

for the cold mornings which were the prelude of the day's march.

As we were making for the rendezvous, a troop of hartebeests showed about a mile away, and a couple of sportsmen started at once in pursuit. The ground was favourable; and the column having halted for the mid-day meal, was able to watch the whole of the chase. Presently the horsemen dismounted for a shot, and the excitement vented itself in loud cries and directions from the men.

“Keep your head down, captain darlin’!”

“Don’t ye see that big one with the two horns; he’s a cow, he is, and not a deer at all, at all.”

“Holy mother, but them’s the pretty creatures to shoot!”

Just then puff went the smoke of the two rifles, and off galloped the hartebeests untouched; the two ponies taking the opportunity of making for camp as hard as they could lay legs to the ground, amid a howl of delight from the spectators.

On nearing Fort Cambridge, under an isolated peak which formed an excellent landmark, called

by the Zulus Inyayeni, the column struck the road to Ulundi, by which the advance was originally intended. It was an excellent road, wide and well defined, encumbered by few hills, and altogether better than the one which the army took.

Across the Umvolosi a drift had been cut by the Engineers. Now a drift in South Africa signifies a place where a waggon can get over a river; and experiences of drifts are amongst the most trying of all met with in the land. The banks of its rivers are continually worn away by the stream, and are usually perpendicular. So the angle has to be cut away on either side, the result being a sharp pitch to go down, and another like it to climb. Between the two runs the stream, always rapid, deep or shallow according to the season, its bed sand, soft and easily cut up. You will be lucky also if it is free from mud-holes.

The method of crossing a drift is invariable, and as bad as it can be. The team is tugged at by the "forelooper," by a thong of hide fastened to the horns of the leading couple. A good "forelooper" circles his team round at first, so as

to get a straight pull when their noses are in the right direction; but the boys we had been reduced to pulled any way but the right one, and so the oxen were brought up to the drift in form like the letter S—the waggon they pulled taking the bank at the side and remaining stuck fast. If it escapes this danger and takes the descent fairly, up goes the hind part as the fore-wheels lumber down into the sand; while the driver, ceasing to crack his whip, runs back and screws up a log of wood against the hind-wheels as a break. In consequence, when the waggon reaches the bottom it stops dead, the fore-wheels sink axle-deep, the oxen in every possible attitude in front. Now come fiends armed with long whips, who place themselves on either side of the team, and on a signal, with horrible yells and whistles, crack their whips with the rapidity of lightning against the bullocks' sides. The maddened beasts strain at the "trek tow," and if the waggon gives, pull it across. But as often as not the wheels have silted up, and the machine refuses to budge an inch. More whips arrive, the yells redouble, the floggers dance round the oxen; the poor tortured beasts twist

about to escape the blows, some kneel or lie down, others plunge and turn tail foremost in the line, while some get the chain twisted round their legs and are thrown bodily into the stream. A fresh span of sixteen more is brought down and hooked on in front, and the uproar begins again. At the first pull of the double team crack goes the chain, and the new span wanders calmly off, only to be brought back and tackled to again. Meantime cart-loads of stones have been thrown under the wheels, and the long grass and weeds fringing the river have been cut by armfuls and laid on the top.

The drift over the White Umvolosi was as bad as recent rain could make it, and it took half a day to pass over thirty waggons, and as much more to get the tired oxen to a camping-ground barely two miles farther.

Ten miles beyond, Fort George was built, and we sat down in expectation of what the Zulus would do in answer to our proclamation that unless they brought in their arms within four days we should burn their kraals.

There were plenty of Zulus about: their vil-

lages everywhere were partly inhabited. Intabankulu, the mountain over the fort, was known to be the refuge for some thousands: Cetewayo was at large only thirty miles in front, and the smoke of signal-fires was constantly seen.

The Zulus managed these admirably: a bunch of a certain kind of grass, which, when burnt, gave out a peculiar white smoke, was thrown on the fire,—a white puff followed, and the signal was complete. In the search for Cetewayo, I remember watching about a dozen of these puffs, ascending one after another, in the direction which we were following, until the line was answered, from the very place near which the king was hiding, by a thin column of smoke projected suddenly upwards.

Fort George stood close to a mission station, then in ruins. Some mud-walls and a couple of orange-trees were all that remained of what was once a prosperous settlement. Other stations, also in ruins, were scattered about; and strange tales were told of the missionaries. That the Zulus laughed at them there is little doubt: they were in the habit of preaching in the language which they learnt from books—quite

different from that spoken by the natives, who came, as they admitted, to listen to a funny man speaking a funny tongue.

A German missionary purchased two young children, girls, for ten blankets, just as they were going to be killed with their mother, who had been "smelt out" for witchcraft. These girls he educated and brought up as Christians. When they were old enough, he sent them down to Maritzburg to purchase his annual stores. Here one of them took ill and died ; whereupon the prudent German, fearing he might lose the second one also, disposed of her on her return to a Zulu for ten cows,—thus clearing a handsome profit on the transaction. Another included in the list of stores he wanted for the year's use a hundredweight of gunpowder. The quantity seemed excessive ; and it was broadly hinted that he wanted it to sell again to the Zulus.

"Oh dear, no," said the worthy man : "it is not for that bad purpose I buy it ; but my servant shoots some game occasionally for my table, and I buy powder to supply him."

