

camp was formed. Each of the two great chiefs of Kaffraria had a resident Commissioner residing at their great kraal ; thus Mr. Charles Brownlee (latterly, 1879, Secretary for Native Affairs for the Cape Colony) resided with Sandilli at Burn's Hill, near Fort Cox ; whilst Colonel Maclean (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Natal) was Umhala's, residing at Fort Murray. Sandilli's tribes were called the Gaikas by the Colonists, but Amangqika by the Kafirs.

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

It may not, perhaps, be right for me to criticise these measures (says the General), but Sir Harry made a great mistake in this decision, and Mr. Brownlee, who was his adviser, ought to have known better. He was the son of a missionary, and had grown up amongst the Kafirs. He should therefore have been aware that the feeling of loyalty to their hereditary chiefs and the clanship of the Kafirs are quite as strong as those of the Scottish Highlanders to their chieftains. However, the error once committed, troops were ordered to march into the Amatolo Mountains, with a view to capture or take Sandilli prisoner. It was the old story of putting salt on a bird's tail, and the same results were about to take place. One column of troops was despatched from King William's Town to the sources of the Kaboosie River, east of the Amatolo Mountains, with the object of intercepting the chief should he endeavour to escape over the Kei. This column consisted of cavalry (Cape Mounted Rifles) and infantry, under the command of Colonel Eyre, 73rd Regiment.

Another column, consisting of Cape Mounted Rifles, armed Kaffir police, and infantry detachments from several

regiments—in all about seven hundred men—under the command of Colonel Mackinnon, marched from the camp at Fort Cox direct into the Amatolo Mountains, in the direction of the Keiskama Hoek, with the view of taking Sandilli prisoner.

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

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

While we were halted in a comparatively open space for breakfast I saw large masses of Kafirs collecting on all the hills, while only one solitary Kafir came into camp, nominally to offer a basket of milk for sale, but in reality to "spy out the land" and take note of our strength, &c. As chief staff officer with this column, and from having been in, or rather through, the two previous Kafir wars of 1835—1846-7, and from knowing the "nature of the beast," I pointed these hostile indications to my chief, I also told him that a little further on we would have to defile through the Boomah Pass, a most formidable position, where the troops could only pass in single or Indian file, and that the path was intersected by great rocks and boulders that had fallen from the precipice overhanging the footpath. Colonel Mackinnon, I fear was imbued with the idea that the Kafirs did not intend to fight. After a short halt, the troops fell in, and continued the march in the direction of the Keiskama Hoek in the following order—the Kaffir police in front, then the Cape Mounted Rifles, followed by the infantry of the line, consisting of detachments of the 6th, 45th, and 73rd Regiments. There were also pack-horses with spare

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

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

After passing over the far horn or ledge of the precipice the footpath crossed a ravine, and then passed up a bushy slope to the left, and on to a small open plateau. The Kafir police had halted in this open plateau, and a portion of the Cape Mounted Rifles had also reached it, but the rear of the mounted men had scarcely left the pass itself when all at once first one shot, and then a

continuous discharge of musketry, rang from the centre of the pass.

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

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

I remember pressing my forage cap down on to my head, setting my teeth together, bringing my double-barrelled gun to the advance, and pushing my horse down the defile. At this moment three or four of the ammunition horses dashed past me at full speed, bleeding from wounds, and with the pack-saddles turned and under their bellies. They nearly knocked us over, but we pushed on; and as I approached the head of the infantry column we had to run a regular gauntlet of shot from the Kafirs in ambush and behind rocks, waiting for the "red soldiers." Before I quite got to the infantry I saw the heads of five Kafirs behind a rock with their guns pointing at me. I gave the horse the spur and dashed on, and at that moment received a gun-shot wound low down on the outside of the left thigh, the ball passing upwards and out below the right hip. I felt the shock as if struck by a sledge hammer, and my horse even staggered with the blow, but it gave me time to fire at the Kafirs, who were now

exposing themselves. Unfortunately my first shot struck the top of the rock, whence I saw the splinters fly in all directions, but the second one told in the breast of a petty chief. Strange impulsive utterances cannot be restrained under great excitement. As I was shot the Kafir exclaimed, in his own native language, "I have hit him," and I could not resist replying, "I have got it." But to proceed. After I had fired my horse plunged forward, and I very soon met the infantry, who were pushing their way through the rugged path as best they could. The first thing that pulled me up was seeing a friend of mine, Dr. Stewart, Cape Mounted Rifles, leaning against a rock, the blood pouring from his chest, from the loss of which he was very faint. The Kafirs were keeping up a perpetual fire on the troops, which was returned in the most gallant style, but not a sable enemy could be seen in the dense wood from which they fired. At this moment a second ball struck Dr. Stewart in the head, and his brains were spattered all over my face and jacket.

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

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

I managed to sit my horse until I reached the cavalry, but as I approached a knot of dismounted brother officers, I felt so faint that I should have fallen from my horse if I

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

This has taken me some time to tell, but all this time Dr. Fraser was dressing my wounds, that is to say, he was plugging up the holes and adjusting the tourniquet. Before he had finished, however, a man ran up to say that Captain

Catty was badly wounded and dying, so I told the doctor to go at once ; but he soon returned, saying he could not help Catty, and, from indications, he thought nothing could save him. Three balls appeared to have entered his right side and passed into the intestines.

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

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

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

We had now to push on for two or three miles through a comparatively open country to the Keiskama Hoek, where we formed a camp for the night. I say camp ; but as there was nothing but soldiers without tents, it was a

queer sort of camp. What we did was to form a square, with the soldiers lying down with their muskets facing outwards. The doctor then attended to the wounded. My mode of conveyance from where I was lifted from my horse to the camp was far from a pleasant one. It was in this wise : a man got me by each arm, with his elbow well into my armpits ; my face was towards the ground, every now and then scratching over mimosa bush, brambles, and long grass ; whilst a third man was between my legs, well up into the fork, with one of my thighs tucked under each of his arms. I don't wish my worst enemy to be in the same position.

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

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

sister of Sandilli's chief councillor her entreaties were listened to. This woman was also the sister of Togo Sogo, the Kafir who was educated at Glasgow, became a missionary, and married a white lady, the daughter of an elder of the Scotch Church.

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

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

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

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

As we approached the bushy neck alluded to, the Kafirs, gaining confidence, were pressing the rear very hard, and the wounded, who were being carried, all fell more to the rear than they should have done. I noticed that some of the young soldiers were getting unsteady, and I remember raising myself in the blanket, putting up my

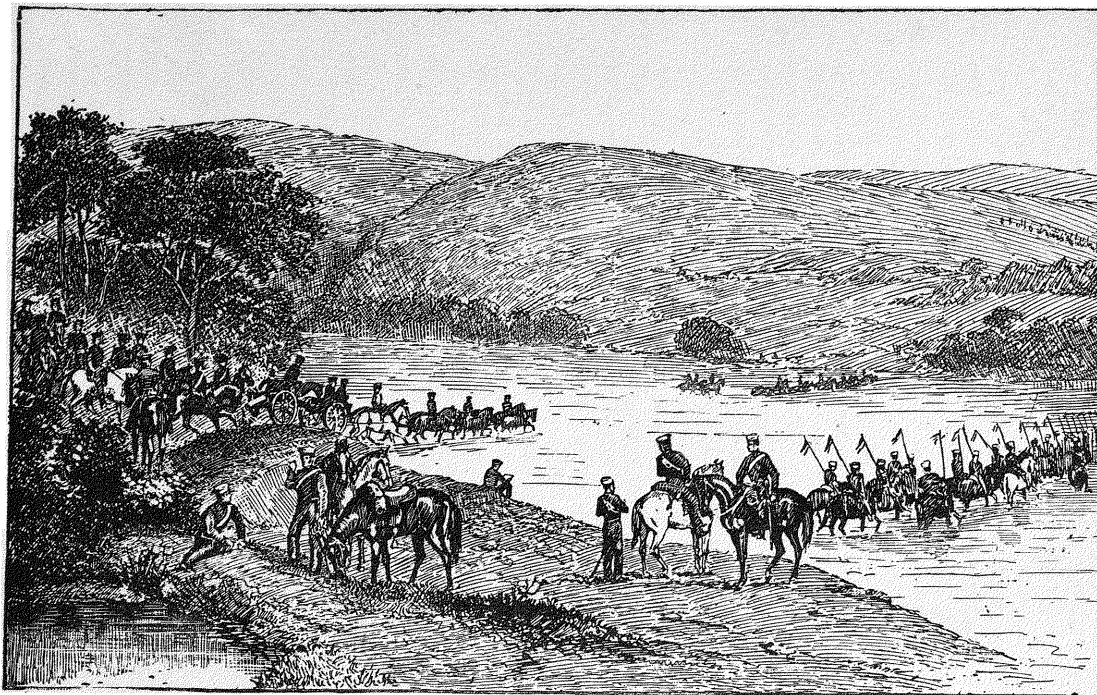
arm, covered with blood, and saying to the men, "By God, soldiers! if you don't fall in and be steady, the Kafirs will rush in and stab you like sheep." It must be borne in mind that these men were chiefly young soldiers; they had but recently arrived in the colony, and most of them had never been under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

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

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

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

For months no tidings could be obtained as to what had befallen the party, but at last, it becoming known that the chief Makomo had got possession of Bailie's Bible (which he always carried about with him), he was bribed for a consideration to part with it; and on the fly-leaf was found written a statement that he was then surrounded and his ammunition failing.



