

Land after some months, and the arrival of a small force of British troops, before the end of 1838, put the port of Natal in safety.

The Dutchmen, however, did not intend to relinquish their hold on the country. Under the able management of Andries Pretorius, they resumed the war in 1839, when domestic treason in the Zulu kingdom afforded them a powerful ally. This ally was Prince Panda, a brother of King Dingaan, and not less eager to supplant the reigning monarch than Dingaan had been, ten or twelve years before, to get upon the throne of his elder brother Chaka. He had the command of 4000 of the best Zulu fighting men, whom he led to desert the King's standard, at a critical moment of the campaign early in the next year; the Dutch force was thereby allowed to push far into the heart of the kingdom, and to encamp on the Black Umvolosi. In February, 1840, Dingaan was utterly defeated and his power destroyed; he was soon arrested and put to death by the partisans of his brother, and Panda, with the assistance of the Boers, to whom he confirmed the territorial grant of Natal, was enabled to ascend the Zulu throne. The policy of his long reign, which lasted from 1840 to 1872, when he was succeeded by his son Ketchwhy, was of a pacific character, giving no cause of offence or

alarm to his European neighbours. This will be the subject of a future chapter.

The national pride of warlike supremacy and lust of conquest, which had been excited by the victories of Chaka, then seemed to give place to milder sentiments. It is within the recollection of many of my present readers, that Christian missionary enterprise looked with peculiar hopefulness upon the Zulus, as a docile, intelligent, and rather amiably disposed people. The appointment of Dr. Colenso to the Bishopric of Natal, and his report of a first visit to that country in 1853, awakened considerable interest among English churchmen in the prospects of moral elevation for this race; while Zulu Land itself has also been occupied by Swedish, or Norwegian, and other Protestant foreign missions. But I shall speak by-and-by of the condition of the Zulus at a recent period, first of those located in the British province of Natal, and secondly, of those in Ketchwhy's kingdom, subject to the native laws and institutions. It is well, in the meanwhile, to bid the reader observe that Chaka's and Dingaan's régime of bloodthirsty ferocity, the most horrible features of which I have forborne to present in this chapter—for instance, the hideous ceremonial of massacre at the funeral of Chaka's mother—belongs to past history. Considerable changes have indeed

been introduced, during the last thirty or forty years, in the spirit and procedure of Zulu native government. To the faithful counsel and good moral influence of some Englishmen, holding official positions of authority in Natal, this beneficial progress hitherto has been mainly ascribed.

Before continuing the outline of Zulu history, through the unwarlike reign of Panda, I think it will be expedient to describe the constitution of the Zulu army, its organisation, equipment, and tactics in the field, bringing this account down to the present day, when it has suddenly been put in collision with the British military forces in South Africa. The previous experiences of Kaffir warfare had been of such a different character, that a comparison may be found not wholly devoid of practical instruction; so at least it appears to myself, from personal recollections of what I have seen in that kind of service.

CHAPTER IV.

ZULU TACTICS AND MILITARY ORGANIZATION COMPARED WITH OTHER KAFFIR WARFARE.

Composition of the Zulu Army.—Equipment and weapons.—Mode of fighting, different from that of Frontier Kaffirs.—Tactics and manœuvres.—Kaffir stratagems, feints, and decoys.—Zulu final rush and close combat.—How the Boers and Griquas deal with them.—The Boers' waggon laager.—Incumbrance of cattle.—“The Snob of all Wars.”

THE Zulu army, putting it at the lowest figure, is said to consist of 40,000 fighting men. In addition to these there are two Royal regiments, each having its own military kraal or head-quarters. Five of these corps consist of single regiments, the others being an amalgamation of several. They contain men of all ages, married and unmarried. Some of these are quite old men, whilst others are mere lads. Each of these regiments is divided into wings. These wings are again subdivided into companies of an average strength of fifty men. Each corps has a commanding officer and a wing officer; there are likewise company officers, viz., a captain with from one to three subalterns. The uniform, if such it can be called, differs in each regi-

ment. The married men, for instance, shave the centre of the head and wear the ring. This ring is made of sedge formed into a sort of coronet. Over this the hair is most ingeniously plastered by means of a glutinous substance which they get from the leaves of the mimosa tree and which is, I believe, the production of the larvæ of some insect. This ring when well manipulated has all the appearance of a band of solid leather. The unmarried men wear the hair in its natural state. The former are further distinguished by white or parti-coloured shields, the latter by their carrying black shields. The laws with regard to marriage are most despotic in that country. No one, male or female, can marry without the permission of the King. On the average, soldiers do not marry until they are forty years of age.

A short account of the peculiarities of the different regiments of which this unique army is composed may be interesting, and is here given. I must premise, in order that its constitution may be properly understood, that as a regiment grows old it is usually recruited by other regiments, so that the youths may have the opportunity given them of benefiting by the experience of their elders. This is how it is that corps get in time to be some thousands strong. There are five corps which are now formed of one sole regiment,

which has gradually absorbed that to which it was affiliated. The Usixepi corps, of which the original levy has all but died out, the age of the survivors being eighty, is one of those raised by Chaka; but on the principle just stated this corps now consists almost wholly of the Nokenke regiment, whose name in English means the Dividers, and which was raised by King Panda. The age of these men is stated at thirty. Their shields are mostly black; a large number, however, are black and white. This corps musters 2000, and its men are distinguished by a band of leopard's skin or sometimes otter-skin round the forehead with two plumes of the Kaffir finch on the head pointing backwards, ear-flaps of green monkey-skin, and bunches of white cow-tails hanging from the neck down the chest and back. The principal men wear a short kilt of civet and green monkey-skin, tied round the waist and descending half-way to the knee. The Mhehele, whose nominal age is 78, though composed chiefly of a younger regiment, Umhlanga, (the Reeds) wear green monkey-skins, white cow-tails, leopard band, and bunch of black ostrich feathers in front of the head, surmounted by a few white plumes; they number 1000. The 3rd corps, Umlambongwenya (Alligator River) age of men seventy-five, was replaced by Umxapu (Sprinklers) whose age is thirty-five,