In shape Fort George was like a diamond, with faces some ninety yards long, flanked by a

redoubt at either end. These held the hospital, stores, ammunition, and working-tools : the larger enclosure was taken up by the cavalry and artillery, and some mounted irregulars. Baker Russell's camp was pitched outside one of the redoubts, just above the ruins of the mission station, and facing Intabankulu, which towered grandly up some four miles away. The mountain was wooded in parts, and provided with broad shelves, difficult of approach, and thick with Zulus, the smoke from their fires being ever present. Opposite, and fifteen miles south, was Inhlazatsi, still to be explored ; while in the east the N'gome range rose like a wall, marking the course of the Black Umvolosi, about ten miles away. Through the basin thus formed wound a river, laid down on the maps as Enhlongana. Here, forcing its way through beds of reeds, or bubbling over rocks, it tumbled, near the camp, over a shelf 150 feet high, in a graceful cascade. Miles away, on the top of a ridge, were waggons "trekking" to the fort, anon disappearing behind a hill, to appear again on the steep side of a slope which led into the camp.

The hills round were dotted with the cavalry

horses, and with countless cattle,—some our own, others belonging to the Zulus, whose kraals lay scattered far and near. Those to which the Zulus had returned were sacred; but others, deserted by their owners, were brought into camp as firewood—an actual necessity in this treeless land—their segments, like pieces of huge baskets, blackened with age, coming in on the top of a dandified mule-waggon.

Troops of Zulus now began to arrive in answer to our summons, treading invariably one behind the other in Indian file, often hundreds of yards long, according to the number. These brought with them guns and assegais; often herds of pretty cattle, all young bulls, and so little loss to the owners. The guns were a collection of rubbish, mostly from Germany, a few nondescript “big bores,” or bigger blunderbusses, with a sprinkling of English double-barrelled guns, invariably damaged.

The men were naked, all but the “moucha,” walking magnificently, upright and springy, their skins like satin, their faces far above the usual negro type, and their figures pictures of grace and activity. They came on without the

slightest show of fear, straight into the camp, and were taken at once to headquarters, where they all squatted in a semicircle while their arms were collected—each man in turn being called by name, when he advanced and deposited the arms he carried, receiving in return a pass to secure him from being molested. Then a short speech was made: “Cetewayo is no longer king. You will not again be ‘smelt out’ as witches. You will not be killed; and you can marry the girl you like.” The speech was received with grave attention, and evidently relished, as the fellows were unanimous on its conclusion in raising a hand apiece and exclaiming “Koss!” in token of assent. In appearance they wonderfully resembled one another: the young men had often really a pleasing expression, which soon assumes an air of cunning as age creeps on. Their eyes were always on the move restlessly round the circle, but not a word was spoken; every one of them was too intent on listening. Deep furrows appear to mark their faces early in life, lending an anxious cast to them. Their hair is worn very short, often shaved, especially on the crown of the head above the “ring.”

The recognised leader of each band always sat in the middle of the circle, and was most implicitly obeyed.

One day came Mahanana, a brother of Cetewayo's, and not unlike him in face and form. He was enormously fat, standing over six feet in stature, perfectly naked, all but the "moucha," and came forty miles to surrender to us, on foot. His body-guard consisted of six rough-looking Zulus, who squatted with their master opposite the tent-door, as though they were equals. But there was no mistaking the chief; his composure was intense, the indifference with which he treated everything about so delightful, and his whole attitude truly royal. An officer wishing to possess something of his as a memento, asked him to give him the rough stick he carried. Mahanana raised his eyes for a second, and replied in his low, soft voice—

"That stick has touched my hand, and there may be some of my own royal sweat upon it. I am a king, and nothing of a king's can touch a stranger and not be defiled!" The officer, foiled about the stick, asked for the tiny snuff-box he carried in his ear. Without a word the

Zulu raised his hand and took it out, with hardly a motion of his body ; then held it out, and let the little bit of horn drop into the Englishman's hand. The latter, in return, brought out some sticks of tobacco and a couple of boxes of matches, both worth their weight in gold in a Zulu's eyes, and offered them to Mahanana. He quietly held out one hand, and as the present fell into his palm, just passed it over to his follower sitting next to him, as if the things were utterly beneath his notice. And yet the man was a prisoner, and beaten. It is amusing to talk to the Zulus ; they are so magnificent in their ignorance, and so full of their own superiority.

Riding at a hand-gallop along the plateau connecting Inhlazatsi with Fort George, a big fellow joined me, and ran alongside for some five miles. His tongue never stopped. Much that he said was unintelligible, and a great deal was pure brag, with simple begging for tobacco thrown in.

“ Oh yes,” he said ; “ I was at Ulundi, and tried to kill you. If you had run away, we would have killed every one ; but you didn't. Myself and three friends determined to get nearer to your guns than any other Zulu ; and

we did"—three or four men actually got within thirty yards of one face of the square. "Then my three friends were killed,—pouf—pouf—pouf"—and he imitated the bullets whistling, and his head bobbing,—“so I ran away; but you had put iron palings in front of your men, and hung red coats on them, so that our guns could not kill them. I saw myself the bullets fall off them.” Every one said this same thing; it was only that which beat them. “Yes, yes; you have beaten us, and now you are masters of all people. No one can fight against any one who can beat the Zulus. How can we fight men who wear boots like that?”—pointing to my riding-boots. “We can’t wear such boots: and then you put boots on your horses. Who can fight such clever people? Can you give me tobacco?”

To get on with them, a great thing is to observe their social customs. To visit their kraal, etiquette is necessary. You ride into the centre of the huts without a sign. Out will crawl one or more “ring-men,” perhaps a naked urchin will bolt after them; in the hole they have crept through will be a suspicion of keen eyes watching you. The chiefs come round you, and, after an interval, say—

“ Have you ridden far ? ”

“ Yes, many miles.”