Murray & St. Leger.

SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY, 1851.

Cape Town.

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

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

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

her diabolical charm stick, and sprinkle the brains in all directions, making her incantations all the time, to turn the soldiers' bullets into water, and to make her own people invisible to the foe.

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

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

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

It was nothing but Mansergh's cool bravery that saved the post from being taken. There was not one man to each opening between the huts; but a small "handful" of

men was placed in each of the two bastions, with orders not to fire on the advancing columns until they got the word from Mansergh himself, who was stationed in the lower bastion.

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

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

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

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

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

Fraser heard what he thought a sort of rattle in my throat and started up. I appeared more to feel than see all this. He rushed to my bed, felt my pulse, and looked scared; ran to his little kit, and brought back a small round looking-glass, and held it to my mouth, dropped it, and rushed for a little vial, from which he poured drops down my throat, and I soon became more conscious.

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

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

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

We felt deeply for these ladies. One of them was a most charming person, the beautiful and highly educated

daughter of one of the oldest and most respected missionaries of Kafirland, and had not long been married.

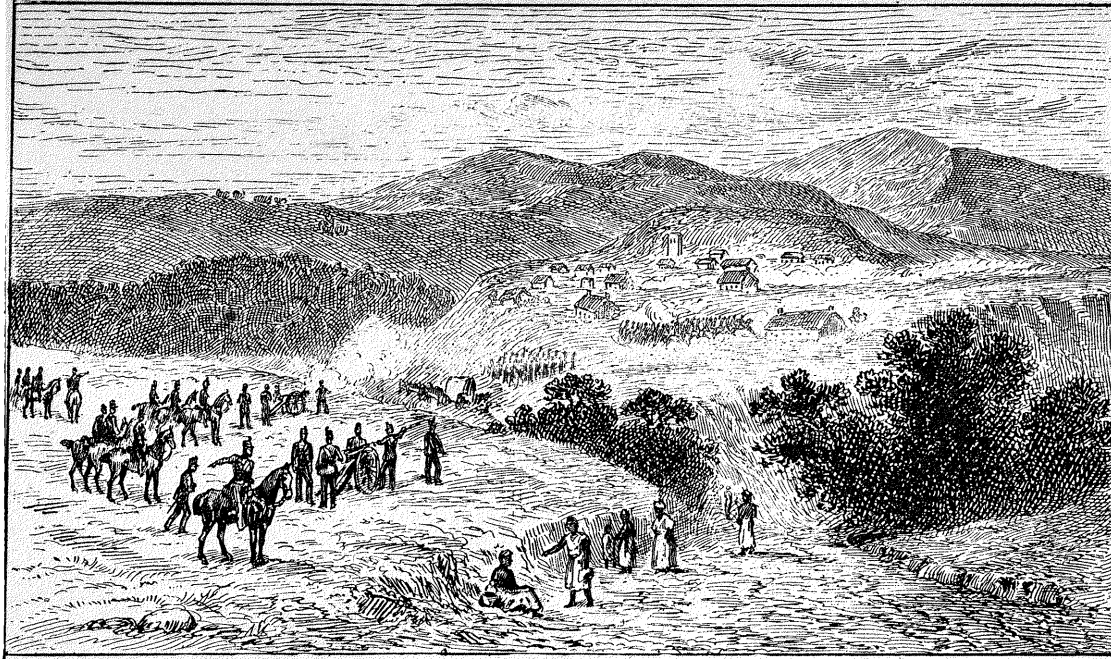
From day to day the post was surrounded by the enemy, and we were told each night that the attack would be renewed next day; but they must have had enough of coming to close quarters, for they never repeated the experiment.

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

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

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

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



Murray & St. Leger.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT ARMSTRONG, KAFFIR LAND, FEBRUARY 22, 1861.

Cape Town.

Neck, and had no diverge from the road and pass over this wonderful Kometje Flat at a great pace, so that any litter might have been dropped, or I must have been jolted out of it, for no two horsemen could by any chance have been on the same level at the same time.

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



CHAPTER X.

THE WRECK OF THE BIRKENHEAD, ON THE 26TH OF FEBRUARY, 1852.

THIS event was of National, as well of Colonial interest. The above vessel was conveying detachments from several of our regiments to the seat of war, under Lieut-Col. Alexander Seton, of the 74th Highlanders, who had succeeded the late Colonel Fordyce, when she suddenly struck upon a rock near Point Danger, a little way to the east of the Cape Hangklip. The shock was so tremendous that the iron plates of the ship's bottom gave way; the cabin was quickly filled with water, and it was evident that in a few minutes more the vessel would be engulfed among the breakers. It was as yet only two o'clock in the morning, with no light but that of the stars; but in an instant the deck was crowded with the alarmed passengers, and while death was imminent only two of the ship's boats were available for service. To rush into them at the risk of swamping them would have been the impulse of the selfish; to fling themselves into the sea, in the hope of reaching the shore, but only to sink each other by their overcrowding, or perish in the breakers and by the sharks that were on the alert, would have been the headlong attempt even of the bravest. But nothing of the kind in either way was done, and never was the power of military discipline, or the worth of fearless, unflinching courage, or the moral grandeur of self-sacrificing devotedness more conspicuously displayed than in this moment of terrible trial. At the word of Colonel Seton the soldiers drew up upon the reeling and loosening deck as if they had been on parade; they obeyed his orders as calmly as if they had been executing the usual movements of the drill. The brave, humane heart of the Colonel was directed to the safety of those who could least help themselves, and whose fate would otherwise have been certain—to the

women, the children, and sick on board ; and they were carefully conveyed into the boats, which in the first instance were given up for their especial service ; and by this arrangement all the helpless were saved, without a single exception.

And now only the strong and vigorous began to look to their own safety, after they had so nobly discharged their duty to others ; and while several of them betook themselves to swimming, or committed themselves to pieces of floating timber, the vessel parted amidships and went down with the greater part of the officers and soldiers, with whom self-preservation had been only the latest subject of anxiety. In this fatal catastrophe 357 officers and soldiers and sixty seamen perished, while nearly 200 lives were saved, and this too in a crisis where, but for these arrangements, and the fidelity with which they were executed, nearly all might have been lost. These soldiers also, be it observed, were not veterans, but for the most part young recruits who had never been under fire ; and yet they calmly stood in a breach more dismaying than that of Badajoz or St. Sebastian, and saw the boats, their last hope of safety, depart from them without a murmur. But what shall we say of the controlling might of that noble leader who directed their movements, and whom even to the death they were proud to obey ? It was his last as well as his first field of action, if such it might be termed ; but the event which bereaved the service of such an officer showed how much it had lost, and what a name he might have achieved for himself in the annals of modern warfare. The catastrophe of the *Birkenhead* was a unique specimen of heroism, in which the coolest courage and intrepid daring were combined with the purest humanity and disinterestedness, and as such it roused the emulation of our soldiers, and was the parent of similar achievements in the subsequent campaigns of the Crimea and India. A mural tablet, erected by Government at Chelsea Hospital, records the event and the names of the sufferers.

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
 Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock ;
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
 The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
 From underneath her keel

Confusion spread ; for, though the coast seemed near,
 Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink,
 The boats could not hold ?—not all—and it was clear
 She was about to sink.

" Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
 Cried one, " ere yet yon sea the bark devours "
 The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
 No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
 For such loose babblers, and made no reply ;
 Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
 Formed us in line—to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
 By shameful strength unhonoured life to seek ;
 Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
 To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go.
 The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
 Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low
 Still under steadfast men.

What followed why recall ? The brave who died,
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
 They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
 As others under turf.



CHAPTER XI.

BASUTO BATTLES (FROM THE BASUTOLAND RECORDS.)