numbering 2000. The 4th corps, Udukuza (Wanderers) are only 500: the 5th corps, Bulamayo (The Place of Killing) number 1000. The Udhlam-bedhlu (Ill-tempered) sixty-eight years old, are derived from two corps, the Ngwekwe (Crooked-stick), and the Ngulubi (Pigs) 1500; all married men, from fifty-three to fifty-five, carrying the white shield, with white or red spots. A crack corps is the Inkulutwane (Straight Lines) derived from three regiments, the men being all veterans from thirty-five to sixty-four; numbering 2500. The Undabakaombi, aged fifty-five, number 1000. The Isanqu include the largest regiment in the Zulu army, viz., the Undi, of King Ketchwhy's own raising, with a military kraal of its own. This corps includes also the Royal regiments Akonkone (Blue Gum); Ndhlonhlo (Euphorbia); Indluyengwe (Leopard's Den); and Nkobamakosi or (Bender of Rings). The strength of this corps, composed of picked men from twenty-three to forty-five, is 6000. In glancing over the names of Basuto chiefs and other savage commanders of Zulu regiments it is ominously significant to meet here and there some name more familiar to our ears; Manzini for instance is evidently not Zulu! This is possibly some half-caste or white desperado who has accepted service under King Ketchwhy. To complete our summary,

we have again the corps Udhloko (The Snake) age forty, 2500 men ; who add to the usual costume one long feather of the blue crane. The Umbonambi (Evil Seers) thirty-two, number 1500. Attached to these are the Amashutu (Loiterers) 500, making a total of 2000. The Umcitu (Sharp-pointed), 2500, include the Ungakamatye or Stonecatchers, numbering 500. The name Umcitu is taken from a stick sharpened at both ends, because during the quarrel between Ketchwhy and his brother some of the men composing the corps took one side and some another. The Umzinyati and line regiments, together 4000 men, also called Usindandhlovu (Weight of the Elephant) dwell in the kraal lately built by Ketchwhy. A regiment in course of formation, but with no military kraal, brings the practical strength, as already stated, of the Zulu army to upwards of 40,000. At an interval of from two to four years, all the young men up to fourteen or fifteen are formed into regiments. They are then given a year's probation, at the end of which time they are placed in a military kraal and either incorporated with other regiments, or composed as a new one.

These regiments, as I have shown, are occasionally some thousands strong. The Zulu army requires little commissariat or transport on the march ; three or four

days' provisions in the shape of maize or millet, and a herd of cattle proportionate to the distance which has to be traversed, accompany each regiment. The provisions, sleeping mats, and blankets, are carried by lads who follow each regiment and assist in driving the cattle. The officers march immediately in rear of their men, and constant communication is kept up by runners. During an engagement a large body of troops is kept as a reserve. The commander and staff retire to some eminence, and retain one or two of the older regiments as an extra reserve. They are armed with fire-arms of various kinds and patterns, from muskets and old Enfields up to the arms of precision of the present day. Each man carries a certain number of throwing assegais, generally three or four, but every soldier, as a *sine quâ non*, is provided with a short heavy-bladed assegai, which is always reserved for close quarters, and never parted with, it being punishable with death even to leave it on the field of battle. The origin of its first institution by Chaka is thus stated. In early times the Zulus, like our Eastern Frontier Kaffirs, were armed with throwing assegais or javelins, of which they carried a bundle into the field ; but Chaka, Dingaan's predecessor, tried an experiment. He armed one regiment with sticks, representing a short stout stabbing assegai, something like a Roman sword used dagger-

wise, and another regiment with sticks representing the throwing assegai. These two regiments were then ordered to engage in mock combat, and after a certain time the King sent his councillors to count how many body-marks as representative of wounds each man had received; and when it was reported to him that the men armed with the stabbing assegai had only one or two marks each, but that the others were covered with marks (simply because after throwing one or two sticks, they were run in upon by the others and stabbed *ad libitum*), Chaka ordained that the invariable arm of the Zulu warrior in future should always be the stabbing assegai in one hand and a shield in the other. Their full efficiency, however, has been further promoted by the irrefragable law that the Zulus shall charge in columns, and the hind ranks be always ready to rush on over the men of the front ranks if they fall, on pain of death to every survivor on returning home. It is told how on one occasion Dr. Andrew Smith had taken two Zulu emissaries from Mosilikatse to see a review of the 72nd regiment on the parade ground at Cape Town. These two dark captains were no doubt, it was thought, likely to be much impressed with the regularity and precision of the manœuvres exhibited. But when Dr. Smith, who had gained their confidence, asked them what

they would do if they had to fight these magnificently appavelled and perfectly armed Highlanders, they replied with a sardonic chuckle that they should just wait until they got them into difficult ground, and then would suddenly rush in upon them from both sides at once with their shields and stabbing assegais and stab every man before he could load his musket a second time. Alas ! something like this was exactly realized with the poor 24th regiment just forty-three years after that announcement of Zulu tactics. The reports are so conflicting that it is difficult to say what actually took place on that sad occasion ; but there is every reason to suppose that they followed the enemy, or were decoyed into broken ground, and were then run in upon at close quarters with stabbing assegais worked as quick as lightning by savages without any incumbrance of clothing to impede the activity of their movements.

It must be borne in mind that our troops at present employed in fighting the Zulus have now to oppose a totally different kind of foe, and meet entirely dissimilar tactics and weapons to those hitherto employed by the frontier Kaffirs with whom we have been at issue in former wars. The operations of the Kaffirs in the field have been no doubt influenced in a very great degree by the nature of the country in

which they fight. The Gaikas, for instance, before they were driven over the Kei by our victorious columns, defended themselves in the dense bush and scrub, which borders the Great Fish River and is to be found so densely covering the tract of country between that district and the Keiskamma. This cover they naturally availed themselves of largely ; indeed, they were always against appearing at all in the open Veldt, if they could avoid it. Like wise men they left that for us to do ! For our soldiers were just as averse to enter the bush, as they were to leave it. Nothing to this day is so difficult as to get our men into the scrub. When once an infantry soldier loses sight, if only for a moment, of his companions, he feels bewildered. He is accustomed to feel the touch of his next file. The British soldier is in fact a gregarious animal. He is taught to skirmish after a fashion ; that is, to stalk along in an upright position, with shoulders well kept back and body mathematically perpendicular, his eyes elevated heavenward, firing by word of command at nothing particular. Should he be directed to get under shelter, the unfortunate man is so tightly strapped and laden (the Kaffirs always called them pack oxen) that he can hardly avail himself of it ! While his enemy the wily Kaffir never exposes his