Then follows silence, during which the eyes inside the kraals become visible and impatient ; so the chief goes on—

“ In this country the crops are bad, and we are hard pressed.”

There being no answer required, we only nod.

“ In Natal you gather mealies in waggons. That is a rich country. Why do you come to this poor country ? ”

“ I come to see it—nothing else.”

“ Give me some tobacco.”

“ Yes, here is some.”

“ Well, ‘ thaka-boma ’—good day ! ” and the ceremony is complete. You are a friend, and cordiality is established. The watching eyes prove to be those of the women, who crawl outside, and giggle and chatter out of arm’s-length, their husbands sometimes dragging one forward by her outstretched hand, amid the jeers of her comrades, to receive tobacco. The children watch you farther off still, and you are soon in the midst of all the family grievances.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BIG FIRE—INLHLAZATSI—ITS BAD REPUTE—"IT'S COME AT
 LAST"—MAHOBOLIN—HE PROVES REFRACTORY—MONOT-
 ONY—LONGING FOR PEACE—SIKITWAYO YIELDS GRACE-
 FULLY.

DID you ever see a fire which extended for twenty miles? Such a fire we saw at Fort George, and the spectacle was not uncommon. It began on the White Umvolosi, advancing on a front of half-a-dozen miles, till it ran up the valley on the far side of Intabankulu; it licked up the grass from that mountain, creeping up its slopes to windward, and eating down the ravines and hollows sheltered from the breeze; it roared across the flats where the Zulus were hiding their cattle, and put itself out on the banks of the Black Umvolosi, twenty miles from its starting-point. For days its flames were slowly lapping against the wind.

All caused by a match thrown carelessly away, or a waggon-driver's fire of cow-dung. Fortunately the damage does good, and in a month's time the blackened ground will be green again, and gemmed with flowers.

But for all that we feared the fires, and used to burn a belt round ourselves,—for we were breast-high in a sea of yellow grass, as dry as tinder, in which a spark meant a conflagration. These grass-fires near camp came to be well understood; and as soon as one occurred, every man used to turn out, provided with a blanket or tentpeg-bag, and set to work to beat it out. If the wind was high the fire beat them, and those who were not careful got badly scorched: nothing was able to stop the fury of the flames, —they rushed onwards like a wave, amid much crackling, driving before them men and cattle. Dense volumes of smoke roll in front, and the flaming circle sweeps on as fast as a horse can canter. So rapid is the pace that the ground behind is strewn with half-burnt grass; while many of the more fleshy leaves survive, and dot the blackened plain with green spots.

Inhlazatsi is a remarkable mass of granite,

terraced and flat-topped. It was the bad reputation given to this mountain which turned our column off the road to Ulundi—a story, like many others in South Africa, much exaggerated. It is put down on the map as the Green Stone Mountain—Inhlaza signifying “green :” the more probable meaning is “angular”—the Zulu word for that term and the colour being identical.

And very angular it is—the edges sharp as knives, the descents bold and clearly defined: it is circled by terraces of naked rock; and the top is as flat as a table, sticking up some 6000 feet above the sea. It was with a feeling of awe that we approached a mountain, so long looked at from a distance, enveloped in doubt and mystery, and able to turn an army. Round its base were kraals, with cattle feeding and Zulus tending them, who, when addressed, answered volubly enough. Near one village were the remains of a waggon,—doubtless dragged thus far after Isandlwana.

The fearless bearing of the men was hardly borne out by that of two young girls whom we came upon all of a sudden. Dropping their

bundles of firewood, they took to their heels, and ran like antelopes, till we headed them off and made signs that no harm was intended. But fear was on their faces, and they refused all consolation, while they wrung their hands and looked about vainly for escape,—the younger and more buxom of the two, in an agony of despair, flinging her shapely arms over her head and crying out, “O Lord ! it’s come at last !”

Very few unmarried girls were met with : we had an evil character amongst the people, and they hid their women—their most valuable property—in the caves,—a rough life for the poor little “Intombie.” Ten cows are the lowest price for a girl ; and thirty cows give a man the right to be called a chief, and make other people do his work ; so “Intombies” are a valuable property.

A chief called Mahobolin, and a friend of his Manyonyoba — pestilent fellows, living on the Pongola, the extreme northern boundary of Zululand—about this time began to be troublesome. To them we had sent a messenger offering the same terms as had been given to others. Mahobolin replied that he only refrained from

killing our messenger because he wanted him to come back and tell us that he would see us further first. So orders were issued to march against him. This continual cropping up of the war in fresh places was very wearisome. In war you go on till you smash your enemy or he smashes you. With us, we were always beginning again just as we had finished. It was against our feelings to live amongst the people—to ride about alone many miles from camp—to visit their kraals, and laugh and talk with them,—when at any minute we might be burning and killing, as in the early days when Isandl-wana was unavenged.

The daily routine too, fearfully monotonous, offered no relief. The country was cursed with a fatal sameness, reflecting itself on the imagination. Mile after mile was crossed; in front a low line of hill, beyond which you may expect a view over a fresh bit of country. It is miles away, and you rise in your stirrups to catch the welcome view, only to be disappointed; it is just another stretch of grass, interminable. Distant mountains there are, but they seldom get nearer, and when they do, dwindle dreadfully.

Every valley is a network of dongas, and most of the hill-tops are paved with boulders.

Such was Zululand to us.

But there are rivers which dance over the shingle as merrily as any English trout-stream ; and miles of turf on mountain-tops where the cattle group themselves ; and clouds, fleecy white, against the blue ; and sunshine lavished everywhere.