IN 1833 the French Missionaries Thomas Arbousset, S. Casalis and C. Gosselin first penetrated into the country of the Basutos. The Amahlubi (the tribe of Langalibalele, son of Umtu'mkulu) then claimed Moshesh as chief.

At the close of 1833 the Chief Moroko, C. Baatje, Jan Kaptein (to whom succeeded Gert Taaibosch) and Barend Barends (successor Peter Davies) emigrated from Boodchap and Platberg on the Vaal River and directed their steps towards the country of the Basutos. They were accompanied by their teachers, the Revds. J. Archbell, Thos. Jenkins, J. Edwards, J. Allison and Thos. Sephton.

In 1836 Sikonyela, a Mantate or Makatese Chief, attacked a kraal of Moshesh, but the latter returned good for evil.

In 1834 Moshesh made over to Archbell and Edwards a strip of land near the Caledon River. The deed I see was witnessed by three Boers—Jacob Van Wyk, Han de Vriez and Gert de Vriez—showing that the emigrant Boers were then beginning to encroach upon Moshesh, which movement resulted in the subsequent Basuto Wars. In 1834 Matebeles were killing Bastards, and Missionaries complaining to Colesberg Civil Commissioner about Boers forcibly carrying off Bushmen (children) from kraals on their stations.

September, 1837, Morosi visits Governor at Graham's Town, introduced by Moshesh.

November, 1839. Moshesh complains to Government that Boers shot Bastards delivered to them by his sons, thus involving him with Bastards.

April, 1841. Deserter from the 72nd Highlanders built house &c., for Moshesh—allowed by authorities at request of Moshesh to stay, and he subsequently received his discharge.

September, 1844. Mr. Shepstone, Wesleyan Minister, issues notice from Kamastone that no purchase of Kama's land (given him by Moshesh) can be valid.

In 1820 the Zulu chief Matiwana (this is related by

Moshesh, May 1845) dreading the ambition of Chaka, threw off his allegiance to him and directed his steps to our country with large forces. He met on the way the tribe of Fingos and drove them before him. This latter in its flight fell upon the Makatese (Butlokaas) and dislodged them. The Makatese, in their turn, attacked us most fiercely. Those three strange nations arrived almost simultaneously in our country, and then followed a series of bloody wars, and horrible massacres, which it would be too long to narrate to you. Suffice it to say that the misery produced by the invaders was such as to create cannibalism in our country. I left my birth-place and settled on the top of Thaba Bosigo, where I now am. The Griqua Bergenaars now attacked me, and for the first time we saw horses and firearms.

Sir Harry Smith writing from the Great Tugela river to Earl Grey in February, 1848, says, regarding the Emigrant Boers, "Modern History, as far as I am aware, presents no parallel of thousands of a nation exiling themselves from the precincts even of the capital with their families, their herds and their flocks, and their property of every description, abandoning at once the interests of the land of their nationality and that of their forefathers, and planting themselves on a doubtful tenure in a country possessed by barbarians. The latter at first readily received them, taking cattle in exchange for land, and letting it to them on nominal rather than actual leases. The occupants became subsequently overbearing, and spread themselves out without permission, and hence arose the contentions which ended in a species of warfare in which the British Government in 1845 deemed it essential and just by force of arms to interfere."

Regarding the battle of Boomplaats, Sir Harry writes, Sept. 2, 1848, to Moshesh from Bloemfontein, "I arrived here this day with H.M.'s Troops for the purpose of suppressing the rebels (Boers) under that vile man Pretorius. They opposed my force at Boomplaats in a very strong position from which I drove them. They have left 49 dead on the field of battle, and their wounded is very great. Twelve of their men were killed by one cannon shot. They have lost many small arms and horses and they are dispersed."

Molitsane in Basutoland having killed Fingoes and taken their cattle, Major Warden determined to attack him, and therefore on the 20th Sept., 1850, sent Capt. Bates (in command of troops at Bloemfontein). "Capt. Bates, with the Cape Corps, headed by Capt. Bramley, here made a pretty charge, which being immediately followed up by six rounds from the guns, created sad dismay among the enemy, and in a few minutes it was seen scampering in all directions. By midday 3,468 head of cattle were captured and fifteen Korannas and Bataung were killed and a good many wounded.

In January, 1851, the Civil Commissioner of Smithfield District directed Charles Smith Halse, JP, to go with some burghers and remove some Tambookies further from the border, as it was suspected that they were giving aid to the Cape Colony Gaikas, &c., at war with H.M.'s troops. During an attempted parley Tambookies opened fire, which was returned by burghers and 12 of the enemy killed—800 head of cattle were taken from them. Frederick Wolmarans was shot dead by enemy and Weeber wounded.

In a subsequent engagement with Tambookies near Morosi's Kraal, nine Englishmen were killed, the Boers, aiding them, falling back in the face of a superior enemy. A few Boers, however, stood, and the party in advance under Mr. Cole, the Magistrate of Burghersdorp, managed to keep the Kafirs at bay until the main body came up.

In April, Major Donovan was attacked by Morosi's people, assisted by Loperi's, Mobali's, and Moshesh's son's people, but were routed and followed some 15 miles, losing 200 men, after however killing six Fingoes and wounding five more before the troops turned out to their assistance.

From Platberg on the 25th June, 1851, Major Warden sent Moshesh a formal and *final* demand for 6,000 head of good cattle and 300 horses for his having aided the old Colony Kafirs against the troops, attacked Moroko, the Baralong Chief, our aliy, and robbed Mr. Shepstone, the Boers, and the Fingoes.

On the 4th July, 1851, Major Donovan of the Cape Corps reports to Lieut-Col Cloete that the Basutos attacked Sikonyela, who was crossing the country under an escort; the Major then chased the enemy into a mountain which his force, covered by a gun, ascended and drove the enemy

before them, capturing an immense number of cattle. Unfortunately a body of Barolongs who remained on the mountain were surrounded by a large body of Basutos and 138 of them killed. Many more would have fallen if the Boer aid had not made a gallant stand. A 6-pounder gun well horsed and supported by a detachment of the Cape Corps under Ensign Somerset, and a party of Boers under Mr. A. Erwe, were hard pressed by the enemy for many hours and escaped with difficulty. The Basutos having joined the Bataung and Korannas, under Gert Lynx. Major Warden put down his enemies at 10,000 men.

The memorial of the French Missionaries of Paris Society to the British authorities gives a very good account of what may be called the battle of Mekuatleng as it was fought near that place. It says :

On the 30th June, 1851, at daybreak, a considerable force composed of Barolongs under the chief Moroko ; of Korannas acknowledging Gert Taaibosch as headman ; of various other native allies ; a body of Boers, also of Cape Mounted Rifles ; and a company of English soldiers with two pieces of artillery, made a simultaneous attack on the Bataung under the chief Molitsane and of the Baramokheli subjects of Moshesh near the station of Mekuatleng. The Baramokheli were at first worsted, and all their cattle fell into the hands of the Barolongs and the Korannas. But very soon after a large body of warriors, headed by the eldest son of Moshesh (Letsie) made their appearance, retook the cattle, and cut in pieces a body of Barolongs and Korannas who offered resistance. This part of the battle was fought on an extensive flat-topped mountain which is edged with perpendicular rocks. The Basutos, after having thus killed a great number of their opponents on the flat above, drove the rest to near the brink of the precipice. There a desperate struggle took place, and the assegai, the battle axe, and the gun, making incessant execution among the Barolongs and Korannas, who fought bravely. Those of them who did not fall by those weapons were hurled down on the awful crags below ! At the same moment the British Artillery, supported by Cape Mounted Rifles and a large body of natives, was repulsed by Molitsane and driven back towards the camp of Major Warden in great confusion. The following

morning the British Resident began his retreat towards Thaba Nchu. A respectable Englishman residing on the station undertook the painful task of visiting the battle-field to see if there were any wounded to whom he could render assistance. He counted on the spot where the Basutos had fought 147 corpses belonging to their opponents. Some parts of the precipices, beneath which dead bodies lay scattered, he could not inspect. Besides these, several Barolongs were killed on the part of the field where Molitsane and his Bataung fought. The loss of the resisting party was comparatively trifling, amounting at most to sixteen killed.

In glancing over the records of Basutoland I find that on the 3rd of August, 1851, the then Secretary to Government, Donald Moodie (father of the present writer) wrote to the British Resident in Basutoland in answer to an appeal for help in the war against the Basuto and Bataung tribes, that the Natal Government had decided to send two companies of the 45th Regt., one officer and twelve Cape Mounted Rifles, and from 400 to 500 natives (under Mr. Ringler Thompson) to join H. M. Forces engaged in the then "Sovereignty."

