

Beach. The boat was upset in the surf and the thick seaweed, and Makana was drowned, whilst his companions escaped. But for many long years his countrymen could not be brought to believe he was dead ; and it was not until lately (1870) that his own family abandoned all hope of his re-appearance, and buried the ornaments and other property belonging to him. With his surrender to Landdrost Stockenstrom, however, the war of 1819 ended.



CHAPTER XX.

AN ALBANY SETTLER'S REMINISCENCES.

" 'Tis fifty years since!" Descendants of the Pioneers of 1820, we are looking back over the lapse of half a century! Few and feeble are the genuine Fathers and Mothers of the Settlement that still linger among us; yet even of *these* there are some with us in this Jubilee gathering. Men and women who headed their families from the home beyond the waters; and who have lived in this sunny clime to see their children's children, even down to the fourth generation. These are they who really "bore the burden and heat of the day" in the work of colonizing South-Eastern Africa, for their anxieties on behalf of their offspring doubled their care and toil. And now those *Children* stand, themselves grey-headed and almost patriarchal, the link between the old country and the land of their adoption:—born in the one, naturalized in the other. It is for the information of *their* children that I would on this occasion call up some reminiscences of the past, and hold up to their view a few of memory's pictures of what their fathers' fathers, and their mothers' mothers did and bore in the olden time.

But little *more* than fifty years ago, when the few surviving hoary-headed Fathers of the Albany Settlement were yet dwellers in "The dear Old Land," the word "Africa" was suggestive of little but waterless wilds, burning suns, the death-wind of the desert, and the slave trade. In many minds the distinctions of South, East, and West coasts were little recognised, and their differences—physical, climatic, or social—hardly known. But despite the appalling, which is so often associated with the unknown, and despite the gloomy pictures drawn by those who would fain have detained them, there was courage enough in the breasts of these pioneers, and of their life-companions, to brave the dangers, real or imaginary, of a

voyage *to*, and a settlement *on*, the shores of *South Africa*, although that was the point remotest of all from the land of their birth. Some *four thousand* British Settlers sailed from the Island Home of their fathers in the year 1820, to found the Anglo-African community which now exists in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony.

It is hardly to be supposed that a child of nine years old could enter into full sympathy with the feelings of those who were ridding the ties of home and kindred, and launching the boat of life upon an unknown sea. But the picture of the last parting which I myself beheld has never faded from my memory. It has rather become more vivid with the lapse of years, as growing faculties enabled me the better to appreciate what I remembered—the last wish and blessing of neighbours and friends, mingling hopes and fears for us—the last clasp of brothers' hands—the last falling upon sisters' necks by those who were never to look into each other's eyes again. I see them still! The faint hope of one day returning to visit once more the old home was never realised by those who then ventured to give utterance to it. Every one of them lies in an African grave.

I affect no Statesman's view of the expediency of settling our Eastern frontier with an English colony, though the subject is one that invites some political reflections. Nor will I, just now, attempt any estimate, or hazard any prophecy as to its results—present or future. My task is the humbler one of "reminiscence." I am trying to gather up some of the fragments that memory has saved from oblivion.

Long delays interfered with the departure of the *Sir George Osborn*, the ship in which our party were to sail. We chafed under them, but they, perhaps, saved our lives, for a few days before our expected time of starting, one of those January gales, for which the coast of England is so fearfully noted, burst upon us as we lay moored in the Thames. Whole tiers of vessels were driven from their moorings, and drifted in the darkness down the river. Lads sleep soundly, and so the first effects of the storm did not disturb me; but I remember being awakened by a crashing noise soon after daybreak, and looking up through the hatchway just in time to see the rigging of our ship torn

away like cobwebs by the yards of another that had come foul of us. This first and involuntary stage of our voyage ended in our running aground just opposite Greenwich Hospital, and having all the women and children lauded, lest the ship should heel over and capsize with the ebb tide. Had the gale (which was said to be the severest that had been known for forty years,) caught us while going down the Channel, we should, perhaps, have foundered, as many others did.

I would apologise for adverting to these *personal* matters, did I not know that such references are among the best means of calling up kindred reminiscences in the minds of those who passed through experiences more or less similar. I have no doubt that what I have just said has recalled to the recollection of some present the circumstances of their own embarkation.

The sailing day did arrive at last, and "the last glimpse," not "of Erin," but of "Old England," was obtained through many an eye dimmed with tears, as the Land's End faded finally from view, and then the wide shoreless ocean spread around us.

I know nothing about the regular emigrant ships of the present day ; that is, so far as respects the quality of the food, or the accommodation they supply ; but I remember the close packing "between decks," the "banyan days," and the hard salt junk and *harder* biscuit of 1820. I have not forgotten how salt the outside of the puddings used to taste which the old weather-beaten cook had boiled with sea water in the general "copper ;" nor how the passengers sometimes quarrelled with the steward for cheating them out of the supplies. I remember, too, how the little fellows, who were too young to see danger, having got over the sea-sickness in the Channel, would climb into the long boat amidships, or cling to the "main shrouds," singing in chorus to the rocking of the vessel—

"There she lay.

All the day,

In the Bay of Biscay, O !"

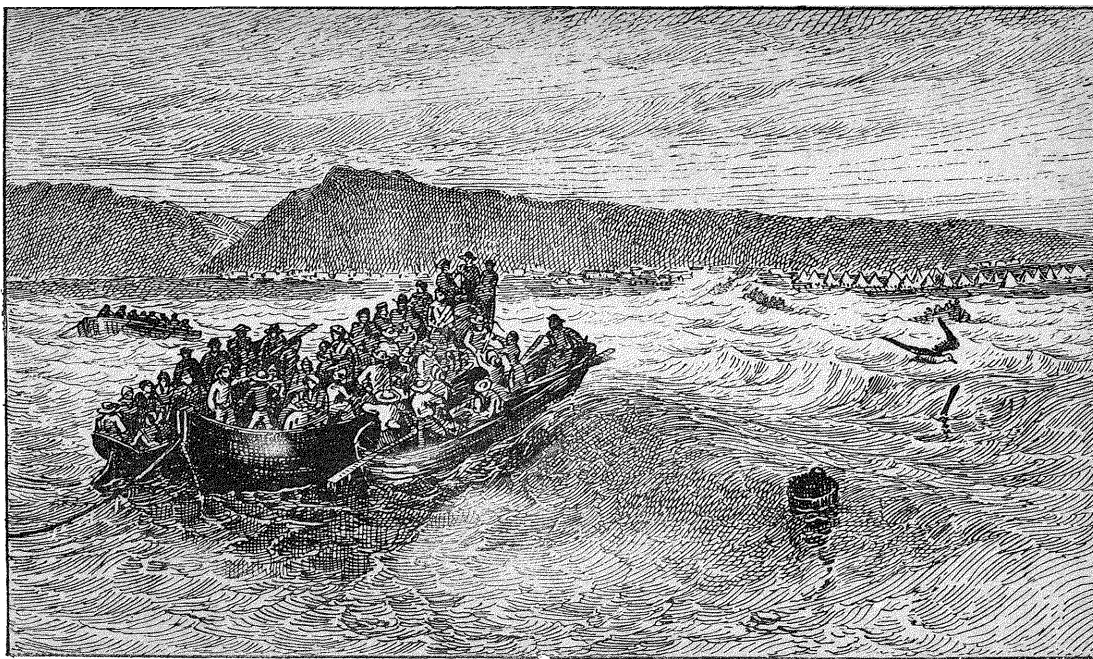
as the rough seas were rolling around us. And I remember the steep vine-clad hills, and the grapes and oranges of Madeira ; where the boats with their tempting freight and their dark-looking rowers, swarmed around the ships.

Then came the tantalizing "variables,"—the calm of the "line,"—the rough shaving operations of old Father Neptune, the lather of whose brush, and the edge of whose razor stuck the one to the chin and the other to the memory, for some time afterwards. Nor have I forgotten the one or two fearful storms we encountered, when the hatches were battened down, the heavy seas were shipped, and while the torrents poured down among us in the midnight darkness, the mothers clasped their children to their bosoms, exclaiming, "We'll all hold together !"

But, thanks to Him who "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand," the storms were weathered, the perils passed ; and after many a weary day, the welcome cry of "Land !" rang through the ship, gladdened every heart, and made young and old start to their feet, and strain every eye to catch a first glimpse of what they had long been pining to see. And the scene was repeated as ship after ship made the coast. The *Chapman*, and the *Nautilus*, the *Northampton*, the *Garland*, the *Kennerly Castle*, the *Ocean*, the *Amphitrite*, the *John*, the *Stenton*, the *Weymouth*, the *Canada*, *Brilliant*, *Aurora*, *Zoroaster*, *Belle Alliance*, and all the rest, as they ranged along the coast, with its high blue mountains full in view, had their decks thronged with anxious gazers on the new strange land in which their future lot was to cast. At length Cape Recife was rounded, Algoa Bay spread its broad bosom, and ship after ship bore its living freight to the last anchorage.

"Over the waters wide and deep,
Where the storm-waves roll, and the storm-winds sweep,
Over the waters see them come !
Breasting the billow's curling foam ;
Fathers for children seeking a home
In Afric's Southern wild."

The desolate sand-hills and salt marshes of their then *solitary* landing place were not calculated to raise the spirits of the new comers, or realize the visions which had probably flitted before the eyes of the sanguine when the Mountains of George first loomed into view. The "Liverpool of the Cape" was not yet in existence, and a dreary, barren-looking waste met many a disappointed eye. A few, indeed, landed only to die ; and, as in the case of Dr. Cotton, the "Head" of the Nottingham party, Dr.



Murray & St. Leger.

LANDING OF THE BRITISH SETTLERS IN 1820.

[From the Original Oil Painting by Bata, kindly lent by E. Ayliff, Esq.]

.PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALDHAM AND ALDHAM.

Cape Town.

Caldecott, and some others, ended their emigrant's career before it had well begun. I can well believe that many a doubt and fear were exchanged by the anxious elders of the new colony as they first made each other's acquaintance among the tents of "Settler's Town" behind the sand-hills. But the adventurers had bidden a long "Farewell" to the land of their fathers, and for weal or for woe they had come to dwell in the wilds of Africa. They must e'en make the best of it. There was little prospect of seeing waving corn-fields where they first pitched their tents, and some of the agriculturists might look back despondingly on the golden harvests of old England. But this was not to be their resting place. A journey of a hundred miles "up the country" might give brighter prospects to their eyes; and so they braced themselves for action. And then began to arrive the strange-looking conveyances that were to carry them inland,—the light, loosely-made waggons,—the long "spans" of long-horned oxen,—the drivers with their monster whips and strange speech,—the little impish-looking leaders with dark skins and scanty clothing, and with stranger speech than their masters. We have long since become used to all these things; but they were wonders *then*. Next came the visit to the stores provided by the government; and the picks and spades, the axes and hammers, the ploughs and harrows, that were to "subdue the earth" for its new occupants, were added to their miscellaneous luggage. And so the trains of pilgrims began to wend their way towards a centre of attraction, where the hope of bettering their condition was the only shrine—for there were, as yet, no temples in the wilderness.

We "little ones" of those days felt none of the care that weighed on the hearts of our fathers and mothers. The gipsy-looking camp-fires of the first night's outspanning at the Zwaartkops—the ringing echo of the whips among the hills, as driver assisted driver up the steep bush-paths—the scarlet blossoms and the honey-dew of the aloes, that stood like soldiers on the mountain sides—the wild flowers of the wilderness, so new and strange—the bounding of the springboks over the plains—these were excitements for *us* that banished both care and fear, and made the journey a happy and beguiling one.

And now the Sunday's River is crossed, and the terrible

old Ado Hill is climbed, and Quaggas Flat is passed, and the Bushman's River heights are scaled. The points of divergence are reached, and the long column breaks into divisions. Baillie's party made their way to the mouth of the Fish River, where, it was said, the "Head" had been allowed to choose a territory, and where he hoped to realize imaginations of commercial wealth by founding a seaport town. And the Duke of Newcastle's protégés from Nottingham took possession of the beautiful vale of Clumber, naming it in honour of their noble patron. And Wilson's party settled between the plains of Waay-pluats and the Kowie bush, right across the path of the elephants, some of which they tried to shoot with fowling-pieces. And Sefton's party, after an unceremonious ousting from their first location at Reed Fountain, founded the village of Salem, the religious importance of which to the early progress of the Settlement is not to be estimated by its present size and population. These four were the *large* parties. The smaller ones filled up the intervening spaces between them. Behind the thicket-clad sand hills of the Kowie and Green Fountain, and extending over the low plains beyond Bathurst, were the locations of Cock's, Thornhill's, Osler's, Smith's, and Richardson's parties. Skirting the wooded kloofs from Bathurst towards the banks of the Kleinemonden were ranged the parties of James and Hyman. It was the latter who gravely announced to Captain Trapps, the Bathurst Magistrate, the discovery of "precious stones" on his location; and which the irascible gentleman, jealous of the reserved rights of Government, found on farther enquiry were only "precious big ones." The rich valley of Lushington afforded a resting place to Dyason's party. Holder's people called their location New Bristol; which never, however, acquired any resemblance to *old* Bristol. Passing on towards the front, there were Mouncey's party, Hayhurst's party, Bradshaw's party, Southey's party, stretching along the edge of the wide plains of the Round Hill, and drinking their Western waters. The post of honour and danger was the line of the Kap River. This was occupied by the party of Scott below Kaffer Drift, and by the Irish party above it. The Forlorn Hope of the entire settlement was Mahoney's

party at the Clay Pits, who had to bear the first brunt of every Kaffir depredation in the Lower Albany direction. Names thicken as we proceed from Waay-plaats towards Graham's Town. Passing Greathead's location, we come among the men of Dalgairn's at Blauw Krantz. Then those of Liversage, about Manley's Flat. John Stanley, "Head of all Parties," as he styled himself, belonged to the same neighbourhood. Turvey's party were in Grobbelaar's Kloof; William Smith at Stony Vale; Dr. Clarke's at Collingham. Howard's, Morgan's, and Carlisle's bring us by successive steps to the neighbourhood of Graham's Town; the suburbs of which were indicated by the painted pigeon-house at Burnett's. To the South-westward, the valley of the Kariega was occupied by Menzies', Mills', and Gardener's parties. The rear-guard of the Settlement may be said to have been formed by the men of Norman's and Captain Butler's parties, who occupied Seven Fountains, and the upper end of the Assagai Bush River.

Besides these "parties," there were other companies of a more select and exclusive kind. Elderly gentlemen of upper-class connections, and retired officers from various departments of the king's service, came with small numbers of men under special conditions, and engaged for a term of years. The names of Bowker, Campbell, Philips, Pigot* and others, will suggest themselves; and such designations as Pigot Park and Barville Park, given to their domains, indicate the social position of their owners.

My "reminiscences" are those of an *Albany* settler; but I do not forget that there was another party, who, though locally separated from the main body, occupied a position, the importance of which developed itself in the after-history of the Settlement. I refer to the Scotch party, who were located on the Baviaan's River, among mountains and glens that have been rendered classic by the poetry of their leader, and historic by the gallant deeds and indomitable endurance of his compatriots, in the after-struggles of the frontier. I need make no particular reference, however, to the early circumstances of that body of men, as in Pringle's "African Sketches" they have a most graphically-written history of their own.

* Major Pigot was the maternal grandfather of the present writer.

Of the many "Heads of Parties" whose names I have mentioned, I know of but *one* who still survives. That one is a man who surely must, when first located near the mouth of the Kowie, have had some prophetic instinct that looked on into the future; and, true to that instinct, though half a century has elapsed, there he is now, white with the snows of age, but with energy unexhausted; destined, I trust, to reap the reward of long years of labour in the realization of his wish to give Albany a free and safe port of her own. If ever man *deserved* success for perseverance in the face of multiplied discouragements, and for bearing up against that "deferring of hope" which "maketh the heart sick," William Cock deserves it. *Finis coronat opus*; and most heartily do I hope, that before the last of our old leaders passes from amongst us, he may see *his* "work crowned" with a result that shall carry its benefits down to future generations.

As to the rest of the "Heads," some of them soon found that

" 'Twas distance leut enchantment to the view "

o manorial dignities and immunities to which they had looked forward across the broad waters. These soon left their parties to shift for themselves, and sought their own fortunes elsewhere. Others manfully stood by those whom they represented till their early struggles were over. All have passed away, and even the *names* of some of them are almost forgotten.

But now to return to the first arrival "on the location." It was a forlorn-looking plight in which we found ourselves, when the Dutch waggons had emptied us and our luggage onto the greensward, and left us sitting on our boxes and bundles "under the open firmament of heaven." Our roughly-kind carriers seemed, as they wished us good-bye, to wonder what would become of us. There we were in the wilderness; and when they were gone we had no means of following, had we wished to do so. Towns, villages, inns, hostelries, there were none. We must take root and grow, or die where we stood. But we were standing *on our own ground*, and it was the first time many could say so. This thought roused to action,—the tents were pitched—the night-fires kindled around

them to scare away the wild beasts, and the life of a settler was begun.

Thus was the land overspread by a new race of occupiers; sanguine in their hopes, and eager to develop its capabilities. Tribes of barbarians *had* dwelt in it—had hunted in the forests of Oliphant's Hoek and made their *Vee places* along the banks of the Kareiga. But they had gone before the British Settlers came, and the new occupants had to dispute the possession of the soil with inhabitants of other kinds.

“ Wilderness lands of brake and glen,—
The wolf's and the leopard's gloomy den ;
Wilderness plains were the springbok bounds.
And the lion's voice from the hill resounds,
And the vulture circles in airy rounds—
O'er Afric's southern wilds.”

Elephants in hundreds roamed leisurely from the Kooms to the Kowie, and from thence to the Ado. The rhinoceros crushed at will the thickets of the Fish River ravines. The lion stalked in undisputed sovereignty on the slopes of the Winterberg, and his roar was occasionally heard in the lower districts. The howl and laugh of the hyena, and the shrill yell of the jackal; were the regular nightly serenade of the new settlers, to which the little ones listened and trembled. By *day* even, the tiger's deep bass sounded for hours together among the krantzies, and the ominous responsive call of the wild dog to his fellow too often sent its melaucholy sound on the breeze, as the pack ranged ravenously over the pasture grounds; while from every high ridge whole armies of baboons shouted their defiance, and demanded what business we had on their domains. And then, over the plains of Mount Donkin, and the Salem Flats, springboks in thousands bounded playfully, as their snowy backs shone in the sunlight, while the ostriches ruffled their plumes, the hartebeest raised their horned crests, and the quaggas galloped heavily among them. We must go far from Albany to see such sights now, but the long-ranged rifles of Ayton and Bowker had not then arrived.

A bird's-eye view of Albany, at the earliest stage of the Settlement, would have shown a widely-spread camp of many divisions. The tents supplied by the Government studded the locations in all directions, and marked the

first phase of life there. And then came the selection of sites, and the preparation of material for more permanent dwellings. The nervous looked out for defensible positions. The men of sentiment sought picturesque spots, where the beauties of nature might be seen to advantage, forgetting, however, sometimes to enquire whether they were within the reach of water or not. More practically, the sober father of a family of healthy lads from the rural districts examined the soils, and fixed on a homestead in the midst of his prospective corn-fields. As to the first dwellings themselves, they were of very various and very original orders of architecture. A young brotherhood of bachelors built for themselves a booth of leafy branches, after the manner of the Israelites of old. An economist of materials dug his house out of the bank of a river. The wattled framework of two or three square rooms looked, in the eyes of some, like the founding of a mansion. Many a father and son, with axe on shoulder, ranged the wooded kloofs in search of door-posts and rafters; and many a mother and daughter cut wattles and thatch near home for walls and roof; aye, and many a back ached under successive loads, borne toilsomely from tangled thicket and rushy swamp. Stone and brick were among the visions of an advanced order of things belonging to the future. Even the Devonshire Cot was rarely ventured upon at first.

The "Great Flood" of 1823 made strange work with many of these primitive dwellings. The bachelors' booths did not keep out the rain like Roman cement. The underground residence in the river's bank presented a remarkable appearance when the flood had subsided. One man was heard asking his neighbour if he had seen anything of his *house* passing that way.

The Settlers were earnest and energetic in their first attempts to make Albany an agricultural district. When they took their first survey of their new possessions, the language of many a father was, in substance—

"Hand to the labour! *heart* and hand!
 Our sons shall inherit an alter'd land.
 Harvests shall wave o'er the virgin soil;
 Cottages stand, and gardens smile,
 And the songs of our children the hours beguile
 'Midst Afric's Southern wilds."

But there were days of trial and privation before them. The romance of first impressions had to give place to the stern realities that followed. Crops failed. The terrible "rust" blighted the hopes of season after season, and the hearts of many began to sink with them. Want stared them in the face, and the extension of the period of Government rationing became an absolute necessity. They were pinching times when one, though not a Spartan boy, had to fast in the morning till he could shoot a wild pigeon for his breakfast; and another, being somewhat less of a sportsman, waited anxiously for the noisy signal from his solitary barn-door fowl that there was a fresh egg ready for boiling—which, like a true husband, he divided equally with his wife; and another, leaving his family to a "dinner of herbs," with as much as "love" as there might be to give it a relish, trudged a twenty miles' journey through the rain for a back-load of meal, which he managed to lose at midnight in the flooded river at his own door on his return. These are little specimens of the "hungry days," which I dare say could be easily multiplied from the memories of some of my hearers. They have served to laugh over many a time since, but they were hardly laughing matters then.