Give us peace, a bed, a few books, and meals unassociated with the trek-ox, served on a decent plate, and Zululand would be as good a station as any down in the army-list.

It was Sunday morning when we left Fort George, just a fortnight after we had made it, and started for a trip of some seventy miles towards the north. We cross the Umvolosi at our former drift, now worn hard by constant traffic, and camp on the right bank, while the interpreter goes off to talk to Sikitwayo, the chief of the district, and somewhat disposed to give trouble.

He was old, he said, too feeble to come to us, and with no force at his command strong enough to make his tribe come in. On our paying him a visit he had bolted in a fright, his men some-

what inclined to show fight, especially when we walked off with three hundred of their cattle as hostages. The argument gained the day; and he sent word to say he was in a kraal near the column, with a number of guns, and his share of the cattle taken at Isandlwana. These presently arrived, his own were restored, and a pass given to him and his tribe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHEERLESS BIVOUC—THE ZLOBANE—A FATAL FIGHT—SAD
 REMAINS—UNSEBÉ—CETEWAYO CAUGHT—HIS ARRIVAL
 IN CAMP—FIGHTING AT LAST—DISAPPOINTED—OUR
 YOUNG ZULU—ON THE PONGOLA—THE DISASTER ON THE
 INTOMBIE—A ROBBERS' RETREAT—THE ATTACK—AN IN-
 CORRIGIBLE FOE—MANYONYOBA CAUGHT AT LAST.

IN fog and drizzle we left the Umvolosi, and marched up a valley west of the Umyati range till we struck the river again, twenty miles above our first point, and under a quaintly-shaped hill, which stuck out of the plain, and is called Inséké.

The ground about was historic—the scene of Wood's early skirmishes. His camping-grounds were about. Opposite our own was the one he occupied when the intelligence of Isandlwana made him leave faster than he came. Everywhere the oats springing up in rows betrayed

the old horse - lines. Bundles of firewood, drifts nearly washed out, and tumble-down parapets, marked the way he went. Due west, and exactly behind us, was the top of Bemba's Kop, near Conference Hill. North of that was Kambula, a dozen miles away ; and in front, a little less, Zlobane, the mountain which still hid on its slopes the relics of its ill-fated day.

As the troublesome chiefs we had come to look up lived under the shadow of this hill, it was thought wise to send out a party to see what they were about, before the main body proceeded to business.

The reconnoissance consisted entirely of mounted men : a squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards, all young men, stoutly made, who always managed to keep their clothes in capital order—their horses a little tucked up, many bought in Natal, but all round fairly fit ; another of Mounted Infantry, dressed in red-serge coats, brown cord-breeches, helmets, and ankle-boots—a most serviceable and useful contingent ; Darcy, who escaped by a miracle from Zlobane, brought his Frontier Light Horse, rough-and-ready fellows, with slung carbines, and ever-

lasting pipes; Lonsdale's Horse, the same in every respect except that they were fewer, and wore blue round their hats instead of red; and last, though not the worst by far, a party of Natal Mounted Police, if anything the pride of our colonial soldiers. Our flank was guarded by some rough-looking natives, mounted too, the contribution of a chief named Tetelika.

Sometimes the track led across patches of Tambouky grass, coming over our horses' heads, or through mealie-fields, long since picked. Close by was sure to be a kraal, its occupants looking rather doubtful of our intentions. Often we stumbled across an old cattle-kraal, its stones hidden in the grass, by no means pleasant to ride among. But the most part of our way was across the rolls of land which slid away from a range on the right, and which were then emerald with spring grass. Arrived on the bank of a stream, we off-saddled, while some neighbouring kraals were looked to. Tin pots were unfastened, armfuls of mealie-stalks brought in, and coffee boiled. This, with Chicago beef, was our dinner and supper in one. The horses were watered, and picketed in a hollow

square, and preparations made ostensibly for the night. But when the stars shone out, the saddles were put on again, and the men mounting in silence, we trooped off to the real halting-place.

This we found a couple of miles away on the side of a bare hill. Cold and damp with the fast-falling dew, we got down. Blankets were unstrapped, the horses tied together by a rope running through their snaffles, in colonial parlance called "ringing;" no saddles were removed. Silently the men rolled themselves in their blanket and waterproof sheet, and lay down by their horses. The hillside looked like a field of battle, when all the dead lie swathed, awaiting burial.

So in cold and damp we passed the night, our faces turned up to the stars, the hard ground like iron every way we lay. Men snoring, horses whinnying, a distant dog barking; and in the fog creeping up from the valley the groups on sentry looking big and ghostly, fancy, aided by drowsiness, lending to them a dozen different disguises. The long night drags away, and at the first streak of grey in the east every one rouses out, nose-bags are put on the

horses, blankets rolled, and a sharp walk taken to keep the blood from stagnation. The horses fed, and we mount and away, meeting the chill morning air till the sun tints the hill-tops with rosy-red, and a stream convenient for the morning's coffee is picked out. Such was one of many amongst the nights we spent in Zululand.

In front was the Zlobane, black and gloomy, with the sun rising behind it. To our left was the Zinguin range, and Zinguin's Nek, or Pass, towards the Zlobane.

Filing along we came upon a skeleton in the long grass, then another, the bones bleached white, a few fragments of hair alone remaining; we were crossing the track which the poor hunted wretches took on that fatal 28th of March.

Its tale has been already told.

Wood receiving orders to make a diversion at the same time as the relief of Etshowe was contemplated, thought of the Zlobane. He had been there before; it lay handy to Kambula, was known to be rich in cattle, and as yet had been only partially ravaged. So Buller, with a large force of Irregulars, went out to try what he could do.

