

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GCALEKA AND GAIKA REBELLION OF 1877.

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

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

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

save to the monotonous shriek of the bald-headed eagle, or the distant neigh of the zebra, I met a Kafir with a heavy gold ring round his arm. He said he was taking it to a chief to whom *his* chief paid tribute, and of course he would not sell it. I spoke his dialect (Amadebele, resembling the Zulu) fluently, and had a long and interesting talk with him. He said the gold had been got from a large cave some two hundred miles north of where we were then. He said there were very ancient marks, figures, and drawings in the peculiar clay inside the cave. This clay or stone cuts like soap when freshly dug or hewn, but becomes like adamant when exposed to the air. Kafirs, like ancient Greeks, are very correct in their traditions, both fathers and mothers taking a delight in often repeat-

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

It is interesting to remember that Livingstone often mentioned his ardent desire to visit a great cave, or caves, said by the Kafirs and Arabs, to contain alluvial gold. He had made up his mind to go to the cave after he had determined the course of the river which he thought to be the Nile, but which, afterwards turned out to be the Cougo. But death, as we know, unfortunately intervened.

I may perhaps be pardoned for rather a long digression, but it might be urged that the Amaxosa Kafirs have undoubtedly signs of the Negro, and not the Arabian type of features; and to this I would answer that while, as before-said, the Zulus first appeared on the east coast, immediately below the Arabian, Portuguese, Turkish, and other Oriental settlements, the Amaxosas appear to have filtered

through from the north-west, where, without an exception, all the tribes, from the borders of the Kalahari Desert down to Basutoland, have the features peculiar to the Negro race.

The Gcalekas, of whom the Ngqikas are a more latterly developed branch, were at one time a great nation compared to what they are now. All that portion of land lying between the mouth of the Great Fish River and the Bashee River, on the south-eastern coast of Africa, and running inland for about fifty or sixty miles, extending nearly from the 32° to the 34° of latitude, belonged formerly to the Gcaleka tribe. Although I am unable to agree with Mr. Trollope (who during his short visit to South Africa could not be expected to be perfect in details) that the Amaxosas were, amongst Kafirs, the greatest people of all; yet the Amaxosas, as the latter gentleman truly says, derive their name from Xosa, a chief eleven chiefs back from Kreli, the "Ama" being merely a plural prefix. From Kreli's tribe sprung Ngqika (pronounced with a palatal click reperesented by the letter "q" simultaneously with the letter "g"), or "Gaika," as the colonists pronounce it. This man was the father of Sandili, who has figured prominently in the annals of Amaxosa warfare. The causes of the sixth war of the above people with the whites in 1877 may be briefly stated as follows. There have been lately, and are at present, in British Kaffraria tribes of natives called Amafengu, or Fingoes, originally chased by Tshaka from Natal, and these natives have for years past been under British protection. They were formerly in the time of Hintza, the father of Kreli, simply slaves, or "dogs," as their name implies. After one of the Kafir wars in 1835, they were taken from among the Gcalekas by British authority, relieved from the condition of slavery, and settled on locations which were given to them. They were first placed near the coast between the Great Fish River and the Keiskama; but many were subsequently moved up to a district which they still occupy across the Kei, and close to their old masters, the Gcalekas, but on land which was under British government, and which became part of British Kaffraria. Here they have been as good as their old masters, and as being special recipients

of British favour, perhaps something better. They have been a money-making people, possessing oxen and wagons, and going much ahead of other Kafirs in the way of trade. And as they grew in prosperity, so probably they grew in pride. They were still Fingoes, but not a Fingo was any longer a Gcaleka's dog, as he was formerly. This state of things was not by any means agreeable to the Gcalekas. This, too, must have been the more intolerable as the area given up to the Fingoes in this locality comprised about two thousand square miles, while that left to the Gcalekas was not more than one thousand six hundred. The Gcalekas living on this curtailed territory were about 66,600 souls, whereas only 50,000 Fingoes drew their easier bread from the larger region.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE KAFIR WAR OF 1877-8.

As to the inception of this war I must beg to refer to a passage of history of which the following gives the details :—

The Hon. C. Brownlee has been engaged in a triangular duel, arising out of the Pondo question, with Mr. Rose-Innes, of King William's Town, and with the Rev. Mr. Chalmers. No man is better entitled to claim to be heard in any disputed passage of the history of Native Administration in this country than Mr. Brownlee, nor is there any man whose word is more weighted with confessed honesty of purpose and integrity. From the last in the Chalmers series we take the following extracts as doing justice to the memory of one who even since his death has suffered detraction as though the war of 1877 was of his seeking. Mr. Brownlee writes :—

I have done with myself. But this is not all. Mr. Chalmers has gone out of his way to attack Sir Bartle Frere, and has "flaunted in our faces" some isolated expressions of a great and good man to show that though he was a Christian, and a member of the Aborigines Protection Society, and could write an able essay on missions, he was nevertheless a murderer, for if Mr. Chalmers' version of the Gcaleka war is correct, it amounts simply to that. "But what was it which actually took place?" In 1877 some Gcalekas had gone into Fingoland to a "beer-drink." When the beer was finished, the Gcalekas wanted more, and struck a Fingo because they could not obtain what they wanted. A fight ensued, the Gcalekas got the worst. On the following morning they returned in force, attacked three Fingo villages and swept off the cattle. Now this was not a quarrel between two rival tribes, as Mr. Chalmers puts it, but a direct violation of British territory. A demand was made upon Kveli for the immediate restoration of the cattle, with an intimation that on no consideration could the Gcalekas be permitted

to cross the border and avenge their own quarrels on British subjects. If the Gcalekas had any complaints against the Fingoes, they would be listened to and redressed. Mr. James Ayllff and Colonel Eustace were appointed to inquire into the matter. Their sittings were constantly broken up by war-cries caused by the appearance of armed Gcalekas on the border; but Kreli did not give up the cattle. Matters began to look serious. I advised that the 88th Regiment, then in Cape Town, should be sent to the frontier and encamp at East London in order that Kreli should see that we were determined to enforce our demand. Sir Bartle Frere, who was then on his way overland to the frontier, countermanded the order for the embarkation of the 88th Regiment, saying that this might be construed by Kreli as an intention to attack him, and might lead him into hostilities. I came to meet Sir Bartle Frere at King William's Town, he there asked me my advice, and I said I had none other to give than what I had given in Cape Town, and said I feared war was inevitable. He replied, "Do not talk of war, sir; I have been sent to this country in the interests of peace, and I am determined to maintain peace." Deputation after deputation waited on the Governor in King William's Town. Alarm had taken possession of the country, men saw and understood the signs of the times, expressed their fears to Sir Bartle. He was determined there would be no war, he would not make war for a drunken brawl. When all other means failed, he determined to go to Gcalekaland and see Kreli, and settle the matter without resort to arms. He went, and Kreli refused to see him, though he offered to meet Kreli in his own country. Kreli had already put the war-paint on his forehead, and wanted none of Sir Bartle Frere; all that he wanted was the expulsion of the Fingoes from the land from which he himself had been expelled twenty years before. Sir Bartle had to return as he went; still the hope to avert war had not abandoned him, and a message was sent to Kreli informing him that any further aggression on British territory would be repelled by force. How the first collision after Sir Bartle's departure took place, Mr. Chalmers may know as well as I do, for his brother, the present magistrate of Komgha, was the main figure in that