I may here introduce a little episode that belongs to the same period of our history, and presents one of the phases of early settler life. Three men went from Salem to Graham's Town to look for work. It so happened that their wives wanted a supply of meat while their husbands were away. One of the future members of parliament was then the shepherd of the ration flock, little dreaming of the distant honours in store for him. A sheep was procured. But the good women had no one with them who would undertake to slaughter it for them. What was to be done? They had no compunction about eating the sheep; but they all seemed to have qualms of conscience about reducing it to a state in which it *could* be eaten. They managed to tie its feet together, and then tried to "screw up" each *other's* "courage to the sticking point." While they were in animated discussion, however, on a subject which threatened to require the drawing of lots, the sheep, whose bonds were by no means as indissoluble as their own, suddenly started to its feet, and ran for its

life, pursued of course by all three ladies. The "situation" was by no means an ordinary one, and a view of the chase must have been very interesting. The result was that the sheep was so hard pressed as to be obliged to take to the water, and there was nothing left for the amateur lady butchers but to take to the water after it. I do not mean to say that they might have been seen *swimming* in chase of the fugitive mutton, but I believe that a step or two more would have set them floating, or sinking, as the case might be. However, they gained possession of their prize once more; and this time they *secured* it. And then, with averted heads, the fatal stroke, or rather succession of strokes, was struck. Poor sheep! had the good creatures been less tender-hearted it would have suffered less. But now the sheep was dead, they were still in the midst of their difficulties. They knew no more about skinning than slaughtering; and as little about cutting up as skinning. But the indomitable "three" were not to be beaten. The skin came off at last—I rather think by piecemeal—the meat was carried home in most extraordinary joints, and the ladies ate their dinner in triumph, with appetites sharpened, no doubt, by the labour of procuring it. The skin became literally the "crowning" trophy of the exploit, for it was cut up into *hats* for the children.

To the *material* wants of the people the Government were as attentive and considerate as could have been expected; but the supplies they had provided were not always easy to be got at. The little flocks of ration sheep used to play sad pranks with the inexperienced English drivers, and the wolves and wild dogs used to play sad pranks with *them*. As one sample out of many, take the following:—One of our old Queen's Town Field-cornets, in the days of his youth, took charge of the party's ration sheep from Bathurst to Green Fountain. The sheep numbered, probably, twelve or fifteen. Those who know that part of the country know what an excellent field it is for a sheep chase; and how a dozen of startled hamels, just separated from a large flock, would be likely to try a driver's legs, and lungs too, in crossing it. If the course of the journey could have been afterwards traced on a chart, it would have looked like the working out of some intricate geometrical problem. Such a succession of zig-zags, angles, and arcs

of circles, no ship, beating up against contrary winds, ever described. To mend matters, after miles of open plain had been traversed, there lay a tract of "enchanted ground" in the shape of a belt of thick mimosa woodland, right across the way home. By dint of unconquerable perseverance the sheep were brought thus far; and then! one starting this way, two in that, three in the other; a rent in the coat in stopping these; face scratched and eyes endangered in turning those; a shout to his two companions to ascertain where the rest were; an impenetrable barrier of bush stopping all access to them. Before giving up all for lost, our friend declared he had run the sheep so hard that, though they had large tails at starting, they had melted away to half the size by the time he had done with them! Driven to desperation, he at length exclaimed, "Dead or alive I'll secure *one* of you at any rate!" as a discharge from the fowling-piece stretched it on the ground before him. But he was still miles away from home. Of his two companions one couldn't and the other *wouldn't* take his share in carrying the dead sheep. There was nothing left for it but to shoulder it himself; and sturdy John Staples showed that if his own staple was not very *long* it was very good, for he carried his load *home*. It was the only sheep of the lot that reached its intended destination—the wild dogs, wolves, and jackals got all the rest.

A fate equally tragical, though different, overtook another little flock. The drivers, when five miles on the road, had to turn back for something they had forgotten. Rather than drive the sheep back with them, they left them in charge of a little boy of their company. They had taken certain precautions to prevent their running away; and so they left them at the edge of the Kowie bush, tying their legs together to keep them from straying. It was not long, however, before the spectacle of the disabled sheep attracted the notice of some keen-sighted ass-vogel far up into the sky. The vulture telegraph was at once put in motion, and, appearing on all sides, as they are wont to do, like ghosts, from nobody can see where, a whole flight swooped down on their helpless victims, terrified the little shepherd from his charge, and devoured them all alive before his eyes.

Such were some of the difficulties in the way of getting

the government meat. Then, as to the bread. Twenty or thirty miles was a long way to carry a sack of flour on one's shoulders ; especially in the early state of the roads through Howison's and Brookhuisen's Poorts, and about Cadell's Hill and Blauw Krantz. The days of buck-waggons were still far off—even the block-wheeled trucks without their tiers or bushings, that wore out of the circular and jolted limpingly along, taking fire as they rolled, were to be seen only here and there. These were indeed a step or two in advance of the sledges, made of forked branches, that used to stick fast in every mudhole and sanddrift. As to the pack-oxen, they were stiff-necked in more senses than one, and managed now and then to leave both riders and loads behind them on their way home. I can testify, from the best of all knowledge, that a seat on the loose back of a fresh young pack-ox in full trot is neither easy nor safe, and it certainly puts a load of crockery in great peril, as I imagine old Wm. Lee could have testified when *his* ox shook off its burden on the Salem flats. Mrs. Lee had been assisting her husband either by leading or driving, I don't know which—wives can occasionally do *both*. He now left her to look after the load, while he set off to look after the ox that had left *him*. She in due time, feeling solitary, set off to look after the husband who had left *her*, and the load was left,—to look after itself.

The early struggles and privations of the settlers appealed to the heart of British humanity—*never appealed to in vain*. Contributions generous and hearty came from east and west. India joined the Mother Country in subscriptions which amounted to several thousand pounds. "Boards of Relief" sat, and many cases of painful interest came before them, which it would be invidious to specify now, but which stand recorded in the "Reports" and "Official Correspondence" of those days. Of course, as is usual in such cases, there were heart-burnings caused by the distribution, and some were accused of receiving most who needed least. It is not, however, to be questioned, that to many the aid was most seasonable. In some instances, like the raising of the long-winged swallow to

"The level of the daisy's head."

it proved the starting point in life to those who received it.

The testing time enabled the settlers to ascertain how far they were fitted for the work of bringing the wilderness into cultivation ; and taught some of them that it was not their vocation to till from year to year ground which refused to yield them the bread they had been accustomed to eat in the old country. The trades and professions of many had done little towards training them for agricultural life. I heard of some who sowed carrot seed at the bottom of trenches two spades deep, filling up the trenches with soil as soon as it was done. The remark of one who saw them was, "It will come up, most likely, in England about the time it does here." In another case, a man wishing to get some mealies for seed, applied to his neighbour who had obtained a supply just before, but found he had planted the whole without knocking it off the cobs ! A third person planted out a lot of young onions, roots upwards. The result of these blunders rather disgusted some of the "cockney gardeners," as the wags called them. And then they did not take kindly to mealie bread and pumpkin fritters, even when fried in sheepstail. The engraver and the copper-plate printer found little to do "on the location." Cutting initials on the bark of the wild fig-tree might look sentimental, but it yielded a poor return, and was hardly enough to keep the hand in. The coach-painter did not get much to do in the valley of the Kareiga, or on the borders of the Kowie bush. Armorial bearings on the panels of their carriages were not required by the settlers in those days. Some of them indeed had not yet found out the family crest. Even the tailor was obliged to come down from the manufacture of broadcloth swallowtails to that of leathern jackets with no tails at all. The young bucks had to dress in sheepskin. If, indeed, they could afford to sport cuffs and facings of jackal's or tiger's fur, so much the better, they might then calculate on making quite a sensation among the fair sex ; especially if the *Zumin* had done its Saturday duty, and had given the proper bright yellow to the "crackers." *Velschoen* usurped the place of Wellingtons in many quarters, and the beaver gave way to home-made palmiet, or coffee straw, and the tiger-skin cap, flat-crowned generally, though not of the Oxford university cut. So were the hatter's and shoemaker's occupation either "gone" or greatly modified. Take an

illustrative incident on this point. A "ladies' shoemaker," who had worn out his own shoes, wished to take a walk from Wilson's party to Graham's Town. A neighbour suggested that it would be easy for *him* to supply himself by making a pair of the material which the hides and skins of the ration cattle provided. He did so, and remembering his own neat style of workmanship in the "ladies' line," he seems to have applied it in his own case. The shoes, put on damp and soft, fitted "like a glove," and he started on his journey. But the farther he walked the tighter the fit grew, and the harder the green hide, now becoming dry very fast from the heat of the dusty road. His plight soon became as bad as that of the poor fellow who was sent for penance to Loretto with peas in his shoes, and hadn't the wit to boil them before starting. In fact our settler's case was the worse of the two, for when he wished to relieve himself from the torture by walking barefoot, he couldn't get his shoes off again. He had to endure his misery as far as Cadell's Hill, where a friend assisted him with his knife in the eel-skinning process of getting rid of his close-fitting appendages, and lent him a pair of his own for the rest of the journey. The ladies' shoemaker never forgot his walk, and perhaps never repeated it, for he took up his residence in Graham's Town. Bricklayers and carpenters, and men of kindred trades, were very soon attracted in the same direction. The infant metropolis gave them more remunerative employment than the "location." Indeed the tradesmen soon built a distinct "quarter" for themselves in the embryo city, and thus "Settlers' Hill" and "Artificers' Square" received their inhabitants and their names.

But there were adventurous spirits among the settlers—men with souls above shopboards, carpenters' benches, or plough-tails. There was *ivory* in the kloofs of the Kooms and the Fish River, and a bold shot from a daring hunter might put him in possession of five hundred dollars worth at once, without any labour but such as would give zest to the achievement;—for what are toil, and exposure, and even half-starvation to the man who is bent on bringing home half a score of elephants' tusks as his trophy?

And there was a more adventurous career still for such as had courage to enter upon it. There was, among the

Kaffers "over the border," ivory ready collected, as well as cattle ready reared. And for those who did not mind risking "the penalty of death," which governmental un-wisdom had attached to a trade it had made contraband, there seemed to be the chance of getting rich rapidly.

Then began the romantic period of the Frontier Settlers' history, the formation of elephant-hunting parties, the wild life in the woods, the cautious tracking of the noble game, the daring venture among the monster herds, the sudden report waking the echoes of the hills, the fall of the victim, the terrific rush and ringing scream of the startled troop of giants, the crash of the trodden down forest in all directions, the hairbreadth escapes of the hunters, sometimes within a trunk's length of their infuriated pursuers—the whole crowned by the triumphant contemplation of success as the party of hunters gathered around the prostrate game, and calculated the worth of the tusks which had been the perilous attraction. Nor must the other class of adventures be forgotten—the stealthy crossing of the border, the appointed meeting place beyond it, the life-in-hand venture into the power of the Kaffers, the perilous return when dark nights and difficult ways had to be selected, and quick-sighted patrols of mounted riflemen dodged in the bushpaths.

The Scotch party in the highland had their share of frontier adventure life. They had not only the elephants as occasional visitors, but also the lions as standing neighbours, and it was not long before they came into contact with them. Pringle, in his sketches, gives a graphic description of their first lion hunt, the spirit of which is well embodied in the poetic picture of it by the same hand.

THE LION HUNT.

Mount—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear !
 Call our friends to the field—for the Lion is near !
 Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor ;
 Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vurr.

Side up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle :
 Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal ;
 And George with the Elephant-gun on his shoulder—
 In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,
 And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed :
 But mount, my brave boys ! if our rifles prove true,
 We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho ! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
 To his den in the desert we'll follow him back ;
 But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
 For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly-Glen,
 Past the wild-olive clump where the wolf has his den,
 By the black-eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
 We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling ;
 And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling ;
 'Tis his lair—'tis his voice !—from your saddles alight ;
 He's at bay in the brushwood preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man :
 Let the Mullers and Reunies advance in the van :
 Keep fast in your ranks ;—by the yell of yon hound,
 The savage, I guess, will be out—with a bound.

He comes ! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
 His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing ;
 With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
 To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches—ay now we'll see mischief, I dread :
 Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head :
 Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
 St. George ! he's upon us ! now, fire, lads, for life !

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
 Ha ! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
 Now Diederick ! Christian ! right in the brain
 Plant each man his bullet—Hurra ! he is slain !

Bezuidenhout—up, man !—'tis only a scratch—
 (You were always a scamp and have met with your match !)
 What a glorious lion !—what sinews—what claws—
 And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws !

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
 With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
 We'll send to Sir Walter.—Now, boys, let us dine,
 And talk of our deeds over a flask of old wine.

What was begun from necessity was afterwards continued from choice. George Rennie seemed resolved to avenge on the whole race the insult his brother once received when the lion put his paw upon him, looked round in contemptuous majesty, and then turned away as if he did not think him worth killing. Lion hunting parties crossed the Winterberg range, and the plains and valleys which the Queen's Town grantees are now quietly cultivating became the theatre of many a scene of adventure which ought to have been chronicled for future generations.

Most of the leaders in these exploits of bygone days have passed away. Poor old Harry Stirraker, and the cool-headed and steady-handed William Gradwell, and little John Thackwray, who engaged to write his own initials on the haunches of an elephant and shoot him afterwards, and who died the victim of his own daring. George Rennie, too, the lion hunter,—I saw the white head and broad shoulders of the solitary old bachelor not many years since. These are gone, but others remain. The elder Cawood, William Hartley, and *especially* the old veteran Edward Driver, should be induced to write the story of their early adventures, or one of the most exciting chapters of Frontier history will be lost.

I had another name on my list of survivors, and I little expected to have to transfer it to the sadder one of those that are gone. Of the romance of early settler life there was one who could have told much ten days ago. The outspoken, open-handed, generous-hearted Carey Hobson had his full share of perilous adventure in the early days, and stirring to the younger spirits of the present would a recital of them from his own lips have been.

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

Bold as a lion in spirit and bearing, he was full to overflowing of the milk of human kindness. With an energy and perseverance that never wearied, he created an oasis of civilization in what was at once a physical and a moral desert. His untimely death, while hastening to share in our festivities, has changed a time of gladness into one of mourning to every member of his family, and to all his friends has shorn the Jubilee joy of not a few of its rays.

The old settlers are not all gone, There was a muster of them on Monday ; feeble and tottering some of them were,* but others seemed to have years of life in them yet. The number might have been much greater, could we have brought together those who are at a distance. I hope no pains will be spared to complete the list of their names, not forgetting the wives and widows ; and that a marble tablet bearing them all will stand conspicuously in the grand hall of the Jubilee Memorial, to tell succeeding generations who, among the fathers of the settlement, lived to see the Jubilee of 1870.

But I must go back again to resume my narrative. Health, long life, and growing prosperity make existence pleasant. But growing prosperity brought growing peril. The little flocks and herds of the settlers were at first tended by the sons and daughters of their owners ; for Kafferland was not yet thrown open, and the time for hiring native farm servants had scarcely arrived. The rapidly increasing stock, grazing in sight of the Kaffers over the border, soon began to tempt their cupidity ; and depredators from the tribes of Eno, Botuman, Slambi and Gaika, began to make herding hazardous along the frontier. Some of the children of the settlers were murdered while herding their parents' cattle :—Garbutt and Sloman for instance. Nor did the fathers themselves escape the frontier risks of the times. The "Forlorn Hope" at the clay pits had its victims in Stubbs, and the Freemantles, father and son ; and the Irish party, with the rest of the frontier line, shared in its perils and its sacrifices, and added other names to the list of those who died for their adopted country in the early days of its history.

But all this was training a race of young frontier warriors, familiarizing the sons of the settlers with the dangers that a frontier life necessarily involves, and teaching them to unite African woodcraft with English courage. The men who were learning to cut off panws' heads with rifle bullets at two hundred yards distance, "that the body feathers might not be soiled," were likely to become dangerous to other heads as well, in a case of emergency. And frequent practice was training young English eyes to trace a spoor with the keen-sightedness of a Kaffer or a

* Several have died since the lecture was delivered.—Dogmore.

Hottentot. The youth of the border were thus unconsciously preparing themselves for the crisis that was approaching, when,—

“ The war cry echoing wild and loud,
The war of the savage, fierce and proud,
Would burst like the storm from the thunder cloud,
Over Afric's southern wilds.”

It must not be forgotten, however, that the first essay of the settlers in arms was not *against* the Kaffers, but in their defence. In the year 1828, a savage and very formidable horde under the chief Matiwana—an offshoot of the Zulu nation, entered the Tembuki country from the north east, having skirted the Kwahlamba mountains, and crossed the upper sources of the Umzimvubu. They struck terror throughout the frontier tribes; for their warfare was an exterminating one that spared neither man, woman, nor child; while the tiger-roar of their onslaught with the short stabbing spear, and the horrible “Tah! Tah!” which accompanied their death-dealing strokes in their hand-to-hand combats, were paralysing to the courage of men used only to the light-shafted and easily-evaded assegai of the frontier tribes.

The alarm they inspired threatened to drive the frontier Kaffers in upon the colony for refuge, or substitute for them, if destroyed, a more savage set of neighbours in their stead. To prevent general confusion, the Colonial Government deemed it best to help the Kaffers to repel their enemies. A body of troops was accordingly sent, under the command of Major Somerset, to prevent the nearer approach of the *Fetcani*, as they were called. A commando of Burghers was joined in the expedition with the regular troops, and numbers of active young men from among the English settlers eagerly came forward to swell their ranks, and share for the first time the excitements of a Kaffer campaign. The tribes of Ilintsa and Vusani (the paramount chiefs of the Amaxosa and Abatembu tribes) mustered in force, and the young men of Albany obtained their first views of a Kaffer army,—in those days armed only with assegais, and carrying great lumbering shields of ox hide, five feet by three. I believe it was while awaiting the tardy gathering of these auxiliaries, that

Major Somerset performed the feat of riding from the heights of the Umtata into Graham's Town in forty-eight hours.

The Fetcani army was met among the upper waters of the Umtata, and the Matiwana mountains, (as they have been called ever since) resounded for the first time with the musketry and cannon of the white men. Of course the Fetcani, though very numerous, were defeated. They had never seen fire-arms before. The Kaffer auxiliaries did little but look on till the fight was over; but an impression of British prowess was made upon the minds of the Tembukis which the old men remember to this day.

Matiwana collected his scattered forces behind the mountains after the battle, and gave them a comforting harangue. "When we have fought with *men*," he said, "we have beaten them; but to-day we have had to battle with the thunder and lightning. It is no disgrace to be conquered by *them*."

When the commando returned, as many of the pressed horses as had survived the expedition were brought back to their owners by the men to whom they had been supplied. My old master, I remember, had contributed one, as he did not go himself. It was an ugly old mare, a "pas-ganger," that used to waddle along in most ungainly fashion. There were many handsome, high-fed horses on the commando, taken from the Graham's Town stables; and many a youth "spogh'd" dashingly enough upon them at starting. But long after their curvettings had been exchanged for drooping ears and a footsore pace, and the carcasses of some of them had been left for the aasvogels, old Bess waddled on as she had done at starting, and active Jerry Goldswain* (there's life in the old boy yet, I see!) brought back the old mare in triumph; and brought back this moral with her, that beauty, though lovely to look upon, is not *always* associated with strength of character, and that under a very plain exterior may exist *very sterling qualities*.

* Jerry, forty-two years after the occurrence, started up in the audience when his name was mentioned, exclaiming, amidst great cheering—"Here he is still!"—Dugmore.

"THE SONG OF THE ALBANY FATHERS.

"Never Despair !" tho' the harvests fail ;
 Tho' the hosts of a savage foe assail.
 Never despair ! We shall conquer yet !
 And the toils of our earlier years forget.
 In hope's bright glory our sun shall set,
 'Midst Afric's Southern wilds."

THE SONGS OF THEIR SONS.

"Our toilworn fathers have sunk to their rest,
 But their sons shall inherit their hope's bequest.
 Valleys are smiling in harvest pride ;
 There are fleecy flocks on the mountain side ;
 Cities are rising to stud the plains ;
 The life-blood of commerce is coursing the veins
 Of a new-born Empire, that grows, and reigns
 O'er Afric's Southern wilds."^a

In 1820 the Zulu Chief Umziligazi revolted from Tshaka and with a regiment of about 1,000 soldiers belonging to the despot, sought pastures new in what is now the Free State. Two of Tshaka's regiments were sent in pursuit, but Umziligazi laid an ambush, and his men suddenly jumping up with a deafening war cry rushed in close with the broad stabbing assegai, and all but annihilated the king's warriors.

After passing the Great Drakensberg Mountains, Umziligazi (contraction of Umzilayengazi, *i.e.*, Trail of Blood) threw himself upon Lehoya and other harmless Bechuana tribes, and scattering them like chaff, flung himself again upon a tribe of Zulus called the Mangwane, under their chief Matiwana. [Alluded to in a page or two back.] He also fell upon the Amahlubi tribe, then located in that part of the world. He slaughtered many of both peoples, and drove them upon the Basutos, who killed the Hlubi Chief Umpangazita, and Matiwana was also attacked by Moshesh and driven southward, where he, in turn, fell upon the Amatembu, as related, and continued a conquering career, until set upon by the Cape Government and, in fact, everyone around him, until he and his people were almost annihilated.

Many years ago, in Natal, I saw the son of Matiwana,

^a This comes in very happily after the highly successful Graham's Town Exhibition of 1897-8. [And here the Settler's story ends. D. C. F. M.]

Zikali, who was governing the remnant of the tribe—some 5 or 600 hundred—if I remember rightly. He and they were located near the sources of the Great Tugela. He was truly a magnificent savage. Tall, fine features, commanding appearance, and polite and dignified in manner. He was afterwards murdered mysteriously in his hut, and people said it was passing strange that the Government took no steps to enquire into the matter, but merely contented itself with the report of the Resident Magistrate.

NATAL.

In a former chapter I have alluded to several early visitors to the shores of fair Natal, the lovely tropical garden of South Africa.