The night before the attack he camped under the hill, starting before daybreak the next morning, so as to be at the top about dawn and surprise the natives. The way lay up the south-eastern corner, that furthest removed from the rest of the troops at Kambula. A fog favoured the ascent, and the men got up without being seen, and drove off a large quantity of cattle. Then they off-saddled on the flat summit of the hill for breakfast.

But the fog which had favoured their own attack had also allowed an army of Zulus, some 20,000 strong, advancing against Kambula, to come up unseen. From the mountain-top our men saw this vast army close below, the main body making up the spur which they had just climbed, the two "horns" circling round either side of the base. These advanced at a run, twenty men in breadth; the track they made, forty feet wide, was plain enough even then, five months after they had stamped it out by their feet. A general rush was made for the end of the mountain nearest to the line of retreat. In that direction the plateau on which our horsemen were, drew in to a very narrow neck, con-

necting it with a lower plateau a mile in length, which formed the western half of the Zlobane. The part on which they rode was surrounded by sides scarped perpendicularly out of the rock, and was a couple of hundred feet higher than the western plateau. This difference of level was joined at the narrowest point by an awfully steep slope of loose boulders, piled together any way; on either side a sheer precipice. And to this neck the fugitives made, hard pressed in rear by the Zulus.

How any got down is a miracle. The place is hardly practicable on foot; on a horse, or even leading one, the descent was doubly difficult; and those who made for it knew only too well that to lose one's horse was to lose one's life.

It was here Piet Uys lost his life and Buller won the Cross. A cruel slaughter took place, those who escaped it here meeting it further down where the "horns" had come and waited for them. Only those mounted well got away, and they were few enough.

There were thus many places at which danger was met: on the eastern plateau, where the

Zulus first swarmed, aided by the inhabitants; at the descent to the western plateau, where the larger number were killed; on this second plateau, where were scattered Zulus prowling; on the long and steep side of the mountain itself, which must be faced ere the plain below is reached, then full of savages; and lastly, on the long homeward ride to Kambula, followed for many a mile by the ever-active Zulus, and met at every turn by sneaking villagers.

On the crest of the narrow neck we found numerous skeletons, many a good deal broken up, probably by the monkeys; on the lower plateau were a few; and at the base of the mountain they lay thickly enough in a broad line, gradually getting thinner, till only detached bones were met, these extending for three miles from the actual mountain. All were perfect skeletons, the rags hanging here and there about them; some with the hair still attached to the scalp. Weatherly was recognised by his long fair moustache lying by his side, and the skeleton of a boy, his son, not many yards from him. We gave them what burial we could, and paid the last marks of respect to our soldiers' graves.

The directing spirit of all this disaster, Un-sébé, the chief of the Zlobane, gave himself up to us soon after we arrived.

He was a spare, miserable-looking creature, undersized, and wore a dirty railway-rug of a huge chess-board pattern as his only garment. His followers, of whom fifty were with him, were cruel-looking savages, anything but pleased at the turn things had taken. Amongst the whole there was not a spark of human feeling; hard faces, deep-lined foreheads, beetling brows, and noses low and squat, they were of all others ready to gloat over the agonies of a wretch unhappy enough to fall alive into their power.

Every Zulu carries, generally in his hair, a bone scraper, to remove the perspiration from his face and body; they also carry snuff-boxes in their ears. Snuff is a passion with them; they will sit the whole day talking and snuffing. They talk differently from other Africans, seldom raising their voices above an earnest whisper.

One evening came in the news of the capture of Cetewayo, and the men cheered lustily, the poor ragged fellows out at knees and elbows

thinking that the war was over, and nothing remained but to go home and spend their savings. The orderly camp was transformed into a scene of noisy rejoicing; Baker Russell and the staff brought out the last case of champagne. At the fourth bottle the colonels were asked in; at the fifth a glass of grog for the men was ordered all round; at the sixth a message was sent to release a prisoner lying under sentence of the "cat" on the morrow.

Every one was pleased at Marter's good fortune; personally, on account of his general popularity—and generally, that the 2d Division had finished the war without the assistance of the new-comers.

Marter had much trouble with his guides, who refused to show him the way, saying, when pressed, "the wind blows from the east;" "the trees all bend to the south-east."

Arriving at the kraal at last, he saw a very fat Zulu lying inside the door, whom at first he mistook to be the king. On entering, Cetewayo came up and demanded who he was. Marter replied that he was an officer sent to capture him. Cetewayo said, "I only surrender to a

chief." And on Marter explaining that his rank was that of chief, the king surrendered at once.

He was a man of enormous proportions, his thighs stupendous. After a time he complained of being tired, and a horse was prepared for him by taking off the holsters and making the saddle as large as possible. But he turned surly, and refused to ride; whereupon he was told if he would not walk or ride, he must be strapped across the saddle. The threat succeeded, and he set off walking once more. For forty-eight hours he refused food, though a bullock was given him to kill as he pleased: he said he was afraid of poison. At last hunger conquered, and the bullock was killed and eaten. Then he walked quietly along till the camp was reached. No reception was afforded him: he was marched to the tent assigned, and as soon as possible sent off under escort. So ended an eventful history.

The tribe hereabouts was the Makulusin, one of the most warlike of the whole, claiming the royal line, and so ever foremost in the fighting, and always ready to begin again. Five thou-

sand of these warriors were reported to be under arms in front waiting for us, anxious for a fight. A party of them had descended from Zinguin's Nek, and carried off some of our cattle only a few miles from camp. On the day following, I happened to be out some miles towards the front, accompanied by an escort, when we met a Zulu youth tending some cattle, who, as soon as he saw us, started at a run for us, smiling broadly, and telling us he could show us where yesterday's thieves were.