body needlessly, but carries the art of skirmishing to perfection. He can, if necessary, creep noiselessly along the ground, anxiously making for the shelter of some friendly ant-heap, or some little inequality in the ground. And in this extended position any trifling object that is sufficiently large to cover his head protects him from observation. You see the puff of smoke which follows the flash of his musket, but you have nothing to fire at in return. How adroitly he springs up when your bullet has whizzed harmlessly over his head, and how cunningly he strives to gain that little strip of brush on your flank unobserved, and seems almost to sink into the very earth when you discover him! Even when secreted behind a bush, he invariably jumps on one side a good yard after he fires, knowing that you will naturally aim at the spot where you last saw the explosion of his musket. All this time he is coolly potting away at his magnanimous foe, the unfortunate pipe-clay, who is bearing his greatcoat and field blanket as Christian did his sins in the Pilgrim's Progress, in an intolerable burden on his shoulders, steadfastly walking after the same Kaffir in the open plain bolt upright, as if on parade, giving the wily foe five shots for his one, and disdaining concealment. Then again, the frontier Kaffir never

attacked us unless it quite suited his purpose so to do ; that is until he had entangled us in some ambush or position which gave him every advantage. It was like chasing a Will o' the Wisp. He could always avoid an attack and lie perdu whilst we were breaking our hearts looking for him. As we drove him further and further over the Kei, so our task became easier. Now in Zulu Land there is a great scarcity of bush ; the country, though broken and rugged, especially near the coast, in the midland district has in many parts the look of downs, being composed of rolling sweeps of grass. And as a necessary consequence a different system of tactics has suggested itself to the Zulu Kaffirs. Concealment being difficult, the bold course was obviously the best. Chaka, the founder of the nation, was the first chief who attempted anything like military organization. To him is due the formation of the army into corps and regiments, the attack in column, and the change of tactics implied in the preference shown for the short stabbing assegai over the longer javelin made to be projected at a distance, thus compelling the combat *d'outrance* at close quarters. The very appearance of the massive column of dusky warriors advancing at speed to the attack, accompanied by the rattling of spears, and the rising and falling sounds

of the war song sounding in hoarse tones from so many thousand throats, is indeed of itself sufficient to strike awe into the hearts of their native enemies.

The attack commences at rifle or gun range, skirmishers being thrown out in advance. The columns are formed in regular order, often thirty or forty deep, with intervals of about four feet between the files. If it be possible, the attack is deferred until the enemy is inveigled, by clever manœuvring, into difficult ground. As the column nears, its centre is suddenly seen to retreat as if in flight, and indeed often goes straight to its rear. At the same moment the wings give ground also, bearing away to the right and left. Should the enemy follow and become broken in the pursuit, which is the object of the feint, the Zulu column speedily countermarches, turns at once to the right about, and doubles back in the form of a crescent upon the unsuspecting foe. The wings overlapping attack the enemy on both flanks simultaneously as well as in the rear; and the Zulus uttering their diabolical war cry, rush in with their stabbing assegais and shields, at close quarters. Should they be too many for their opponents no quarter is given, and their bloody work is soon ended.

The Zulu Kaffir, denied the shelter of the bush,

protects his body with the shield, its artificial substitute. These shields are made of great size and length, so as almost to cover the whole person; they are constructed of tough ox-hide, stretched over a framework of wood, and are pierced down the centre with eyelet holes in regular sequence. Protected by these they do not hesitate to run in and engage their enemies in a hand-to-hand encounter, their shields being sufficiently strong to resist the blade of their opponents' assegais, which are caught harmlessly on the surface, whilst the merciless short stabbing assegai is held in readiness for speedy retaliation.

Though the Zulus fight so boldly in the open country, ambuscades and feints and decoys of various kinds often figure in their tactics in the field. Like the frontier Kaffir, they often leave cattle in exposed places; or else detached bodies of natives, who show themselves near dense thickets with the object of drawing on an attack. This attack inevitably brings down large masses of the Zulus from their retreats upon the unsuspecting foe. In the war of '51, our officers had many narrow escapes of being cut off in this manner, and notably in the Keiskamma bush, where Lieutenant Robertson of the Cape Mounted Rifles nearly lost his life. A short account of this affair will, perhaps, set the nature of these decoys

more plainly before the reader, than a more general description. Lieutenant Robertson, then, had set out from the little camp which had been formed by a portion of the 73rd Regiment under Colonel Eyre, with a small force of Cape Mounted Rifles, and some levies, in the Keiskamma country. As he went along looking in the direction of the bush, Robertson perceived some Kaffir horses tied to a tree in the distance. Hastily calling together a few volunteers, consisting of some seven or eight Mounted Rifles and a few mounted levies under the command of a young officer of the name of Morris, quite a lad who had lately joined, he started off in pursuit accompanied, at the last moment, by Lieutenant and Adjutant Fletcher of the 73rd, who, being also mounted, joined the party, glad no doubt to escape for a time from the *ennui* of inaction. Poor fellow, he never returned alive. They galloped up to the bush, got the order to dismount, and were securing the horses when the war cry sounded in their ears, and in an instant the whole country was alive with Kaffirs. Overwhelmed by numbers, the little band retreated steadily, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Their line of retreat now led them to the brink of a steep ravine, down whose almost perpendicular sides the little party, dismounting, were obliged to lead their

horses, keeping up an incessant fire as they retreated, step by step, in the very faces of the Kaffirs. Here poor Fletcher received a shot in the right knee which brought him down, and he fell pierced with assegais. Robertson's horse was shot, and the young levy officer, Morris, badly wounded in the side with an assegai. The troop horse led by the young fellow being frightened made his escape, and Morris, whose strength was rapidly failing him, was on the point of being captured, when Robertson had the good fortune to catch one of the dead Riflemen's horses, jumped on his back, and placing the young officer across his saddle, made his escape back to camp. The Kaffirs were heard yelling like demons after him, "Sons of Eno!" (It was in Stock's country,) "Seize him with your hands!" as they pressed round him, vainly endeavouring to stop his flight. In this ravine many of the little detachment fell; the remainder made their way up the other side of the ravine, and were still in full flight, when they fortunately fell in with our own column, which was patrolling within a short distance. That the mode of fighting in column, followed up by the irresistible fury of a last rush at close quarters, has been hitherto successful, and that it has led to the invariable defeat of their tribal enemies by the victorious Zulus, there can be little doubt. It was,

indeed, a cunning as well as cruel device of Chaka's, this substitution of the short stabbing assegai, for the much less formidable javelin formerly in use. It compelled the Zulu to fight hand-to-hand. Then, again, by Chaka's law, it was death or glory. Should the Zulu regiment return unsuccessful from the fray, no matter whether it had fought bravely or otherwise, the punishment for defeat was death. Whole regiments, consisting of some thousands of warriors, have been sacrificed—massacred in cold blood for the crime of defeat; nay, their very relations and friends were even put to death by this despotic monster of cruelty, merely because they had dared to remove the bodies of the slain for the purpose of giving them decent burial. Thus, the Zulu may be said to fight with a rope round his neck. He dares not fail, lest failure should bring worse punishment—death with dishonour. What wonder, then, that the appearance alone of these imposing masses has often been sufficient of itself to turn the tide of battle in their favour, as against the scattered ranks of their undisciplined enemies?