Many interesting scraps are to be come across in the records mentioned. They contain *inter alia* a lengthy statement of the Chief Molitsane. He says that in about the year 1822-23 political commotion took place among the Zulus then also in Natal, and that, owing to the cruelty of Tshaka, Umzilikazi was obliged to fly. In doing so he passed the Draagsberg Mountain, devastating all before him. Other Zulu chiefs, such as Matiwana (or Pakalita as the Basuto called him) followed his example, and for sustenance, power, &c., fell upon the neighbouring people. The first to suffer from the invasion was Sikonyela's tribe, which was then living on the Eland's River, near Harrismith. This people drove before them the Bamonageng, Basuto and other tribes, so that the whole land was in a state of confusion and desolation. It was at this time (1823) that the friend and ally of Molitsane, Sebetwana, who afterwards took up his residence at Lake Ngami, was also subverting the interior of the continent. It was the dreadful Umziligazi who forced Sebetwane to go towards the Lake, and at the same time Molitsane to retreat to the

Vaal River, from whence he made several successful incursions against Umziligazi, who sent his frightful legions against the Bataung and made fearful and awful havoc among them.

Here appear also some interesting notes compiled by request of Sir George Cathcart, and Assistant Commandant-General Green, on the Orange River Sovereignty. He says that about twenty-five years ago (1827), Matiwana, a powerful chief who claimed all the Winburg District, attacked the Chief Sikonyela, who had a kraal near the site of Harrismith, and drove him southwards. In flying from Matiwana, Sikonyela fell upon the Basuto Chief Moshesh, whom he forced across the Caledon River where the latter remained, fixing his kraal upon a very strong hill now called Thaba Bosigo. This hill then belonged to a Fingo Chief called Nonè, whom Moshesh butchered at a beer drinking party to which he had invited him.

In November, 1852, Sir George Cathcart—the Lieut.-General the Hon. G. Cathcart—finding that Moshesh was not amenable to reason as to the settlement of several tribal questions, determined to move against him. Col. A. J. Cloete, then Quarter-Master-General, furnishes a “memorandum of movement” from head-quarters at Graham’s Town.

1. Force of two guns, 500 Cavalry, and 2,000 Infantry will assemble at Burghersdorp, on the 20th inst. (November), for the purpose of marching into the Orange River Territory.

2. This force will be composed of a column under Lieut.-Col. Eyre, 73rd Regiment, to consist of a Rocket Detachment, two squadrons 12th Lancers, 2nd Regiment, 43rd Regiment, 73rd Regiment, Detachment Cape Mounted Rifles, a caoutchouc pontoon with detachment of Sappers and Miners. This column to march to Fort Hare on the 11th inst. A column under Lieut.-Col. McDuff, 74th Regiment, to consist of two guns Royal Artillery, 74th Highlanders. Detachment Cape Mounted Rifles, to march from Fort Beaufort on the 11th inst. A Cavalry detachment Cape Mounted Rifles, 100 to march from Graham’s Town on the 16th inst., *via* Cradock.

Head-quarters from Graham’s Town on 16th inst., *via* Fort Beaufort, with 100 Cavalry and 500 Infantry.

The Commandant-General to have his magazines formed and to provide the necessary transport according to scale established by His Excellency for troops moving in light marching order.

Other officers mentioned in connection with this force are Major Pinckney (73rd), Lieut. Siborne, R.E., Lieut. Stanton, R.E., and Lieut.-Col. Napier in charge of Cavalry.

From Platberg, on the 14th December, 1852, Cathcart writes finally to Moshesh saying that the Basutos are a nation of thieves, and for all their lawlessness they must pay 10,000 head of cattle in ten days' time. He must pay to Sikonye a what he had stolen from him, and Carolus Baatje and his people must return to Platberg, and the boundaries fixed by Sir Harry Smith must be respected.

According to the official report of the proceedings—signed by Col. Cloete—on the 19th of December, 1852, not near the full amount of cattle demanded appearing, His Excellency directed Col. Eyre to move with the cavalry brigade, two horsed guns, and one brigade of Infantry, and encamped at the Upper Caledon wagon drift leading to Molitsane's country.

The following morning (20th) this force, accompanied by His Excellency in person, marched at daylight in three columns. Col. Cloete in his report to Cathcart says:—
“Of the three columns that marched on the 20th inst. from the flying camp at the Caledon River to chastise the Basuto Chief Moshesh I have the honour to report the operations of that which was placed under Your Excellency's more immediate personal observation.

“This force consisted of a detachment of the 12th Lancers under Lieut Gough, a demi-battery 12-pounder howitzers under Capt. Robinson, R.A., two companies 43rd Regiment under Major Phillips, and a detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles under Ensign Rorke. Its object by moving under the western and southern base of the Berea Mountain, the summit of which Col. Eyre's column were to sweep, whilst Col. Napier with the Cavalry would act round its northern and eastern faces, to prevent the escape of cattle from the mountain, and to form a junction with the two columns on the Thaba Bosigo plains.

“The determination of the Basutos to defend their vast

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book

droves of cattle on the Berea Mountain was early indicated by their firing upon Capt. Tylden and myself when approaching the craggy cliffs in which they had posted themselves.

“ On rounding the southern angle of the Berea armed bodies of mounted Basutos were observed formed in patches closely observing our movements, and approaching one of them, advancing in person to give them an opportunity of a parley, was answered by a shot, upon which the Cavalry was ordered to extend and advance, and the enemy retired amongst the rocky ground under the mountain. A couple of rounds of shrapnel having with admirable effect been fired into them they fled and dispersed towards Thaba Bosigo.

The infantry, which had been strengthened by a company of the 43rd Regt. from Col. Eyre's force, under Capt. the Hon. Percy Herbert, were now brought up and the column advanced, crossed the deep mountain stream, Riet Spruit, and were posted on a commanding knoll at the junction of this stream and the Little Caledon River, on the Thaba Bosigo plains, covering the approaches by which Col. Eyre's and Napier's columns were to join.

Whilst in this position the enemy were collecting in fresh patches of horsemen in all directions ; those approaching within distance were driven back. On the clearing away of a thunderstorm and rain the enemy suddenly displayed his whole force. Masses of horsemen were observed to move from the Thaba Bosigo post to turn our right, whilst large bodies of them extended beyond our front. These movements were conducted with the utmost order and regularity.

Lieut.-Col. Eyre's division at this time—five p.m.—in possession of about 1,500 head of cattle which it was necessary to secure, for which purpose some kraals in a commanding position were ordered to be occupied. The enemy, who had mustered not less than 6,000 horsemen, made every effort to assail the troops moving into their bivouac, repeating their attacks both upon our front and rear, but were repulsed in every attempt by the gallantry and steadiness of the troops. Nothing could exceed the soldier-like bearing of the three companies of the 43rd Regt., the cavalry detachment, and the valuable service rendered by the demi-battery under Capt. Robinson, who

by a round of canister silenced the enemy's fire which had been kept up until 8 p.m., when the enemy retired and disappeared from the field, having suffered severely.

The casualties of the portion of the force whose operations I have reported upon this occasion are: Wounded Capt. Wellesley, D.A.A.G., Lieut. the Hon. H. Annesley, 43rd Regt., five privates, four severely and one private of the 43rd slightly.

Report of Lieut. Col. Geo. Napier, Commanding Cavalry Brigade, to Col. Cloete, C.B.K.H., Quarter-Master General, written from the Caledon River camp on the 21st Dec. 1852:—

I have the honour to report to you that in obedience to instructions received from His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, I crossed the Caledon River yesterday at daylight with the force as per margin (233 rank and file). I proceeded along the Valley on the North-East side of the Berea Mountain for the purpose of intercepting any cattle driving in that direction. About 8 o'clock, perceiving a large drove going up a steep cattle path to the top of the mountain, I sent Capt. Munro with a troop of the 12th Lancers in pursuit, whilst I followed in support with the remainder of the forces, giving Capt. Munro strict orders not to fire unless his party was first fired upon.

On reaching the top of the mountain I found it covered with large droves of cattle, and at once commenced securing them, sending Major Tottenham of the 12th Lancers to the left, and Major Somerset, with part of the C.M.R., to the right. Having collected a great number of cattle I commenced driving down the same cattle path I had come up, Major Tottenham, with a troop of Lancers and some C.M.R., as a rear guard.

The enemy up to this time had made little or no resistance, but when the cattle were about half way down the mountain a body of at least 700 mounted men suddenly attacked the rear guard who were forced to retire in order to save themselves from being cut off. I at once sounded the assembly, and collecting as many Lancers and C.M.R. as I could, formed up in support of the rear guard, and kept the enemy to check until they had time to form again, which they did as soon as they got clear of the rocky ground. The enemy then tried to outflank me on both

sides, but the steady front presented by the troops prevented them doing so, and as soon as the Lancers charged on the open ground, they at once fled up the mountain and left us in possession of the cattle.