transaction ; but his report is, that in patrolling along the Fingo border he was attacked by an overwhelming force of Gcalekas, who charged our people, killing Lieut. Van Hopeman, of the F.A.M.P., and scattering Mr. Chalmers' force like chaff before the wind. This rude awakening came upon Sir Bartle Frere a few days after his return to King William's Town. I feared the Gaikas would follow suit. One of their headmen had had a collision with a Fingo headman in the rugged country at Kei and Thomas-River junction. Major Grant was sent to adjust the matter, and he performed the service. The Gaikas then held a tribal meeting, and decided that they would not join the war. Still I saw signs of evil. Sir Bartle did not share in my views, and Mr. W. B. Chalmers, the present Magistrate at King William's Town, was therefore sent on a mission to the Gaikas. He was among them several days, and made a report which was reassuring to Sir Bartle Frere. But I did not share in his satisfaction. Mr. Tainton was then sent to endeavour to arrange some matters of theft with a number of native squatters in the East London district. Matters had advanced a stage since the missions of Major Grant and Mr. Chalmers, but Sir Bartle had only one object before him, and that was peace. He could not see war, and did not prepare to meet it, he was buoyed up by the justice and righteousness of his endeavours, and saw nothing but success as their result. Again a sad awakening came. Richard Tainton, his brother John, and Field-cornet Brown were treacherously murdered while peacefully endeavouring to carry out the law with British subjects. A few hours after the melancholy tidings reached us 'our boys' were equipped and mounted and on their way to punish the murderers, but they had lost no time in escaping across the Kei after accomplishing their hellish deed. Now comes what Mr. Chalmers designates a most pitiful appeal to the loyalty of the Colony to come to the rescue of His Excellency and help him to crush Kreli. Mr. Chalmers was wrong in saying the appeal was pitiful. It was a manly call to arms in a righteous cause, and nobly was it responded to. Men came from East and West, there was no tardy laggard, and before long the Minister for War had to cry, 'Hold, enough,' and to many offers of service his reply

was, 'I will call you when required.' 'Our boys!' yes, we equipped them, and with willing though sad hearts, for we felt that many would not return. We sent them to avenge our best blood, treacherously shed, and no craven boys were they, but the flower and the pride of our land, and nobly did they face danger and death whenever the opportunity arose. Kreli was crushed and Sandilli was shot down, though Sir Bartle Frere had moved heaven and earth to save them both. '*The British army never came:*' there was no need, the little British army we had in the country was quite enough, and they well maintained the reputation of their name. Apologising for the great length of this letter, I conclude, as Mr. Chalmers has done, by a text:—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'"

To come to the particulars of this war I must refer to the account of a gentleman who modestly writes as a "C. M. R.," and who was an eye-witness, as well as a combatant in the various engagements of this war. The book was published in 1881 by Bently of London. Beginning with the Guadana affair he says—what will be found in the ensuing pages.



CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF GUADANA.

A CAMP being formed, earthworks thrown up, and all due preparations made for what we knew must inevitably take place.

These works occupied us until the 24th, when Nos. 3, 6, and 7 troops were ordered, with a detachment of Artillery and one gun, to be ready for patrol.

On the 25th part of No. 5 troop, consisting of 1 officer and forty men, arrived. They were also ordered out; but as they had just come off a march, the proposed patrol was postponed for one day. On the 26th, at nine o'clock in the morning, the above troops left for Idutywa. Little did we think when we saw our comrades march out of Ibeka cheering and in the best of spirits, that some of them would bite the dust before sunset. As they were on the point of starting, our new Commandant, Mr. Charles Griffiths, arrived. Our old Commandant's health had failed, and he was superseded by Mr. C. Griffiths. We knew nothing about Mr. Griffiths, and he knew less about us. He was an old police officer, but he had been during many years the British resident in Basutoland, for which he was much more fitted than for his new appointment. He was never liked in the force,* though he was a good deal better than some of those who succeeded him.

As the day wore on, we both saw and heard firing a few miles off. There were only the Artillery and a few of the men left in camp with two guns. The whole force there comprised forty-three men. Natives (Fingoes) came in with the most alarming reports, one declaring all the police had been slaughtered, another that only a few were left alive, but all agreeing that our men were utterly and irretrievably beaten. We were kept under arms all night, lying down by the guns. If the Kaffirs had only then advanced in numbers, as they did six days later, they

* The force sometimes does not like a strict disciplinarian as the worth, Commandant no doubt was.

would have taken guns, slaughter-cattle,* ammunition, and everything else ; but luckily they did not, or the writer would probably have not been alive to tell his tale. I was not in this fight, which took place about two miles from a hill called in Kaffir Guadana, and by the English Mount Woodhouse. The following is the official report of Inspector Chalmers, the commanding officer of the force engaged :

“To the Commandant
F.A.M. Police.

“Lusisi Camp,
“October 28, 1877.

“SIR,—“In accordance with your instructions, I have the honour to report that, on the 26th ultmo., while returning to Idutywa reserve, from the Ibeka camp, I was apprised of the fact that the Gcalekas had attacked the Fingoes on the Government reserve near the Guadana. On receiving this information I continued my march along the main road, and when about two miles from the Umpuluse, opposite the Guadana, I observed the Gcalekas had crossed in numbers and attacked the Fingoes, and that an engagement was taking place between the two tribes. In obedience to orders received in the event of a battle, I proceeded to the scene of action in support of the Fingoes. Before taking any prominent part I sent back to the Umpuluse to acquaint Mr. Ayliff, who was there in command of a large Fingoe contingent, that the Gcaleka army had crossed into British territory. On the arrival of this gentleman with about 1,000 Fingoes, I halted the gun and the men under my command ; Mr. Ayliff with his Fingoes marching to the top of the Guadana Hill. In order to avoid surprise I sent Sub-Inspector Hamilton to Mr. Ayliff to receive a report of the position of the Gcalekas. This officer returned with a request from Mr. Ayliff that I should march on with the gun and men, which I did. On arrival there I found the Gcaleka army in three divisions at the foot of the hill. On our appearance the enemy made a move towards us ; I immediately gave the order to the officer in command of the artillery (Sub-Inspector Cochrane) to open fire with the 7-pounder, which he did.