The Zulus are above everything else a military nation. How characteristic was that remark which the Zulu chief Pakade made to Bishop Colenso! The Bishop, after laboriously endeavouring to awaken the chief's attention to an interest in his attempted trans-

lation of the Lord's Prayer in Zulu, was suddenly pulled up by his eagerly impatient interruption and exclamation, "Yes! yes! that is all very good, but how do you make gunpowder?" King Ketchwhy's great grievance indeed since his accession to the throne has always been, that he was denied the customary privilege enjoyed from time immemorial by Zulu Kings of "washing his spears," *i.e.* laving them in the blood of his enemies!

The *esprit de corps* is never lost sight of in the case of Zulu warriors. All possible means are brought into play, with a view to keep them in a proper state of training and efficiency. Every festival and every grand ceremony or rejoicing is celebrated by a review and display of regiments. On these occasions, the soldiers are called upon to go through their exercises and manœuvres, and to exhibit their proficiency in martial movements, before the assembled chiefs and courtiers, whose plaudits stimulate them sometimes to a perfect pitch of frenzy.

That the Boers and the Griquas have both successfully opposed the tactics of the Zulus by the simple device of preventing them from coming to close quarters, has been often demonstrated, and this indeed seems the preferable way of getting the better of the savages. The Boers formed their waggon-trains into

laagers, that is, arranged their long waggons in a hollow square. Outside this barrier they piled up brushwood and mimosa thorn bushes, so as to form a species of stockade. Within this enclosure they took shelter with their families and cattle, leaving interstices here and there between the waggons to serve as loopholes. The Zulus came on as usual in masses, but could never succeed in getting near the Boers, who shot them down with their long "roers" as fast as they appeared, until at last, tired of the unequal conflict, the Zulus retired disheartened from the field. As the Boers were dead shots, the loss of life on the Zulu side was very considerable in these combats. The Griquas again, under Waterboer, engaged the Zulus on horseback. Delivering their fire repeatedly into the masses who marched against them, they never waited to allow their enemies the chance of coming to close quarters; but, turning their horses about again and again, retired so as to keep the Zulus at a safe distance while they picked off the foremost men with their rifles. The experiences of the present war have shown the importance of entrenched camps as against the Zulus, and have proved to demonstration that our long waggon-trains, when not properly parked or laagered according to the Dutch custom, may be a source of infinite danger, from the difficulty of pro-

tecting such an enormously extended line as they form when this precaution is neglected. On the other hand, that they may be extemporized into an admirable means of defence by the simple expedient of drawing them up in proper form when out-spanning for the halt, which gives no more trouble, there can be no manner of doubt ;—a plan which also admits of the more safely kraaling of the cattle.

The presence of the cattle themselves is always an element of danger in Kaffir warfare. A favourite manœuvre, for instance, of all the Kaffir tribes is to send scouts, who make their way, if possible, into the midst of the kraal or laager in which they are confined at night in the midst of a camp. These oxen, by spearing and hustling, are frightened into a regular stampede. In the confusion caused by this stampede the camp is attacked, or the oxen probably break through the camp at some point, thereby creating a break in the defence, which the wily Kaffirs are not slow at availing themselves of. Cattle,—the only riches, the great negotiable commodity, in fact the only medium of exchange, the equivalent for marriage and power in Kaffirland,—has been and will ever be the incentive to wars and disputes between the colonist and the savage. The continual thefts of cattle have always been the commencement of our Border warfare ; as

it always has been one of our great objects to wrest them from the Kaffirs, with the object of driving them to extremity by depriving them of the means of existence. Taking cattle from the Kaffir strongholds has hitherto been the inglorious task of the British soldier. Sad to say, the successful warrior is estimated less by the number of scalps which adorn his belt, or the excellence of his manœuvres in the field, than by the number of heifers he can drive in patriarchal fashion before his victorious columns. Well may a Kaffir war be termed the "snob" of all wars!

CHAPTER V.

THE FRONTIER DEFENCE SERVICE. THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

Progressive changes.—The Boers' Commando.—Fingo auxiliaries.—Colonial mixed levies.—An unsoldierly rabble.—Lakeman's Leather Legion.—Armstrong's Horse.—The Cape Mounted Rifles.—Organization of that Regiment.—Dapper little Hottentots.—Arms and uniform.—Their horses.—Cavalry and Infantry in one corps.—Our Cavalry Colonel.—Our Infantry Colonel.—Sharp-sighted "Totties."—Abolition of the Regiment.—The Armed and Mounted Police.—The Frontier Forts.—New Defence Corps established last year.

At a time like the present, when our frontiers have become so enormously extended and the task of protecting them so difficult, the problem as to how they are to be defended in the most efficient manner is needful to be solved. And it therefore becomes interesting to inquire what is the best kind of force which can be most usefully employed to carry out that object; more especially as it is important that the colony should be placed as speedily as possible in a position to defend itself in the event of future complications with the numerous native elements with which it is on all sides surrounded. It may not,

therefore, be unprofitable to give a retrospective account of the different auxiliary forces which have been employed from time to time in our former wars with the Kaffirs, as well as the different systems of defence which have been maintained for that purpose, examining also their respective merits, and their adaptability to the end proposed by their institution.