We must now jump to 1823, shortly after Tshaka swept like a devastating scourge over Natal, with his plumed, assegaid and terrible legions, making his name a terror to all who heard it, until no nation, then in Southern Africa, dared to stand before his wrath, but all fled like frightened birds or timid antelopes to safe retreats within the dense bush. Directly after Natal had thus been swept, Lieut. Farewell and Mr. H. F. Fynn reached Port Natal.

Mr. Fynn had married several Kafir wives, according to Native law. His "Inkosikazi" or, chief wife, I saw many years ago, ruling Fynn's tribe near the Umzimkulu. Mr. Henry Ogle had also married Kafir wives. On the death of the latter, his son, by a Kafir marriage, disputed, on behalf of his mother, his father's estate with some missionary who had, it was said, got hold of it. A brother of mine, who was a solicitor, took up the case for Ogle, and the Supreme Court found for him—that is for the Inkosikazi, *i.e.*, the chief wife, saying that the Kafir marriage was perfectly valid, and "in community of property." The late Mr. Fynn, who, in the meantime, had married an English lady, after putting away his Kafir wives, found to his horror that it was quite legally possible for his first old Kafir wife to walk, any fine day, into his drawing-room, and make herself comfortable in the best arm-chair. Mr. Fynn died in Natal.

On the 27th of August, 1827, a great battle occurred between the Tambookies (or Amatembu) and the Fetcani

under *Matiwana*, near the mountain *Hangklip*, in the *Queenstown Division*, and on the

Twenty-sixth of August, 1828, *Matiwana* again attacks the *Tambookies* and *Amangcaleka Kafirs*, and is defeated near the sources of the *Bashee* by a colonial force under *Major Dundas*. Not *Somerset* as the "Old Letter" has it.

Mr. Kay, in his "*Caffrarian Researches*" tells the sad tale of *Farewell's* death in a very interesting manner. *Kay's* mission was to *Pondoland*, and so, being almost on the scene, he was particularly well informed. He says that from a place called *Amadolo*, *Farewell*, and friends, went to the residence of *Faku* on the 26th of August 1830. *Faku* strongly dissuaded *Farewell* from going to *Kweto*,* but the *Lieutenant*, as I have said, heard that ivory was plentiful, and on he went.

"At first, all was friendly enough, but scarcely had night fallen than *Qeto's* mien altered greatly, as did that of his attendants also, for both words and actions then assumed an air of hostility. This was sufficiently manifest to the travellers themselves,† but more especially to the interpreters, who repeatedly hinted that the aspect of things was indicative of evil. The chief seems to have signified a wish to prevent their procedure to *Natal*, being fearful that they might render *Dingaan* the king of *Zululand*, assistance against him.‡ After informing them of the wound he had received from the gun of a white man, *Lochenburg's* horses were brought and exhibited in triumph, and in their brutal rage, the savage throng cruelly goaded, and most barbarously treated the poor animals, as if to annoy their visitors, or induce them to say something on which a quarrel might be grounded. *Thackeray* and *Walker* now became very uneasy, but *Farewell* was still unwilling to believe that their host would venture to do them personal injury.

"Their fears being somewhat quieted, and the natives having retired, they laid down to sleep, and all remained tranquil until near dawn of day. Their tent was then

* I am informed by good authority (*Mr. Theal*) that this name should be "*Qeto*" palatal click.

† Messrs. *Walker* and *Thackeray* accompanied *Farewell*.

‡ *Qeto* had revolted from *Dingaan*.

suddenly surrounded, and all three horribly massacred, together with five of their native servants who slept in a hut hard by. Three only escaped to tell the dreadful tale ; and one of these was forced desperately to fight his way through, in doing which he shot three of the barbarians, and received one or two slight wounds himself. The ruffians then set off to plunder the wagons, in which they found several thousand pounds weight of beads, more precious than gold to them, likewise great quantities of clothes, with which they dressed themselves as well as they were able. Ten of twelve horses and several good guns also fell into their hands. Qeto then attacked the mission station, but was beaten off with loss." Isaacs concludes by saying "Had Farewell been less perverse, and more wary, he might not thus have fallen untimely ; but he had not apprehension of 'roaring terrors' and was resolute to a fault."



CHAPTER XXI.

THE KAFIR WAR OF 1835.

THOSE versed in South African chronology will know that between the last date mentioned—1828—nothing very important or interesting in the way of “Battles or Adventures” occurred until 1834, in which year, by the way, the first party of Boers—consisting of Cobus Uys, Hans de Lange, Stephanus Maritz, and Gert Rudolph—first explored Natal.

In December of this year—1834—began what is known as the “’35 War.” It appears that a force had been sent to recover compensation for stolen stock—the old story. The military patrol sent seized some cattle belonging to the Chief Tyali, a brother of Maqoma.* In the scrimmage incident upon the said seizure, Xoxo, a brother of Maqoma’s also, was slightly scratched. The fact served, however, for the pretext of crying “havoc”! The blood of a chief had been shed. It was enough.

On the 22nd of December, 1834, an excited and infuriate horde of upwards of 12,000 savages, passing the broad and rapid stream of the Great Fish River, burst with irresistible fury over the frontier, and spread themselves across the entire district of Albany, murdering, burning, plundering, and spreading general horror and devastation as far as the distant village of Uitenhage. Men were butchered with relentless and savage ferocity and their helpless families turned adrift, sometimes at midnight, to crouch and huddle together in the *Veldt*, and watch the raging flames devouring the comfortable and domestic results of the toil and trouble of many a year. After thus ravaging the country, the main body of the Kafirs retreated on the last day of 1834, carrying with them an immense booty. All the inhabitants of the entire frontier

* This Maqoma was generally known as “Macomo.”

districts were thus reduced to the greatest distress. As regards the British Settlers of 1820, the fruit of fourteen years' perseverance and industry was at once swept away, and they were now as homeless and helpless as on the day they landed. From all sides the scattered inhabitants fled to Graham's Town for the preservation of their lives, and about 2,000 people, most of whom a few weeks previously had been in comfortable circumstances, were assembled there in complete destitution, all property having been necessarily abandoned in the hurry of flight from their farms. In one week 40 farmers were murdered; 450 farm-houses burnt; and 4,000 horses, 100,000 head of cattle; and 150,000 sheep carried off. At Mr. Keyser's station on the Keiskuma (says Mr. Theal) a trader took refuge in the mission house. A party of men approached and asked him to come out and give them his goods, promising that if he would comply his life should be spared. Being entirely in their power, he had no alternative, and when only a few paces from the door, he was struck down with assegais. Mr. Keyser begged them not to murder the helpless man, but in vain.

Intelligence of the invasion reached Cape Town by express on the 31st of December, 1834. Orders were immediately issued to despatch every available soldier to the seat of war, and to assemble Burgher commandos and Hottentot levies to follow as quickly as possible. Colonel (afterwards Sir Harry Smith, left Cape Town the same night, and arrived in Graham's Town six days afterwards, where he assumed command and initiated measures to prevent further inroads into the Colony. Martial law was proclaimed in the ravaged districts, and every male inhabitant capable of bearing arms was called into service.

Sir Benjamin D'Urban having appointed a Provisional Government to act during his absence from Cape Town, arrived on the Frontier on the 20th of January, 1835. One of his first acts on reaching Graham's Town was to appoint a board for the relief of the destitute, giving them power to draw from the Commissariat such supplies as were requisite to alleviate the existing distress. Committees were afterwards formed in Cape Town and the principal villages of the Colony to raise subscriptions in assistance; and even in India, Mauritius, and St. Helena considerable sums

were collected and forwarded. During the remainder of the year applications representing over 8,000 persons were made to the Board for relief. As soon as the Burgher Commandos could be organized and brought to the front, an attempt was made to strike a decisive blow, but the Kafirs fell back beyond the Amatolas.

It was by this time certain that the Gcalekas, who professed to be neutral, were connected with the war party, as one trader in their country had been murdered, and two others plundered of everything, and a large portion of the stock collected in the raid on the Colony had been driven thither for security. In March, 1835, a messenger was sent by Sir Benjamin D'Urban to the Chief Hintsas, but could obtain no satisfaction. The Governor, therefore, with a small, but well-equipped force, invaded the Gcaleka's country, leaving behind him his lieutenants to cope in the Amatolas and other fastnesses with the Rarabe tribes. On the 15th April the troops crossed the Kei, Hintsas's western boundary. The advance guard was entering the river, when a solitary Kafir made his appearance on the eastern bank. True to the policy of his chief, he requested to be told the name of the stream. He was informed that the Governor knew it was the Kei, and intended to cross it in order to make some amicable arrangements, if possible. With this message he was sent to the chief, and the troops then moved on to the mission station of Butterworth.

They found the mission house and chapel in ruins, and learnt that the whites who had been residing in the country had all fled to the Tembu Chief Vusani for protection. A patrol was immediately sent to their relief, and was successful in bringing to the camp about 100 persons who had lost everything but their lives. Hintsas having declined to make his appearance, and a straggler from an express party having been murdered on the 24th, war with the Gcalekas was formally declared. Patrols were at once sent out, and, within a few days, nearly 20,000 head of cattle were seized. The rapidity with which the troops moved and the evident impossibility of successfully resisting them, struck such terror into the great Chief that, under promise of personal safety, he visited the British Camp and made terms of peace. These

were the restoration of 20,000 head of cattle, and 1,000 horses which had been driven into his country ; assistance in bringing the Rarabe tribes into submission ; the punishment of the murderers of two British subjects ; the payment of 300 head of good cattle to each of the widows ; and the delivery of two hostages to be detained until the terms should be fulfilled. This was on the 30th of April, 1835.

Upon the arrival of the British forces in Hmutsa's country they were joined by a great number of Fingoes. These peoples, as I have already said, consisted of the remnants of once powerful tribes that had been dispersed and driven southwards by the conquests of Tshaka, with whom were afterwards united a few of the Fetcaui who had been routed by the Colonial Commando in 1828. Since the loss of their independence, they had been living in bondage among the Amaxosa, by whom they were treated with great cruelty. Their persons and their property were alike always at the disposal of the tyrants whose gardens they cultivated and whose cattle they herded. A Fingo was commonly addressed by a Xosa as a "Dog," and was regarded exactly as if he were one.

The arrival of the British troops offered to many of the Fingoes an opportunity of escape from this deplorable position, of which they availed themselves with gladness. There were of course many others of them who could not make their way to the British Camp, as an attempt to do so would have subjected them to immediate massacre, and, of these, some were not rescued until 1851. The Governor determined to release from slavery as many of these people as possible, and to give them a tract of land on the Eastern bank of the Great Fish River, where he hoped they would, under British protection, become a thriving and friendly tribe.

On the 2nd of May, 1835, the troops commenced their march homewards, driving before them the herds of captured cattle, and accompanied by 16,000 Fingoes ; men, women and children, together with some converts from the Wesleyan Mission Stations of Butterworth, Clarkbury, and Morley. These latter resolved to accompany their teachers, who had been appointed by the Governor to be the instructors of the Fingoes in the country he intended



Murray & St. Leger.

HONOURABLE R. SOUTHEY, C.M.G

Cape Town.

them to occupy. On the 15th of May they arrived at their destination, now the district of Peddie, where a settlement was formed which afterwards became of great importance to the Colony. Hintsä (with Burn) was a hostage detained for the due fulfillment of the terms, and he, as will be seen, was shot in bolting.

But the tribes to the westward of the Kei not having submitted, the military reinforcements which had now arrived, attacked them so vigorously and their losses were so great, that they were, in turn, compelled to sue for peace. They offered to surrender the sovereignty of the country, and promised to conduct themselves thereafter as orderly and obedient servants. On these terms peace was concluded at Fort Wilshire on the 17th of September, 1835, and the district between the Great Fish and the Kei Rivers was proclaimed a British Province. A Commission was then appointed, with Col. Smith as its President, for the purpose of locating the different tribes, defining the boundaries of their respective possessions, and generally reducing the country to order.

Any account of the Kafir War of 1835 would be incomplete without the evidence of that well-liked old colonial veteran, the Honourable Richard Southey, and it will be interesting to many of my readers, to preface his account of part of that war, to give a short sketch of his career written by himself "with the modesty thoroughly characteristic of the man," at the request of the Editors of the "Cape Monthly." He is now still hale and hearty.

Mr. Richard Southey, then, is a native of Devonshire, and came to the Cape Colony with his father, who brought out a "party" of Settlers in 1820. The well-known failure of the wheat crops in Lower Albany, which were destroyed by rust, and the want of a profitable market for other descriptions of produce, soon made it apparent that to continue on the location assigned to them would lead to ruin, and that some other means of existence must be resorted to.

This caused a pretty general dispersion of the settlers as well as members of families—the younger branches having of course, to be placed in positions, whence they could make their own way in the world. It was then that it fell to Mr. Southey's lot to be placed as junior clerk in the

mercantile establishment of Messrs. Heugh & Co., at Graham's Town, where he remained five years. He left this to join his brothers, who were farming on the Fish River, between Trompette's and Committee's Drift; but soon afterwards purchased in conjunction with them the "Kap River Farm," situated about midway between Graham's Town, and the mouth of the Fish River, where he went to reside, and had nearly completed the erection of commodious and extensive farm premises when the Kafir war of 1834-35 broke out.

It was in this war that Mr. Southey first distinguished himself as one of the coolest and most intrepid of the frontier burghers who took prominent and honourable parts in it. The history of his proceedings in connection with it extends over the whole period the contest lasted, and it undoubtedly forms one of the most interesting chapters on Cape Frontier history.

Mr. Southey says: I was in some respects more fortunate than some of my neighbours, as I received timely notice of dangers, while they were attacked unawares, and some of them fell under the ruthless assegai. One of my brothers happening to be at Graham's Town, heard of the "affair" with a patrol under Ensign Sparkes, and of some other circumstances, which left no doubt of war, and he at once determined to warn me of danger on his way home. This he did about midnight on the 20th of December, 1834; and it was arranged that I should await further intelligence from the farm ahead on the Fish River, to which he at once proceeded. At daylight on the 22nd he returned, reporting that on the previous day they had been attacked by a large body of Kafirs, who had swept off all our stock—some 900 horned cattle (many of a superior breed) 2,000 sheep, and thirty horses; and that they had only succeeded in bringing away the family, and such articles as could be hastily got into two wagons—all else was gone. I at once despatched my stock in charge of herds to Graham's Town. My wife and two children followed in a cart drawn by oxen, and a few articles of wearing apparel and bedding were lightly thrown into the only wagon I had and sent after the rest. I followed in the course of the day (warning all the neighbours I could get at, by the way, to follow my example).

On reaching Graham's Town in the evening I found that all I had sent in the morning had arrived in safety. The Kafir herds had taken good care of the stock, and they continued to do so for several weeks afterwards until the good folks at the head of affairs deemed it unsafe to have Kafirs at large amongst them. My servants heard of this, and fearing that they would get into the "Tronk" (gaol) decamped.

At Graham's Town confusion and terror prevailed to a large extent. The Kafirs were hourly expected to come down upon the place in great force, and hence all who came in from the country were expected to remain and aid in the defence of the capital and the women and children that flocked there for security.

Persons possessing a knowledge of Kafir character did not join in this feeling. They were of opinion that no attack would be made upon the town, and that it was the people in isolated positions in the country which stood most in need of aid. This was my idea, and I readily joined in every movement with this object in view. The first expedition was to the "Clay Pits," in search of the Mahoney family. We met old Mrs. Mahoney and some grandchildren on their way to town on foot, having been in the bush all night, and having walked some twenty miles over a rough and difficult road. Her husband and son-in-law, Henderson (a merchant of Graham's Town, on a visit to the country) we afterwards found murdered by the road side about a mile from their house. On our way we had fallen in with several other dead bodies.

We had left town with the intention of patrolling three or four days, but as the whole country as far as we had gone was deserted by its inhabitants, and it was thought that all had either made their escape to the military posts and towns, or been already killed while attempting to do so, it was resolved to return to town in the evening.

On parade next morning twelve volunteers were called for to carry despatches to the Kafir Drift and Gwalana posts. The latter, where a detachment of Cape Corps was stationed, was reported to be surrounded by the enemy, and unable to obey the summons which had gone forth to all the outposts to fall back upon Graham's Town. The required number (of whom I had the honour to be one),

immediately responded, and we reached Kafir Drift that evening without meeting any of the enemy, and found the Gwalana party already there.

In obedience to orders, the following morning saw the whole party on the move for head quarters, thus abandoning to the enemy a military position (Kafir Drift) which might have been, with a little addition to its force, of great protection to the coast country—and all the stores that could not be got into the few wagons at command. As we were about leaving, a small body of Kafirs passed in sight of the post, driving a fine herd, two or three head, of splendid Lower Albany cattle before them towards Kafirland. The twelve volunteers asked Major Lowen, the commanding officer, for permission to ride out and recapture them, but he refused, arguing that as they were going to leave behind all cattle belonging to the post not required for draught, it would be only waste of time going after more. It went, however, very much against our grain to see with what boldness we were bearded with impunity.

It took us two days to get to town, and we had not the good luck to meet with any of the enemy, except a few stragglers, never more than half a dozen together; and to our mortification, we found, on arriving in town, that on the previous day a train of wagons on the same road had been attacked within ten miles of Graham's Town, the oxen cut loose and carried off, and some of the drivers killed. We had longed for such an attempt upon ours, but it was denied to us.

All the out-posts had by this time been abandoned, and all the force that could be got together, military and civil, was in town, and it was resolved to commence a first invasion of the enemy's country. The inhabitants had formed themselves into corps under various titles, and I belonged to the "Albany Mounted Sharpshooters." We paraded at stated hours morning and evening. At evening parade we were told that a certain number of our corps would be required next day to form part of a patrol, and to take three days biscuit with us. It was left to ourselves either to volunteer for the duty, or for the officer to order the required number. We chose the former, called for volunteers, and the required number rode to the front immediately. Of these I was one.

The next day saw us on the road to Kafirland. Our patrol consisted of forty Cape Mounted Rifles, and 160 others of all sorts, Sharpshooters, Burghers, and native levies ; all under the command of Major Cox, C.M.R., assisted by Capt. Halifax, 75th Regiment.

At the first halt we were told that our destination was Eno's Kraal, where we arrived at sunrise next morning—having marched all night—half an hour too late to catch the wily old chief asleep.

We now had our first brush with the enemy, of whom between thirty and forty were killed—the only casualty on our side being a burgher pinned to his saddle by an assegai. This, however, rather interfered with our arrangements, as it rendered some kind of carriage necessary. We found some traders' wagons at the kraal, which had been carried off from one of the stations, and we soon selected a span (team) of oxen, and so got our wounded comrade on with us to Fort Wilshire, whence we sent him to Graham's Town, under escort of a portion of our small force, reducing us to about 180 men.

We halted at Fort Wilshire two or three days, to allow of a party from Fort Beaufort, under Major Burney,—which was to move up thro' the Kat River settlement, and pass over the Chumie Mountain—to unite with us in an attack on Tyali's Kraal, which was supposed to be the stronghold of the enemy at that time. Of course the time of attack had been agreed upon ; and we moved out of Fort Wilshire one evening a little after dark, and proceeded to a point from which the kraal could be reached at day light. The rain fell in torrents during the night ; and as we had no tents or shelter of any kind, we were soon drenched.

Our horses remained saddled during the four or five hours halt, and our orders were to stand at their heads and be prepared for an attack at any moment. No attack was made upon us, however, and at dawn of day we proceeded on, drenched to the skin, and most of our guns probably useless, if they had been needed, from wet.

Arrived at the kraal, we found it abandoned ; set fire to the huts—the heat from them being by no means disagreeable after our wet march—destroyed all that we could find that a Kafir would prize ; and then off-saddled for breakfast.

Of course all this time we had been looking for our gallant allies from Fort Beaufort, but they did not make their appearance; and later in the day we went in search of them, expecting that they might have fallen in with the enemy, and been repulsed, and so prevented from fulfilling their engagement. We found them comfortably housed and tented at the "New Post." The officer in command was asked why he had not obeyed his orders to be at Tyali's Kraal at the hour appointed, and replied something to the effect that the morning being wet and uncomfortable, he had preferred remaining under shelter. We thence returned to Graham's Town, when our detachment received a good share of praise in "general orders" and Major Burney procured a leave of absence to England.

It was now known that the Kafirs were collecting in great force in the Fish River Bush, and Colonel, afterwards Sir Harry Smith, having arrived from Cape Town and assumed command on the Frontier, ordered a strong patrol under Col. England, 75th Regt. to assemble at Trompetter's drift, to reconnoitre and report as to the position and strength of the enemy. This being done Col. Smith came down himself to take chief command with a view to dislodge him.

Our force was now in three divisions—the head quarters at Trompetter's—under Colonel Smith. The second division at Somerset Mount under Colonel Somerset; and the third at Committees under Col. England; and a combined movement of all three was to take place during the night. Guides now became requisite, and hearing that I knew something of the country, I was called to the tent of Col. Smith, and, after a little conversation, arrangements were made in this particular by which I was to act as "Guide to the Head Quarters Division." We moved from our ground about midnight—after the moon had gone down—and ascended the hills on the eastern bank of the river by a steep and rugged elephant path, towards the position, whence our operations were to commence at daylight.

During a short halt to allow the infantry breathing time, Col. Smith rode to the front and told me that, as a number of guides would be required during the Campaign, if I would undertake to collect a sufficient band, acquainted

with the country and willing to act, I should be appointed to command them, with the pay of Captain. This was agreed to and we moved on again, arrived at our ground in good time, and at day-light the six pounders opened upon the dense bush from the several points agreed upon the previous day.

We saw a good many cattle in various parts of the bush, indicating, of course, the presence of the enemy, though few of them were visible. A little later the order was issued to penetrate the bush and bring out the cattle. This was responded to with alacrity, but without sufficient precaution. The bush could only be penetrated in single file, and the Kafirs, lying concealed behind stones, and cover of every description, had greatly the advantage of us, and thus we lost several of our best men.