*All cattle intended for the butcher are called in the Colony “slaughter-cattle.”

“After the tenth round the gun became disabled, and on being reported to me I gave the order, ‘The gun will retire under Mr. Cochrane and the escort.’ This was immediately carried out, and the gun, under Sub-Inspector Cochrane and A. Maclean, with twenty-five men as gun escort, retired accordingly. Before entering into action my men were extended in skirmishing order, on the brow of the hill, the horses having been left out of sight, in hand, and in charge of the usual number of men. The Fingoes, under Mr. Ayliff, were placed on the left flank, between the gun and the Guadana forest, so as to command the bush. My men were placed on the right of the gun. When the Gcalekas came within rifle range I ordered the police to commence firing, and continuous independent firing was kept up for nearly two hours, which checked the enemy until the gun retired. When the Fingoes saw this they made a general retreat, running in among our horses and causing great confusion.

“Finding that we were deserted by the Fingoes, and that by remaining on the ground any longer the lives of the whole European police would be sacrificed, I ordered the men to retire. The confusion by the Fingoes rushing about in all directions caused several of our horses to break loose, and through this unfortunate circumstance one officer and six men fell victims to the enemy. The remainder of the men retired in order, and the gun was taken safely to the Idutywa. The firing from the seven-pounder was most effective, and so was also that of the Sniders. The estimated loss on the Gcaleka side was at least 200 besides wounded. I may say that the Fingoes, when asked why they retreated so soon, replied that they had been watching the gun, and when they saw it move they thought it was time to leave the battle-field. I cannot attach any blame to our men in the engagement; they stood their ground until the very last, fired steadily; and were it not for the gun breaking down, I have no hesitation in asserting that the result would have been different. Finding the gun and men were safe, I proceeded to the Ibeka camp in company with Inspector J. Maclean and Sub-Inspector Hamilton, where I personally reported the engagement to you, and returned to the Idutywa reserve on the morning of the 27th September.

M

“The Gcaleka army must have numbered about 5,000. Our force consisted of 180 men and about 1,500 Fingoes.

I have, &c.,

G. B. CHALMERS.

“Inspector commanding No. 3 troop, F. A. M. P.”

Such was the battle of Guadana. It was fought under adverse circumstances, and in a nasty bit of country. The Fingoes fought badly, as they always do if they are not commanded by white leaders. They never stood, but retreated, firing, from the very first. Mr. Chalmers' account is substantially correct. I heard the same version from some men engaged, as well as from the Fingoes. The men who were killed, with the exception of Mr. Van Hohenan, lost their lives through Fingoes taking their horses; but there is no doubt that the last part of the fight was a desperate flight from the Gcaleka troops, whatever any one may say to the contrary. I don't say the police ran away, because they retired in good order until the Fingoes rushed in amongst them; but after that it was a decided flight. Mr. Van Hohenan behaved bravely; he tried to take a man named Evans, who had been badly wounded, on his horse, and both he and Evans were shot down in their attempt to get away.

Some few days after, when, with a strong party, we went out to recover the bodies, we found all our poor comrades in a dreadful state. Evans had seventeen assegai wounds in him; one man was scalped; Van Hohenan had his feet cut off; and all had their stomachs ripped open; all were stripped of their clothes. Not one of the party that saw this fearful sight but swore a fearful vengeance if ever we got hold of any of the niggers.

In the quiet of an English home I can look back with sorrow to the sights I have seen during my four years in South Africa; but I can hardly be expected to regret the part I took with my comrades in avenging the deaths of our friends at the battle of Guadana.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE OF IBEKA.

At daylight we had received information of great importance from spies and scouts. The former told us that Kreli in person intended to attack Ibeka, the latter that the enemy were forming into columns of squares, that being their favourite mode of advance.

About eight o'clock we saw them on a hill, immediately south of us, in their usual formation, as intimated. Their numbers were estimated to be between 7,000 and 8,000. They halted about a mile and a half from us. Of this we took advantage to have breakfast, and to make a few more preparations for defence. The horses, which had been kept grazing close to what I shall now call the fort, were at once brought in, saddled, bridled, and tied up to a picket rope stretched between the trees in the garden. Shells and case-shot were brought out and placed in proximity to the guns; ammunition boxes were opened and placed all round the walls, and men told off to keep up the supplies. Barrels of water had been filled, and these were now set in convenient positions all round the inclosure.

When this was all done we went to our places, lighted our pipes, and waited the events which were to come. Most of us took our coats off to be freer for what I think we all felt would be a hard struggle. From one of three prisoners we captured after the fight we learnt that Kreli was there in person, though he did not approach the front. His son Sigow commanded. Kreli's orders were to "destroy all the Fingoes, and on your way drive those troublesome policemen away. I don't like the sight of their tents; it disturbs me. You can breakfast at Ibeka, have dinner at Butterworth, and you will be then well on your way for the Komgha and the Colony, where you will be joined by your friends," meaning the Gaikas. His orders were excellent, no doubt; but they did not exactly come off according to his expectation. A good many of

his men slept round about Ibeka that night. They slept the sleep of death.

About half-past nine o'clock the enemy were reinforced by 2,000 mounted men, who, after a brief halt, commenced creeping up to the stony ridge I have mentioned, and which is indicated on the extreme right in the map. The reader is to consider this ridge as our left, and the sloping ground on the south as our front. The whole of Kreli's army then commenced an advance. We lost sight of the columns for a time in the intervening hollows, the mounted men stealing up under cover of the ridge to our left. At this time the whole of Kreli's forces were no more than about 1,700 yards distant.

The enemy, on approaching within about 1,200 yards, threw out skirmishers, who began firing as they neared the boundary. This move was resisted by some 500 Fingoes under Veldtman, who despatched them to meet the enemy: On our extreme right Allan Maclean, with the remainder of the Fingoes, supported them, the police being thrown out in skirmishing order round the immediate front and left. When the mounted men of the enemy appeared over the ridge we fired at them with two shells; both, however, went over their heads. Two rocket tubes were then brought into action, and did great execution, frightening the horses, and causing many of them to bolt. We then commenced to fire our three 7-pounders, and the action became general along the whole line. Shell after shell was plumped right into the middle of the square columns, causing great slaughter. When the columns were broken after a little hard firing, the enemy extended themselves in skirmishing order, and again and again charged right up to us within fifty yards of the guns. Our fire, however, was too much for them, and they frequently had to retire to take rest; still at intervals coming on again and again, but with no better success.

Their mounted men were thus thoroughly broken up and dispersed by the rockets and shells.

