commissioner of Public Works.

Mr. Bunday is a talented lawyer—a free, fearless, bluff and bold speaker, who throws a deal of honest warmth into his honest views.

Mr. Playford, known as “Honest Tom,” must, as his *soubriquet* implies, also come under the category of “honest” and “bluff” (not to say that honesty is only peculiar to Mr. Bunday and himself amongst the Ministry). He is a man in his proper niche. His practical common sense stands him in need ; and lastly,

Mr. King, in combining the same common sense with a thorough business spirit, clear foresight, and a courteous manner, adds another unit to the healthiness and undoubted strength of the *personnel* of the present Ministry.

The above Ministry have all along very properly had the support of both leading papers, the *South Australian Register* and the *South Australian Advertiser*. These two papers are decidedly a credit to the colony, and in a business point of view everything that could be wished, whilst they are written and conducted with high principle and undoubted ability ; and all the gentlemen connected with them, proprietors, editors, and the rest of the staff, are courteously obliging to any of the public seeking information, &c. I have gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to several of these gentlemen in furthering my literary labors, and, if I might be permitted, I would especially mention Mr. J. H. Finlayson, editor of the *Register*, and Mr. Jefferson Stow and Mr. Bonython, editor and sub-editor of the *Advertiser*.

I cannot possibly wind up this short sketch better than by giving *verbatim* the finish of the last clever budget speech of the Honorable Charles Mann, Q.C., Treasurer, and leader of the House of Assembly :—

“I thank the House very much for the kindness and attentiveness with which they have listened to me, and the consideration they have shown to me in the discharge of what to me has been an exceedingly difficult task. I can-

not, however, sit down without saying a few words more, and they will be very few. I believe we are all tolerably unanimous in thinking that this colony of South Australia has a glorious future before it. (Hear, hear.) With her enormous natural resources, at present almost entirely undeveloped; with a climate eminently adapted for the breeding of cattle, sheep, and horses, and which has enabled us for years past to grow the very finest wheat in the whole world—(hear, hear)—a climate withal exceedingly healthy, and, except for perhaps about three months in the year, exceedingly pleasant also; with her magnificent coastline, embracing as it does the control of the one great river of Australia; with a people law-abiding, energetic, and industrious, enjoying the most absolute social and religious liberty; enjoying too as great an amount of material prosperity as the inhabitants of any other country in the world. With all these advantages South Australia cannot fail to take a forward place in that friendly race for pre-eminence which is now going on amongst the Australian Colonies. Cannot fail, that is to say, if only she is wisely governed. (Cheers.) Sir, this Parliament, and especially this House, has cast upon it at the present moment a very grave and responsible duty. If the colony is to be properly developed, it cannot be done without the expenditure for some years to come of large sums of loan money on judicious public works. (Cheers.) We cannot, as I have shown, safely go on borrowing, without making provision for the payment of the interest by means of additional taxation. (Hear, hear.) Let us not then shirk our responsibilities like cowards, but face them like men, and pass the necessary measure, unpleasant though it may be, which will enable us to develop the country, as it certainly deserves to be developed. I do not say that legislation can make a country prosperous; but I do say that by vicious legislation we may very greatly retard its prosperity. This is our opportunity; let us seize it; and paraphrasing the words which will be familiar to the hon. member for Gumeracha (Mr. Ward)—the very eloquent words of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy—let us one and all join together to do our very best to make this great country of ours—

‘A fairer Athens and a freer Rome.’”

# AUSTRALIAN ANTHEM.

Advance, Australia, ever,  
 Land of the free-born brave—  
 Thy sons becoming never  
 The tyrant or the slave.  
 Sprung from a mighty stem,  
 Labor their diadem,  
 Who will their power condemn ?  
 Advance, Australia, ever.

Advance, Australia, ever,  
 In peace thy glory spread ;  
 No wars thy strength will sever,  
 No foemen o'er thee tread.  
 Nurs't 'neath bright Freedom's sun,  
 Laurel'd with vict'ries won ;  
 Heroes from sire to son—  
 Advance, Australia, ever.

Advance, Australia, ever,  
 Onward thy banner bear,  
 Till mountain, plain, and river  
 Thy battle pæans hear.  
 Blest be thy glorious sway,  
 Happy thy children aye,  
 Long may they proudly pray—  
 Advance, Australia, ever.

Advance, Australia, ever,  
 God be thy shield and guide ;  
 His bounty fail thee never,  
 His arm be on thy side.  
 Queen of the southern sea,  
 Great will thy future be ;  
 Nations will bow to thee—  
 Advance, Australia, ever.

W. ALLEN.











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