We continued our operations for three days, and, notwithstanding their advantages, the Kafirs found the bush too warm and quitted it for the Amatolas. It was during this patrol that a portion of the third division, under Field-Cornet Rademeyer, had a hand to hand fight with an overwhelming number of the enemy, and after a most severe struggle, defeated them; not, however, without severe loss on their part.

It was now decided to invade the enemy's country in as many directions as possible, and with all the force that could be procured. The Governor, Lieut.-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, had arrived at Graham's Town, and assumed the immediate command. Every available soldier, and as many burghers and levies of natives as could be collected, were in front, and the corps of guides, about forty strong, had been organised.

I was now told off specially as guide to the Commander-in-Chief, my orders being that, although retaining command of the corps and being held responsible to provide guides whenever and wherever required, never to be absent from the head quarters staff. The Campaign lasted about three months, during which we penetrated to the Bashee, and scoured the country of the late paramount Chief Hintza from the sea to its northern limits, at the sources of the T'somo.

We were now in a position to punish the Kafir for his teachery, and Hintza, feeling this, made overtures of peace

which were too eagerly listened to. He, with his son Kreli (Sarili) his brother Booko, and some followers, came into our camp and concluded a treaty, binding himself to deliver a large number of cattle within a given time, upon condition of our vacating his territories; he, meanwhile, remaining as hostage in our camp. We commenced our backward movement towards the Kei.

At this stage, the corps of guides and some of the leading burghers very nearly lost the good opinion previously formed of them. It was admitted that they had done good and gallant services, and the general orders of the day still testify to this. But they were now guilty of such an act of insubordination as regular soldiers never heard of. They actually drew up and sent to the Commander-in-Chief a *remoustrance* against his arrangements with Hintza. They represented that the old chief was only anxious to get us out of his country, and had no intention of fulfilling his engagement; that without much difficulty, now, we could take what he engaged to give, and expressed, moreover, their willingness to remain in the field any length of time necessary for the purpose of recovering compensation for the losses of the country.

We continued our march westward, however, crossed the Kei, and on the right bank, in presence of Hintza, and with the firing of cannon, proclaimed that we had conquered and beaten the enemy, and brought him to terms; that henceforth the river should be our Eastern boundary, and the territory between it and the Keiskama should become British, under the title of the Province of Queen Adelaide.

Hintza here beguiled our chiefs into the belief that his own presence among his people was necessary to enforce the fulfillment of his engagement, and about the half of our force was detached under Colonel Smith to accompany him and fetch the cattle. A portion of the corps of guides under its Lieutenant, my brother George, accompanied this force and in their charge was given the great chief.

He was allowed to ride his own horse, a fine animal, in good plight and wind—while those of the guides were jaded and out of condition—and to carry his arms, but they were to take care he did not escape. The result of this expedition was as many expected it would be. Hintza

never intended to fulfil his engagement ; he wanted to get away. The guides were, however, too much on the alert ; he attempted, and was killed, his death wound being inflicted by the Lieutenant, George Southey.

During this time I had charge of the other hostages, Kreli, Booko, &c., but the former was now set at liberty, under a promise never fulfilled, or intended to be, to carry out his father's engagement. We travelled westwards to the Buffalo, the present site of King William's Town, from where I was sent on to Graham's Town, in charge of the hostages. They remained under my care a month, or so, and I was then sent back with them to their own country, there to set them free.

Sir Benjamin now set about organizing a system Government for the management of the New Province and I was appointed one of the Magistrates. This ceased with the reversal of the "D'Urban System" by the "Stockenstrom Treaties of 1837," and I left the service and the Frontier to be out of the way of the wars which I believed would follow.

Here ends the interesting communication of Mr. Southey. For the succeeding ten years he resided at Graaf Reinet, until in 1847 Sir Harry Smith arrived as Governor, from whom he received the appointment of Secretary to the High Commissioner, and he accompanied him in that capacity throughout the Colony, Orange River Sovereignty and Natal. He was present at the Battle of Boomplaats (he has kindly furnished me with an account of it, which appears in its proper date) on the 29th August, 1848, after which he was left in the Sovereignty as President of the War Tribute Commission, formed for the purpose of levying fines upon the persons who had been engaged against us, both as a punishment to them and to pay the expenses incurred. Some £9,000 was collected and paid into the general Treasury within six months.

Having completed his duties there, and having visited the Transvaal Territory—notwithstanding the exasperation of the Boers against the English—at the special invitation of Commandant Potgieter, he returned to the Cape in the beginning of 1849, and at the end of that year received the appointment of Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Swellendam.

During his tenure of office there, and notwithstanding that at times political feeling ran high, he succeeded in gaining the confidence and respect of the inhabitants, as thoroughly as the approbation of the Government whom he served.

In May 1852 he was selected to act as Colonial Secretary during the absence of Mr. Montagu on leave to England. It was while holding this appointment that a collision between himself and Lieut.-Governor Darling led to a temporary suspension from office, to which, however, by order of the authorities at home he was honourably restored; a decision that gave the most lively satisfaction to every gentleman in his department, as well as the public generally.

On the arrival of Mr. Rawson from Mauritius, as the newly appointed Colonial Secretary, Mr. Southey resumed his Magisterial duties at Swellendam in May, 1854, and in February of the following year was appointed Secretary to the Lieut.-Governor. While discharging this office he resided at Graham's Town, and honourably distinguished himself there by his ready co-operation in every movement for the promotion of agriculture, the education, and the general prosperity of the district.

In January 1859 he was selected by Sir George Grey to fill the vacant office of Auditor-General—a nomination which called forth the universal approbation of the public and the legislature. It was superseded however by another nomination from home, and Mr. Southey without a murmur returned to the duties of his own previous office on the Frontier, and continued there until called to supply temporarily the vacant Colonial Secretaryship during the absence on leave of Mr. Rawson in England.



CHAPTER XXII.

MATIWANA—*continued.*

BEFORE proceeding to the narration of the stirring events of the Kafir War of 1834-35 we must give some further information regarding that meteoric emanation of the unique Zulu power, Matiwana. This information is derived from a book containing the "Introductory remarks to a narrative of the irruption of the Kafir hordes into the Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope, A.D., 1834-35, by the Editor of the *Graham's Town Journal*," the veteran Mr. Godlonton, an universally acknowledged colossal authority and the very Herodotus of Eastern Province History. He says that in May, 1828, alarming reports reached the colony, purporting that an immense horde of savages were approaching the boundary from the north-eastward; that the most sweeping destruction had hitherto marked their progress, and that it appeared very probable the Kafir tribes would either be driven upon the colony, or be speedily extirpated, unless succoured by the colonial power. These reports soon created some uneasiness at the seat of government; and at length Major-General Bourke decided upon despatching Major Dundas, the then Civil Commissioner for Albany and Somerset, with a small escort composed of active young men, partly English and Dutch, on a mission towards the scene of commotion. The express object of this journey was to gain accurate information respecting the character and apparent intentions of an enemy who was represented as so formidable, and whose progress seemed to threaten the colony with a very serious calamity.

This party quitted Graham's Town early in the month of June, and with considerable labour and difficulty crossed the whole of the Amakosa territory. On reaching the adjoining country of the Amapondas it was found almost depopulated; not, however, by the "Fetcaui" — the

appellation given to the stranger hordes—but by the Zulu forces under Dingaan. The Amapouda people had been destroyed in great multitudes; the country plundered of its cattle, whilst the few inhabitants who had escaped were sunk into a state of the deepest despondency. Here the party of colonists received information respecting the “Fetcani,” from messengers who had been despatched from the Amatembu tribes soliciting their assistance against this formidable foe. On receiving this intelligence the small party of colonists turned their steps to the northward, proceeding up towards the sources of the Umtata river, and shortly bivouacked near the residence of Voosani, the great chief of the Amatembu people.

It was at this spot that Major Dundas learnt the true character of the marauders who had struck so much terror throughout the whole of the Kafir country. It was here clearly discovered that they were the same people as had driven the formidable Mantatee army towards the northern frontier in 1823, and which had occasioned so much alarm at that time throughout the colony. They were described as extremely numerous and formidable, not only from their mode of warfare—making their attacks in general under the cover of night—but from their incredible cruelties, in massacring every man, woman, and child that had the misfortune to fall into their hands.

The indefatigable traveller, Thompson, whose progress to the northward was stopped by the flying Mantatees at the period referred to, states that “after the repulse they received from the Griquas they appear to have divided themselves into two armies. One of them proceeded in a north-easterly direction (and of these we shall be able to furnish our readers with some account in the sequel), but the other manifestly came down to the southward, dispersing and plundering the various clans that fell in their way.” This account is a little confused, as it turns out not to have been the Mantatees who took that direction, but the victorious Fetcani, with whom they are confounded.

Subsequent events have fully explained all their movements, and it is now ascertained that the affrighted Mantatees, finding themselves stopped in their flight by the guns of the Griquas, suddenly made a retrograde movement, and succeeded in gaining the difficult mountainous country

in the rear of the Fetcani, where a great portion of them have continued to maintain themselves to the present day ; whilst their pursuers, after spreading desolation throughout the country—of which a memento remains at this hour in the human bones thickly strewed along the banks of the Caledou—remained for a time stationary near the sources of that river, occasionally making incursions into the Tambookie and Kafir country, and carrying off great numbers of cattle. At length, finding the distance a serious inconvenience, and being powerfully tempted by the large herds of cattle possessed by the frontier tribes, they moved to the southward, and at the period of Major Dundas's mission had taken up a position as stated on the sources of the Umtata River.

It has also been proved that these victorious hordes originally resided at the sources of the River Tugela, to the north-east of Natal, acknowledging fealty to the chief Matiwana, who was their leader in all their wanderings, and the chief actor in their savage barbarities. They were a tribe of the Zulu nation, but the notorious Chaka having driven a powerful chief named Zwide from his territory, "he in his retreat fell upon Matiwana, who being thus compelled to seek another settlement, first overpowered the Amazizi, who, on the death of their chief, united themselves with the tribe of Matiwana. By this accession of strength he became formidable to his neighbours, and adopting Chaka's exterminating mode of carrying on war, he successfully destroyed the Amahlubi, the Amaucwazi, the Amakekyana, and the Amakangazitas,—sparing neither women nor children,—as it was his custom to attack a kraal a short time before day-break, set fire to the huts, and stab the defenceless inhabitants as they rushed out."

It is impossible to paint in colours sufficiently dark the atrocities committed by these cruel and blood-thirsty miscreants. The writer whom we have quoted above observes that any one travelling along the Umtkachi River, and along the mountains near its sources, and in the burnt kraals and human skeletons which he will observe on all sides, he will find convincing proofs of the desolating and savage warfare carried on by the people of Matiwana. Another authority, a missionary residing near the scene of these enormities, in a communication addressed to the

writer of this narrative as far back as July, 1834, remarks—"There is an old man dwelling on the 'Bunting' Station, or near it, who was many years with Matiwana during his predatory mode of living, who states that he himself saw upwards of thirty captains—whose people he had previously destroyed—brought before him and murdered in cold blood, in order that he might drink their galls to make him strong! These people and their captains inhabited that tract of country beyond Faku and stretching to the Orange River—a distance of some hundreds of miles, and which to this day remains destitute of inhabitants. The people under these captains varied as to number, but may at the lowest computation be reckoned as from three to four thousand to each captain. All these, amounting to at least 100,000 souls, were utterly destroyed by the bloody Matiwana."

Such were the people who were hovering over the devoted Kafir tribes at the period of Major Dundas's opportune mission in 1828. On his arrival within the Amatembu, or Tambookie, territories the chief Voosanie met him, accompanied by his warriors, fully prepared to take the field against this dreaded and formidable foe. His co-operation was earnestly solicited on the momentous occasion, and to this request the Major, after due consideration, acceded. Nothing could be more politic or proper than this decision. The Feteani were just on the eve of springing, like the stealthy tiger, upon the devoted Kafir tribes,—and from which they were evidently diverted by the efforts made at that very juncture by Major Dundas and his gallant little band. Had that assistance been refused, the whole of the Kafir people would have been thrown upon the colony, and the greatest perplexity and confusion—to say nothing of the pecuniary loss—must have been the unavoidable consequence. No sooner had Major Dundas decided, than all was bustle and exertion. Being an officer distinguished for his bravery and activity in the field, everything under his direction soon wore a new aspect, and the Tambookie warriors, accompanied by the little company of colonists, marched in good spirits to the scene of action. The enemy at this time occupied a spacious basin, formed by the circle of hills of inconsiderable height, and watered by a branch of the Umtata River. It

appears to have been a bad position for defence, and it seems clear that, flushed by uninterrupted success, they had not calculated on being required to act suddenly on the defensive. The united Amaxosa and Amatembu forces gained their position, unperceived, late on the evening, and it was decided that a sudden and simultaneous attack should be made upon the enemy at an early hour the ensuing morning. The most advantageous dispositions for the expected engagement were speedily made, and at the time appointed the attacking forces were on the brow of the hill overlooking the dwellings of the dreaded Fetcani. No sooner were they observed than the whole settlement was in commotion; the men sprung to their arms, and some hasty dispositions were made to meet and repel the attack. At this moment Major Dundas perceived that a strong band of Fetcani warriors had placed themselves in a position to cover and protect the retreat of the cattle,—a primary point in all affairs with the natives,—and pointing out to his little party the importance of defeating this object, they galloped boldly forward direct to this point, and when within about a 100 yards of the enemy, who were waiting for their approach, they hastily dismounted and discharged their guns. The effect surpassed their expectations; the Fetcani were evidently unprepared for this destructive weapon, and hence amazed at its report, and terrified at its effects, some instantly fled, and others threw themselves on the ground in a paroxysm of fear. The colonists, flushed with the success of this experiment, followed in pursuit of the fugitives for some distance, until finding that they were entirely unsupported by their new allies, they returned to the scene of action. Here it was clearly apparent they had been entirely deserted. The Tambookies having with that rapacity peculiar to the Kafirs seized at once on the cattle of the affrighted Fetcani, and leaving the Major and his party to take care of themselves as they best might, had driven them towards their own country; and with so much celerity that it was not till the following day the colonists succeeded in re-joining them.

The object of the mission had, however, been attained; and Major Dundas having so far checked the Fetcani in their approach towards the Kafir territory, and ascertained fully the cause of the existing commotions amongst the

natives, proceeded on his return, and on reaching the frontier found that a commando had been organised during his absence for the purpose of supporting the Kafirs against this formidable foe, and with a view to save them from that destruction which so clearly awaited them.

No measure, perhaps, could have been devised by the Colonial Government at this important juncture more politic or seasonable than the assembling of this force for the purpose stated ; yet no proceeding has ever been more strangely misrepresented, or furnished such ample scope for the calumniators of the colonists to heap additional obloquy both on them and on the character of the Government. Without, however, waiting to examine these statements, it will only be necessary to proceed with the narrative in order to show their utter falsity.

Lieut.-Col. Somerset, who commanded the colonial forces, having been made acquainted with the exact situation and condition of the Fetcani hordes, moved with his commando to the Kei River, which he forded, and entered the territories of the chief Hintza. Here at the Wesleyan Missionary Institution of "Butterworth," the troops halted during the whole of one Sunday, attended in a most becoming manner the religious services conducted by the resident missionary at that station ; and after having collected much valuable information, and having made all necessary arrangements, they marched to the scene of action. The commando had been previously joined by the chiefs Hintza and Voosani, with a great number of their people, and on these a strong injunction was laid by the Commandant to show mercy to the women and children, and prisoners. The engagement which ensued was perfectly successful on the part of the colonial forces. The whole of the Fetcani host was overthrown and scattered amongst the surrounding tribes, and the appellation of Fetcani is now only known as designating a people that have ceased, as a body, to exist ; whose memory alone is all that remains at the present day—and which will continue to remain while that immense tract of country, overrun and depopulated by them, continues uninhabited ; and while the bones of the thousands of victims to their destructive and murderous ravages bleached by an African sun, continue to strew the ground,

and thus to point out the track of these merciless destroyers.

Such is a brief narrative of an affair which has been held up to the British public as one of the darkest and most atrocious acts of cruel perfidy recorded in the pages of colonial history. Mis-statements uncontradicted soon pass current for admitted facts ; and it has, therefore, been deemed desirable that a true version of this matter should be submitted to the public. It would have been useless to recur to occurrences of distant dates, where the actors in them have long since passed from the stage of existence, and where we must have been content to refer to such scraps of information relative thereto as might be gleaned from the official documents of the day. But not so in the present case ; the fate of the Feteani is, as it were, an event of yesterday, and while there are numerous ear and eye-witnesses to verify every title of evidence adduced, is a time of all others the most fitting to confute unjust and daring calumnies.



CHAPTER XXIII.

PARTICULARS OF THE KAFIR WAR OF 1834—35.

WE now come directly to the relation of the exciting events of the Kafir War of 1834-5, and I have before me Mr. Godlonton's account of them. His remarks are the condensation of many articles by him and others on the particulars of this war, written on the scene of war while the warriors were red-handed. His remarks are also supplemented by the publishing of many letters in his possession written by military officers and others who were not only eye-witnesses but combatants. I have further condensed these accounts; in fact, picked the eyes out of them and herewith proceed to give them. The Kafirs, spoiled by the leniency extended to them by the Exeter Hall faction, whose minds seem to be, like a certain very tropical place, paved with good intentions, began by stealing horses right and left, and then murdered one Purcell, a trader, in cold blood. After a while, on the 20th November, 1834, a farmer named F. Scheepers, reported to the military officer commanding at Fort Wilshire that three horses and a foal, the property of a person named Joubert, had been stolen from a farm on the Koonap, the spoor or track of which had been followed until it led to a Kafir kraal belonging to the Chief Eno. The party in pursuit inquired at this place for the captain of the kraal, but was informed none exercising that authority resided there. They then requested to see Eno himself, and he being sent for, they informed him fully on the case,—showed him the spoor of the stolen horses leading to that identical spot, and agreed to wait patiently until he should have had sufficient time to follow up the inquiry and discover the actual robbers. Eno promised to make the search, and appeared so satisfied of the criminality of his people that he agreed, in the event of not producing the horses, to make compensation for them in cattle. With this under-

standing the parties remained at his kraal five days ; but finding at length that no satisfaction was intended, Scheepers, as stated, proceeded to Fort Wilshire, and reported the case.

The officer, on receiving this report, dispatched next day a messenger to Eno, informing him that he should expect him to send in either the horses, or cattle of equal value, within a period of eight days,—and that in the event of his non-compliance a patrol would be sent to take them by force of arms. This demand being equally disregarded as the former, a patrol, consisting of eleven men of the Mounted Rifles, and accompanied by four farmers—one of whom was the owner of the stolen horses—marched for Eno's kraal. This was on the 2nd Dec.—just *twelve* days after the commission of the robbery. On arriving at the kraal, the chief man was questioned respecting the lost property, but nothing could be elicited from him. Two of the patrol were then ordered to dismount, and open the cattle kraal,—on which the man sullenly observed that the horses were not there. And on the officer ordering the cattle to be driven out, he further stated that Eno himself had already seized, as compensation for the robbery, sixty head of cattle from that and a neighbouring kraal. On this he was told that he must request of Eno to return those cattle, they being about to take forty as restitution for the stolen property. This number was accordingly driven away—the Kafirs being permitted to select from the number all milch cattle.

After proceeding about a mile on their return, the officer was apprised by his men that the Kafirs, armed, and in considerable force, were following them. Shortly afterwards it was perceived from their movements that they intended to surround them. On this, five men of the party were ordered to check their advance. The officer subsequently rode to the rear himself, and finding the enemy numerous, and their gestures menacing, he ordered a volley to be fired over their heads. On this, they fell back, and the men in the rear rejoined their comrades. After marching about a mile and a half further, they were overtaken by a son of Eno's, named Stock. He was on horseback, and stated that his father was sending after them twenty head of cattle intended as compensation for

the stolen horses. He also remarked that he had turned back a great number of Kafirs who were pursuing the patrol. Immediately after this conversation, the men halted for a few minutes, and on resuming their march, Stock returned with the intention, as he professed, of bringing up the cattle which he said were in the rear. The patrol proceeded quietly after this for about seven miles, when suddenly, a number of Kafirs were seen in a kloof, a few hundred yards to the right of the road. These rushed towards the cattle and endeavoured to retake them,—the soldiers were ordered to extend themselves to the right and close in on the cattle, keeping them together. One Kafir seized the bridle of the horse rode by the corporal of the patrol, and menaced him with his assagai. By great exertion the cattle was at length disengaged from the Kafirs. Two troopers, with the four farmers, were then ordered to drive the cattle forward, while the rest were faced about and formed to resist the advance of the enemy—the officer informing them, through an interpreter, that if they persisted in advancing he should be compelled to fire on them. To this, one of them called out, “It is a lie what is said, they dare not do it.” The steadiness with which the party resisted the attack of the Kafirs, appeared to have the desired effect, as after following them for about two miles further, they retired. From this spot the patrol marched without interruption until they came in sight of the Fort. Here the cattle on crossing a ravine started off at full speed, and as the patrol had followed them closely, the officer was left a short distance in the rear. He had put his horse to a canter with the view of overtaking his party, when suddenly a Kafir sprung from a clump of bushes, and hurled his assagai. The officer raised his left arm so adroitly as to receive the assagai through it—and by this means escaped the fatal blow evidently intended. Drawing the assagai from the wounded limb, he speedily rejoined his men, and being near the fort, he succeeded in reaching it in a state of great exhaustion from loss of blood, but without further adventure.

While these proceedings were going on towards the coast, the Kafirs further to the northward manifested a most turbulent and daring spirit, continuing to encroach

upon the Colony with their cattle, in spite of all the remonstrances used to induce them to remain within their proper boundary. On the 11th December, the Commandant reported this to the government,—at the same time stating that the troops under his orders were much harassed, but that when they were rested and refreshed he should resume his operations.