At last, after several plucky charges, they collected together about five o'clock for a final effort. On and on they came, one scrambling, yelling mass, but only to be mowed down by our shell and rockets. Right up to the guns they came, and we poured shell, case,

rockets, and snider bullets into them with determined precision and effect, till at last they wavered. Down swept the Fingoes, with Allan Maclean leading them, and some fifty men of the police, led by his brother, Inspector John Maclean, cheering as they charged the enemy, and pouring in a heavy fire. As this section of our force advanced the Gcalekas turned and fled, leaving their guns, blankets, and everything behind them, as they ran for dear life, hotly pursued by the very men they had reckoned on easily beating.

The 7-pounders continued firing until the enemy was out of range. Till then we had no time to look about us. The fight had lasted from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, and it was rapidly getting dark. Wonderful to relate, we had not one man killed, and only four or five wounded, and these wounds all were scratches. The Fingoes lost about forty men killed and eleven wounded.

The killed always predominate in native warfare. As the natives never spare the wounded, it is quite a chance if any such get away. How our men escaped is a marvel. Barnett's house was literally peppered with shot. The secret is, the enemy must, as all Kaffirs do, in their flurry have fired too high. Several horses were hit inside the fort. As the evening advanced, three Gcaleka prisoners were brought in, who told us that the whole army had suffered severely. We heard afterwards that more than a thousand were killed and wounded. These were nearly all removed by their friends during the night, in accordance with their custom. Some months afterwards we came across the place where they had buried their dead.

A heavy rain came on in the evening after the battle, and we could light no fires. So we had no coffee, food, or anything else, and the younger hands were beginning to feel knocked up, while the older ones were not much better.

We continued under arms all night, with our heads and the muzzles of our guns pointing over the wall. A miserable night it was, raining hard, and bitterly cold.

At daylight the rain cleared off, and we saw that the Gcalekas had contrived to return very nearly to the positions they had taken on the previous day. We observed them creeping up again to the ridge, evidently with the intention, if possible, of turning our left flank. The Fingoes were

at once ordered out and despatched up to the ridge. As the Galekas came within range of us they opened fire and retired. We also opened fire upon them with our three 7-pounders, at a range of 2,400 yards, causing the enemy considerable astonishment ; nevertheless, they continued to come on. For some time we fired, and they never got very close to us.

About ten o'clock in the morning a heavy fog came on, and continued till noon, when it cleared off, and left a bright day. When we looked, to our astonishment not a Gcaleka was to be seen near us. But we soon discovered the enemy at a distance of ten miles away, the fires of their camps showing where their armies had halted.

This was their first and last attack on Ibeka. The Gcalekas talk about it to this day, and have been unable to explain to themselves how such execution should have been dealt out from shell and rocket. They had never heard of or seen big guns before, and they were simply dumbfounded by the effect of a shell, and its possibility of bursting amongst them at 1,000 yards with such deadly effect. Had they known the strength which numbers confer they could have walked over us. They fought well and pluckily, I must say. The way they repeatedly charged. I shall never forget. They came with a determined rush, and if numbers only could have availed, they would have proved irresistible.

We now felt sure the Gcalekas would not again attack Ibeka, and they never did.



CHAPTER XXII.

KRELI'S KRAAL AFFAIR.

It was just getting daylight, and there was every appearance of a fine day for the pretty stiff work we had in hand.

A few shots were soon heard, and the bugle sounded the advance. The guns were driven up the remainder of the hill at a gallop, unlimbered and came into action, firing shrapnel shell at the kraals and huts. The volunteers, police, and Fingoes dismounted, and commenced independent firing about 200 yards off. The Gcalekas were completely taken by surprise; they only fired a few shots, and then turned and fled for the outlet, which I have already described, along the course of the river. The entire force, except the gun escorts and the troop of the police held in reserve, pursued them for three or four miles, the big guns continually firing as opportunity offered. When the Gcalekas reached the flat I have before indicated, they turned and made a stand for about ten minutes, but as our men were gradually getting round them, and at the same time kept up a heavy firing on them, they were unable to hold the position they had taken, and speedily fled for the bush. The "retire" was now sounded, and the force was gradually brought back to the place where the guns were standing and had remained since morning. Why the guns were not used in the pursuit I am unable to say. They were well horsed, and the gunners were well trained, the road was flat, and they would have been of the greatest use in clearing the niggers from the various bushes. The escort and police troop being kept in reserve, prevented these men from being utilized to advantage, as unquestionably they might have been.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BATTLE OF LUSISI.

THE next morning, soon after daylight, the outlying pickets came in, reporting that the enemy was approaching. We were all turned out and were placed in extended order round the camp. Two troops of police, with three troops of volunteers, were ordered out, dismounted, to take the direction of the bush I have before mentioned as being close to the camp. This detachment formed the front. On our extreme right about five hundred Kafirs were seen coming down towards us, and shortly afterwards firing began. The enemy nearly surrounded the camp. For some time heavy firing was kept up on both sides. We were unable to use the big guns, the Fingoes being in the bush trying to drive the Gcalekas out.

After firing with our small arms for about a couple of hours, the Gcalekas, from some unexplained reason, suddenly ceased firing and ran, the Fingoes, volunteers, and police pursuing a short distance ; but the rain coming down very hard, and making a very thick mist, these detachments were recalled. After they returned news was brought to the camp that some of the enemy had taken shelter in a cave, and that they were supposed to be chiefs. Two of the Fingoe leaders, brothers named Goss, went with a party of their men to get the Gcalekas out. The place they were in was close by a small stream, the course of which, turning at right angles towards the cave, made a sort of passage with high walls towards it. To reach the cave where these Gcalekas were concealed we had to go right up the stream, and then the mouth of the cave was visible, about as high as a man's head.

From the roof of the cave to the ground above there was not more than about two feet. The Fingoes went in first, and as they reached the part of the stream which was in view of the cave, were all shot dead. William Goss then went in with three more Fingoes and these as they came in sight were also shot dead. Poor Goss was shot right

through the heart. Two more Fingoes and Michael Goss then went in; the Fingoes were shot as soon as they appeared, and Michael Goss was wounded in the arm. He went forward a few yards calling for some more men. Two more came into this passage of death, when Michael Goss and one of the two men who had joined him were shot dead; the other ran outside again.

Allan Maclean and his Fingoes had now arrived on the spot, and he tried to get in with two of his men. One was shot, and he himself had a narrow escape, a bullet going through his sleeve and grazing his arm. They wisely retreated, and as only three, or at most four, men could get into the place at once, he resolved to try other measures. They first commenced to fire volleys from a hill about a hundred and fifty yards off, which commanded the entrance of the cave, but this only drove the enemy further back into it.