“And you will fight them, won't you? What fun! I shall come too and look on. That's the place, up there in the bush. If you go on, they will begin to shoot, and you will shoot too. I will stop here myself; I don't care to go any closer, for I don't want to be killed!”

However, he was disappointed of the fight, as the fellows had left, sending in to camp the stolen cattle. A little farther on we saw two Zulus running to meet us: they proved to be head-men anxious to make submission and save their kraals,—one of them saying his people had a flock of 400 sheep which they had taken from the Dutch early in the war, and now

wished to return. So we sent him off for the sheep, and drove them back to camp—lean, ragged creatures, wild as hawks, and fleet as race-horses. During our stay the Engineers had put up a small fort called Piet Uys, and had just completed it when the sheep arrived; so as no other place was available, it was thought best to let them pass the night inside, and they were driven in accordingly. But confinement was not a habit with them of late: the four earthen walls all round them appeared strange, and they stood looking at them in a lump, evidently much disturbed in their minds. All at once the bell-wether gave a start: he separated himself from the herd at a bound, and with another cleared the parapet in front, the rest following with a mighty rush, under which the beautiful parapet gave way, and Fort Piet Uys was a ruin.

Our young guide turned out so useful that we persuaded him to stay with us. This he seemed quite pleased with, but changed his mind later, and said he would go back to his kraal. We told him he should be well treated at the camp, but he still demurred, running beside

our horses when we cantered as easily as he did when they walked. At last we wanted to decide it one way or another whether he would come or go, and put the question to him point-blank.

“ Well, I have not made up my mind yet,” said the independent young fellow, who never saw for a moment how completely he was in our power.

Our fight evaporated altogether on our marching to meet it, and the villagers received us with smiles instead of assegais. The much-boasting Mahobolin gave himself up, and only Manyonyoba was left : that he would fight was pretty certain, as he had been attacked unsuccessfully several times owing to the caves he lived in ; and he knew, moreover, if he did surrender, that he was to be treated as a criminal.

To get to him a road had to be found or made. A Zulu was impressed from the nearest kraal, and told to lead us to a certain mountain which lies in the direction we want to go. This he at first refuses, professing ignorance. Persuasive measures alter his tone, and he sets out along a foot-track, crossed by many others just like it,

and each as distinct as the other. He motions you to follow, and starts off at a trot. Streams, gullies, dongas, and stony hills he passes with the assurance that over there is the road and nowhere else. The Sappers set to work; drifts are cut, bog-holes filled in, dongas turned, and next morning you see the waggons following your steps, leaving an excellently-marked road behind them.

In this way we reached the Bevano river, climbed the slopes of the Dumbé Mountain, left Makatees Kop on the left, and finally reached the Pongola some five miles below Luneberg.

And the change after Zululand was pleasant. Farms, in ruins certainly, dotted the land, the blue-gum trees about them untouched. Wild-flowers lent colour to the rolling uplands; petunias, lobelias, auriculas, daisies, dielytras, mari-golds, zinnias, hyacinths, and orchids were blooming everywhere. Among the rest a snow-drop reminded us pleasantly of home.

The slopes were absolutely covered with ant-hills—so thick that the difficulty was to find a clear place for the camp. In many, bees had turned out the ants, making their own nest

inside, and a hunt was always going on to track the bees flying homewards to the ant-hill in which the honey was. Altogether the ants have a sore time of it; the ant-bear licks them up by thousands; the soldier burns them alive in their nest, turned into an oven; and the bees hustle them out to put their honey in their place.

The country north of the Pongola is mountainous and broken; here and there are flat-topped hills with precipitous sides. Patches of bush climb the slopes, and flowering-trees are scattered amongst grey boulders. These slopes are honeycombed with crevices leading past the boulders into caves, and have for ages formed a sanctuary for bands of robbers, their chief at that time Manyonyoba.

We pitched our camp on a slope running down to the Intombie river, not a hundred yards from the scene of the disaster the previous March. The trenches where the tents stood still remained; littered papers, empty tins of preserved-meat, and other rubbish, strewed the ground. On the river's bank were two mounds under which lay the dead. The skeletons of two soldiers were still unburied; the poor fel-

lows had been killed while running in the long grass, and that burnt, their bones were exposed. The bodies of two natives were found in a ditch, locked tightly in each other's arms—the one a Zulu, the other one of our own people. Farther on lay the skeleton of the horse shot under an officer when employed in reconnoitring with Commandant Shermbrucker, the two escaping on the latter's horse; while the third, a German orderly, was killed.

Here, too, were the remains of Meyer's mission station, once a large thriving settlement; then destroyed, and its name made hideous by the cruelties practised on the poor Kafirs who happened to be caught there by Manyonyoba. Roses bloomed in the hedges; peach-trees were white with flower; figs, plums, and apricots were forming, and mulberries were already ripe.