From the time when the Great Fish River was the boundary of the colony, the Boers, who were the pioneers of civilization, were the first Europeans who came in contact with the swarm of invading Kaffirs which had overflowed the colony from the north-eastern parts of Africa. Before, indeed, the British Government sent any armed force to the frontier, the Boer Commando was the earliest means of defence employed against the Kaffirs. This Commando was a levy of mounted farmers, called into the field by their Field-Cornet or High Sheriff, for the purpose of recapturing cattle of which they had been plundered by the Border Kaffirs, and of retaliating against the offenders. Even then a mounted force seems to have been the most effectual one that could be employed against the natives. The Boers, as far as I can see, appear to have always been able to hold their own pretty much against their native enemies when left to themselves. They depended upon their trusty

weapons, the long "roers," with which they have always made such excellent practice ; and their horses usually gave them a certain advantage over their dismounted opponents. Among our earliest auxiliary forces were the Fingoes, who, since they were taken under British protection and rescued from the hands of the Gaika Kaffirs, their enslavers, have always fought on our side. But though they have been at times very useful in scouring the bush, driving cattle and so forth, they are naturally too much in dread of their conquerors to be of much good against them. Then again, in common with all the native levies whom we have hitherto brought into the field, they are not only wretched shots but very wasteful of their ammunition, and are apt to be entirely "out of it" just at the critical moment when it would be really useful. They are therefore not much to be depended upon. I was once a witness to a complete panic amongst a Fingo force which accompanied our column when engaged with Kaffirs in the Keiskamma bush in the war of 1851. The Kaffirs had been, as usual, pressing upon our rear all day ; and a squadron of my regiment, the Cape Mounted Rifles, had been doing its usual hard work of supplying the rear guard, with a view of protecting the column in its retreat. The bush was very thick, and indeed it was nothing

more or less than running the gauntlet through a series of ambuscades ; the Kaffirs could literally walk up to the edge of the bush, and fire into the column under cover. This cover was so tangled that we could not even get inside it. To make matters worse, as far as I was concerned, I was riding a horse that day which would not stand fire. He was my pack-horse, properly speaking, but my charger had fallen lame, and I was obliged to shift the pack to him, and take the pack-horse as a substitute. This pack-horse was a strong brute, but he had a very queer temper. Finding that he obstinately refused to face the sharp fire which the Kaffirs were sending into our rear, I was obliged to dismount from his back early in the day and take him back to the column, whilst I had to fight on foot. As my troop was mounted this was rather awkward. We had come to a part of the road where it made a sudden, sharp descent very much broken with thorny scrub. The Fingoes who formed part of our rear-guard were slowly retreating down the hill, when I saw the Kaffirs make a sudden rush in upon the unfortunate Fingoes. Breaking their assegais short off as they came on, they were in amongst them in a moment. I never shall forget the helpless way in which those poor fellows gave themselves up to their fate. They were evidently

too much scared to make any resistance against their cruel enemies. It was quite touching to hear the Fingoes call upon their mothers in their agony, as if these could help them. My mounted men made a dash and drove off the Kaffirs, as they always did when they could fairly get at them; but not before a great many had been disposed of. I saw then that the Fingoes would never get to close quarters with the Kaffirs if they could avoid it. To give them their due, however, they fight decently when well backed, and are wonderfully energetic when their enemy is running away. The Fingoes were generally located in large settlements or kraals built near the forts. The principal villages at Fort Peddie and King William's Town contained each some seven or eight hundred of them with their families. Their huts, constructed in a similar manner to the Kaffirs', were disposed in streets so as to defend the large cattle-kraals made in the centre, into which the herds were driven every night for protection. Sometimes, in consequence of excessive drought, their cattle were driven far away from the settlements, guarded only by a few herdsmen, in search of grass, which in the dry season is very scarce. The Kaffirs, taking advantage of the opportunity, pounced upon them and drove them off. When this happened they might be seen rushing pell-mell out of their huts

in all directions, with such weapons as they could readily lay their hands upon in pursuit of the robbers, each striving to overtake his neighbour, and swarming out in their blankets like so many white ants; setting out at a species of jog-trot, anxiously looking out for the spoor of their retreating enemies. They are very persevering on these expeditions, and have been known to stay out for days without food rather than return unsuccessful. Under these circumstances they will fight very desperately, and generally succeed in recapturing their cattle and putting their foe to the rout.

Of all the different kinds of levies which have been raised in the country, none were less to be depended upon than the Cape Town levies. Some of these were Europeans. The remainder embraced every variety of caste from the Day-and-Martin-coloured Mozambique nigger, to the parchment-faced Irishman. Here might be seen runaway sailors, discharged soldiers, scamps out of employ, and ragged rascals of every description who preferred the glorious profession of arms to hard work of any kind. Like all soldiers, they were clad and shod by contract. Their outfit, furnished by slop-sellers, contributed therefore, as might be supposed, a pleasing variety of costume, the military forage-cap mingling sociably with the paletot and ankle-jacks of private life. Their sense of discipline was not very strict.

They were accustomed to look upon the most ordinary commands of their superior officers as admitting of argument. Thus, when required to mount sentry, if they were not relieved at the proper time from their posts, they had an unpleasant habit of notifying the fact to the corporal of the guard by firing off their muskets. They might possibly shoot some stray wanderer who was so unfortunate as to cross their beat by so doing. But this little *contre-temps* they looked upon as *la fortune de guerre*, nor did it discompose them. This noble indifference to human life was as strongly exhibited on patrol as elsewhere, an officer and several men having been destroyed in this manner in the commencement of the war of 1851 by these worthies, whose style of firing was distributed amongst their friends as well as their foes most indiscriminately and impartially. Nothing can give an adequate idea of their grotesque appearance on the line of march: the utter absence of all regularity, their muskets sloping at a hundred different angles, their rolling gait, and the number of miscellaneous odds and ends and loose ropes hanging about them. They are perfectly uncontrollable, their officers having abandoned all idea of discipline as hopeless. Thus they go along in a confused rabble; each one walking his own pace and carrying his weapon as he finds most

convenient, and laughing and chattering incessantly. Nothing is more difficult than to keep the volatile warrior from straggling on the line of march. Now it is a shoe coming off or a strap giving way ; or he must stop five minutes while he takes off bundle after bundle to get at his ration biscuit—his three days' supply of which he generally finishes long before he arrives at his first encampment. Then he must stop to drink at every little *vley*, or pool of muddy water near the road, and perhaps is missing altogether and does not turn up for some hours, when it appears that he has been attracted by some pumpkin plantation or mealy (Indian corn) field, of which he brings off some forty or fifty specimens, ingeniously stowed away on various parts of his person, and not unfrequently an enormous pumpkin, or perhaps two, *saltirewise*, impaled upon his musket.