A Fingoe now climbed up on the bank, right above the cave, armed with an assegai. A stick was then cut and a hat put on it. Now, as only one man could come out of the cave at a time, to fire, they felt pretty sure of getting one, so they put the stick with the hat on it, round the corner. A party of men were in readiness to rush into the cave directly the shot had been fired from it. A nigger came out of the cave to fire at the hat, and was immediately stabbed right through the neck by the Fingoe above, and in the confusion that followed, the party rushed in and killed the remainder of the men inside. There were seven in all, Gcalekas. On our side we lost eleven Fingoes, and the brothers Goss, who, poor fellows, both left widows and large families, We buried them the next morning, with military honours, and thus in the middle of Kaffir-land they found their graves. Both were frontier farmers, living right upon the further border by the Umtata River, thoroughly good, honest fellows, universally liked and respected by all who knew them. This was the last fight, such as it was, we had with the Gcalekas for some time. They scattered themselves all over the country, and we had long and tedious patrols driving them through the territory.

CHAPTER XXIV

BATTLE OF UMZINTZANI.

A BATTLE was now fought about twelve miles from Ibeka, in which our men so narrowly escaped being beaten that the country was completely roused. Public meetings were again held everywhere, vigilance committees were formed, and all the frontier towns were prepared for defence. Farmers and their families were "treking" into laager. Everywhere there were protests of the strongest character against the way in which the Cape Government was acting. At a large public meeting held at Kei-road, the loyal inhabitants threatened to take the law into their own hands, and shoot every nigger found on their farms. As they were all being ruined day by day, and losing their stock by theft, their complaints were not without good foundation. How the Ministry at the Cape were, in consequence of their mismanagement, dismissed by the Governor is now a matter of history, and I will at once relate the details of the battle to which I have just alluded.

On the road leading towards the mouth of the River Kei from Ibeka there was a place called Holland's Shop, a large trading-station; but at this time the whole station had been burned to the ground. A party of volunteers, consisting of infantry from Port Elizabeth, with one gun of the Graham's Town Artillery, together with No. 9 Troop, F. A. M. Police, left Ibeka on one of our customary patrols. This small force was under the command of Captain Bayley, who had recently been the adjutant of the 9th Regiment of Foot, and who afterwards became our colonel, when the F. A. M. P. were converted into the C. M. R. Our division had marched on with the police-troop, forming an advance guard, when we suddenly came upon the Gcalekas in force. Inspector Bourne sent back at once a messenger to Captain Bayley, who brought his party forward at a double, and the whole of our force then took up a position on a small hill just abreast of the ruins of Holland's Shop.

This occurred about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 2nd of December.

Whilst the infantry and artillery were getting into position, the police were engaged in doing a little desultory skirmishing.

The Gcalekas were in great force, rapidly increasing in numbers on a ridge about half-a-mile off.

Exactly opposite this ridge runs a small river called the 'Nabaxa. Along the banks of this, about half-a-mile nearer the sea, was a deep kloof or valley, out of which they could be seen coming up in great numbers.*

The police now advanced, and at something like 250 yards from the enemy commenced firing. The Graham's Town gun, which was well horsed, drove down to the assistance of the police, unlimbered, came into action, and peppered the niggers right merrily.

In the meanwhile the Cape artillery and the infantry were not idle. The artillery sent shell after shell into the bush, and the infantry fired at the enemy as the shells drove them out of their cover. They were thus forced out of their kloof, but effected a junction with their friends on the ridge. At this point part of them divided, and under cover of the ridge started off to outflank us.

A party of police were despatched to stop this manoeuvre, and then the rest of the niggers charged right down the hill from the ridge, on to the gun and remnant of police that were left with it. There were not more than twenty police, and about eleven or twelve of the artillery. The Gcalekas who charged us numbered between 400 and 500. When they reached within 150 yards, the order was given us to retire; the police mounted and retired except three men, whose horses had broken loose. Two of them reached the gun in safety, but the third, Wellesley, was unfortunately shot in the hip, and was almost immediately assaiged. Though on his knees he fought hard, and killed four Kafirs before they finally despatched him.

Several of the enemy were shot by the police and artillery, as they clustered round the poor fellow, stabbing him to death.

* The Narrator omits to mention that a Man-of-War lying off this part of the coast, also shelled the Kafirs.

Lieutenant Wells, who was in command of the Graham's Town gun, waited until the natives were within fifty or sixty yards of his piece, and then fired a case shot into the midst of them. In the confusion that ensued the gun was limbered up, and retired at a gallop, with the two policemen, up a steep hill and rejoined the rest of our party.

The enemy did not immediately come on again; but about five o'clock, or two hours before sunset, they again collected and charged the camp.

The two guns now poured several rounds of case shot into them as they advanced, which they did too within a hundred and fifty yards, where they were able to take shelter behind some stones and ant-heaps, and from this position one man of the Port Elizabeth volunteers was shot dead. This was almost the only casualty that occurred up to this time.

It was now sunset, but with the moon well up it continued tolerably light. The enemy every now and again advanced *en masse*, and poured a volley or two into the camp, wounding some of our side. They made a final charge about nine o'clock, coming close up to the guns, howling and firing independently; but finding our return fire too warm for them, they retired again into the kloof, and were seen no more that night.

Some Fingoes joined the camp during the same night, and the next morning went out as usual to kill the wounded men who were left.

The loss to the enemy was between seventy and eighty killed, and we heard afterwards that from 150 to 200 wounded were removed during the night, as is their custom. The loss on our side was two killed, with four police and three volunteers wounded.

The wounded were sent in during the day to Ibeka, and a permanent camp was formed about 300 yards from the scene of the battle.

Large reinforcements of police were now sent out from Ibeka, and frequent patrols went from this place, now called Umzintzani from the name of a small river which flows close by. These patrols were constantly coming across small bodies of the enemy, who fled, after firing a few shots, at our approach.

While we are camped and waiting the orders to march, let me turn to notice some events which were happening on the other side of the Kei.

Kiva, let me first remark, one of the most noted of the Gealeka warriors, had broken through into the Colony, burning every store and farm-house on his way, and had joined the Gaikas, who were now in open rebellion. The communication from the Kei road and Komgha was blocked, and a policeman was shot whilst carrying despatches between these two places. A body of forty police, under charge of an officer carrying the Government despatches, was attacked and forced to retreat. At length Major Moore, with a detachment of the 88th and some twenty of the police, whilst escorting the mails, had a severe fight with the Galekas. The engagement lasted over two hours. We lost in it three men killed and several wounded, and a cart-load of ammunition, and narrowly escaped defeat, through the whole of his own force bolting. The Major managed, however, to lay the fault on the police, who were invariably made the scape-goats if any failure occurred. The V. C. was given to him for some act of gallantry in this remarkable action, and eventually he was made commandant of our force. His report of the action and the account given by a sergeant of the police engaged, who carried a man off the field on his own horse, differed very much. According to the statement of the police, the soldiers ran first, and the police followed them.