Beyond the Intombie the mountains close in on either side of the road to Derby. On the right a huge flat-topped giant formed the stronghold of Umbeline, then killed, but notorious for his savage deeds, more especially that enacted on the Intombie. On the left, and on

either side of the river, extending up its course for six miles or more, were the caves we had come to rout out. Thousands of ant-hills, bright red, covered the valley; two hideous dongas, almost impassable, straggled across it; in the distance a ruined farm stood out with melancholy significance. The day before, Tetelika's Natives, at a parley with the robbers who lived in the caves nearest to our camp, had persuaded them by fair words to come out of their hiding-place, and had then treacherously murdered eight of them, the rest flying in every direction. We had hoped to induce these people to surrender as others had done, but this incident put a stop to all, and nothing was left but brute force. So the 94th, with the Light Horse and Mounted Infantry, set off for the mountain. The King's Dragoon Guards skirted the base; the Irregulars made their way far round and closed the road in that direction; while the Infantry, in single file, led straight up the mountain for the caves. The sun blazed with intense heat on the boulders and tall grass which strewed the way. The dongas were crossed by paths so steep as to bring us to hands and feet. The red dust rose

in clouds. In a mealie-field we came on the body of one of the Zulus killed yesterday, stuck in a hole in a sitting position. Above the shelf which we followed, rose a wall of broken stone, almost a precipice, studded with bushes and long grass. High up the black entrances to the caves looked out, and every movement of the leaves which partly concealed them might be a Zulu. Against these the soldiers were sent to scramble over the rough ground, and to take up a position on the ridge above. It was a stiff climb, pretty enough to watch—the red coats dodging in and out, half hidden by the undergrowth, till they perched themselves on the highest points. The path went up a steep ascent to a second shelf; then came another stiff pull, and the thick bush in front of the principal caves was reached. The trees had been fired by the Zulus as we came up, and the place was in a blaze. Cactus and euphorbia gave a pleasant shade to the courtyards which lay about. Advantage had been taken of the rocks to lay out these little circles: wherever the boulders did not divide them, a low wall had been built. Each courtyard had its own neatly-made kraal.

It was a picturesque place, most difficult to take if defended by resolute men. Everywhere the blocks of stone left openings which led within : some great holes ; others nothing more than crevices,—all shown to be in constant use by the well-worn paths which led to them.

On all sides lay the proceeds of robberies. Goats bleated inside ; chickens just now pursued by stray men ; huge straw-baskets of mealies, the best of the very best description ; a copper-boiler torn bodily away from the brickwork ; a mealie-mill ; a grindstone ; some carpenter's tools ; beams ; portions of doors and windows ; a 7-pounder shell ; and a litter of puppies.

Knots of soldiers watched the holes, and natives searched the crevices. Above all, the fire crackled, covering up the earth with ashes. The spaces between the boulders had got filled up with black powder, the *débris* of the burning rubbish, and it required the greatest care to prevent stepping on it and getting smothered. Just then we heard a shot, followed by a shout, and a native falls wounded with an assegai through his thigh ; a Zulu had plugged him unseen from a hole. The place was like a

rabbit-warren in which the enemy are unseen, while we stand out plain and distinct.

Nothing could be done by ordinary means, so the wood, mats, mealies, and other combustibles were piled up in the principal entrances, and set on fire in the hope that we should smoke the people out. The fire blazing in the trees all round grew hotter; the smoke was stifling, and there was no wind to drive it away; a drink of water would have been priceless; on every height near, the men were perched with their rifles ready. But all for nothing—no one bolted; and after we had tried to smoke them out for a couple of hours, word was brought that the robbers inside were talking to our own natives outside. It was true enough. We could hear their voices far down in the earth, quite comfortable, cool, and safe, telling us they would never come out, and that our fires did them no harm. There was no help for it: nature was against us, and we gave it up. The men were called off, and the robbers told they had better be out of the place by to-morrow or we would blow them up. Hardly had we turned our backs before half-a-dozen of the rascals were

dancing in derision on the topmost stones of the hill. What could be done against such incorrigibles !

Next day the Engineers expended many pounds of dynamite trying to blow in the caves, but with little success. The boulders resisted any except the heaviest charges, and when they did move, only left a fresh hole elsewhere. However, the fellows cleared out, owing to the explosions, and we recaptured all the stolen property at our leisure.

Manyonyoba himself escaped to a cave near the head of the valley ; and we followed him with the irregular cavalry, catching his people some way from their retreat, towards which they bolted like rabbits. There was a good deal of firing on both sides, but with little effect, Manyonyoba falling from a rock and hurting himself severely, escaping capture only from not being recognised.

On another occasion, the troops from Luneberg came out and attacked a cave on their own account. The firing was very heavy, and before they had advanced a dozen yards, the sergeant-major and a corporal were shot dead. The

natives remained masters of the position, and the soldiers marched home again with their dead comrades.

It was useless to attempt any active measures against such people ; so the column sat down in their midst and waited to starve them out. This happened before very long : the chief, Manyonyoba, with his principal wife and prime minister, gave themselves up, and were lodged in the laager at Luneberg ; his people followed suit, and were allowed to remain in their caves, pending instructions about their removal.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEYER'S MISSION-STATION—THE RAINY SEASON—A SEMI-TROPICAL THUNDERSTORM—THE COUNTRY DEVOID OF LIFE AND WOOD—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—A BEAUTIFUL GORGE—THE NATIVES ABOUT—A SYLVAN RETREAT—A TALK WITH THE ZULUS—NATIVE BELLES—A DINNER-PARTY—ITS SAD ENDING—THAT HOPELESS BARNEY.

THE trees about the mission-station were a pleasant lounge during the heat of the day, and were carefully protected from damage. The houses were in ruins ; all had been stripped, the wood-work burnt, and the roofs smashed in. The fences had been broken down, and the whole enclosure given up to desolation. In the road lay the church bell, in little bits ; and on the other side of what was once a hedge stood the kitchen-stove, battered and rusty,—too heavy to have been stolen. The fire, which had burnt the houses, had scorched many of the trees. Not a soul came near the place save

ourselves; it was as much deserted as if in a desert. One day we needed a dissel-boom to replace a broken one; and a small tree, which showed signs of the fire, was selected, and cut down for that purpose. That afternoon, an undersized man, in a badly-fitting black coat, asked to see the colonel, and introducing himself as the owner of the station, presented a bill for £4,—the price of the tree which had been cut down, and of the stones from an old cattle-kraal, which we had taken to build round the graves by the river.