Then we had a most extraordinary corps of Riflemen, raised, I believe, in the first instance and equipped at the expense of Captain (afterwards Sir) Stephen Lakeman. As far as I recollect he was the scion of some great saddlery importer ; and so, I suppose, thinking that there is "nothing like leather," he conceived the droll idea of clothing his legions from head to foot with that material. They were a queer ill-conditioned ragged lot, a "regular scratch pack ;" and

when equipped, looked more like the popular idea of Roman centurions out of luck than anything else. They wore a sort of helmet of leather, with regular buff jerkin tunics, and continuations of the same unaccommodating material. It was no doubt well adapted for going through the bush, and turning the points of the thorns; which was, I suppose, his idea in adopting the costume. But who shall do justice to the limp shiny dog's-eared appearance of the legion when it began to get a little soiled and worn, and more especially after a series of heavy showers or continued wet days; or realise the fatigue incident to such a stifling costume in a tropical country, or the sappy misery of its frog-like embrace under the untoward circumstances which I have suggested? Their commander, however, had such a high opinion of their merits, that he actually claimed for them the high-sounding title of the "Invisible Column of Death." However, to be just, I believe they really did on one occasion steal in the dark upon a party of some half-a-dozen Kaffirs who were holding a symposium in a distant kloof, whom, taking by surprise, they forthwith abolished; so that they may be fairly said to have established some claim to that terrific appellation. We had several mounted corps at this time, of whom the best was perhaps Armstrong's Horse. This corps

was organized by that fine old Kaffir war veteran the late Colonel John Armstrong, formerly of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

Undoubtedly, the most useful of all the corps ever brought into the field against the Kaffirs was my old regiment, the Cape Mounted Rifles. As it seems possible, from all accounts, that this regiment will form the model for the future Cape cavalry of the frontier, as it certainly proved to be the best in former wars, I think I cannot do better than give some description of its organization and the nature of its services, in these pages. The Cape Mounted Rifles then was a mounted regiment some 800 strong, and consisted of twelve troops, two-thirds of whom were natives, and the remainder Europeans recruited from different regiments. They were lithe, active, wiry little fellows, averaging about nine stone. Their dapper figures needed no setting up, and they had a natural aptitude for the saddle, and seemed to learn to ride instinctively. They would jump up at any time on their horses, bare-backed, without saddle or bridle, using their headstalls only to guide them, and gallop off at headlong speed in chase of horses or cattle which had strayed away from the camp, without a moment's hesitation ; and were rough and ready at all times, and in any emergency. Being perfectly at

home in the *veldt*, the bivouac was their delight; and they would sit up laughing and chattering round the camp fire all night, never seeming to care about rest, as long as they had a screw of tobacco in their pouches, or a comrade to listen to. With their keen sight and quickness of hand, they soon became fair shots, and were able to use their double-barrelled carbines from the saddle with good effect, for this was a part of their drill. We always made a point of practising our horses to be steady under fire. For instance, a horse which was at all fractious or timid was placed between two steady troopers on either side, when we had firing drill; in this way they soon gained confidence, for the slightest movement on horseback spoils a shot. Our double-barrelled smooth-bore Victoria carbines were excellent weapons, and carried very correctly at point-blank range of 100 yards. The great advantage of these was that they could be easily loaded on horseback, or even whilst running along on foot; and being smooth-bored, the bullets were not apt to get jammed in the barrel as with rifles, which, in my humble opinion, are quite unsuitable for mounted men. They were furnished with a strong trigger-guard, and would stand a good deal of knocking about before they got out of order.

The uniform of the Cape Mounted Rifles was dark

(invisible) green, and serviceable enough; but the officers' dress was not only elaborate and expensive but quite unsuited to the country, being a very handsome, dark, hussar uniform braided with mohair, which is almost as expensive as gold lace and was soon spoiled by constant exposure to the heat and dust of that rough country. Latterly we instituted a patrol jacket which was more comfortable, the finery being reserved only for dress occasions. Besides the double-barrelled carbine which was carried in a leathern bucket attached to the saddle, the men were provided with a cavalry sword,—a part of their equipment which might have been judiciously left out, as it only made a clatter which was seriously inimical when employed as we often were, in any expedition requiring silence and secrecy; but as the frontier Kaffirs always avoided coming to close quarters, swords were only in the way, and of no real use in the field. Another fault in the equipment was that the English authorities would persist in supplying the men with the old-patterned, regulation, heavy dragoon-saddle, which of itself was almost enough for the small Cape horses to carry, without anything else. The lightest saddle possible consistent with strength, furnished with a pair of moveable holsters to strap on to the pommel and hold a brace of revolvers, would be

infinitely preferable, especially in Zululand, where these could be used with deadly effect at short range.

The regiment was mounted on serviceable horses seldom running above 14 hands 2 or 3 inches in height, but capable of sustaining a great deal of hard work, and not badly shaped. They were rather low in the shoulder, and drooped too much in the quarter, the tail being set on very low, which gave them an ugly appearance. The regulation price allowed by Government for these troopers was £25, which is considered a good price in the Colony. Each horse, in addition to the usual cavalry appointments, was provided with a good strong *reim* or strap of white alum leather. This was carried rolled up on the headstall, and was always ready for use. It served either to fasten the horse to the picket-rope or bush at the bivouac, or to knee-halter him by when grazing on the *veldt*. Knee-haltering is accomplished by taking a couple of half-hitches round the horse's fore-leg above the knee, which has the effect of drawing his head downwards and effectually prevents his straying away for any considerable distance. This done, the troop horses are turned out to graze under a horse-guard who are answerable for their safety. This is indeed the invariable mode practised by all travellers at the Cape.

The Cape Mounted Riflemen were taught to act either

mounted or dismounted as occasion might require, their drill embracing both contingencies. They were admirable skirmishers, being practised to that style of fighting as the drill of all others most necessary in bush-fighting. I have often seen them, when on rear-guard in the field, keeping off a host of Kaffirs; extended in skirmishing order, delivering their fire, and then turning about and retiring between their files just as steadily as if on parade. Unfortunately the regiment occupied a most anomalous position. Although mounted and armed and equipped, and serving to all intents and purposes as cavalry, they were really neither cavalry nor infantry; "neither fish, flesh nor good red-herring." For instance, they only received infantry pay and allowances. And consequently we never knew how to style ourselves. When I first joined, the regiment was commanded by a fine old cavalry-officer, Colonel (afterwards General Sir Henry) Somerset, a *vieux sabreur*, who had served with his regiment, the 11th Hussars, at Waterloo. Well, in his time we prided ourselves in being cavalry. We were drilled in all the cavalry manœuvres, marched with drawn swords, and everything was done according to strict cavalry regulation. But, unhappily for us, in due course of time, our fine old cavalry-colonel was replaced by an old infantry-colonel, who had been for many years