I am afraid we did not appreciate Major Moore as highly as he estimated himself. He was slightly wounded in the wrist. The enemy in this fight were led by McKinnon, who had escaped when the disarmament of his tribe was attempted.*

I will now return to our camp in the Transkei. The

* This "McKinnon" is now located with his tribe near, or on the town lands of Port Elizabeth. While in Port Elizabeth a few months ago, I visited him at his location. He said it was all up with his tribe and they were broken up and powerless to do future harm. Shortly after I saw him, a series of serious fights took place between his men, and some Fingoes, &c., in which several men, on each side, were wounded. The P. E. authorities had much difficulty in quelling these riots.

day following Christmas Day we proceeded on our march. We were greatly extended, and on this occasion were divided into two columns. One column was placed under the command of Captain Upcher, and the other, or headquarters column, under Colonel Glyn.

We marched over exactly the same ground as before, encountering the same difficulties of transport, and several times meeting the enemy, who made at no time any but a very weak and brief defence, and then fled. We captured immense herds of cattle. On one occasion about 1,200 women fell into our hands, and were sent into Ibeka. These poor things were in the most awful state of destitution from long hunger. They had been for some time living on the bark of trees, and such roots as they could grub up.

We returned ourselves to Ibeka on the 10th of January, 1878, having for the third time completely cleared Gcaleka-land.

During this patrol we had done on an average thirty miles a day, and had been well fed and looked after, and what we certainly appreciated, well employed. The hard work that fell to our lot we did not mind. Great, we found, was the contrast between the Imperial and Colonial authorities; for with the latter we had an overwhelming measure of work, but no food; while with the former the balance was well adjusted.

We were not allowed to rest quietly for any length of time. Two days after our return on this occasion the troops were all again ordered out. Our destination was a place about seven miles from Ibeka, called Leslie's mission station. We were sent in consequence of the Gcalekas, who had not long before crossed into Gaika-land, having recrossed the Kei. They were reported to be assembling in large numbers close to the river and near its mouth.

From the camp at Leslie's mission an advanced camp was formed, at a place called N'amaxa, under the command of Major Owen of the 88th. Both at Leslie's mission and N'amaxa a mixed force was stationed, as it was uncertain which place the Gcalekas would attack, the advanced camp at N'amaxa.

At this station we had a company of the 24th, another of the 88th, with fifty men of the Naval Brigade, two

troops of police, and two 7-pounder guns, with detachments of the police artillery.

I have reason to think the enemy chose to attack this camp because of the excellent cover they could reach if defeated. The surrounding country was undulating, but on the river-side it presented a series of deep kloofs, affording capital shelter.

Immediately on the right was a long ridge, known as the Tala ridge, and on this the enemy were collecting and then disappearing into the kloof below us on our front.

About three o'clock the rocket battery commenced firing into the bush in front of us, as apparently by this time a large body of Gcalekas had collected. The enemy were quickly driven out of the bush, and began to form on each of our flanks. They then broke into skirmishing order and charged. On all sides they were met by a heavy and determined fire which arrested their progress. After standing still a while in this position, they were literally mown down by two guns of the Royal Artillery which had just arrived, and were now brought into action. The fire was so hot that the whole Gcaleka army was soon in full retreat to the bush.

The enemy was immediately pursued by the mounted men till dark; at sundown the recall was sounded, and we had time to get some rest.

Sixty bodies of the enemy were found close to the camp, that is to say, within a hundred yards. Down the kloof on the left we counted forty-six more bodies, and several more were seen lying about in different directions, which we had not time to count. We estimated the loss of the enemy at 150 killed and 200 wounded. Our loss was confined to three men severely wounded, privates belonging to the 88th. One of these, poor fellow, was shot right through the jaw, the bullet going in one side of his face and passing out on the other, but he recovered. Three Gcaleka chiefs were killed in this action.

CHAPTER XXV.

BATTLE OF QUINTANA.

WHILE these events were happening in the Transkei, three gentlemen—R. G. Tainton, John Tainton, and W. Brown—had been murdered by the Gaikas at a place called Berlin, about twelve miles from King William's Town.

These three gentlemen had been sent on a mission by the Cape Government, with no other escort but a few black policemen, who, upon the Kafirs attacking, one and all fled. The murderers were eventually taken and hanged.

The whole of the Gaikas, at this time under Sandilli, had risen in open rebellion. Several of the tribes of emigrant Tambookies in Tembuland were also on the point of rebellion. Various commands were out under Colonial officers, and generally war was raging along the whole frontier.

At Impetu a company of the 24th, under Captain Wardell, had been cut off from all communication and supplies, and it took a mixed force of close upon 700 men, with three 7-pounders under Colonel Lambert, to relieve their post.

Very nearly all the farmers round about Komgha, with their families, had taken refuge in laager at this station, where they suffered severely from exposure and privation. They were, however, after a brief interval, safely brought away from their perilous position.

The farmers through these events were of course heavy losers; all their houses had been burnt to the ground, and they had lost great quantities of stock. Those who had been relieved at Impetu were all placed in a fresh laager at Komgha, and there they were obliged to remain till the end of the war, when they returned to the wrecks of their former flourishing houses—all more or less ruined through the fault of a Government which would not listen to the representations of the frontier farmers who had so justly expressed their alarm.

In the Transkei preparations were now being made for an attack on the Chichaba valley, where the Kafirs, since their defeat at 'Namaxa, had now collected in large numbers.

This beautiful valley, which is about thirteen miles long, and begins at a point opposite the ending of the Tala ridge, runs parallel with the river Kei, and towards its mouth. The valley abounded in very dense bushes, so thick in some places as to make it impossible for any one to move many yards in any direction. The only paths down to it—for roads there are none—are very rugged and precipitous. At this place we were to make our next attack. For this purpose two columns were formed on the Komgha side under the command of Colonel Lambert and Major Moore, and on the Transkei side a column under the orders of Colonel Glyn. The force on the Komgha side embodied about 250 white men, soldiers and police, with about 1,200 Fingoes. On the Transkei side, on which I was, the forces consisted, soldiers and police together, of about 360 white men, with 250 Fingoes under Allan Maclean and Veldtman.

After two or three reconnaissances to find out the exact whereabouts of the enemy, all three columns advanced, about the middle of January. The Transkei column proceeding along the Tala ridge, and the columns on the Komgha side marching through Impetu. The Kafirs made little or no resistance, and after a week's desultory fighting and skirmishing, were completely driven out of the valley.

Between five and six thousand head of cattle and sheep were captured on the Komgha side by Colonel Lambert's column, after being driven out of the bush by Maclean's Fingoes. The guns and rockets did great service, and no doubt largely contributed to the success of the expedition.