In accordance with this resolve, a party of the Mounted Rifles, under the command of Lieut. Sutton, of H. M. 75th Regt., was ordered to proceed on the morning of the same day to the neighbourhood of the Umguela, and to drive from thence all Kafirs found occupying that country. On arriving at this point, he found the Kafirs collected in considerable force,—and on requesting them to move across the boundary, they manifested a very evident intention to refuse compliance. The military, however, without having recourse to actual force, rode along the ridge which forms, on the Colonial side, the banks of the Gaga. Throughout the greater part of this line there were no inhabitants, and they proceeded to destroy some kraals and huts which had been constructed by the Kafirs in a kloof near the Kat River Post,—and to which some horses stolen from Fort Beaufort a few days before had been clearly traced. Near this spot they captured a few cattle, and observing some more at a distance issuing from a kloof, the officer detached a sergeant and six men to seize them; his orders being to secure a sufficient number of cattle, and then to inform the Kafirs that these would be detained until the stolen horses were restored.

At this time the Kafirs manifested a disposition to make a determined resistance. They attempted to surround the officer and his men during the absence of the sergeant, and which was only defeated by the coolness and intrepidity with which the attacks were received.

The sergeant having at length succeeded in capturing some of the cattle he had been sent in quest of, rejoined his party; at which moment a general skirmish commenced,—the Kafirs fiercely attacking the soldiers, and taking advantage of the broken and sheltered country to assail them with their assagais. In this manner the military endeavoured to make good their retreat towards Fort Beaufort, keeping the body of the Kafirs at bay by using

their fire-arms. In spite, however, of every effort, the gallant little party was completely nonplussed,—the cattle were driven down upon them and re-captured. The night had come on as they approached a spot where the road is flanked on both sides by woody ravines, and here the Kafirs suddenly appeared in such great numbers, that it was found impracticable to proceed; still, by a steady fire they kept off their assailants,—until at the very crisis of their fate the musketry was heard at the Fort, and from thence they received an immediate rescue. During this skirmish one of the Cape Corps was wounded by an assagai,—two Kafirs were killed and two wounded. One of the latter, named Xo Xo, was a brother of Tyali's.

The proceedings immediately consequent on this affair are detailed by the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, then Missionary at the Chumie, in Tyali's territory; and from his statement it appears, that on his return from Graham's Town—whither he had been on business—on the evening of the following day, 17th December, he was surprised and alarmed to find the whole population in the state of the highest excitement. Nothing particular transpired that night, but the next morning Tyali waited on him, accompanied by his counsellors, and commanded him to write to the nearest Military Post, and to inquire why Xo Xo and his people had been killed.* This order was obeyed; but as nothing satisfactory was elicited, Mr. Chalmers entreated the Chief to proceed to the Post, and hold a personal interview with the Military Authority there. But this his counsellors, evidently prepared for mischief, dissuaded him from doing, telling him that no faith was to be placed in the white people.

During the whole of this and following day, the people were making every preparation for their intended attack. "Messengers," says Mr. Chalmers, "were running to and

* This is not to be understood in a literal sense, as the following account given by Mr. Chalmers will sufficiently show:—"Hearing Xo Xo was most severely wounded in the head, I thought it necessary to request my assistant, Mr. Weir, to accompany me to visit him. We were never more astonished when we entered Xo Xo's hut and found him looking as healthy as usual, having no bandage round the head, nor any appearance of a wound, although his head was shaved. We asked to see the wound, and were surprised to find it a mere scratch. If anything like shot had penetrated the skin it must have been very small indeed."

fro across the country in every direction,"—whilst a deep-laid and daring scheme was planned to entrap and get into their power Lieut.-Colonel Somerset, the Commandant of the Frontier. The particulars of this transaction are detailed by Mr. C. in the following terms:—

"On the 19th December, Col. Somerset arrived at the Kat River Post, and sent down a messenger requesting me to desire the chief to wait upon him on Saturday. Accordingly I despatched a man to Tyali, but he remained so long that I could not communicate with Col. Somerset that evening. The message of the chief was, 'Col. Somerset, I cannot see you nor speak with you until you explain to me why Eno's son was murdered by your men; and why Sikou was killed by the boers? and why my brother is killed in the head?' I wrote this communication expecting to send it early in the morning of the 20th. But about two o'clock in the morning, a Kafir came to my house, as sent from Tyali (I learned afterwards that he had been despatched by the confederate chiefs). I was directed by him not to transmit Tyali's former communication, but to write to the Colonel, and to inform him that Tyali would hold a conference with him at Chumie. That Tyali would only come with two attendants, and Colonel Somerset must come with the same number, and they would talk over the matters in dispute,—as Chumie was a place of peace where God's word was preached, but the *post* was a place of war.

"Judging no evil, I wrote as requested, and despatched the messenger at half-past five o'clock in the morning. Scarcely had he got out of sight when the Kafirs came pouring into the village from the direction of Tyali's kraal. In the course of a very few minutes the institution was surrounded by eight hundred or a thousand armed Kafirs, yelling and shouting as if they were triumphing over a fallen victim. I was astonished at this conduct, and proceeded to the foot of the village to ask what it all meant—and why they had broken the word of their Chief? when, to my great astonishment, Tyali himself stood forth in the midst of them. I remonstrated with them on the deceitfulness of such conduct, and intreated them to go home; but they answered me only with a horrid yell, and withdrew about four hundred yards, and sat down in ambush

until the messenger returned. Fortunately the Colonel did not come; and his answer being unsatisfactory, I had to write to him in the name of Tyali, challenging him 'to come and punish him, and take away his cattle.' This was about about 9 a.m. and forthwith the Kafirs commenced a general slaughter of cattle and goats, which continued the whole of that day (Saturday 20th), and during the greater part of the following Sabbath. In the meantime they had scouts sent out to watch the movements of Col. Somerset. On this Lord's day they did what they pleased at the institution. On this day I heard that Macomo and other chiefs had been lying behind Chumie on Saturday morning, waiting the arrival of Col. Somerset, and in the evening of this day (21st) Macomo sent out his men against the Colonists on the lower part of the Kat River. On the 22nd, all the Kafirs round Chumie were busily engaged in making shoes. In the afternoon the chief Tyali sent a messenger to me to state that 'the country was now *broken*, but that Kafirs would do no injury to the traders or missionaries. Scarcely had an hour elapsed after this communication when intelligence was received by me that the traders Rogers and Budding were murdered. On the 23rd and 24th, large bodies of armed Kafirs passed towards the colony: and a report was spread in Kafirland that Col. Somerset had been killed by his own soldiers. On the 26th, 27th, and 28th, the Kafirs returned with their booty highly elated with their success, and 'speaking great swelling words of vanity.' So great was their arrogance that they came and told me to take charge of their wives and children, while they proceeded to the Salt Pans, near Port Elizabeth, where they had determined to construct their cattle kraals and erect their huts."

In addition to this statement given by Mr. Chalmers, some further light has been thrown upon the proceedings of the Kafirs by a Gonaqua or Kafir woman, named Jacomina, formerly one of Gaika's wives, but since married to one of Macomo's warriors. From her evidence it appears that the Chief Macomo sent for her husband early on the morning of the 20th December, and informed him that the Hottentots were going to join in an attack upon the Colonists. It does not indeed appear that there were any just grounds for this report—or that it was anything

more than a mere rumour propagated by the confederate Chiefs to inspire their followers with confidence—still it is quite certain that it was very generally circulated amongst and believed by the Kafir people.

On Sunday, the 21st December, the work of devastation and murder was commenced. The first victim was a respectable Dutch farmer, named Buys, residing on the lower part of the Kat River. Towards midnight of the date named, a party of the barbarians reached his place,—they surrounded his house,—and on his going out and asking them what they wanted there at that late hour, a ruffian seized him by the collar while another plunged an assagai into his body. Having dispatched their victim, they pillaged the house and drove off the cattle. In the meantime, while engaged in this diabolical work, his wife with her six little children escaped by the back of the premises, and lay concealed in an adjacent jungle all night,—from whence the next day she succeeded in reaching a place of comparative security.

The marauders next attacked the farm of the Provisional Field-cornet Marthius Wessels, a short distance lower down the Kat River. Here they carried off upwards of 360 head of cattle about 20 horses and mares, set on fire and destroyed his house, with all its furniture, and killed one of his domestics named October. Having saved one horse from the general wreck of property, a servant was dispatched shortly after midnight to Fort Wilshire, with the intelligence of their disastrous condition. This man on the way fell in with several large bodies of Kafirs on their march into the Colony. When they approached him he secreted himself until they had passed, and then, by carefully listening for the advance of the marauders—whose footsteps and the rattling of their assagais were perfectly distinct amidst the stillness of night,—he succeeded in reaching the Fort. Here, however, he found the enemy in great force on the side next the river and it was only after the lapse of several days that he was enabled to return in quest of his unfortunate master.

Reports of the most distressing character now kept pouring into town almost every hour. Not only were the excesses on the upper part of the Albany district confirmed, but it was fully known that large bodies of the enemy were

ravaging the country and murdering the defenceless inhabitants along the whole line of boundary. At the farm of Mr. J. Howse, at the ford, of the Fish River, called Trompetter's Drift, they had swept off upwards of five hundred head of cattle and 2,600 sheep; whilst the messenger, who arrived breathless with the intelligence, stated that the hill descending to the farm from Kafirland was literally covered with the marauders.

As this farm lay on the direct route to Graham's Town, the most energetic measures were considered essential for its preservation. A public meeting of the inhabitants was, therefore, hastily announced, to be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, at which the Civil Commissioner and the military officer in command both attended, and explained minutely the exact state of affairs. From this moment decisive steps were taken. The people at once saw their danger and prepared to meet it with sternness. Measures, both offensive and defensive, were instantly adopted. The church was appropriated as a magazine and depôt for fire-arms, and as an asylum for women and children. The avenues around it were blocked up with wagons and defended by cannon, whilst night piquets of the inhabitants were despatched, well mounted and armed, to watch the main roads leading to Graham's Town from the Kafir country. Arms were issued to all who were able to use them, and, before the close of the day, the confusion had in a great degree given away to order; whilst the whole town resounded with the din of martial preparation, and the brazen note of war.

On this day some of the Kafir traders residing in Kafirland were barbarously butchered by the enemy. Amongst these may be named Robert Rogers, residing not far from the Chumie, in Tyali's country. This ill-fated man was murdered in the presence of his three children; the eldest of whom, a daughter, got between the assassins and her parent, and endeavoured by her tears and cries to soften the obdurate hearts of the savages; but they forcibly thrust her away, beating her with their kieres (or knob-sticks) while they perpetrated the wanton and savage butchery. The night previous to this Col. Somerset had passed at the Kat River post, situated on the Chumie heights, and commanding a view of the Kafir country. From this elevated height it was observed, on looking over the hills

and dales below, that the numerous herds which usually graced and enlivened that neighbourhood had entirely disappeared, with the exception of a few head belonging to the missionaries at the Chumie institution. The Commandant, before his arrival, had been traversing the country in every direction, endeavouring to check the advance of the enemy ; and this morning he again started—having been reinforced by a party of mounted civilians from the Kat River, under the command of Field-cornet Groepe. He proceeded in the direction of Block Drift, but the Kafirs had shifted their ground, and were only to be seen in detached bodies ; and these, from the nature of the country, it was very difficult to come up with. Having bivouacked that night on the Mancanzana, Colonel Somerset resumed his march early the next morning, using the same exertions, but with the same ill-success, to stop the advancing enemy. Leaving the Field-cornet Groepe at the Mancanzana, in order to defend that pass into the Colony, the Colonel himself rode to Fort Beaufort. Here he procured some fresh men, with whom he continued his route across the country to Fort Wilshire, using every endeavour on the way to intercept some of the numerous bodies of Kafirs which were pouring into the Colony in that direction. It was not, however, the tact of the Kafirs to come into collision ; their aim evidently was to pass the colonial boundary in force, and to avoid any engagement until their plans were matured. The nature of the country was favourable to the success of this ; and though pursued with great gallantry and zeal by the Colonel's party, yet no effectual check could be given ; while the officers and men were repeatedly thrown from their horses in consequence of the broken nature of the ground, and the obstructions which presented themselves to the rapid movements of cavalry.

On arriving at Fort Wilshire the Colonel was informed that the enemy had that morning presented himself in great force on the hills around the Fort ; but the garrison was too weak to admit of any offensive operations, except firing a few rounds from a piece of artillery, which, however, were perfectly futile, the enemy being beyond its range. At this Fort the Commandant received a despatch from Graham's Town, stating that the Kafirs were pouring into

the Colony on that part of the frontier in numbers quite as formidable as we have described further up. The men who rode this express stated that it was with the utmost difficulty they had made the journey, as the bush, throughout the extent of country crossed by them, was in possession of the marauders. In addition to this, intelligence was received at the Fort of the massacre of some of the traders in Kafirland, as well as of several farmers within the Colony. No time was to be lost; and as nothing could be done at Fort Wilshire, the Colonel resolved to return to Beaufort. Here despatches awaited him from Graham's Town of a still more pressing character; these stated that the greatest alarm prevailed there, and that the scattered farmers and their families were flocking thither from every direction.

It was now fully ascertained that the extensive and rugged country on both banks of the Fish River from De Bruin's Drift to the sea, a distance of forty miles, was infested in every part by the barbarian tribes. Messrs. Southey, respectable and enterprising traders and farmers residing at the fort called Trompetter's Drift, finding the danger imminent, had, at an early period, applied for and obtained the assistance of a military guard, consisting of five of the Mounted Rifles, under whose protection they endeavoured to effect their escape; but in spite of every effort, the Kafirs surrounded them,—drove off their cattle, amounting to 800 head, and way-laid and murdered a young man named John Shaw, a near relative of the family, who had quitted town to their assistance on the first news of their perilous situation. Further up the river, the farm of Mr. E. Driver and the premises of Mr. Tomlinson were attacked during the night. Fortunately they both happened to have patrols there at the time, and they defended themselves so gallantly that the assailants were forced to retire into the woody fastnesses adjacent. All this day the affrighted women and children kept pouring into town from the surrounding country. Property of every kind was abandoned,—and many had so little time for escape that they arrived with scarce any more property than the dress in which they were clad at the moment of alarm.

Before the close of the day, information was received of

the murder of a poor man named Robert Cramer. He was driving a few head of cattle along the road leading from the farm of Mahony to that of a settler named Purcell, where he resided, when he was suddenly attacked, and quickly butchered by the savages. Two little girls, daughters of Purcell, were in his company; but in the confusion they fortunately escaped. It is supposed that the same barbarians, reeking with the blood of their victim, repaired towards the farm of Mahony at the very moment that he was endeavouring to escape to the Military Post of Kafir's Drift, accompanied by his wife and son-in-law, Mr. H. W. Henderson, a respectable merchant from Graham's Town. Observing the Kafirs emerge from the thicket, Mahony alighted from the wagon, and, finding that flight was impossible, he accosted the Kafirs with kindness, in hope of softening their obdurate nature; but vain was the expectation! The uplifted assagai too well indicated their murderous intentions, and in the next instant he was stretched, before the eyes of his distracted wife, a lifeless and bleeding corpse. The wretches next proceeded to the wagon, where Mr. Henderson, with two of his infant children and Mrs. Mahony, was seated, and, in spite of their cries and tears, despatched him in the most appalling manner. While engaged in this work of blood, Mrs. Mahony escaped from the wagon with one of the children, and a female Hottentot servant with the other, and by taking refuge in the adjacent thicket, they, almost as by miracle, escaped; but in a frame of mind which may be imagined, but which it would be in vain to describe. A day or two following these tragical occurrences, the child, an interesting boy of three years old, that had escaped with the servant, was brought into town by a Kafir, who was in the service of Mahony at the time he was killed, and who thus generously exerted himself to serve the grandson of his unfortunate master. The health of the poor child had, however, received such a shock from the privations it endured, while wandering through the rugged thickets towards a place of safety, that he did not long survive after being restored to the arms of his disconsolate parent; and the same grave, within a period of a few days, closed over three generations of one family.

Lower down, at a place called Waai Plaats, another

barbarous and unprovoked murder was perpetrated on the person of an industrious shoemaker, named A. Forbes. The savages attacked him near his dwelling in open day, despatched him by numerous assagai wounds, and then fired his dwelling, which was speedily reduced, with all it contained, to a heap of ruins. His wife, with a family of seven young children, fortunately escaped.

On the afternoon of this day further reports were received from various quarters of the daring advance of the Kafirs, and that in such numbers that successful resistance to their progress was utterly impracticable. The scattered inhabitants in every direction were compelled to fly from their dwellings, either to an adjacent village, or to concentrate in some spot where they might act on the defensive with some prospect of holding out for a short time against the invaders. Before night every precaution was taken at Graham's Town for a determined stand in case of attack; most of the women and children were received into the flat-roofed houses around the Church-square, or took refuge in the church; wagons were drawn across the different entrances; guards and patrols, both mounted and on foot, posted around the Town, and every man was under arms.

On Friday morning a party of twenty of the inhabitants, mounted and well armed, proceeded to the scene of the savage butchery of Messrs. Mahony and Henderson—one of the most intricate and dangerous defiles along the frontier line. No opposition was offered to this little band of volunteers, and they at length reached the spot where the deed had been perpetrated; but here a scene presented itself of the most appalling description. The wagon in which these unfortunate individuals were proceeding to Kafir's Drift had been overturned; the property it contained had been carefully examined—apparently for arms and ammunition—the beds and bolsters cut open and the contents scattered around; near the hind wheels lay the body of Mr. Henderson, his head apparently fractured with an axe, whilst his body was covered with assegai wounds; at a short distance in advance lay the corpse of poor Mahony, who had received a frightful wound in the neck, into which he had endeavoured to thrust a portion of his shirt, in a vain attempt to staunch the blood. The party having covered the bodies with bedding from the

wagon, proceeded to the dwelling house of the deceased, Mahony, which had been completely sacked by the marauders; they then examined the scene of the murder of Cramer, the corpse of whom they interred in a wolf hole. At night the party reached Town in safety.

The next day another party proceeded from Town with a wagon, determined to bring in the dead bodies. They succeeded in their object, as also in recovering the body of a trader named Kirkman, who had been murdered near the Fish River Drift.

On Saturday a mounted patrol, consisting of twenty-one persons, proceeded to scour the country through Howison's Poort along the skirts of the Kariega River. They had dismounted for the purpose of grazing their horses for a few minutes, when their attention was attracted by the cries of females proceeding from a farm house immediately below them. Observing a man galloping furiously forward, and beckoning them to follow, they instantly rode after him, and shortly came to a spot where a party of three farmers were then defending themselves against about 300 Kafirs, who had attacked them. The farmers had taken refuge in a thick clump of bush, and with the most determined gallantry were defending themselves by keeping up a fire upon the assailants. At the approach of the patrol the Kafirs scampered off to the adjoining jungle; and they found the three brave men—two brothers, named Ferreira, and one named Jacobus Buurman—in a most pitiable condition. One of them had received numerous severe wounds, particularly in the abdomen; his brother was also dangerously wounded; whilst the third, who had no gun, was uninjured. The bush was thickly strewed with assagais—most of them new and of a very superior description—53 of which were collected and brought into town. The wounded men were placed in a wagon and arrived there in the evening. The bravery with which one of these men, who shortly afterwards died of his wounds, defended himself, is remarkable: several of the assagais which pierced him he drew from his own body, and hurled back upon his savage assailants. Information was also received from two persons of colour, wagon drivers in the employ of Messrs. Simpson and Ford, Kafir traders, of the ingress into the colony by the pass at

Trompetter's Drift of large bodies of the enemy. They had been attacked at that spot: their wagons had been plundered—their oxen taken, and a young Englishman in charge of the property, named Albert Kirkman, whom we have before named, murdered. They had made their escape into the dense jungle, and having afterwards ascended an eminence overlooking the pass, they had there counted the number of Kafirs passing into the Colony. For every hundred they had made a notch on a whipstick,—and by this mode of computation, it appeared that 1,000 warriors had passed while they remained on that spot.

William Lynx, a Hottentot, who had just arrived from Kafirland, reported also that at the trading station of Mr. Southey, called Buck's Kraal, he saw an Englishman named William Hogg lying murdered, and the station plundered; he saw also a party of more than 100 Kafirs, who were driving a large herd of cattle and horses on the main road from the Colony towards the Kafir territory. These cattle were driven in four divisions. He likewise saw a party of Kafirs in hot pursuit of a trader named G. Iles, who was overtaken and murdered.* On reaching Waai Plaats he saw six divisions of Kafir, each about 100 strong, crossing the country towards Bathurst.

The next statement was made by John Brown, the proprietor of a farm adjoining Mahony's,—and who was in his company at the moment he fell a victim to the savages. His account of this melancholy occurrence was as follows:—That on the day in question, he was on his way towards his own farm, when, on passing the residence of Mr. Mahony, that person came out in great alarm, declaring it to be his intention to proceed with his family towards Graham's Town. He suggested that as Kafir Drift Post was nearer, it would be better to remove thither. Mahony, after some little discussion, agreed to this; but they had not proceeded far when a body of

* The wife of this unfortunate young man had fled about this time from her residence to Bathurst. Here she found refuge in the unfinished church, and there gave birth to her first child. Only four days afterwards the village was abandoned, when she was compelled to undertake a journey to Graham's Town, a distance of 26 miles.

Kafirs appeared about 100 yards in advance, and whose intention it evidently was to surround them. He was a little before the wagon, and on looking back, he saw that the oxen had been cut out ; and that Mr. Mahony was lying on the ground weltering in his blood. He and his son fled into the bush. Here they dismounted from their horses—threw the bridles and saddles away, and turned their horses loose. Whilst they remained concealed in the thicket, a party of about fifty Kafirs crossed towards the Colony, and returned soon afterwards with at least 400 head of cattle, which they divided into different lots, and proceeded with them towards the Kaap River heights. They heard Kafirs all night around, and it appeared to him that they were in considerable force. After several hair-breadth escapes, Mr. Brown and his son, in a state of great exhaustion, fell in with the party who went out to recover the bodies of Messrs. Henderson and Mahoney, and were conveyed by them to town.