adjutant of a marching regiment, and was infantry to the backbone. He persisted in calling A Troop No. 1 Company, and would have taken away our spurs if he dared, finding them no doubt a source of danger to himself when mounted, for he was no rider and knew nothing whatever about horses. He was great, however, at orderly-room work, and nearly reduced us to desperation by his fidgetiness. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the regiment was a most useful one, and eminently suited to the country and the duties required of it. A post-party started every week, which made the round of the different outposts and carried despatches. In war-time, they saved the column over and over again from surprise ; and were indeed, as has been aptly observed, the eyes and ears of the colonial army. Our duties in the field often took us away in small parties from the column into the very heart of the bush ; but the men were never at a loss : they had a wonderful eye for country, and could see a Kaffir, or a very small object in the bush, ever so far off. When we have been skirmishing, they have repeatedly pointed them out to me, although I strained my eyes in vain to get the smallest glimpse of a native in the direction indicated. Presently, however, a puff of smoke from the very spot and the whistle of a bullet overhead would prove the correct-

ness of the information in a very unpleasant fashion. When I first joined the regiment, the Hottentots, or "Tottys," as we called them for abbreviation sake, were habited in leather pantaloons. These were euphoniously termed "crackers," from the peculiar noise which they made when in motion. Of these the Tottys were immensely proud; they were never satisfied unless they fitted them like their skins. They were uncommonly neat-made little fellows, and I used to think that they looked very workmanlike in this costume. The dandies used to embroider them at the seams. I remember that they used to clean them with sour grass—a kind of sorrel. The curious rustling noise which they made I think rather enhanced their value in their wearers' estimation. Unfortunately, they were not always to be trusted during the latter part of the war of '51. Many of them were suspected of sympathising with their brethren of the Kat river, who had rebelled on account of some supposed injustice on our part; and partly on this account, and from the great expense of keeping up so large a mounted force, equal to at least three ordinary cavalry regiments, it was thought prudent, some years afterwards, to break up the regiment.

The Cape Mounted Rifle corps in the first place consisted of Hottentots, who were embodied into a

corps under Lieutenant John Campbell, of the 98th Foot, with a sergeant of the same regiment, as far back as the year 1797. In 1800, this body of men was formed into a regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel King, Major Donald Campbell being second in command, with their head-quarters at Cape Town. A portion of them were mounted, and were employed as guides and orderlies at head-quarters for the carrying of despatches, while the dismounted were doing duty on the frontier. After the Cape of Good Hope was again restored to the Dutch, at the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, the Cape corps was left in the colony, the men being retained in the Dutch service. In 1806, the colony was once more surrendered to the British Crown. At this time the regiment consisted of about 500, rank and file, but was augmented in 1808 to 800, one company being stationed at Graaf Reinet, whilst another was sent to the frontier. In 1810 the regiment embarked for Algoa Bay, and was actively employed on the frontier, under Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, in clearing the Kaffirs from the country between the Sunday and the Great Fish River, which latter was then the boundary of Kaffraria. The Kaffirs were at this time secreted in the Addo bush between Graham's Town and Algoa Bay. It was at this time that the Landdrost Stockenstrom was killed.

The chief T'Slambie then occupied the Zuurberg, with about 4000 Kaffirs. In 1812, the head-quarters of the regiment were first established at Graham's Town, and detachments were distributed in small parties along the frontier in isolated posts twenty-two in number. Here they were constantly occupied in patrolling, scouring the bush, and dislodging parties of Kaffirs assembled in the colony. In 1815, they assisted in putting down a revolt amongst the colonists. After the suppression of this revolt, a detachment of the regiment was employed by the Royal Artillery as drivers. In 1817, the regiment consisted of six companies, under a Major commanding. They were employed night and day at this time, repelling the incursions of the Kaffirs in the Fish River bush.

The orders, emanating from Lord Charles Somerset, then Governor of the colony, were to capture Kaffirs found trespassing, if possible without bloodshed; a reward of five rix-dollars being given for every capture of a Kaffir unwounded, and one rix-dollar for every head of cattle retaken. In 1818, the regiment assisted in recovering two thousand head of cattle from the T'Slambie tribe. In 1819, when the chiefs T'Slambie and Lynx attacked Graham's Town, the Cape Mounted Rifles were complimented in general

orders by Lieutenant General Willshire, who was afterwards commandant of the garrison at Chatham, upon the services they rendered. In 1823, the regiment was augmented to four troops of Cavalry and four of Infantry ; the command devolving upon Major Henry Somerset. For the next five years, they were constantly employed in clearing the frontier of Kaffirs, and recovering stolen cattle. In 1828, Lieutenant-Colonel Somerset, then commandant of Kaffraria, gained a victory over a very superior force of Kaffirs at the Umtata River, with the assistance of this regiment, which was then commanded by Capt. Aitchison. From this time up to 1840, the Cape Mounted Riflemen recaptured more than six thousand head of cattle, and three or four hundred horses, which had been stolen from the colonists. The command of the corps eventually devolved upon Colonel Henry Somerset, in 1840, when His Excellency General Sir George Napier publicly thanked the regiment, after his inspection of them, for the valuable services which they had rendered the colony since 1838 ; and testified to their efficiency in every respect as a mounted frontier defence. From that time until the war of 1857, and two following years, soon after which they were disbanded, they took an active part in the Kaffir wars of the colony ; always

proving serviceable and efficient for the peculiar duties which they were called upon to perform.

The colonists, however, who are well aware of their capabilities, have never ceased to regret their disappearance, and have attempted already, in another form, to resuscitate them. I think it will be found that the frontier force of the future can take no better model for its construction than the old Cape Mounted Riflemen. The Cape Mounted Riflemen, after their disbandment, were replaced by a numerous body of Kaffir Police, under Major (afterwards Sir Walter) Curry, a most zealous, indefatigable officer, who from his long residence in the colony and thorough knowledge of the natives and the country was able to bring the corps into a very high state of efficiency.

The Armed Police were mounted volunteers. They got a yearly allowance of about £100, and out of this they had to find their own horses and equipments. They wore a costume of tanned leather, and were armed with long rifles, which they carried slung from their shoulders by means of straps, which maintained the muzzle in an upright direction. They were a rough-and-ready corps, and latterly largely recruited from young Englishmen of all ranks, who went out to join them from the mother country. Though not so well organized or disciplined as the old Cape corps,

they certainly came next to them in efficiency as a Cape force by their suitability for bush warfare. This is the corps which it has been attempted to convert into a new Cape Mounted Rifle regiment, without, as they complain, giving them any choice in the matter. Should they be inclined to take service, they will, no doubt, furnish excellent material. If, however, they could be supplemented with a certain proportion of the old soldiers belonging to the corps which was their prototype, the Cape Mounted Rifles, their efficiency would, I imagine, be very considerably augmented. And a most useful regiment, in my opinion, would be the result.