Let me here make one or two remarks about captured cattle, which proved a source of great grumbling and discontent among the police. During the Gcaleka and Gaika wars, not less than 15,000 head of cattle and at least 20,000 sheep had been captured in various fights, in which the police had taken an active part. In most cases, in fact, the capture was due to this force alone. What became of these cattle no one was permitted to know. All were sent to Ibeka, and there herded and looked after by a party of

Fingoes and white men, told off for this express purpose. Taking the value of the cattle at £3 per head, the whole number captured would represent a sum of about £45,000. If the sheep be computed at the low price of four shillings a piece, making £4,000, we have a grand total of about £49,000, and certainly this would be a low estimate; but I have put it low purposely, to allow for thefts, and deaths from various causes. Now the entire force of police employed in the warfare which I have detailed amounted to about 600 men, and they were fairly entitled to a third of the whole amount of £49,000. A third of this sum would be £16,333, which divided equally amongst the 600 men, should have given each of us about £27. The reader may be inquisitive enough to ask how much the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police actually received? At the end of nine months, when the whole country had been quiet for some time, and we were settled in our new stations in the Transkei, the magnificent sum of £1 8s. 4d. was handed to each of us, as his share of prize money. As a mounted force we had been mainly instrumental in capturing and driving these cattle and sheep, and this was our reward. Can it be wondered that great discontent prevailed? The authorities must have known that some persons had made a grand thing out of this. As the sum only of £800 was in all paid to the police, the revelation would be interesting into whose pockets went the remainder, say £15,533.

A famine had now come upon the Kafirs. Hundreds of them were daily giving themselves up, and surrendering their arms to obtain food and get fat; and having accomplished these aims, they immediately rejoined their friends. No precautions were taken to detain them; no work was laid on them. They came in, said they were sorry, were forgiven, and allowed to follow their own devices. The major part of them, when refreshed and fattened up, rejoined the various chiefs to whom they belonged. This was afterwards demonstrated by numbers of the killed being found with "passes" on them from magistrates and other people authorized to give them.

A pass is a certificate that the native bearing this document is loyal, and is permitted to pass from one part of the Colony to the other.

Towards the end of January the Gaikas and Gealekas, under Kiva, Sigow, and McKinnon, were again gathering in the valley of the Kei, at the foot of the Tala ridge.

From information brought in by spies and others, it was known that they contemplated an attack upon some place or other, but the exact place could not then be indicated with any certainty. But as they were all getting very short of ammunition, it was supposed they would attack Ibeka, or Quintana, twenty-two miles distant from Ibeka. At both these places large quantities of ammunition and stores had been collected, the obtaining of which by the enemy would have been a grand stroke of good fortune for them, and a very serious loss to us. The ammunition and provisions accumulated at these places represented the entire stores available in the Transkei.

A strong detachment of police and two 7-pounders were sent on to Leslie's mission station, which lies about halfway between Ibeka and Quintana. This detachment was under the command of Captain Robinson, and was intended as a reserve, so that whichever of the two places the Kafirs attacked, he could quickly move to its assistance.

At Ibeka two troops of police, with some companies of the 24th Regiment, and a party of Puleine's Rangers, were stationed, with twenty-five men of Carrington's Light Horse. This force was strengthened with a 7-pounder of the Police Artillery, and a detachment of Royal Artillery with two 7-pounders, and of the Naval Brigade with two Armstrong guns.

The ground round Ibeka had been at various times strongly entrenched, and there was no fear of the Kafirs successfully attacking this place. At Quintana a deep trench had been dug round the crown of a hill with outlying rifle-pits and shelter trenches. The trench round the hill was about 400 yards long, and 300 yards broad. Inside this the tents were pitched, with the stores and ammunition piled in the centre.

The force stationed at Quintana consisted of three companies of the 24th, fifty men of Carrington's Light Horse, twenty-five men of Naval Brigade, with a 24-pounder rocket tube, one troop of police of sixty men, 9-pounder Police Artillery and eleven men, gun detachment; one 7-pounder Cape Town Artillery and nine men, gun detach-

ment, with 200 Fingoes under Allan Maclean. Captain Upcher of the 24th was in command of the entire force.

We were not left long in suspense. Scouts from the enemy were seen on the surrounding hills about Quintana, and at last, through our spies, it was ascertained beyond doubt that the Kafirs intended to attack this point.

Another police troop was despatched from Ibeka to Leslie's mission station, together with a company of Pulleine's Rangers.

I will now describe the place the Kaffirs were about to attack. The camp stood on a hill, three sides of which sloped down to the north-west and south, the fourth, or east side, was flat, the road from Ibeka leading into it. On the north side was a hill and a deep gully about half a mile off, and in the bottom of this again was a small stream. To the left and in a south-westerly direction was a level ground of about a mile in length, and then another hill, dotted about with thorn trees common to the country. In front or to the west was more level ground, interspersed with trees and shrubs; the ground generally was rugged and uneven, affording excellent cover for the enemy.

At daylight on the 7th of February, 1878, many of the enemy's scouts were again seen on the hills in front of us; the camp was called, all the tents struck, and the force stationed as follows; the 9-pounder was placed at the N.-W. corner of the trench, the 7-pounder at the S.-W., with the 24-pounder rocket tube in the middle; Carrington's Horse on the right front; Fingoes on the left front; the 24th lined the trench immediately fronting the enemy, and the police were stationed on the east side, in case of the enemy trying to outflank us.

A heavy, drenching rain now came on, and speedily wetted every one through. About six o'clock in the morning the Light Horse, under Captain Carrington, with a few police and a company of the 24th, were sent out to try and draw the enemy on; this they did most successfully. On the Kaffirs came, some in columns and some skirmishing; the Light Horse and party retired into the camp as directed, where the remainder of our men had been kept out of sight in the trenches. The Kaffirs, evidently supposing that the party they had seen skirmishing was the entire force, advanced at a rapid pace across the veldt,

charging directly for our camp. We computed the number to be about 4,000.

When the enemy had reached within 500 yards our men quietly put their heads up out of the trenches, and commenced a heavy fire at the astonished Kaffirs, the big guns and the rocket tube at the same time opening fire. They stood this for about twenty minutes. They had tolerably good shelter, and a heavy mist was coming on, sometimes completely obscuring them from us; but after the expiration of about half-an-hour the fog fortunately lifted, and we discovered that they had crept within 150 yards of the trenches. A few rounds of case-shot, and some volleys from the Martini-Henrys, and they turned and fled, the Fingoes and Carrington's Horse after them, Carrington leading the way with a revolver and a stick, about 200 yards ahead of every one else; these weapons he evidently considered good enough for chasing niggers with.

The police were also ordered to proceed with the rest; but owing to the obtuseness of their commanding officer, did not get away until too late to be of use. Captain Robinson's column came up when the enemy were in full retreat, and joined the pursuit. The nine-pounder also followed the flying enemy, getting some good shots at them. Round the camp the dead and dying were lying, the latter being speedily finished off by the Fingoes, after the custom of native warfare in Africa.