As I came near the drift of the Caledon I sent word to Capt. Bruce, 74th Highlanders (who had charge of the camp) to send over a company of the 74th to protect the cattle whilst they were crossing. A large body of mounted Kafirs came from behind some rocks on his right, intending to cut off the rear of the cattle, but at once retired on perceiving the 74th, who advanced under Capt. Bruce in skirmishing order and opened fire upon them with their Minie muskets with very good effect.

The conduct of the troops throughout was admirable, and had it not been for the cool and steady behaviour of the officers and men the enemy must have succeeded in recapturing the greater part of the cattle.

Owing to the overpowering force of the enemy and the rugged nature of the ground my casualties have been very severe.

A great number of the enemy were killed and 4,000 head of cattle and fifty-five horses, besides a great many sheep and goats, were captured.

Report of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Eyre, 73rd Regt., Commanding Division, to Col. Cloete, C.B., and K.H. Q.M. General, written from camp, Platberg, 23rd December, 1852 :—

I have the honour to report for the information of His Excellency the Commander of the Forces that I marched at daylight on the 20th inst. from the standing camp on the Caledon with the force as per margin (499 rank and file), and proceeded to carry out my instructions, which had for their general object the capture of cattle and to join the column under the personal direction of His Excellency on the plains of Thaba Bosigo.

Having reached the foot of the Berea Mountain I observed the Basutos drawn up in considerable force, some mounted, others on foot, behind the rocks and stones that crowned the summit, evidently prepared to dispute my passage. A herd of cattle was apparently presented to view as if to entice us on, while by their war shout and gestures they evidently defied us. The ground they occupied was mountainous and rocky and most difficult of

access. On the right I detached the light company of the 73rd under Lieut., Gawler with directions to climb if possible the krantz which commanded the position of the enemy on that side and bringing his right shoulders forward to turn the left flank of the enemy.

To support this movement I directed Lieut. the Hon. L. Curzon to advance with his company of the Rifle Brigade and to ascend the mountain a little on the left of the light company of the 73rd. These two young and promising officers led their companies in the most spirited manner up ground all but inaccessible, though opposed and immediately fired upon by the enemy above. Covering themselves as they advanced they reached the summit with little loss, and drove the enemy before them in good style.

Simultaneously with these movements I moved up with the remainder of my force along the regular but rugged path which seemed to lead into the centre of the enemy's position. The enemy fired and attempted to oppose our progress, until we reached the crest of the heights, when they instantly dispersed and fled in all directions. I immediately pursued them with the few mounted men under Lieut. Goodrich of the J.M.R., and we succeeded in capturing at least 30,000 head of cattle, with many horses having saddles on.

The enemy sustained some loss on this occasion, 38 were killed by the Light Company of the 73rd and the Company of the Rifle Brigade alone, and several were found dead in other parts of the field, and so completely defeated did the enemy appear that some were taken prisoners and made to drive back their own cattle. We found it, however, quite impossible, with so few mounted men to drive on such large numbers, and in the effort to do so many thousands were driven by the few Fingoes attached to my division down the opposite side of the mountain to that which my instructions required me to take. I was, therefore, obliged to abandon them, and content myself with some 1,500, which were all we could manage to drive.

While thus engaged about one o'clock p.m., a number of mounted men from 200 to 300, some with white caps on their heads and bearing lances, which caused us to mistake them for His Excellency's escort, suddenly appeared on our front. Before the mistake could be discovered two or

three of our party fell into the hands of the enemy, and I deeply regret to state that Capt. Faunce, 73rd Regt., D.A.Q.M.G. an officer who has frequently distinguished himself during this war, was of that number.

The enemy's force now rapidly increased until we were opposed to at least 700 or 800 mounted men, who drew up in line in admirable order and attempted several times to attack our front and left flank. As it was necessary to present a front in order to protect our cattle and baggage, I formed three companies in skirmishing order—two in front and one thrown back on our left, keeping one in close order in support. The enemy charged up to us several times within 200 or 300 yards, but daunted by the coolness and steadiness of the men lying down to receive them dared not approach nearer.

As my instructions required me to proceed to Thaba Bosigo I directed the cattle, under charge of a company, to be driven down a path on my right, intending to follow with the remainder of my force, but no sooner was this movement discerned by the enemy than he cheered and again charged us, on which we halted and reformed in skirmishing order and again repelled him. Capt. the Hon. G. Devereux at the same time made some good shots with the rockets, and the result was the total disappearance of the enemy, and we proceeded to descend from the heights without further opposition.

On reaching the plain below I joined the column which accompanied His Excellency, and I therefore need not report further the proceedings of the day, except the movements on the right flank which occurred beyond the reach of His Excellency's observation, and previously to our taking up ground for the night. The enemy appeared at this time, as His Excellency is aware, in great force, showing remarkable boldness and attempting to surround us on all sides. Their numbers I should estimate from 6,000 to 7,000 mounted men. While attacking our front a number of them stole up the krantz on our right, and took possession of the kraal which we finally occupied for the night, from whence they kept up a brisk fire, while another party galloped round and succeeded in getting behind some rocks at the base of the mountain from 200 to 300 yards in our rear.

As it was necessary to drive them from these positions I directed Major Pinckney to move up one Company of the 73rd in extended order with another in support, and attack the enemy on our right flank. Capt. Bewes at the head of the Grenadiers effectually performed this service, and our right flank was thus secured. Lieut. Gawler with the light company charged the enemy in the rear, and drove them from the position they had temporarily occupied. Meanwhile the Rifle Brigade held in skirmishing order the crest of the krantz in our front. Having driven off the enemy on our right and secured a good position on that side, I despatched two companies to our left to reinforce the companies of the 43rd Light Infantry, which under Major Phillips were warmly engaged while escorting the guns up to the position occupied by our right, the enemy at the same time continuing to fire upon us until long after dark.

“Our position was, as His Excellency is aware, most critical, but the coolness and steadiness of the men, though opposed to such an overwhelming superiority of numbers—at the close too of a long and most arduous day, during which we had not been able to halt once for refreshment, was all that a soldier need desire. The loss of the enemy—though impossible to estimate—I am convinced was considerable. Several were taken prisoners and released.”

Letter from the Chief Moshesh to His Excellency the High Commissioner written from Thaba Bosigo, midnight, 20th December, 1852.

“This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you. You have shown your power, you have chastised—let it be enough I pray you, and let me be no longer considered an enemy to the Queen. I will try all I can to keep my people in order in the future.”

Having given the military accounts of the Battle of the Berea, I conclude the account of the engagement by giving a condensed account by a high authority. “Hardly had
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the cattle turned to be driven down the hill towards the drift, when a force of about 700 Basutos and Bataung horsemen under Molapo and the sons of Molitsane, which had hitherto been unobserved, made a sudden charge upon the scattered troops. All would have been lost but for the coolness and bravery of Col. Napier, who collected a little band about him and tried to keep the enemy at bay until the stragglers could rally or escape. The cattle were rushing down the mountain, and Lancers and Riflemen were following them. One small party mistook a ravine behind the Mission Station for the path by which they had ascended and found themselves surrounded by enemies when they reached the bottom.

The little band under the gallant Colonel kept the main Basuto force at a respectful distance, but detached parties of light horsemen pursued the retreating troops. Twenty-seven Lancers and Riflemen were cut off. Several were killed close to the Mission Station. Fortunately intelligence of the disaster was conveyed in time to the camp, and a company of the 74th Highlanders were sent to Col. Napier's assistance, which enabled him to fall back without further loss. He reached the camp with a herd of four thousand head of horned cattle, besides a few horses and some sheep and goats. Only four Basutos fell in this engagement, though when he prepared his report the Colonel was under the impression that a large number had been killed. Eleven Basutos were killed afterwards in charge upon the brigade which Col. Eyre had got together." Mr. Theal, the official and efficient compiler of the records, states that shortly afterwards General Cathcart's little band was in a terrible dilemma, surrounded as they were by dense hordes, well armed with guns and mounted, and having little ponies. They charged over and over again, Nehemiah at the head of them—his horse was shot under him. So vastly outnumbered was the devoted band that only bravery and discipline prevented Isandhlwane being anticipated by a generation.