In the year 1820, when the district between the Great Fish River and the Keiskamma was established as a neutral territory, it was determined to build a number of forts within its area, for the defence of the colony by way of military protection. It was thought that with the Great Fish River in the rear, and Fort Beaufort and Graham's Town as military depôts, these outposts would form a perfect chain of defences. They were built accordingly, and occupied commanding positions over the whole area of the then frontier. They were mostly stone buildings, solidly constructed, square in form, the walls being loopholed for musketry. Each fort contained accommodation for a certain

number of mounted men and a detachment of infantry. Some of them were very isolated, and their garrisons were at times put to great straits for supplies, communication being difficult in time of war, from the impracticable nature of the bush with which they were surrounded. This was so tangled and full of evergreen shrubs and succulent plants that it was quite impervious to fire, and could only be partially cleared. These forts, though built by that scientific corps, the Royal Engineers, were planned with such an absolute want of practical knowledge that the most astounding blunders were perpetrated in their construction. Despite the blunders of scientific constructors, however, and general mismanagement, the forts were no doubt calculated to answer the end for which they were intended; and if they had been likely to remain as permanent structures, the money spent on their erection would not have been mispent. But the termination of the ensuing war in 1835 saw the Kaffirs again driven further away beyond the boundary; again a short-sighted policy once more restored the land which had been confiscated by Sir Benjamin Durban, and pardoned the chiefs who had been in rebellion. So, in the same unwise spirit of conciliation, all these forts, built at an enormous expense, were allowed to fall into disuse and decay,

many of them being dismantled. The settlement of King William's Town was established, and a further line of temporary forts at various points succeeded their now useless predecessors. These new forts were nothing more than a series of little wattle-and-daub huts, which, as that style of architecture is peculiar to South Africa, I will describe. The wattles are long rods or twigs of tough wood, cut in lengths and inserted edgewise between a frame-work of wood, so as to form a kind of trellis-work; the daub is a composition of mud and cow dung, which is plastered or daubed on to the wattles forming the walls; a roof of timber is then added, covered with reeds. The inside walls get a coating of white-wash, the floor is dashed over with the same mixture, and the house is then considered eligible as an officer's quarters in South Africa. It is no exaggeration to say that a civilised man in any other part of the world would hesitate before he put the most ordinary hack into it. These houses or quarters are enclosed by a mud wall, formidable against Kaffirs, but utterly indefensible against a disciplined enemy. So that I think I need hardly waste time in discussing them.

Such have been our fortified means of defence hitherto on the frontiers. Our regular forces have

always been supplemented, as they are at present, by different local corps of militia and volunteers supplied by the districts which we have been called upon from time to time to defend ; but they do not greatly differ from those already described.

The present organisation of military defences for the Cape Colony has been established by the Acts of the Colonial Legislature in the session of last year. A new force of "Cape Mounted Riflemen" has been created, in which the "Frontier Armed and Mounted Police" is now merged. It consists of two divisions or wings, each under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, with captains and lieutenants, under the orders of the commandant-general of the forces in the Colony. Two other Acts provide for the enrolment of the Burgher Force, or Militia, in which all male residents between eighteen and fifty years of age, European, Kaffir, Fingo, or Hottentot, with a few exemptions of clergymen, school teachers, and public officials, are bound to serve when called upon. They are to be summoned by the field-cornets, whenever the Governor thinks fit to assemble them for inspection and practice, or for active service ; and they are divided into two classes, the first between eighteen and thirty, the second class from thirty to fifty years of age. The burghers of each field-cornetcy elect

their own field-captain, to serve for three years, and the field-captains elect their field-commandant for the division. Mounted burghers find their own horses, but are entitled to compensation for the loss of them in active service. The establishment of three regiments of "Cape Mounted Yeomanry," with their head-quarters respectively at King William's Town, Queen's Town, and Uitenhage, is provided for by a third Act of last year's session ; and there are new regulations, also, for the acceptance of volunteer corps, the members of which are excused from serving in the Burgher Militia.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EPISODE IN KAFFIR WARFARE.

Sir Harry Smith.—His triumph over Macomo.—His standard of peace.—His Excellency shut up in Fort Cox.—The Kaffir messenger.—Ingenuous stratagem.—Relief expedition from Fort Hare.—Stopped by the enemy.—Lieutenant Squirrel's service.—Burying the fallen.—Our expedition from King William's Town.—The besieged fort is relieved.—The Governor extricated.—Return to headquarters.—My personal adventures.

I CANNOT give a better idea of the value of a mounted corps, such as I have described the Cape Mounted Rifles to be, than by relating an episode in the Kaffir War of 1851, on which occasion this regiment enabled the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Harry Smith, to make his escape from Fort Cox, one of our advanced outposts in the heart of Kaffraria. His Excellency had ridden up from Cape Town to the frontier, a distance of 600 miles, in six days (for he was a light weight and a capital horseman), and had immediately hastened to Fort Cox, in Kaffraria, where a body of troops had been collected just before the breaking-out of the war.

It was upon this occasion that His Excellency

performed his great *coup-de-théâtre* of placing his foot upon the Chief Macomo's neck, to which humiliating test, for purposes of his own, Macomo submitted; but that dignified old chief, who had up to that time been our faithful ally, as he raised his recumbent body from the earth administered this crushing rebuke, "Until now I thought you were a man!" These intelligent far-seeing natives had then to go through the farce of embracing the standard of peace, which emblem I remember seeing at King William's Town some days before, being purposely constructed for the occasion out of a broomstick surmounted by what was evidently an old brass door-handle. This absurd trophy the chiefs all in turn embraced. I can fancy their derisive sneers and comments as they did so. His Excellency then dismissed them perfectly satisfied, no doubt, in the innocence of his heart, that he had accomplished a master stroke of diplomacy. A few days more saw our troops surprised and defeated. The two military villages, Woburn and Auckland, were burnt, and their inhabitants massacred, and the whole country was filled with murder and rapine.

Fort Cox was built on a hill dominating the Keiskamma river. Here His Excellency found, much to his chagrin, when he wished to return to King William's Town his head-quarters, that he