From Bathurst the accounts were equally distressing. A communication from a Committee of Safety which had been appointed there, remarked that in consequence of the alarming state of the country, the inhabitants of that part had abandoned their homes and property and fled ; that the new church at Bathurst was filled with those unfortunate and destitute people ; and that those who could not find shelter there were exposed in their wagons. It went on to state that on Christmas Day the Kafirs attacked the cattle in the most daring manner, and succeeded in carrying off a great number ; that they were kept in a most feverish state of excitement in consequence of their very insufficient means of defence, being but few in number, whilst many had no other weapons than pitch-forks or bayonets. Those who had horses were constantly on duty patrolling ; and that many of their horses were knocked up ; and that these and other exertions could not be continued unless they received assistance. This despatch concluded by stating it had been reported to them that the Kafirs were approaching in considerable numbers, and that consequently their position would be quite untenable ; as their supply of water, allowing they could defend themselves in the church, might be cut off. Under these circumstances advice was requested as to the propriety of

retiring on Graham's Town with their families, and sending their cattle in the direction of Algoa Bay, or elsewhere, as might be eventually decided on. They implored a reinforcement of men, which was the more necessary, as a patrol under Lieut. Forbes, which had been sent thither with ammunition, and which had been extremely active, was about to return to Graham's Town.

The reply to this communication was of the most heart-rending character. It stated the utter impossibility of affording the assistance prayed for; and it recommended them to abandon that beautiful and interesting village, and to avail themselves of the communication then open with Graham's Town. This advice was followed; the whole of that part of the British Settlement was abandoned; large herds of cattle and valuable flocks of Merino sheep were left a prey to the wolves, or to the still more savage hordes of barbarians. It was truly affecting to witness the melancholy cavalcade as it reached town. Families who a few days before were living in peace and in comfort were suddenly plunged into a state of utter destitution—the proceeds of fifteen years' arduous and incessant exertions swept off at one fell swoop—and they themselves cast upon the world, houseless wanderers. A communication from this place, stating the determination of removal, contained the following affecting passage: "I have much pleasure in mentioning the good feeling which exists amongst us under all these distressing circumstances. We leave behind the whole of our property and cattle, the result of fifteen years' hard labour and perseverance, and are reduced to mere baggage. The conveyances we have will not contain the women and children, many will have to walk, as some of the wagons are without oxen, the Kafirs having stolen them." On their route several parties of Kafirs presented themselves on the plain, and were gallantly pursued by the young men who formed the escort. In these skirmishes two Kafirs were killed and several wounded.

The situation of Bathurst is extremely unfavourable for defence against such an enemy as the Kafir. It is embosomed in the immense thicket which lines the banks of the Kowie River, thus affording secure cover to the enemy until within a few yards of the dwellings of the

inhabitants. Independent of this, the mode of warfare adopted by the enemy was judiciously planned—their operations were well organized—and their proceedings accurately and boldly executed. Masses of Kafirs appearing at distant points, and making demonstrations of attack, wherever there were any inhabitants to intimidate or property to seize; and then to retire into the fastnesses of the immense bushy ravines which intersect the country, was a system well calculated to tire out the patience and wear out the strength of the most persevering and enduring troops.

The following extract of a letter from Lieut. Forbes, who gallantly volunteered his services in the defence of this village, will give a good illustration of this. "I had scarcely sent off my note to you yesterday when I heard that the cattle we had recovered from the Kafirs the night we arrived from Graham's Town had been again taken by them. Unfortunately I had, previously to this, been obliged to send a strong escort with wagons to Graham's Town; and as Lieut. Gilfillan's patrol, consisting of about eighteen men, together with five or six of my own party, were rendered unserviceable from their horses being knocked up, it left me with only seven mounted men. These I immediately took out to reconnoitre, and we were not long before I discovered a party of twenty or thirty Kafirs, who upon seeing me approach fled to the bush. We had no sooner driven them off than I discovered another body of Kafirs making towards a number of cattle feeding very imprudently about two miles distant, and to this point I took my patrol as soon as I possibly could. Previous to this, when I first discovered that the Kafirs were so numerous, I sent one of my party back for assistance from the foot patrol, which came up to us before I discovered the other party of Kafirs going to take the cattle. We just got up when the Kafirs were in the act of surrounding them; but as our party consisted of only six, and two of them had not come up, we did not at that moment make an attack, but waited a few seconds until we were joined by a reinforcement of horsemen, which were seen riding to our assistance. On their arrival we immediately pursued them, killed one of the enemy, and retook a number of the cattle. At this time Kafirs were approaching

from all sides, and formed a strong force to protect the cattle in their possession. Myself and Mr. C. Bailie rode off to attack them, and were followed by two or three more. We got up in time to kill three or four before they reached the cover of the bush. Two or three were armed and mounted, and fired on us. I had a narrow escape from one of them, and they succeeded in getting off with a great many cattle. Mr. Gilfillan's patrol also took some cattle and killed four or five of the enemy. My opinion is changed very much respecting the number of Kafirs in this neighbourhood ; I now think them very numerous."

On Sunday St. George's church presented a scene equally novel and affecting ; instead of being used for Divine Worship, as usual, nothing was heard but the din of arms, and the noise and bustle of a guard house in a time of war. About nine at night Divine Worship was performed by the Acting District Chaplain amidst an assembly which presented a scene that could not fail to awaken the most painful and interesting associations. The gallery was principally filled with women and children, driven from their homes,—reduced from comfort to absolute destitution by the savage enemy, whilst the floor was occupied by men leaning on their arms. The morning lesson (Isaiah xxxvii), was singularly appropriate to their situation ; and the minister, instead of sermon, made a few remarks on the several passages, pointing out their applicability, and encouraging the people to trust in HIM before whom all the nations of the earth are but as the dust of the balance.

On Monday a communication was received from Salem, stating that on the day preceding, as several farmers who had taken a position about three miles from that village were preparing to move forward, they observed a number of Kafirs very near them ; and no sooner had the wagons proceeded a short distance, than they rushed down and seized the cattle. The farmers in charge of them fled to Salem, where they were joined by some of the inhabitants, forming a party of about 20 mounted men, and these, placing themselves under the direction of an active young man named Barond Woest, started off in pursuit. They soon came up with the marauders, and succeeded in re-capturing cattle to the amount of 400 head. Four Kafirs were killed in this affair.

A short distance eastward of Salem a party of about 60 men had posted themselves at the farm of Mr. G. Gilbert, defending themselves against all the attempts of the enemy to dislodge them. Several night attacks were made without success ; but being encumbered with a herd of 800 cattle and 70 horses, the enemy at length, watching a favourable opportunity when these were in the field, poured down suddenly upon the herdsmen, whose guns they seized before they had time to defend themselves, and succeeded in driving off the whole of this valuable booty.

A similar effort was made by Mr. G. Tomlinson, residing at the junction of the Fish and Koonap Rivers—at a pass which may be pronounced as one of the most intricate and dangerous in the country ; surrounded by ample cover for myriads of the enemy, and affording in every direction a retreat where it was impossible for mounted men to follow, besides many situations which are quite impracticable to any but Kafirs, or other natives accustomed to thread the mazy thicket, or climb the rocky precipice. Still, notwithstanding these advantages, Mr. Tomlinson bravely defended himself against the repeated night attacks of the savages ; and it was not till he had lost his cattle that he abandoned his dwelling.

The intelligence received this day from the immediate frontier was distressing in the extreme, and well calculated to fill the mind with indescribable horror, as well as to rouse every latent spark of energy to the most stern and uncompromising resistance. It stated that at present all the missionaries in Kafirland were safe ; but that many of the traders had been put to death in cold blood. A communication from Fort Wilshire stated that Macomo had declared that the missionaries and their families should be spared, but that all the traders must die. It went on to say that they had no accurate information of the number actually massacred, but they had heard of Edwards, at Burn's Hill ; Warren, at the Rev. Mr. Kayser's station, belonging to the London Missionary Society ; Rogers, at the Chumie ; and several others. The poor man Warren was dragged from Mr. Kayser's house, taken a few yards off, and then murdered.

Monday night Lient.-Col Somerset arrived at Graham's Town from Fort Beaufort, and on Tuesday, at noon, in-

spected the municipal force. The intelligence communicated by this officer corresponded in every respect with that previously received ; or rather it was, if possible, of a still graver character. He stated that the Kafirs were moving into the colony in such large masses that no military force then at his command was able to offer them any effectual resistance. He had no apprehensions for Graham's Town, but he urged the necessity of the greatest vigilance and exertion.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, eight wagons which were on their way from Graham's Town to Kafir Drift, under an escort consisting of twelve men, were attacked immediately after they had descended the Graham's Town hill by a large body of Kafirs, of whom *fifty, who were in advance, were clothed, mounted, and armed with guns.* These were at first taken to be a patrol of colonists, but as they came nearer, several Kafirs on foot were observed amongst them. On this the escort halted, and was immediately fired on by the enemy, but at too great a distance to be effective. After a slight skirmish, it was observed that a large body of Kafirs on foot were running swiftly, making a *détour*, with an evident intention to cut off the retreat by the road descending to the plain. As their existence depended upon securing this pass, the escort instantly retreated ; this was no sooner done than the Kafirs rushed upon the eight wagons, cut out the oxen to the number of ninety-six, and drove them into the bush. An Englishman named James Jenkins, the owner of one of the wagons, fell a victim to the fury of the enemy, his body being found the next day lying on the road covered with wounds. The escort kept up a skirmish with the enemy for some time, and an express was immediately forwarded to town for assistance, on receipt of which Lieutenant Ross, and about forty men, instantly galloped towards the scene. They, however, fell in with the escort on its retreat to town, and it being too late to engage in any general operation that day they returned to head quarters.

At the village of Salem the inhabitants had determined to make a stand ; and being reinforced by many farmers from the surrounding country, they were enabled to present a tolerable front to the enemy. The chapel (belonging to the Wesleyans), the mission house, and the school of Mr. Matthews, lying contiguous to each other, were appropriated

for the reception of the inhabitants, and as a citadel for the protection of the place. Palisadoes were hastily thrown around of such materials as were at hand, and everything put in the best possible state of defence their circumstances would admit. Several parties of the enemy were seen adjacent to the village, and several skirmishes had taken place during the day between them and the patrols of the inhabitants. At length, however, the Kafirs collected in force and resolved on a night attack; accordingly, about nine or ten o'clock, a large body of the enemy, amongst whom were many mounted and armed with guns, suddenly poured down on the village. The people defended themselves with spirit, but from the confusion caused by the rush of the cattle, amid the darkness of night, the Kafirs succeeded in capturing five hundred cattle, and in making good their retreat with the loss of only one man. On receiving this information at Graham's Town, as also that the village was surrounded by the Kafirs, and consequently the communication with the authorities cut off, a strong mounted patrol, composed jointly of the Rifle Corps and civilians, was ordered to its relief, and to clear the country of the marauders.

An incident occurred at the village which is worthy of record. An inhabitant, named R. G***—an excellent man, but of great eccentricity of manner, who held the notion of the unlawfulness of war even in defence of person and family, and who was so far consistent as to refuse to take up arms even at this perilous crisis,—observing a number of the enemy at no great distance off, resolved upon attempting to effect by persuasion what force had not hitherto been able to accomplish. He accordingly sallied forth perfectly defenceless, and accosting the marauders, enquired if they knew who resided there? Whether they were aware that it was a people who had been long employed in endeavours to benefit them? That the minister who resided in that house—pointing to the mission house, and referring to the Rev. S. Young, Wesleyan missionary—had formerly lived amongst them in peace and harmony in their own country, had there taught them the "good word," and done much to benefit them and advance their interests? Was it right, he demanded, and they should requite this kindness by those outrages which they had recently com-

mitted? We are not informed of the exact tenour of the replies to these pithy enquiries; however, we are aware that the conference ended by Mr. G*** presenting the enemy with a good supply of bread and meat and tobacco; with a parting injunction that they would immediately take their leave of that neighbourhood. Every one will perceive the rashness of this conduct: in a similar case of Mr. Brown, which occurred subsequently, although he was invited to a parley by the barbarians, yet he was no sooner in their power than they mercilessly dispatched him. Fortunately in this instance they permitted the return of the individual; and it is even said that his arguments and persuasions had a considerable effect in rendering less frequent those harassing attacks to which they had been before exposed.

At the missionary institution of THEOPOLIS, the inhabitants had likewise maintained their ground; serving, like Salem, a point of retreat for the neighbouring farmers. Here, however, in spite of every effort, the enemy captured a large proportion of their cattle. Still the position was maintained to the last, and the enemy's movements considerably checked by the daily patrols sent out to scour the country around the village.

Further to the westward—to a distance far beyond the limits of the Albany district,—the progress of the invaders was equally irresistible and destructive. On the 26th December a party of Burghers, as the Dutch Colonists are accustomed to style themselves, quitted Uitenhage to meet and assist in repelling the enemy. They first proceeded to the Zuurberg, where many outrages had already been committed; but not falling in with the marauders there, they turned towards the coast. On reaching the Field-cornet Buchner's, at Quagga's Vlakte, they heard that the farmers of Oliphants Hoek had been attacked in great force, and had fled from their habitations and taken refuge in the church; after having lost cattle to the amount of six thousand head. This part of the Uitenhage District is one of the most fertile sections of the Colony. It contained before the irruption, about 100 farm houses,—the proprietors of which were men in prosperous circumstances. The country hereabouts presents great capabilities for grazing, whilst the soil is eminently suited to the growth of grain and other marketable produce. Possessing these advantages, most of the farmers

of this division were not merely in comfortable but opulent circumstances : in one short week how changed the scene ! Their houses were pillaged and burnt—their church, in which they had piled up their furniture, shared the same fate,—their stacks of corn were either fired or scattered,—and their cattle and horses swept off by the barbarians in spite of every effort to protect them. Men who on Christmas Day might be considered in independent circumstances, found themselves, before the year had closed its round, reduced to the absolute want of the bare necessities of life. On no part of the frontier was the destruction of property so extensive, and the ruin so complete as here. It will be imagined that this did not take place without a struggle. Skirmishes with the invaders were of daily occurrence, in which thirty or forty of the enemy fell ; but their numbers were so considerable, and the woody, intricate nature of the country gave them such facilities for conducting their peculiar mode of warfare, that the farmers, almost harassed to death by incessant watching, were at length compelled to abandon the country, even as far westward as the Sunday's River, to the savage invaders.

The booty which had fallen into the hands of the enemy up to this period must have been immense, as the whole country comprised within a line drawn westward from the Winterberg to the Zuurberg, and southward from the latter to the sea, had, with the exception of Graham's Town and one or two minor positions, been completely laid waste. Notwithstanding this, the insatiable cupidity of the enemy urged them to proceed : some of their parties accordingly crossed the Sunday's River, and a few even penetrated to within a very short distance of Uitenhage a distance of 140 miles from the Kafir boundary.

A curious circumstance occurred during a night attack on the farm house of the Field-cornet Niekerk,—situated on the right bank of the Sunday's River. This attack was made about 10 o'clock on the night of the 30th December. The enemy having approached close to the house, commenced yelling and whistling in the most terrific manner—hurling their assagais and endeavouring to intimidate the inmates from quitting the cover of the buildings,—whilst a second band of marauders was endeavouring to demolish the kraal and capture the cattle. They, however, met with so warm

a reception that they were soon glad to sheer off, leaving two of their number killed on the spot, and three severely wounded. One of the men killed was observed standing at the kraal gate, and was fired at repeatedly before he fell. He appeared perfectly insensible to danger, calling out in his native dialect, "you may fire as long as you please, you will not hit me." The infatuated creature had been persuaded by the wizards or "rain-makers" that he was invulnerable to powder and ball, and his life was the penalty of his credulity.

On the morning of New Year's Day it was ascertained that some of the enemy had had the audacity to enter the precincts of the town, though guarded by a strong chain of piquets. In their approach they unfortunately fell in with a Hottentot in charge of a flock of sheep. This poor fellow was immediately dispatched, his body being found in the morning covered with assagai wounds. Others of the enemy were approaching the Cape barracks, but were fired on by the sentinel with such effect that one man had his thigh fractured by a musket ball, and was conveyed into town the next morning. Little information could, however, be elicited from him, and though every attention was paid him by the district surgeon, yet his wound proved fatal. Another attempt was made to pass, during the night, the line of sentinels, but it was detected by the vigilance of the men on duty, though the enemy were successful in making a precipitate retreat. After this period it does not appear that any serious intention was entertained of attacking the town.

In the north-west part of Albany, and adjoining district of Somerset, it appears that the barbarians were in full possession of the country as early as the 24th Dec. Accordingly on that day we find them attacking the farmers in every direction. The situation of the inhabitants may be well understood by the following statements made by the parties to the Board of Relief, when applying subsequently for some assistance under their necessitous condition :

"Mrs. Van de Venter, from Fonteyn's Kloof, a farm on the left bank of the Fish River, states that the Kafirs attacked them suddenly after sunset on the 24th of December. In the early part of the day they had felt a

little alarm at a rumour which had reached them of the murder of Stephaans Buys; but an Englishman, whose name she does not recollect, called at their place in the course of the day, and assured them that it was all false, and that the Kafirs were perfectly quiet. When the attack was made, there were only three persons on the place capable of offering any resistance. Six of the enemy were shot, as they afterwards discovered; her husband received an assagai wound in the knee, and the Kafirs succeeded in driving off all the cattle, including those of her brother, Jan Delpport, amounting to 216 head, together with 60 horses. Three of the most valuable horses were tied up very close to the windows of the house, but the Kafirs drove down the cattle upon the house, exclaiming in Dutch, 'Let us murder them every one,' and succeeded the rush and confusion in cutting them all loose. When they had driven the rest of the cattle a little way, they sent a party back to fetch the calves, which were kept in a separate fold, and these called out to the women in the house, as they drove the calves away, 'What will you do now for milk for your children?' and added, 'when we have secured the cattle we will return and burn the houses.'

"Conceiving that the Kafirs might carry this threat into execution, and fearing that their fire arms might be getting out of order, as it was a rainy evening, the farmers advised the women to take the children and to flee. They accordingly set out in the opposite direction. The women and children, about 24 in number, went first, and the two men with guns brought up the rear. In this manner they walked about 12 miles in a dark and rainy night, and waded the Fish River, which was considerably swollen, and arrived at J. J. Lombard's place, destitute of every thing except the clothes upon their backs."

"Joachim Espag, from Buffalo Fountain, on the Fish River, states that the invaders attacked his place in the dusk of the evening of the 26th December, he cannot say exactly in what force, but thinks there were between 70 and 80, and all mounted. They took from Mr. Espag on that occasion 404 head of cattle, 19 horses, and upwards of 840 sheep and goats, and left him (at that time) 1 heifer, 1 ox, 18 horses, and 880 sheep and goats, which

are partly his own and partly the property of his children ; he has a wife and three adult daughters, and 18 slave apprentices, great and small ; his house has not been burnt, but part of his furniture, including 2 beds, was destroyed. When the Kafirs attacked his place, a young man of the name of Frederick Silverhoorn, who had only been married four days, was killed in the horse-kraal ; this was not ascertained till next morning, when he was found lying with a javelin through his body. The women and children had all fled into the thickets, and the man who remained in the house supposed that Silverhoorn had gone to them."

These examples will suffice to show the situation of the inhabitants occupying this part of the Albany District. But while the enemy were thus desolating the country here, the very same process was going on along the more immediate boundary to the eastward. In the fine and extensive tract of country watered by the streams which flow from the magnificent Winterberg, every farm had been abandoned and the people driven from place to place by the barbarian hordes. Their perilous situation, as well as their gallant resistance to the invaders, is well detailed by Mr. Pieter Retief, one of the most intelligent men on that part of the frontier, in a statement of which the following is the substance :—

"On the 22nd of December," says the narrator, "I was informed that the Kafirs had attacked the lower part of the Kat River,—that they were entering the Colony in great numbers, and had already committed several murders. I and my son-in-law, Jan Greyling,* hereupon made such arrangements as were deemed necessary to repel the expected attack.

"On the 24th, the Field-cornet Viljoen wrote that the Kafirs were attacking the place of the Provisional Field-cornet W. Bear, and requested assistance. Being only thirty men strong, we could spare but a few hands ; however, J. Greyling, Abraham Greyling, P. Greyling, B. Greyling, Johannes Rensburg, Jacobus Hugo, P. Potgieter, Jacobus Breed, Dolph Jonker, Johs. Jonker, and Johs.

* This brave young man fell afterwards by the assagai of the enemy.

Dreyer, went off on horseback. These proceeded without obstruction to within half an hour's distance from their place of destination, when they observed a large body of Kafirs marching towards them. The enemy immediately halted, and formed into a compact body, detaching a party of about 150 men to attack them. The Kafirs rushed forward with great impetuosity, and threw their assegais, when five of the farmers fired with such steadiness and effect that seven of the foremost men fell. The engagement continued some time, and the Kafirs endeavoured to hem them round ; but they failed in the attempt, and were themselves compelled at length to fly for shelter to a large bush immediately adjacent. The farmers observing that a steep hill adjoining would command this defile, rapidly proceeded there, opening a most destructive fire upon the enemy, who finding themselves thus exposed, broke short the shafts of their assegais and attempted to storm the position. The farmers, however, by a well directed fire, killed at the first discharge eleven of the foremost Kafirs, upon which they halted—made a precipitate retreat, and tried to shelter themselves from the destructive fire of the farmers behind the trees and rocks in the thicket ; the farmers, however, had selected so good a position that although the main body of the Kafirs came sufficiently close to see the fight, yet they were unable to assist their comrades. From this point they kept up a steady fire on the enemy with slugs, until their whole stock of ammunition was expended. On visiting the spot some days afterwards, seventy-five dead bodies were observed, and among the slain the karosses (cloaks) of four chiefs.