After a fearful thunderstorm the Basutos came down in denser masses than ever, and though Col. Eyre's column affected a junction with those under the General, there were some more casualties; two officers were shot, one of whom was a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, and six

privates wounded, making the whole day's losses thirty-seven killed and fifteen wounded. The total Basuto loss in warriors was twenty killed and the same number wounded. But this was not all, for several of their women were killed and wounded by the troops in the early part of the day. Whether they were mistaken for men, or whether they were shot down indiscriminately by the soldiers when not under their officers' eyes will never be known. General Cathcart believed the last supposition to be the correct one, and expressed his deep regret on account of it. Capt. Faunce, who I have said was made prisoner earlier, was murdered in revenge by relatives of some of the women killed, and his body afterwards mutilated.



CHAPTER XII.

BOER AND BASUTO BATTLES.

I NOW go on to the 1858 war between the Boers and the Basutos. The cause of the outbreak was again a land squabble and theft of stock by the Basutos, especially by Lebenya and Poshuli, and Jan Letele, but Moshesh (as regards the latter) pointed out that, as Letele had joined the Free State, he had no power to take cattle from him and restore them.

Active hostilities commenced at Beersheba Mission Station on the 23rd of March, 1858. This station had been founded in 1836 by the Rev. Mr. Rolland, who had gathered together a mixed body of natives, with whom he still resided as pastor. Many of these acknowledged the authority of Moshesh. It was considered necessary, before the Free State force entered the Lesuto proper, to guard against the danger of leaving a body of the enemy in their rear, and therefore Mr. Sauer, Landdrost of Smithfield, was directed, with the burghers of his district, to disarm the natives there, and drive out such as would not submit.

Early the next morning the Free State forces, hearing that a body of the enemy were coming from Elandsberg, waylaid them at the Caledon Drift, and the first skirmish of this war took place, in which about twenty natives were killed.

Mr. Sauer having called upon the men of the station to surrender their arms, one of the chiefs, a Morolong named Mooi, complied. Sufficient time having been allowed and the other residents of the place having declined to give up their weapons, fire was opened upon them, and about thirty were killed, and two wounded on the burgher side.

The plan of campaign adopted by the Free State Government was to send two commandos into the Lesuto, one from the north and the other from the south, to meet before Thaba Bosigo, and endeavour to carry that stronghold by storm. By this means it was hoped that the attention

of the Basutos would be taken up with the defence of their villages and cattle, and that the field of operations might be limited to their country.

But in Moshesh the Free State had to deal with one whose early manhood had been passed in war, and who had risen to power by means of military ability, displayed chiefly as a strategist. He had forgotten nothing since the days of Matiwane and Mpangazita, but had learnt much. He sent his cattle into distant and almost inaccessible mountain ravines, and then gave orders to his captains to fight at every point of advantage, but, when close pressed, to fall back and draw the Boer Commandos after them.

Commandant General Hendrik Weber, with the burghers of the southern portion of the State, and Jan Letele's people, marched first to Vechtkop, the head-quarters of Poshuli. On the 28th of March, Nehemiah and Poshuli were met with there, and, after an engagement, retreated, leaving the villages of the latter to their fate. On the following day they were fired, and the commando then proceeded northwards. On the 3rd of April, it was at "The Hell" where in an ambush it lost sixteen men killed and wounded, but had the satisfaction of killing nearly four times as many Basutos, as well as one renegade European, and of capturing a few hundred cattle. From "The Hell" the commando marched against Letsie, but, on consideration, fell back to Jammerberg Drift.

The column formed of the northern burghers of the Free State was in two divisions, under Commandants F. Senekal and W. J. Pretorius. On the 25th of March, Moperi and Molitsane were defeated at Koranneberg by Pretorius. On the 12th, 13th, and 14th of April, at Cathcart's Drift, this column had a series of engagements with the warriors of Molapo, Moperi and Molitsane, who surrounded and threatened to annihilate it with their overwhelming numbers. But by this time it was known that the gunpowder manufactured by the Basuto was incapable of carrying a ball further than a couple of hundred yards or so, so that the difference in number was more than compensated. The column forced its way out of the dense ring of warriors, but not before it had lost seventeen men killed and wounded.

On the 25th of April, 1858, the two columns formed a junction. Three days later Mr. F. Senekal was elected Commandant-General in place of Mr. H. Weber, and an attack was made upon Letsie, who was posted with about 4,000 warriors on the heights close to his village, the Mission Station of Morija. After some skirmishing Letsie gave way and retired to Thaba Bosigo. The commando then took possession of his village, when the burghers were horrified by finding portions of the corpses of some of their friends who had fallen at "The Hell." The Basuto sorcerers had brought these ghastly relics there for the purpose of using them as charms, and had concealed them from other eyes—particularly from those of women—in a laboratory of their own, which was discovered when the Commando entered. Exasperated by this sight, the burghers condemned the village to the same fate as that to which they had devoted the kraals of the robber Poshuli, and spared only the Church and the property of the Missionary Maeder.

There was a deal of discussion about the Boers destroying the property of the Rev. Mr. Arbousset at Morija. But the Volksraad subsequently voted £100 to the Paris Mission Society to make good the damages. From the fact of the rev. gentleman having fled, many Boers believed that he was fighting upon the Basuto side. The property of those who remained was not touched.

From Morija the Free State forces marched to Thaba Bosigo where they arrived on the 6th May. A body of Basuto encountered at the foot of the mountain made a show of resistance, but after skirmishing for four hours, took to flight. At last the burghers had before their eyes the object of their expedition, and they recognised at once the hopelessness of securing it. The frowning precipices of the great citadel, hundreds of feet in height, were beyond the power of man to scale, and the few steep pathways to its summit were fortified in the strongest manner, and defended by a garrison amply provided with munitions of war.

This mountain has been often stormed, but never taken. The terrible, and hitherto unconquered, legions of Umzili-gazi, also stormed it, but warriors shields, plumes, and assegais, were bundled hopelessly down under avalanches of

rocks. After their defeat, Moshesh, in derision, sent them food to eat.

During the fortnight preceding the arrival of the burgher forces before the mountain, various rumours had reached the camp that the Basuto had invaded the Free State and were spreading devastation far and wide. What was at first doubtful was by-and-by confirmed. It was known that on the 14th April, while the northern column was fighting at Cathcart's Drift with one great swarm of natives, a body of Basuto light horsemen had spread over the District of Winburg, and swept off all the stock in its track, and had left nothing behind but smouldering ruins. It was known too that this was only the first of a series of raids in that direction. And now came intelligence that on the 26th of April the district of Caledon River had been pillaged and laid waste in a similar manner. With such tidings in their ears and with an impregnable stronghold before their eyes, there came but one thought to the burghers, that of returning to their families. A council of war was speedily held, and a resolution to break up the commando was adopted. Without an hour's delay it was acted upon, and every man set off for his home as quickly as he could.

President J. N. Boshof appealed for help to the sister republic beyond the Vaal, and had ascertained that the union of the two states *must* precede the granting of assistance, and the Governor of the Cape had proclaimed a strict neutrality. Under these circumstances Mr. Boshof also sought the aid of Sir George Grey, but before that gentleman's offer of mediation reached him, he was obliged to make overtures with Moshesh for a suspension of hostilities. The latter replied haughtily and unsatisfactorily. Eventually on the 15th of October, 1858, Moshesh affixed his seal and mark to the treaty drawn up by Sir George Grey, though with evident reluctance, and, as it turned out, with no intention of adhering to it.

We now go on to December, 1861, and give a short account of "Moshesh at Home" on his mountain, from the pen of a correspondent of the *Friend of the Free State*.

"At eleven o'clock, accompanied by the missionaries, we climbed the famous mountain residence of the paramount Chief of the Basutos. We accomplished this feat in forty-

two minutes, admiring the while the military tactics of Moshesh in choosing such a place for defence. On arriving on the mountain we were met by Tsekelo Moshesh, who ushered us into the house of Moshesh—a large thatched building about 70 feet long, containing a sitting and several bed-rooms, furnished with four-posters, tables, chairs, &c. We remained seated for about an hour, during which there was a running to and fro of his servants with several suits of uniforms and mufti, taking one out and bringing the same back again. At last we received a message from the king that he was coming, but a quarter of an hour elapsed after this intimation before he came, when his arrival was announced by some salutation in Sesuto which I did not catch.