Luneberg, about four miles off, was another of those impositions which flourish in large letters as towns on maps of South Africa. It consists of five farms, within a circle of two miles, situated in a grassy valley, embosomed in trees. Through the centre wanders a stream, and dotted about are kraals and “krantzes” of rocks, looking like more. Midway, where the soil is worn bare and dusty, stood two buildings,—the lower one the laager, surrounded by a high loop-holed wall; the other a fort, star-shaped, bristling with broken glass, and encircled by a tremendous ditch. In the former were collected

the inhabitants of the district ; they had taken the tilts off their waggons, and were comfortable enough, though somewhat crowded. Manyonyoba had now joined the circle, and was doubtless more welcome there than when at large further off.

The farms are low, thatched buildings, substantially made of baked mud ; each is shaded by a clump of blue-gums ; a stream, with ducks and geese swimming about, is never far away. The front of the house is open to the road, without vestige of a fence, while behind will be a garden, the walks bordered with peach, fig, and mulberry trees,—these, in turn, often hung with granadillas. All except two of these farms were in ruins, and marked the limit of the Zulu raids.

While the column was in the valley of the Intombie, the rainy season set in, and for a week it poured day and night. That passed, and we had a succession of thunderstorms. First rolled up a bank of black vapour till the air is palpable and inky. Cloud follows cloud till night seems to have set in. A perfect stillness reigns. The horses foraging by the river collect in groups, with their heads from the coming

storm. The swallows almost touch you as they skim along the ground. Tent-pegs are driven home, and tent-ropes loosened. Then, after some half-hour's suspense, comes a flash, rending the blackness, and from the rent issues a roll of thunder, which is taken up by the hills in dismal reverberations. A rush of wind follows, driving the dust in columns. The tents bulge and sway ; some go down, everything movable rolls off before the gale. Then another flash, and a crash louder than the first. The wind redoubles its fury. A few spots of rain fall, and are followed by another flash, and a crash that deafens you. The air is filled with a roar, and with the hissing sound of rain. A grey wall advances down the valley. Hill-tops disappear behind it. The tall grass bends and springs up again, as if moved by electric shocks. Then the rain slashes down, and the earth flies up to meet it. Dry land becomes mud in a few minutes. Small torrents rush everywhere. The windows of heaven are opened, and it seems as if the land will disappear. Then a blinding flash, and the thunder echoes far into the mountains, rumbling and rolling till the next peal.

So the war of the elements goes on ; fire, water, hurly-burly mingled, till the climax is reached, and the storm passes on to the next range. The valley it has travelled starts out green and refreshed, leaving grey wisps of vapour to hang about the gullies.

These storms are often circular, and are very puzzling to escape when met in the open.

In the spring, that is English autumn, they are generally the prelude of several days' rain. The earth is turned into a morass ; lakes appear where yesterday the cattle were grazing ; streams which ran over the sand-banks in the river's bed are torrents, hiding every trace of the bank you bathed from in the morning. Everything looks and feels wretched ; for South Africa, where you live in the open air, requires fine weather to make it even bearable.

One of the most serious drawbacks to the colony is the absence of wood. Planks and beams have to be brought up from the coast at a great cost for conveyance. Poles, or dissel-booms, as they are called for waggons, which might be cut out of any ordinary tree, are worth a five-pound note in the Transvaal. A bamboo whip-handle

fetches ten shillings. Firewood is equally scarce, so much so, that travellers camping out, miss that most welcome necessity in a camp, the camp fire.

About Luneberg, the mountains, and valleys between, were clothed with forests, a welcome sight after the treeless wastes of Zululand. Slangapies Berg, at the head of the valley where our camp lay, has wooded spurs running down to the Intombie, which in beautiful wildness are unequalled.

The flat-topped mountains divide the country into uplands, wide-spreading and grassy; and into valleys, cut up with dongas, stony and irregular. The uplands are glorious places, where the young grass is literally gemmed with flowers. Blue predominates, merging into purple. Great marigolds flaunt beside crimson zinnias; delicate harebells and lobelias lie hidden in the nooks. There are also semi-tropical flowers, quaintly shaped like brushes, or feathering plumes, gaudy in red and orange; tree-ferns live in the gorges where the streams are. You gaze for miles across a lawn, dipping to the rivulets, or rising to where piles of quartz-blocks

lie jumbled together. These are called locally "kopjies," and are a sad impediment to travel. The view is magnificent, the lower country lying below like a map. From Slangapies Berg you look over Intabankulu and the Zlobane; further west Kambula; the mountains above Utrecht, and an endless series of "kops" and "bergs" stretch round towards the north. These ended, and the vast rolling plain of the Transvaal finishes the circle.

The one want is life. There are a few small birds and many hawks, but deer are wanting, and large game shy, and so manage to keep out of sight. Of men and women there is absolutely not a sign, and so stillness reigns unbroken.

No sooner do you leave the level ground to descend one of the spurs which lead below, than you come upon stones in countless numbers, scattered everywhere, hidden by the grass, but always so thick as to make riding difficult. Flat slabs, some yards across, pave the hillside; or else round boulders packed together leave unpleasant holes to slip into. What roads there are are cattle tracks, and wind about wonderfully; the oxen who made them just wandering