“ The evening after this engagement the farmers in that neighbourhood assembled on the place of J. Greyling. Here a body of Kafirs attempted to cut off the wagons and cattle in the rear, but were beaten off. The women and children 202 in number, were lodged in an unfinished house, and the wagons were drawn round in a circle, and formed a temporary kraal for the cattle. All the armed men were placed outside of this enclosure, awaiting in silence for attack of the enemy. The night was excessively dark and cloudy, so that objects were perceived but very indistinctly. However, about ten o'clock the attack commenced,—but the Kafirs were repulsed ; though not before

they had succeeded so far as to get into the kraal among the cattle, which they endeavoured, as is their usual custom, to drive in upon the farmers, who were obliged to fire at random amongst the herd. The overwhelming force of the cattle obliged the farmers at length to retreat, and the Kafirs succeeded in carrying off 2,000 head.

“The next morning, as soon as daylight enabled them to discern objects, a party of twenty men followed on the track of the cattle, and retook a part of them, but were unable to continue the pursuit from the jaded condition of their horses. At the very moment of their return to their post in the evening the Kafirs were in the act of attacking the sheep kraal, in which attempt one of them was shot by A. Greyling. That night, which, like the former, was very dark, the guard, consisting of fifty-three men, was placed as before outside the enclosure, with orders that, for better concealment, the men on duty should lie down. During the night the Kafirs came in great force, and were allowed to approach very close, when a destructive fire of slugs was poured amongst them. Many must have been wounded, judging from the traces of blood observed the next morning. Shortly after this they attacked the cattle guard, and were successfully repulsed four times, but on the fifth they succeeded in carrying off part of the herd ; so that out of 2,600 head of cattle they only retained 250. Eight Kafirs were left dead on the spot in these two night attacks, and the arm of another was found among the slain. On the side of the farmers one slave boy, and a bastard named P. Eckstien, were severely wounded.”

From one poor man, named Joseph Bourne, formerly a soldier in H. M. 38th Regiment, and who, almost as by miracle, escaped their hands, though at the expense of living the remnant of his days a pitiable cripple, we have heard the following recital :—

“On the 23rd of December,” says he. “Voudis, alias Kasana, son of the late Dushane, and about 100 men and women, the former armed with assagais, came to my shop, situated on the Tamacha, between the Buffalo and Keiskamma. This chief came into the house and sat down. After sitting a few moments he commanded me to open my boxes ; this was done ; when he said that all the property they contained belonged to him ; then giving a whistle his-

men rushed into the shop, and those who could not get in at the door pulled down part of the wall to obtain ingress. After they had taken away all the property they stripped me naked, in which state Kasana himself forced me to carry part of my property to his kraal, significantly saying he would there dispose of me. On putting down the property I succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the guard which had been sent with me, and escaped into the bush. I heard them soon after seeking for me in the thicket with a number of dogs, on which I slid down a steep rocky precipice into a thick bush, and here I lay concealed while my pursuers passed. During the night, which was very wet, I left my hiding place, and endeavoured to make for the Buffalo River. At daylight in the morning I fell in with a body of 20 Kafirs, armed with assagnis; these seized me, and then, forming a circle, sat down on the ground with me in the midst of them. After some talk and dispute amongst themselves they permitted me to depart. About twelve o'clock that day I met with seven more Kafirs; these also stopped me, and one of them was about to dispatch me with an assagai, when the others said—'Stop, we will beat him to death with our kerries.' They accordingly held me out at arm's length for some time, and I expected every moment to be put to death. After being kept a few minutes in this dreadful suspense, they said they would make me walk through a pond of water adjacent; accordingly they took me to a large pool a short distance off, but when there I refused to go into the water, telling them they might murder me on its bank. After some dispute, the purport of which appeared to be whether they should kill me or leave me to die from the cold and injury I had already endured, they resolved on the latter, and departed, leaving me in a most pitiable and almost helpless condition. At length, summoning up my little remaining strength, I crawled from the spot, and wandered I scarce knew whither: I came, however, at last in sight of the missionary institution of Mount Coke. Here Mr. Dugmore, the missionary, clothed me and gave me every attention, by which my life was saved; though from the exposure naked to inclement weather, and the hardships I endured, I have lost the use of my limbs, and am now compelled to use crutches."

Information now reached town of the murder of several

of the defenceless and unresisting inhabitants. A poor man named Turner was found lying in a house on the Bathurst road with his head nearly severed from his body, besides numerous other wounds in different parts of his person. The corpse of another Englishman named Newman was mutilated in the same savage manner at the farm of Woodlands, on the Kariega, in which neighbourhood every dwelling had been plundered and nearly all destroyed. Their next victim was a respectable farmer near Fort Beaufort, named Blakeway; and the fourth was a Dutch settler named Liebergeld. The latter was proceeding with his wife from the Orange River to Graham's Town; they had proceeded safely till within about seven miles of their destination, when they observed the barbarians pouring down upon them from the adjacent heights. On this they, with their servants, fled to a thicket for concealment, but here the unfortunate man was soon overtaken and murdered; but while thus wreaking their vengeance on this poor man, his wife and servants succeeded in eluding detection, and eventually in finding a shelter at the neighbouring farm of the late Mr. T. C. White.*

The information of these sickening atrocities was, however, somewhat relieved by the first arrival of reinforcements from the neighbouring districts. A small body of Hottentots had arrived from Port Elizabeth, having marched through a country occupied by the enemy in force, but without meeting with any adventure beyond a slight skirmish in the Bushman's River pass, and in which one man was wounded in the arm by a musket ball. From Graaff-Reinet the Civil Commissioner Van Ryneveld, in command of a party of 100 inhabitants of that district, arrived at Graham's Town on the 10th January. This detachment had been particularly active on the route to head quarters. Instead of taking the direct road they had struck off to the eastward, scouring

* Mr. Godlonton always puts down the escape of the women and children to accident, but it is due to the Amaxosa Kafirs to say that all reliable witnesses of this and other Xosa wars, have given these barbarians great credit for not dishonouring women, or killing them and their babes, as the Zulus did in Natal in 1838. But the latter stand higher in the scale of social morality.—D. C. F. M.

in their progress the country along the Kaga, Mankanzana, and Koonap Rivers. All this part of the colony was described as being in the most deplorable condition ;—houses destroyed and pillaged, and the whole country swept of its flocks and herds. In the forest which stretches up the sides, and crowns the summit of the lofty Kaga Berg, several parties of the enemy were discovered, and also a large herd of cattle, which had been secreted by the enemy in a chasm amongst the precipitous crags of the mountain, so difficult of approach that it was found utterly impracticable to dislodge them that night. On the following morning, having obtained a reinforcement, they marched to the same point through the almost impervious and tangled thicket ; and on gaining it found that during the night the enemy had decamped with their booty. The cattle had been placed in a situation so surrounded by perpendicular and rugged masses of rock that the farmers had found it utterly impossible to dislodge them. But the Kafirs, even amid the darkness of night, had succeeded better ; their method under such circumstance is to goad cattle with their assegais, by which means, accompanied by shouting and whistling in a peculiarly shrill and vehement manner, they excite them to such a pitch of desperate frenzy that they will rush forward even upon certain destruction. Thus in this instance a large number of the herd had been forced over the rocky precipices, at the foot of which the poor animals were found lying in a heap, maimed and dead, or dying.

At the moment of these operations at the Kaga the enemy were ravaging the country far in the rear. At the Zuurberg several farms were destroyed and the inhabitants killed. The occurrences which took place in this neighbourhood cannot be stated better than in the artless and affecting narrations given by the surviving sufferers :—

“On the 24th December,” says the widow of Carol Matthys, “I and my husband were at Somerset to receive the Sacrament, when we heard that the Kafirs had entered the colony and committed murder, &c. We returned immediately to the farm, and my husband was called upon by the Field-cornet a few days after to go out on commando. He went to the Field-cornet, but returned the same day, and told us that the neighbours were preparing their houses against fire, in case the Kafirs should come. We remained

quietly on our farm, and heard nothing of them until the 6th of January, when the two sons of L. Van der Linde called, and informed us that their father had left his place some days ago; the young men had returned the preceding day to see if all was undisturbed, had stayed all night in the place, and shot a few birds, but had neither seen nor heard of any Kafirs. Their farm is in a deep ravine, about seven or eight miles from ours; that night they remained with us.

“After supper and family worship, my husband went out as usual, leaving the door open. I was sitting in my bedroom waiting for him, when a pane of glass was smashed in the window, close to me, and immediately a knob-kierrie flew into the bed-room through another pane; turning toward the window, in alarm, I saw a musket pointed through it directly at my breast, but it did not go off. I put the candle out as quickly as possible, and stood a little on one side of the window. There was another candle still burning in the front room, and I saw a Kafir come and light a bundle of straw at it, and apply it to the thatch.

“Proceeding into the front room, I saw my eldest son Charles with his gun. He asked me if he should fire on the Kafirs, I told him not to do so, but to go to prayer, which he did. After this my youngest son, 13 years of age, who was asleep in bed, being roused by the noise, went towards the door, and immediately received an assagai in his right side, and fell into the house. L. Van der Linden took him up and brought him to me in the bed-room. The Kafirs then set the house on fire a second time on the opposite side, and I got part of my property conveyed to the door, ready to be taken out in case the Kafirs should retire, and the house be consumed. While I was in the front room with the children and the two Van der Lindens, a ball was fired in at the door, and lodged in a partition wall, but did not touch anybody. The house was now full of smoke. I desired the two Van der Lindens to take some of my goods outside the house, but they were afraid. Cornelius put his head out at the door to see if the Kafirs were gone, but an assagai was immediately hurled at him, and stuck in the door. Immediately after this the Kafirs set up a hideous noise, and drove all the cattle out of the fold, which was only about 100 yards from the

house. All this time my second son was asleep ; I now awoke him to assist in bringing my property out of the house. It was soon discovered, however, that the fire might probably be extinguished. While they were fetching water for this purpose, I went out to see what was doing, and perceived a man coming towards the house ; it proved to be Samuel Prince, a bastard from Euon, who formerly had lived for some time on our farm, cutting wood, and owed my late husband about 400 dollars. He stated that himself and three Hottentots from Euon, who were out on patrol, had been taken prisoners by the Kafirs in the course of the day. The Kafirs having surrounded them took their arms from them, and asked whether there were any farmers remaining in the Zuurberg, and being told that Carel Matthys was still there, the Kafirs ordered the prisoners to conduct them thither. I asked him if he had seen my husband ? he said 'No.' I then requested him to assist in putting out the fire, which he did. When the fire was extinguished, and the property carried into the house again, as my husband did not make his appearance, my eldest son again enquired of Prince if he had not seen him ; Prince replied that he had seen something lying in the kraal, but did not know what it was. Being informed of this, I questioned him again, and sent the children with him to see what it was ; it proved to be the corpse of their father. They brought him into the house, and then I sent for my mother from an adjoining house, where she and my father were living, both of them helpless from age. My father is 86 years of age, and my mother is 76. They were not further molested than by the noise. When we had washed my husband we found he had received no less than 13 assagai wounds. The following day, with the assistance of my children and the two Van der Lindens, I buried my husband, and sent Jeremias, a baptized Kafir servant, to inform Mr. Hart, of Somerset, what had happened, and to solicit assistance.

"On the 9th of January the Field-cornet, Johan Van der Vyfer, came, with some burghers and a span of oxen, to my assistance. I put a few things into the wagon as quickly as possible, and proceeded towards Brack River, and after we had travelled about four hours my son William died of the wound he had received."

“Cornelis Joh. Engelbrecht was killed under the Zuurberg on the 12th of January ; he was on patrole with eight others, when a body of Kafirs came unexpectedly upon them about sunset ; (he was riding an English mare which knocked up). Seeing the enemy advancing in great numbers, his companions made off, and suffered the Kafirs to surround him ; and though he called to them for help, and implored them not to leave him, yet they went on. Engelbrecht, after receiving an assagai in his leg, which he pulled out with his own hands, dismounted, and tried to lead his horse but it would not move ; he then strove to escape on foot, but while running received another assagai in the back of the loins, and fell, and the Kafirs dispatched him with 14 assagai wounds, and took his horse, saddle, bridle, and his gun, &c. He was not quite twenty-two years of age, and has left a widow and one young child.

“On the occasion referred to, the patrole of eight men had divided themselves into two parties, and had also left a party of four men to protect P. R. Botha's house, where they were stationed ; the Kafirs were apparently making an attempt to surround them, and cut off their retreat to the house in question, and at the same time another party of Kafirs surrounded the house and set fire to it ; of the four burghers left in charge three got away, and one of the name of Nienkerk remained alone, until he found the house beset with Kafirs all round and in flames above his head. When he came to the front door and reconnoitred he found it beset, and when he tried the back door it was the same ; he therefore returned to the front door, and setting it slightly ajar, stood inside with his gun cocked, ready to shoot the first person who should attempt to murder him. In this predicament he stood until the burning roof fell in about his ears, when the wind blew the smoke in such dense masses out at the door that he passed in the cloud quite through the Kafirs unperceived, and got into the jungle, where he remained all night. Early next morning he re-visited the smoking ruins, and sought among the ashes until he found his bridle, bit, &c. ; he then proceeded on foot to join the rest of the party at Brak River, and when he told them the story of his extraordinary escape they could not believe it, or that he had re-visited the ruins, until he took off his hat and produced the bit of his bridle.”

At Mooimeisjes Fontein, about twenty miles to the S.E. of this, a large party of farmers had assembled, resolved to make a determined stand against the invaders. Their wagons were drawn around the buildings, so as to form a strong barricade, and sentries were posted at night outside of these. In spite, however, of every precaution the enemy succeeded in capturing their cattle; and continued to make such determined night attacks upon them that at length, harassed and worn out by incessant watching and fatigue, they were compelled to abandon their position and take shelter at Graham's Town.

While these proceedings were going on at distant points, the military authorities were acting with the greatest energy and activity at head quarters. Colonel Somerset, with a detachment of the Cape Rifles, was likewise so successful as to fall in with and rout a considerable force of the enemy near Roode Draai, sixteen of whom were killed.

It was also resolved to make a diversion in favour of the colonists by a sudden inroad into the enemy's territory, and thus carry the horrors of war to their own doors. This had been suggested some time before, not only by sound policy, but also by that part of the Kafir nation which had maintained its alliance with the colony. Accordingly a force of 400 men, conjointly civilians and military, well mounted, was ordered to make a rapid march into Eno's territory to surprise his kraal, if possible, and from thence to proceed to Tyali's with the same object. The proceedings of this commando are well described by an individual employed on this service, and from whose account we take the following extract:—

“On the morning of the 10th January, by four o'clock we marched off in the direction of Kafirland, our party consisting of seventy-six English, ninety from Uitenhage, and forty of the Cape Corps, the whole under the direction of Major Cox of the 75th Regiment, assisted by Capt. Hallifax. Much speculation was afloat as to what point or object the expedition was directed, until we reached Mr. Driver's farm, distant twelve miles, on the road to Commetjes Drift, on the Fish River; here we were informed that the kraals of Eno and Tyali were our destination. Having breakfasted we moved forwards, and presently saw

a body of about ten Kafirs making their way to the colony, who, on perceiving us, ran off to the bush adjacent. Our journey continued through a country replete with bush, intersected by passes, along which the feet marks of our deadly foe, and the thousands of beasts he had driven before him, were to be seen. We crossed the river about mid-day, and ascended a more pleasant country, but still bushy. Here we discovered the fresh traces of sheep, and obtained permission for twelve men to push forward in hopes of overtaking them, as we only supplied ourselves with biscuit previous to our marching. Our road being steep and narrow, the day was far advanced before we reached the level ground. At length we came up with about a dozen Kafirs, having in their possession about 300 sheep and forty horses, which we re-captured. It was now nearly sunset, and we prepared to dine on Mr. Tomlinson's mutton, which had been taken the day before from Hermanns kraal. Having received orders to proceed onward at eleven o'clock that night, we snatched a short repose, and at the appointed hour all were in readiness. Our march now lay through kloofs and ravines. At length we reached the open plain, and shaped our course direct to Eno's. Not a sound was heard but the tramping of horses' hoofs, and a veil of dark clouds obscured the moon, so that we were in a manner obliged to feel our way. At length the first glimmering of morning appeared, and before the sun had risen we came in view of Eno's kraals, still pushing forward to a central position, and the Chief's own residence. The Kafirs fled to the bushes. Eno himself, it is reported, fled in the disguise of his daughter. The enemy threw some assagnis and fired a few shots, but without effect; about thirty of them fell; they were Eno's Counsellors and picked men, and kept near his person; among them were two of his brothers and a son. The object of the expedition being thus far accomplished, and ourselves and horses requiring rest and refreshment, we saddled off in the midst of this scene of action, while the enemy's spies, stationed on distant eminences, continued to watch our motions. About mid-day we retraced our steps, inclining to Fort Willshire, which place we reached about sunset the same evening (Sunday). Here we hoped to recruit our supplies in all things necessary, as we had

started with only three days' biscuit ; but our mortification was extreme on discovering that the enemy had removed everything edible ; every object bore marks of their savage brutality ; nearly one-fourth of the buildings were destroyed, fire having been applied to the bottoms of the rafters, which giving way brought down the roof ; but this proving a tedious process they appear to have abandoned it. We had, however, the consolation of finding plenty of forage corn for our horses, or our stay here would not have been of any duration from the want of pasture and the density of bush. The morning after our arrival a party of about twenty Kafirs came within pistol shot of the fort, as is believed, for the purpose of plunder. These proved to be Macomo's people, who, in a short parley, demanded what business we had in Macomo's territory ; prudential reasons prevented us from firing upon them, and they sheered off to the bush in time to defeat our plans of circumvention. We resumed our march at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, and at sunrise found ourselves among the mimosa groves of this charming portion of the neutral territory. The lofty Chumie, and its still loftier neighbours, lay before us, and every turn discovered new beauties for our contemplation. About mid-day we rested at Block Drift, on the Chumie River, and about ten miles from the kraal of Tyali. At night we formed a hollow square with our horses, and slept at their heads, to be in readiness for any emergency. At four the following morning we commenced our last march in advance ; the rain continued, and the thick mist which enveloped us seemed well to conceal our movements ; while, notwithstanding the weather and the want of provisions, our people cheerfully pushed forward in hopes of chastising the prime mover in this sanguinary drama. Through a lane of thickly studded mimosas and other ever-greens, we came to an open space, and at this moment, as if by magic, the vapours ascended, and disclosed as fine a nook as ever the imagination formed of fairy-land. Surrounded by huts of greater magnitude, and better construction, than any we had yet seen, that of Tyali's rose superior, and bespoke its master the chief of chiefs. Its interior was ornamented by a double row of pillars of straight smooth wood, carefully selected, which supported

the spherical roof: this being composed of compact materials bid defiance to the rain, and the whole being plastered, conveyed an idea of neatness which we did not expect to find among Kafirs. This spot, so late the scene of activity and clamour, where the great spoliator issued his mandates to his myrmidons, was now become the abode of solitude: its inhabitants had long fled, and it now remained for us to extinguish the last hope that Tyali could have of re-possessing himself of this retreat. Columns of smoke soon indicated that the whole had been fired. We then climbed the Chumie to the New Post, where we joined a party of Hottentots and the Cape Rifles, under Major Burney, amounting to 140 men. The post had been destroyed, and the weather continuing unfavourable, we found no shelter from the cold of those high regions. Here we passed the night of Thursday, but the next day, shortly after sunrise, we descended to the valleys on our return home, where we arrived on the morning of the 18th inst.

“It is but just to observe that if the regularity and discipline which are observable in regular troops were not conspicuous in the body that formed this expedition, yet the alacrity to act, and the submission to obey, were features strongly prominent during the whole of this harassing duty.”

During these operations in the enemy's territory, Col. Somerset was no less usefully employed within the colony. He had been directed to proceed to the Bushman's River, where the enemy had presented himself in considerable force. Here he was to be joined by a burgher force from Graaff-Reinet and George, under the Civil Commissioner Ryneveld and Field-commandant Rademeyer. The Colonel having accordingly taken up a position in the Commadagga, detached patrols in every direction around, and these very soon brought him certain intelligence that a large body of the enemy, both horse and foot, had passed through the Bushman's River Poort; at the extremity of which it had separated, moving in two divisions, one part in the direction of the Zuurberg, and the other towards the neighbourhood of “Vaderlands Wilge Boom.” In the course of the day a smart skirmish took place between his patrols and the enemy, in which the latter lost twelve men, and had 400 head of cattle and 130 horses captured.

On the 15th January the enemy showed himself in some force on the skirts of the bushy ravines which line the banks of the Bushman's River. An attack was immediately commenced by the Colonel, and a smart fire was kept up on both sides for about three hours. At length the enemy was dislodged from his position with the loss of forty killed and several wounded. The colonial force did not consist of more than 100 men, whilst that of the enemy was estimated at from 1,000 to 1,500, of whom about 100 were mounted. In this affair Ensign O'Reilly was severely wounded, a musket ball passing through both thighs.