“Then Moshesh, a hale hearty man, some 63 years old, clad in a General's rich uniform, over which he had a blue cloth military cloak, with a military helmet on his head, and accompanied by his councillors, George and Tsekelo Moshesh, and two ambassadors from Pande, and two from Sekwati, entered the apartment, and a general introduction by George between us, the strangers of the party, and the chief took place, and then we again seated ourselves. The next operation was laying the cloth and bringing in a handsome China tea service and several condiments. After partaking this meal, Mr. Howell presented his gift, a handsome railway wrapper made of light blue pilot cloth very heavy and hairy, lined with bright scarlet cloth, and braided. Moshesh was highly delighted with this present and put it on his shoulder a la Poncho. Mr. Van Brockhuizen then, in the name of Professor Hofmeyr of Cape Town, presented the King with a handsome pocket-knife, which he admired very much. Mr. Van Brockhuizen then gave *his* present—a richly ornamented pipe. At this Moshesh looked in a very peculiar manner, and one of his sons began to laugh so heartily that we all caught the infection and laughed too, without knowing why; but at last the murder came out. Moshesh hated smoking and had a great aversion to a pipe, especially since his magazine had nearly blown up in consequence of the carelessness of a smoker, and had issued a counterblast against smoking on Thaba Bosigo. The chief, however, took the will for the deed, and put away the pipe among the numerous

presents presented to him from time to time. Mr. Martin, the partner of Mr. Ferreira at Natal, then presented the chief with a handsome silver mounted Malacca whip, which the old Chief immediately began to crack to the evident discomfort of his sable attendants."

On the 20th of June, 1860, some Basutos under Poshuli and some Bushmen proteges of his, attacked a Boer homestead and killed a boy, besides severely wounding a couple of women.

After the last mentioned date—June 1860—there were no "Battles and Adventures" (as regards the people mentioned) to speak of until May 1865, when on the 9th of that month we find President Brand of the Free State writing to the High Commissioner at Cape Town regarding a land squabble with Lesaoana (alias Ramelana) who would insist in occupying Witsi's Hoek, and saying that as the Basutos had again trespassed over the line and were becoming most insolent, he meant to start that day in order to chastise them, and he thought Moshesh would help his vassal.

In June, 1865, we find President J. II. Brand sending an ultimatum to Moshesh after some Free State Burghers had been imprisoned and illtreated by the latter, and shortly afterwards he proclaims war against the Basutos.

On the 19th June, 1865, Mr. Burnet, Civil Commissioner of Aliwal North, writes to the High Commissioner to say that, as usual, a wholesale system of thieving was determined on by Poshuli and Morosi, and that the Boers and Basutos had come into collision, as a patrol party of fifty Boers had suddenly met a strong body of Basutos, whom they engaged, when luckily another party of their forces numbering fifty came to their aid, when the Basutos retired leaving several men killed.

On the 27th of June the Governor of the Cape proclaims strict neutrality, and on the 29th of June Mr. Theophilus Shepstone (now Sir) directs (from Maritzburg Natal) the Magistrate of Weenen—in Natal—to proceed to Molapo regarding a Basuto inroad into that Colony.

Mr. John Austen, Superintendent of the Wittebergen Native Reserve, in writing to Mr. Burnet speaks of the great fight between Boers and Basutos, near Thothlowane. His native informant says that the whole flower of the

Basuto army were engaged, and headed by Molitsane, Paulus Moperi, Malapo, Masupha, Lerothodi, son of Letsie, and Ntsane, who had charge of the household army. In all, he says, seven chieftains, with an army beyond count. The native is said to have given a most graphic account of the several onslaughts, and the cool courage displayed by the Boers, and the final defeat and flight of the host of Basutos, frightened into a state of panic—he said they couldn't face the Boers. Poshuli is said to have lost twenty men—Melane thirty killed and many wounded, and all chiefs suffered in proportion. Mr. Austen concludes by saying that up to that time the Boers had been successful at every point, and that if they continued to display the same courage there would be no fear of success.

On the 1st July, 1865, General Sir Percy Douglas writes from Maritzburg—Natal—to the High Commissioner informing him of an inroad of Basutos, down the Draagsberg into Natal, and that Capt. Lucas, the magistrate of the Klip River country, in following the spoor of cattle carried off, was fired upon. He says about 2,000 Basutos, well mounted and armed with guns, descended into the Klip River district, and carried off stock to the value of many thousands of pounds, killed one farmer, and mortally wounded two or three others, and that one white woman was missing, and that in six days' time 120 volunteers, and 280 troops and two guns would assemble in Ladysmith.

The present writer was among these volunteers. The latter body and the troops, however, only went as far as Estcourt (then Bushman's River) as Molapo, the head chief of the erring Lesaoana (the leader of the raiders) had promised every reparation.

The *Friend of the Free State* newspaper tells us, on the 9th of March, 1866, that the Boers and Basutos were hard at it again, (as elsewhere detailed) with varying success, but the Boers appeared again to have had the best of it. The issue of the paper mentioned tells us that Commandant Fick penetrated the Draagsberg with 600 men, captured 2,700 head of cattle, 3,600 sheep, and 250 horses—100 of the enemy slain in the different engagements, Molapo sued for peace, and paid 150 head of cattle for an armistice. The death of Senekal, who was

a brave man, and Commandant General in the last war, is here greatly regretted. He was shot down in front of a cave by an unseen enemy. Twenty-seven dead Kafirs were counted after Fick's last engagement.

On the 18th March, 1866, a correspondent of the *Friend of the Free State* mentions the Kafirs as having had enough of it, as the powerful chief Molapo sent 47 fat oxen in consideration of an armistice.

The same paper on the 20th of April, 1866, announces (as it thinks) the termination of the war, and the fact of the Basutos having sent in a fine of 3,000 head of cattle, astonishing the Boers by their punctuality. The massacre of seven express bearers is also mentioned, viz: 3 Boers, 2 Bastards and 2 Baralongs. Their bodies were found—shockingly mutilated, near the Caledon by a party of men from Wessel's camp who buried the unfortunates.

But yet the war, or desultory fighting, lingered on for many months, the Boers being determined to root out the "faithless" Basutos, and with this end in view they shot them down whenever practicable, and pursued a system of destroying their crops, so that the Basutos would be deprived of the means of fighting. In October, 1867, a Rev. Mr. Jousse, writing from Thaba Bosigo to Mr. Burnet, the Civil Commissioner at Aliwal North, says "Last week the Boers made a raid a few hours (ride) distant from here, and succeeded in taking some cattle. They arrived in a village before sunrise, and when the people, thus surrounded, came out of their huts, they were killed as dogs indistinctly (indiscrimately?) men, women, and children. The number of women and children killed is greater than that of men." The reverend gentleman afterwards enumerates the victims, giving place and date.

A report from Commandant J. G. E. Kolbe to Commandant Botha, dated Platberg, 2nd Nov., 1867, gives an account of the capture of some caverns and strongholds at Mariendall. One Boer was killed and two were severely wounded. As far as was known 11 of the enemy were killed. 120 women and children were taken out of the caverns and were put across the Caledon. 20 wagon loads of corn were taken.

A report from Commandant J. C. Botha to the President of the Free State, dated Platberg, 7th of Nov., 1867,

gives an account of the driving of the enemy from one of his towns in that neighbourhood, in which 300 muids of corn were found, and taken possession of. One Mosuto was killed. In a subsequent skirmish with the enemy, who occupied a strongly fortified position in a mountain the commandant himself and one burgher were slightly wounded.

A report from Commandant Pansegrouw to the President, dated Kornet Spruit, Dec. 8th, 1867 gives an account of a patrol into the Double Mountains (the Malutis) from the evening of the 3rd to the evening of the 7th. The enemy was driven back wherever met with, 26 were killed, and 13 horses, 81 head of horned cattle, and 180 sheep and goats were taken. On the side of the commando only one coloured servant and one Fingo were wounded.

Then follows a long correspondence between Sir Philip Wodehouse, the High Commissioner and Mr. Brand, the President of the Free State, in which the former urges upon the latter a suspension of hostilities, as owing to the system of the Boers, which destroyed the crops of the Basutos, these wretched beings were driven, in some cases, to cannibalism, and many poured across into the Cape Colony and Natal in a state of utter destitution. At length Sir P. Wodehouse seems to have lost patience, and accordingly on the 10th of March, 1868, he addressed a kind of ultimatum to Mr. Brand which he concludes in these words "I cannot regard such a policy, if persevered in, as anything less than an indication of an unfriendly feeling towards the British Government, quite sufficient to absolve me from all observance of the terms of the Convention of 23rd of February, 1854.

"When I first became aware of the apparent disregard of my overtures, I directed that no ammunition should be permitted to be removed from our ports to the Free State without my authority. I have not since heard of any application, and conclude that none has been made. And I have now to intimate that I will peremptorily prohibit all issues, and will take such further steps as I may consider conducive to the good government of the country. At the same time I make this announcement with the utmost regret."

Finally, on the 12th day of March, 1868, the High

Commissioner, Sir Philip Edmund Wodehouse, issued from Cape Town a proclamation stating that from the above date it was Her Majesty's pleasure that the Basutos should be British subjects, and Basutoland British territory. And so ends this interesting matter pertaining to my subject and condensed from Mr. Theal's excellent compilation as it appears in Vol. III. of the official "Records of Basutoland."