The day previous to this affair a distressing occurrence took place at Mahony's farm, a spot which has already been referred to as the scene of several fatal disasters. Here an inhabitant, named John Brown, whom the reader will remember as being with Mahony at the time of his murder, had taken up a position with a mounted patrol of twenty-five men, consisting, with the exception of one man, of Hottentots and persons of colour. He had been selected for this duty in consequence of his accurate knowledge of the intricate fastnesses which are met with in that direction; and he had very judiciously established his quarters in a double-storied, flat-roofed building, formerly belonging to the deceased Mahony. Here they were not long before the enemy emerged from the surrounding thicket in considerable force: but soon perceiving that this post could not be carried without inevitably sustaining loss from the muskets of the patrol, the wily natives endeavoured to accomplish by stratagem that which could not be effected by force without incurring such imminent risk. Accordingly they signify their desire to hold a parley with the little garrison; and after some deliberation, an Englishman named Whitaker, who had volunteered to accompany Brown on this service, agreed to venture himself amidst the throng of barbarians. With great intrepidity he, in view of his comrades, approached the savages; who, on finding he was not the commander of the patrol, requested him to return and inform Brown that he must himself receive their communication, and that it could not be made to any other person. This unfortunate man had for many years been intimately acquainted with the Kafirs. Living on the borders of their

country, and being the owner of the Kafir Clay-pits—from whence was obtained the red earth, or ochre, so much in request amongst that people—numerous opportunities had been afforded him of becoming acquainted with their true character,—of appreciating fully their duplicity, their cruelty, and their utter want of honest principle,—and yet, strange to say, he laboured under so much infatuation as to resolve to risk his life, and trust to the tender mercies of the barbarians before him; and that at a moment when, flushed with success, they were revelling in the desolation they had caused and the blood they had spilled. Sallying out, therefore, in company with Whittaker, he approached the savages, who stood ready—like the ravenous beast of the forest—to seize on their defenceless prey. Though within view of the patrol the distance was too great, and the enemy too numerous, to afford the two unfortunate men any assistance. Hence they were seized and forced to a conspicuous height, beyond the range of the musketry at the house; and here, amidst fiendish shouts and vociferations, were both mercilessly butchered. On witnessing this horrid occurrence, two Hottentots succeeded in escaping from the back of the premises, and having gained the forest, they soon arrived at Graham's Town with the fatal intelligence. Major Lowen, at the head of a detachment of the Rifle Corps, immediately proceeded to the scene of this tragic occurrence. Here the bodies were still found lying, covered with innumerable wounds and bruises; the enemy had, however, moved off in the direction of the Kap River, by a route in which it was not possible for cavalry to follow them. After the murder of Brown and Whittaker the command of the patrol had devolved on a Hottentot, formerly a soldier in the Cape Corps, named Piet Lowe. This man had adopted such prudent precautions for the safety of his party, and had shown so much determination at a most critical moment, that, on his return to town, he was promoted by the Chief of the Staff to the rank of Ensign in the newly raised levies.

Fort Adelaide, as already stated, had been established in the heart of the Kat River Settlement, where, for some little time after the commencement of hostilities, the inhabitants had been left unmolested. Previous, however, to the date at which we have now arrived the Kafirs, what—

ever, their former hopes, had abandoned all expectation of coalition with the Hottentots, and had commenced a series of vigorous inroads into the settlement, burning the crops and houses, and sweeping off the cattle in large numbers. These attacks had been met on the part of the colonists with great energy and bravery. In a few instances, several of the inhabitants particularly distinguished themselves; amongst whom may be named a son of the Field-cornet Groepe. He and his uncle were the advanced guard of a herd of cattle, and had off-saddled their horses for refreshment; but the weather being cold, with drizzling rain, they had selected a bushy avenue on account of the shelter. This thicket, however, at that very moment afforded concealment to a party of eighteen Kafirs, and who, at the instant the others were about to proceed, started up and instantly encircled them. The two Groepes, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up their guns, placed themselves back to back, and levelling their pieces, prepared to discharge them on the first assailant. The enemy recoiled for a moment; at length one of them sprang from the circle and instantly stabbed the younger Groepe severely; the assegai entering below the right shoulder blade, and passing out in front under the right nipple. Finding himself wounded he called out "Fire now!" at the same moment discharging his own piece, and bringing down the man in front. With the assegai still sheathed in his body he sprang through the opening thus made, retreating with his face to the enemy, who recoiled whenever he presented his gun, although it was unloaded. In this manner the attack was continued, one part of the Kafirs pursuing the uncle, and the other part—and by far the greater number—the youth. During his retreat he attempted to re-load his gun; but on lifting the powder-horn for this purpose he received an assegai through the left fore arm, which quite disabled him from using it. Another assegai passed through his hat, but this he pulled out, threatening the pursuers with it whenever they approached him. Thus he retreated for the distance of a mile, till, faint with loss of blood, he sank down in an open ravine; but still had sufficient presence of mind to lean his back against an abrupt bank. At this critical moment the other cattle guards came up, upon

seeing whom the enemy speedily retreated. On the arrival of the guards, the assegai was still sheathed in the body of the youth, and they extracted it by grasping the iron end and drawing the entire length of the haft through the breast. The uncle escaped without a single wound ; and the lad, under the care of Dr. Caw, the military staff surgeon at Fort Adelaide, eventually recovered.

At this time, January, 1835, nearly two thousand persons had sought refuge at Graham's Town from the invaders. Many of these were in extreme destitution. But beside this number, the remainder of the population of the surrounding districts was in a still worse condition. Having assembled at certain points for mutual defence, as already described, the people were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, without the means of obtaining an adequate supply of food of any kind. Sickness began to make its inroads upon those thus situated, and it was quite evident that the Government would not, with every disposition to attend to the numerous calls for relief, be able to meet these numerous cases, or afford any effectual assistance to the deep and extensive distress which prevailed in every direction.

The intelligence received from Kafirland at the period at which we have arrived was by no means calculated to relieve the mind from apprehensions respecting the safety of the missionaries beyond the colonial boundary. At the institution of Mount Coke the chief Umkai had shewn an unswerving regard to the British cause ; but his power and influence were comparatively inconsiderable, and it was evident that without aid from the colony he must be overwhelmed by superior numbers. Mr. Dugmore, the missionary, at length resolved upon removing to Wesleyville ; and after his departure the chief directed a guard of four men to occupy the mission house ; but this was of little avail, as the next day the whole village was in flames, and the mission property, consisting of a large mission house, a chapel, a school, schoolmaster's dwelling, and workshop, entirely consumed. The incendiaries in this case were Kafirs of Slambie's tribe, then residing on the Debe, a stream in that neighbourhood. From Hintza's territory the information received was to the effect that the colonial cattle were there in great numbers, but that

the chief having heard of the attack on Eno's kraal, and of the numbers of Kafirs killed in the colony, began to manifest great uneasiness, and an anxiety to make it appear that he was unconnected with the confederacy against the colony; and this although it was well known that besides receiving the stolen cattle, a large force of his people was in the ranks of the invaders.

At the period to which we have now brought our relation, March, 1835, nearly all the cattle on the frontier had been swept off by the enemy. A few thousand head had been driven to Graham's Town for security, and which were depastured under the protection of a strong guard from the civil force in its environs: but these were fast decreasing in number; grass and water became scarce; and the cattle could not, without kraals, be kept together at night. Numbers of them died, others strayed, and were either captured by the enemy or lost; and thus those who had saved their cattle in the first instance were ultimately in nearly as bad a condition as those who had been plundered at the first rush of the invaders.

There being so little temptation for further incursions, the enemy was fast retreating within his own boundary, intent either in preparing for the anticipated struggle, or in securing, by driving into the fastnesses of the interior, the immense booty of which he had possessed himself. At this time Fort Wilshire had been re-occupied by a detachment of the 72nd Regiment and the Mounted Rifles, and on these the Kafirs determined to make an attack; not however, by attempting the Fort, but by cutting off the supplies, an undertaking equally mischievous and far more practicable. Accordingly, a corporal and three privates of the 72nd Regiment, together with two armed Hottentots, having been sent out on duty, as usual, had proceeded about a thousand yards from the Fort when a body of Kafirs, about 300 strong, and partly mounted and armed with guns, rushed down from a neighbouring hill. The guard fired eight or ten shots, but were soon overpowered by numbers and killed. The affair was witnessed by the troops in the Fort, and immediate assistance was afforded, but the enemy succeeded, notwithstanding, in making good their retreat, driving off the sheep which had been in charge of the men whom they had slain. Having so far

succeeded, they assembled in a vaunting manner on the side of a hill in view of the Fort, but were quickly driven from this position by a few shots fired from a nine-pounder. The Fort was extremely weak from the number of men absent on commando, and an effective pursuit was thereby rendered utterly impracticable.

This audacious attack of the enemy was, however, very speedily punished;—and, indeed, at this very moment of time the operations had been commenced which led to the loss on their part of many men, and of a very large number of cattle.

It has been already mentioned that in consequence of Capt. Harries having received certain information that the enemy had occupied the drifts and bushy defiles of the Fish River, he had been induced to make a *détour* by the mouth of the stream, where he had successfully crossed, and from thence over the flat country to Graham's Town. This being communicated at head-quarters, Lieut.-Col. England, 75th Regt., and Major Gregory, 98th Regt., with a detachment of 300 men, were directed to proceed to that neighbourhood, to examine carefully the rugged kloofs on the Committee's and Trompetter's Drifts—at which points the main roads from the colony to the Kafir country cross the Fish River—and report accordingly.

On reaching the river it was found considerably swollen by the heavy rains which had fallen in the upper country. There were no boats or rafts, and the current at such seasons is extremely rapid. The duty, however, on which this force was employed was important, and Col. England determined to cross the river at all hazards. Fortunately this was accomplished with no other mishap than that of several horses and men being swept down the stream; but these were rescued ultimately from their dangerous situation. On reaching the left bank of the river, the troops were halted from ten to two o'clock,—during which interval dogs were heard to bark, and cattle to bellow, to the right of the road, plainly indicating that the enemy had taken up a position in that direction. The force remounted at two and halted again at four o'clock, in consequence of seeing a column of smoke issuing from a large kloof. To this point Lieut. Sutton, 75th Regt., with a party of Hottentots, was ordered.

He returned shortly after, accompanied by several Kafir women and children whom he had captured. The men who were with these women escaped into an immense thicket adjoining, where it was evident the enemy had established themselves in considerable force. These women, on being interrogated, stated that they belonged to Dushanie's tribe; but they were recognized by several Kafir traders present as belonging to Eno. The women were released unhurt. On receiving this information, Col. England immediately arranged his plan of attack, and at six o'clock the next morning the column moved down the kloofs. At this time cattle were seen in the wooded ravines in countless numbers, spread so completely amongst the bushes as to give to the whole the appearance of a living mass; but scarcely any of the enemy allowed themselves to be seen during the advance. It was indeed very evident that they had determined not to expose themselves to the attack of our force; and, in furtherance of this, the difficulties and general features of the country afforded them every advantage. The column, however, succeeded in capturing a considerable number of cattle, with which they returned to their position; a small body of the enemy keeping up a fire upon the rear guard, but at too great a distance to be effective. The next evening the troops again marched, but to a different part of the kloof occupied by the enemy. At sun-rise an attack was commenced on our part; but the Kafirs still refused to show themselves, and the position chosen by them was of that character, that it was impossible for the small force employed to bring them to action. A desultory fire was kept up on both sides for some time, in the course of which we had one Hottentot killed and another wounded. The result of this day's operations was several of the enemy's huts destroyed, and the capture of 135 cattle.

To go back to Colonel Smith. When day dawned 12th February, the enemy were perceived in numerous small parties, with great numbers of cattle, which they immediately drove out of their kraals, evidently ignorant of the position of the infantry upon that side; a fire was then opened upon them with a six-pounder and howitzer. The troops under Lieut.-Col. England, Major McLean, and Capt. Hafffax having the guns in the rear of the enemy, pushed forward

up the steep, rugged, and bushy hills, with the wonted vigour and determination of British soldiers; the Hottentot Sharpshooters, both foot and mounted, boldly aided their advance, and skilfully scoured the thicket upon their flanks. As the troops ascended the cattle poured forth from the ravines and passes, the Kafirs bravely using their utmost endeavours to prevent their being driven into the open country above, but being fired upon both front and rear, they soon retreated into their holds and fastnesses.

In this operation the enemy is supposed to have had 100 men killed, and a considerable number wounded. About 2,500 head of the cattle, and large flocks of goats and sheep were captured.

On the 14th the infantry under the command of Major McLean, Capt. Hallifax, and Major Bagot crossed the Fish River at Trompetter's Drift, and inclining to the left, moved much farther to the enemy's right than on the 12th, and at day-break commenced their attack. The cavalry made the passage higher up, at a narrow and rugged pass called Sheffield's pass. A six-pounder, and the force at Committee's Drift, also crossed at that point, and concentrated with the other division somewhat to the right and to the rear of that part of the bush which had not yet been scoured.

After a long night's march the troops moved with much accuracy on the points to which they were ordered, and a six-pounder gave the signal of a general advance. It was soon obvious that the result of the action on the 12th was more decisive than had been supposed, as but few of the enemy were visible; and such was the rapidity of their retreat that they had left a considerable number of their cattle behind them in charge of a few herdsmen, who attempted to retreat with them on our approach.

The troops pursued through deep and bushy ravines, and ascending a ridge of hills scarcely accessible, succeeded in capturing about 1,200 head of cattle, and two large flocks of goats. Upwards of thirty women and children of Dushani's tribe also fell into our hands. Several of the enemy were killed and wounded in this affair.

While the struggle was going on in the kloofs and rugged banks of the Fish River, Col. Somerset was no less

actively engaged on the heights in rear of the position ; of which a good detail is given by the writer from whom we have already quoted : " At daylight," says he, " parties from our division moved off to the head of the Fish River-kloof ; at six, the sound of firing of great guns indicated the attack had commenced by the advancing columns up the kloofs, and our division marched (a strong party being left in position) to the westward, along a tongue of land that enabled them to bring the Artillery to bear with good effect on the enemy in the bush ; while the troops, except those detained for covering the gun, were detached into the bush, to attack and dislodge the enemy. The attack was briskly performed, and continued for three or four hours, during which the enemy, notwithstanding a most determined resistance, was driven from position to position until they fled, leaving their cattle to be brought out by the victors. This was effected on our side without any loss, but the enemy sustained much both in lives and cattle ; 750, chiefly milch cows and calves, fell to our lot. The centre division, under Col. Smith, had a more arduous contest, the enemy being stronger, though with a severe loss in killed and wounded, chiefly from guns. This was a most fatiguing day for the troops, all up hill and bush work. When collected together we changed our position a little to the Guanga, for the benefit of water and shelter from a cold and strong wind then blowing. Pato and Kama came to the reserve while the attack was going on : they had with them about 30 mounted men with guns, and about 400 others armed with assegais. They sat all the time of the attack, only uttering a slight exclamation when they heard the report of the distant cannonade. They remained with us all night, during which Col. Somerset went over to the camp of the Commander of the Forces."

Our loss amounted to twelve killed, of whom eleven were either Europeans, or of European lineage ; and the same number wounded (5).

Amongst the former were two volunteers, named Goodwin and Bland. The first an enterprising, brave young man from Beaufort, who had only arrived as the troops were about to take the field, and who had joined them with enthusiasm. In an attack on the enemy in the

bottom of a deep and tangled thicket, he and Bland, and one or two others, had pushed forward in advance of their companions, until they suddenly found themselves surrounded by the enemy. Goodwin prepared to defend himself with intrepidity, when a shot struck his gun, and knocked off the stock; and he and Bland almost immediately after fell into the hands of the savages, and, though unresisting, were despatched by them. Bland left a widow and several young children to deplore the loss of a husband and parent.

Amongst the killed four men of the 72nd Regt. unfortunately fell by the fire of their own comrades. It appears that a detachment of this regiment had been placed in position for the night, and were lying under arms in momentary expectation of an attack by the enemy. During the night one man, either from hearing a noise in the bush, or from the working of the imagination whilst half asleep, suddenly became alarmed, called out "Kafirs!" and instantly fired his piece. The consequence was that general consternation for the moment seized the men near him; their muskets were discharged, and with the fatal result above mentioned. We have not heard the name of the man who caused this commotion; but if he be a *young* soldier, the circumstance may be easily accounted for. This fine body of men had just arrived on the frontier, and the scene in which they found themselves so suddenly placed was calculated to have a powerful effect on the imagination. None can form any conception of a night bivouac in the kloofs of the Fish River but those who have actually been in such a situation. The gloomy and profound thickets—the rugged and frowning precipices—and the lofty heights which bound the view on every hand,—the natural gloom, heightened by the shadows of night, and that restless watchfulness which must necessarily be induced from a knowledge that a treacherous cruel enemy was lurking around, watching for an opportunity to spring upon his victim;—all these circumstances in combination are sufficiently powerful to account for the fatal accident described, without attaching undue blame to him by whom it was inadvertently caused.

Another incident which occurred during this commando is worthy of being recorded. Col. Smith, Major Cox, and

several other officers, had assembled one evening round their night fires, when some of the enemy's marksmen stole quietly under cover of the thicket, to within a very short distance of the spot, and fired upon the party; the balls whistled past their heads, but fortunately missed them. A detachment on the spot was instantly formed into line, and rushed to the point whence the firing had proceeded, but the enemy had retired into the intricate bush, and every attempt to discover them was fruitless.

Immediately before the troops commenced their march homeward from the Fish River Bush two deserters from the enemy, armed with firelocks, came into the camp. One of them was a Bechuana who had formerly been in the employ of a shopkeeper at Graham's Town, and the other was a Bastard Hottentot who likewise belonged to the colony. These men stated that they had been forced to join the enemy after having been taken prisoners at the attack on Mr. Howse's farm, and had not till that time been able to effect their escape.

A shocking instance of the ferocity of the invading savages was exhibited in the case of Corporal Robinson, of the 75th Regt., who was among the slain. His comrades had consigned his remains to the earth; but the spot had been afterwards discovered by the savages—the body torn from the grave; and it was found with the head greatly disfigured, apparently by beating it either with bludgeons or stones.

We have detailed these operations at some length, it being the first general engagement between the opposing forces, and, as it will give a correct idea of the character of this warfare, and of the difficulties presented by the country to the movements of European troops. If these points are considered in connection with the due concentration of the troops at the time calculated, although the extremities of the ground occupied comprised a distance of about fifty miles; the rapidity of the movements, and the boldness, energy, and perseverance with which they were executed;—it will readily be conceded that the plan of operation, and also its successful result, are alike honorable to those engaged, and important to the country (6).

At the Kat River the enemy attacked the colonial force with much determination, and were as bravely repulsed at

every point. The most strenuous effort were made to capture the cattle ; but in spite of all their attempts the people of the settlement succeeded ultimately in saving the whole of them. In the various skirmishes sixty-seven Kafirs were killed in the course of the day, besides many wounded. The loss on our side was two killed, and one man and a woman severely wounded.

During the engagement the Field-commandant Van Wyk arrived at the settlement with a small party of men, and finding that a determined attack was making on it he returned to his encampment at the close of the day, and before day-light the following morning appeared with a reinforcement of 240 mounted burghers ; but the enemy had retired, having been defeated in all his attacks. This force was, however, dispatched forward immediately for the purpose, if possible, of intercepting him ; and hence it was to proceed in a certain direction, with a view of gaining unperceived a place of concealment ; towards which point all the cattle of the settlement were driven under the protection of a strong mounted force. It was hoped that he Kafirs would be lured by this stratagem to attempt the capture of the cattle, and thus fall into the hands of the force which had just placed themselves in position in their rear ; but this expectation was not realised, as the enemy did not make any further demonstration than by his night fires, which were seen in so many different directions as to lead to the opinion that there were large bodies of Kafirs around the British force. On the night after this engagement, before the moon rose, an attempt was made by the enemy to break into one of the kraals ; several shots were fired, and the assailants were driven back with the loss of one man who was shot dead. An attack was also made by the Kafirs the same day upon fourteen wagons which were on their way from Fort Beaufort to the settlement for barley. The enemy attempted to surround them, but a brisk fire was kept up by the escort, which was distinctly heard at the camp, whence a party of mounted men galloped forward and by whose assistance, the whole succeeded in reaching their place of destination in safety. On all these occasions the conduct of the officers and men of the Beaufort Levy, under Major Blakeway, and of the Kat River force, under the Field-cornet Groepe, was spoken of in the highest terms for their gallant exertions (7).

With the reinforcements which arrived at this period, was the Field-commandant Linde. He had marched with his burghers from Swellendam ; and although in consequence of his great age, near 80 years, permission had been given him to retire from the active duties of the field and remain at home, yet he declined to avail himself of the indulgence. His venerable appearance, his zeal and activity, and his anxiety to meet and repel the barbarian invaders of the country, were the theme of general remark on his arrival at head-quarters.

It is but justice also to state that in several other instances the conduct of the Dutch-African colonists was beyond all praise. Several of the most gallant affairs which took place during the war were those in which the Dutch farmers particularly distinguished themselves. It is as pleasing as it is just to accord this meed of praise. Much has been done to excite between the English and Dutch inhabitants a suspicious jealousy, but we are happy to say that late events have discovered the injustice of the attempt ; and it may be confidently expected that the only rivalry between them in future will be a generous emulation as to who shall most efficiently advance the true interests of this land of their joint adoption.

We have already noticed the gallant conduct of the Ferreiras, the Winterberg farmers, and those of Oliphant's Hoek ; and we have now to record another affair which, for gallantry, is fully equal to any recorded during this unsettled period. On the 6th March a patrol of farmers under Field-cornet Nel, employed in the ceded territory, came upon the spoor of Kafirs leading into the colony by Committy's Bush, and from the beaten appearance of their track it was estimated that their numbers could not be far short of 3,000. The next day Capt. Jervis, 72nd Regiment, joined the Field-cornet, and, with a strong party of burghers, proceeded in search of the enemy. A party was sent forward at the same time to Field-commandant Rademeyer, requesting that he would send them a reinforcement. In the direction of Committy's Drift the smoke of several fires was observed, and parties of Kafirs were seen on the clear spaces on the top of the hills. These were charged at full speed with the intention of cutting them off from the bush. but they succeeded in gaining it.