I add a few more additional particulars of engagements in Secheli's Country and in Basutoland.

One affair that occurred in August, 1852, excited very much attention. It was the case of Secheli, a native chief residing in the direction of the Great Lake, who had been attacked by the Boers, beaten, and it was affirmed, his children taken for slaves. I shall, however, in fairness to the Boers, place their official report before the reader, which shall speak for itself.

THE TRANSVAAL BOERS AND SECHELI.

(From the Zuid-Oost Afrikaan.)

"OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE ACTING COMMANDANT-GENERAL, P. E. SCHOLTZ, ESQ.

Marico, August 20th, 1852.

"THIS day the Commando sent by A. W. Pistorius, Esq., assembled.

"I departed without delay, according to my instructions, to the rebellious Kafir tribes, who had constantly disturbed the country by thefts and threatenings. On the 23rd I sent from Maboiza an adjutant to the sub-captain of Cokkie, and the people left behind of Moselele, to offer and, if possible, to encourage them to peace; but received no answer from them. I proceeded on; and the following day they again had peace offered to them, but they were intrenched in caverns and jungle. I, however, ventured to send a couple of field-cornets with some men to within about one hundred yards of them, for the purpose of speaking to them; but they persisted in refusing. The patrol then endeavoured to take some of them prisoners, but they resisted; upon which I ordered a few shots to be fired at them. Towards evening the above-named sub-

captain came out, and I made peace with him, and also restored to him all prisoners of war, on condition that he should forthwith return to his abode. On the 25th I went forward, and captured three of Secheli's scouts. During the march up to the 27th, I was informed that Secheli was making every preparation to fight, having assembled five captains of surrounding tribes about him. Upon these reports I determined to approach his residence as close as I could venture.

"I issued an order to the Commando, that no goods belonging to the missionaries should be touched, in accordance with the Laager Instructions; of which two men had made themselves guilty, who were tried by court-martial on the 27th and convicted, and sentenced to receive thirty lashes, or to be deprived of all burgher privileges of the Commando. They preferred the latter.

"The 28th, I pushed out to Secheli's town-water, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the town. To reach it, I had to march past the town, and to proceed through a narrow passage. I prepared every thing for self-defence, as every position was occupied by the enemy, who levelled their guns at and threatened us, but did not fire a shot, so that I gained my object without opposition; and as the day was far advanced, and it was also the last day of the week, I resolved, with the concurrence of the council of war, to abstain from every thing that could give rise to displeasure, not even to allow any one, except the commandants, to speak to Secheli's Kafirs, lest any misunderstanding should take place, and that we might observe the Lord's day.

"I at once sent to Secheli the following message:—

"FRIEND SECHELI,—As an upright friend, I would advise you not to allow yourself to be misled by Moselele, who has fled to you because he has done wrong. Rather give him back to me, that he may answer for his offence. I am also prepared to enter into the best arrangements with you. Come over to me, and we shall arrange every thing for the best, even were it this evening.

Your friend,

"P. E. SCHOLTZ, *Act. Com. Gen.*

“Secheli replied :—

“**WAIT** till Monday. I shall not deliver up Moselele : he is my child. If I am to deliver him up, I shall have to rip up my belly ; but I challenge you on Monday to show which is the strongest man. I am, like yourself, provided with arms and ammunition, and have more fighting people than you. I should not have allowed you thus to come in, and would assuredly have fired upon you ; but I have looked into the book, upon which I reserved my fire. I am myself provided with cannon. Keep yourself quiet to-morrow, and do not quarrel for water till Monday ; then we shall see who is the strongest man. You are already in my pot ; I shall only have to put the lid on it on Monday.

“(Signed) SECHELI.”

“**SUNDAY, 29th.**—We humble ourselves before the Most High, who delivers both the weak and strong, and jointly beseeched Him to be merciful to us. After Divine Service, Secheli sent two men to me to ask for some sugar, which I looked upon as a bravado. He also sent word to me to send two men to him on Monday, and that I should take care that the oxen did not depasture on the poisonous grass, for that he now looked upon them as his own. I briefly replied, that such a hero should rather use chillies instead of sugar.

“**MONDAY, 30th.**—I sent two men to Secheli to ascertain his meaning, and once more to offer peace to him. He replied, that he required no peace ; that he now challenged me to fight ; and, if I had not sufficient ammunition, he would lend me some. I again sent to tell him, that he should call to mind how he had ever to submit to the tyranny of Umziligazi whom we had dispersed ; that he, Secheli, was then poor and small, and, having now grown rich by the burghers, he should not become too arrogant by harbouring robbers and disturbers of the peace ; that he should not harden his heart, as it might be productive of mournful results to him ; that he would perhaps again become as little as he had been. His reply was, ‘I want to fight.’ I advanced with three hundred men close to his battery, and again sent messengers to prevail upon him to accept peace ; and to inform him that, should he not wish

to conclude peace, he was to set aside his women and children, or rather to come out with his warriors, that we then might fight man to man, as I would otherwise be compelled to fight with cannon, and this might endanger the women and children. All this I did to dispose him to peace. But he replied,—‘You have nothing to do with my women and children; they are mine; and I want to fight to-day, and experience which of us is the strongest.’ Upon which, under a shower of balls, I advanced upon the battery, confiding my fate into the hands of the Lord. I stormed the intrenchments and caverns, under a severe fire which I encountered from three sides; took possession, set fire to, and stormed one side of the town, where one of my gallant burghers, named Jan de Clerk, was killed; and, in storming a rocky ridge, the gallant Mr. G. Wolmarans, Fs., and a Bastard were killed alongside of each other. After six hours’ hard fighting, I had possession of two rocky ridges and all the enemy’s intrenchments, with a large number of guns and prisoners. A good number of them had been killed. My loss was three killed and six wounded. I was compelled to retire, my men being knocked up, and night having closed upon us. The enemy had still possession of one rocky ridge. We again assembled to thank the Lord, and to offer Him our evening sacrifice.

“The following day I sent one hundred and fifty men out to reconnoitre, and to ascertain whether the enemy was disposed for peace; upon which I found that they had evacuated their stronghold, and fled in various directions. I sent patrols after them, who found troops of them here and there, who fought in skirmishing order. But my party returned the following day with guns and cattle captured from the enemy, but without having sustained any casualty.

“On the 1st of September I dispatched Commandant P. Schutte with a patrol to Secheli’s old town; but he found it evacuated, and the missionary residence broken open by the Kafirs. The commandant found, however, two percussion rifles; and the Kafir prisoners declared that Livingstone’s house, which was still locked, contained ammunition, and that shortly before he had exchanged thirteen guns with Secheli, which I had also learnt two weeks previously, the missionaries Inglis and Edwards having related it to the burghers A. Bytel and J.

Snyman ; and that Livingstone's house had been broken open by Secheli to get powder and lead. I therefore resolved to open the house that was still locked, in which we found several half-finished guns, and a gunmaker's shop with abundance of tools. We here found more guns and tools than Bibles, so that the place had more the appearance of a gunmaker's shop than a mission-station, and more of a smuggling-shop than a school-place. This day young Smit, one of the wounded, died. We this day found two waggons hidden under a rock. On the 3rd I resolved to return, to refresh my cattle not far from the encampment. Having again encamped, I sent to all the tribes who had shown themselves our enemies, to offer peace to them, that those of them who accepted of it might return to their town or residence. I also sent to the disturber Monsua at Malopo, and appointed a place where I would meet him, because his subjects were continually plundering, and he was aware that they had committed serious depredations.

"The force returned with a booty of three thousand head of cattle and a number of sheep, eleven horses, forty-eight guns, two waggons, and other articles, found in Secheli's retreat ; likewise smith's and gunmaker's tools found in the house of the missionary.

"Amongst the above cattle, many were recognised by their lawful owners as having been stolen from them by the Kafirs. I gave them back their property, which materially reduced the troop.

"The rest of the cattle, after defraying the expenses, I divided among the Commando in equal portions, except that I allowed something more to the wounded.

"The above expedition having, according to instructions, taken the field to ascertain what had become of the cattle that had been continually stolen, we found, on our advance, a part amongst the remaining herds of Moselele, who, along with the other vagabonds, was protected by Secheli. At Secheli's was the greatest smuggling-shop to be found in the whole settlement. He constantly deals in ammunition and guns, which he again exchanges with the other tribes ; and an uncivilized nation, having fire-arms in hand, believe themselves to be invincible, and perpetrate the most heinous acts.