The casualties on our side amounted to three Fingoes killed, four wounded, two of Carrington's Horse wounded and their horses shot, and one policeman wounded. The loss to the enemy was about 300. For some days after this battle we had heavy burying fatigues.

This was the conclusion of the Gcaleka and Gaika wars. These tribes never attempted to attack any place again, or showed in the open in any large number. Very considerable parties of them took to the Amatola Bush, and in that place and the Water Kloof gave the Imperial forces much trouble in subduing them.

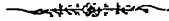
Shortly after this battle all the Imperial forces were withdrawn from the Transkei and the police were kept on a succession of patrols all over Gcalekaland, the entire force being distributed throughout Kreli's country.

The Gcalekas were this time thoroughly broken up, and

after having been driven three times out of their country, became totally disorganized and distributed amongst other tribes, principally uniting with the Pondoos and Pandomise.

A thousand pounds sterling was offered for Kreli, dead or alive ; but he was never captured, though he had several narrow escapes.

The Government subsequently withdrew the reward, and this once powerful chief became a wanderer from tribe to tribe, till he surrendered himself as already stated.*



*In one of the engagements at Quintana Private Seavers, a fine stalwart man (88 b) anxious to distinguish himself, bounded forward amongst the skirmishers, in order to get a good shot at the foe. He received a ball in the mouth, which went out under the eye : the Kafirs ran forward to assegai him, but Major Owen pistolled several of them, and with the aid of Private Prendjast, conveyed the wounded man to a place of safety.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MOROSI AFFAIR, 1879.

IN the south-west corner of Basutoland dwelt a Basuto chieftain named Morosi. His tribes are called Baphutis. He had several sons, one of whom was named Dodo. Morosi's strip of country had been given him by Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos, some years previously, in return for services rendered during several wars with neighbouring tribes, and more particularly during the comparatively recent war with the Orange Free State.

Old Morosi had been a famous general in days gone by. He had commanded an army which had been mainly instrumental in defeating Sir George Cathcart, when he attacked the Basutos in 1852. Here he was reaping the reward of his service, living on this strip of land, when he was brought into trouble through his sons—trouble which terminated in the death of himself and the greater part of his tribe, and the scattering of all who were left. At the beginning of the year, in common with the Basutos, of whom he and his people formed a part, he was under the protection of the Cap. Government. The resident magistrate with Morosi, a Mr. Austin,* lived at a place called Silver Spruit. One of Mr. Austin's duties was to collect hut-tax from these people at various times. He had no white force nearer than Palmietfontein, twenty-five miles distant, where a troop of C.M.R. were stationed. About a dozen black policemen were at his disposal at his residence.

For a long time Dodo had been stirring up the Baphutis to refuse to pay these hut-taxes, which, when the country had been taken over by the Government, these natives, through their chiefs, had agreed to pay.

This disagreement, which had been going on for some time, at last culminated in a flat refusal to pay any sum to the collector. Mr. Austin had no alternative but to summon the offenders, and having duly warned them, he committed them to prison until the tax was paid.

* Since killed during the Basuto war.

Dodo, who was present when the committal of these men took place, threatened Mr. Austin with personal violence, and declared he would release the prisoners. An attempt was made to arrest him, but without success. He was the son of a great chief, and I have no doubt the black policemen felt compunction in doing their duty as they ought to have done, more particularly being Baphutis themselves. Mr. Austin duly reported this state of things to the Cape Government, and requested that some force might be sent to support his authority. Fifty men of the C.M.R. were accordingly moved up to a place called Stork Spruit; but whilst on the march, before they had time to arrive, Dodo and a strong party of Baphutis broke open the gaol and released the prisoners. Mr. Austin pluckily stuck to his post, sent to Morosi to deliver up Dodo and the remainder of the ring-leaders, and at last went personally to Morosi, and represented to him to what consequences a refusal to do this would certainly lead. Either Morosi could not or would not make them surrender; but, any way, he did not exert himself in the matter, or render any information or help to the Government.

Mr. Austin, whose life was in considerable danger, retired to Stork Spruit, and the Baphutis immediately wrecked the residency and buildings.

No. 4 troop were marched into Morosi's country and had a brush with the rebels, losing three men and killing a few of the natives.

Morosi first of all took possession of a mountain close to Stork Spruit, and here for several days defied all attempts to dispossess him or disperse his people. The whole of the Baphutis probably numbered no more than 1,500 men, with the usual quantity of women and children. The Cape Government still wanted to give him a chance, and offered to let him go back to his own country with his people, if he would deliver up Dodo and the remainder of the men who had broken into the gaol. Morosi requested to be allowed a week for consideration; during the interval he gradually removed the whole of his tribe, with their cattle and horses, to another mountain, some twenty miles distant, from which he never came down alive. So artfully was this done, that no one knew anything about it until the time arrived for his answer, when it was

discovered that only a few women remained behind. These, of course, knew nothing, or if they did, would tell nothing. They were released a few hours afterwards, and probably rejoined their friends, rejoicing at their easy escape. The Cape Government were now involved in what promised to be a very nice little war. The country was extremely difficult of access. There were literally no roads, grass was scarce, and the mountain on which Morosi had taken refuge was known to be in a very strong natural position, which had been strengthened by well-built fortifications. For the last ten years Morosi had made the fortification of this place his hobby. He had been crazy on the subject of having a fortified mountain. He had spent his energy, and ten good years of life, on this work, and certainly he had succeeded in making the place almost impregnable. He had plenty of ammunition, food, and cattle on the top of the mountain, with several houses and huts, and he was well able to resist a long siege, and he knew it as well as any one. I will here briefly describe this mountain, which was to cost much to the Colony in life and money before it was finally taken.

Morosi's mountain stands at an elbow of the Orange River. On three sides it is perfectly perpendicular. The fourth side is a slope of about a mile, and subtending an angle of about thirty degrees. This slope was protected with a series of schanzes or walls, about eight to twelve feet high, loopholed for rifles and guns, and very strongly built. Artillery against the walls was utterly useless; the shell might knock a stone or two away, but nothing approaching a gap would be produced. About nine of these walls were placed at different intervals up this slope. The walls were built right across, and if you got over one, it was only to be stopped by another just in front of you, and so on right up to the top. The top of this mountain was about a mile long and about half a mile broad, and was also completely schanzed in every direction. Cross-schanzes were built in between those running across, so that wherever you went, or wherever you tried to get over one of these walls, you were met by cross-firing in three or four directions.

Such is a very rough-and-ready description of a place which somehow or other we had to take. I

have described it as it was after we had captured it. Before it was taken, it was certain death to go within 500 yards of the first schanze. The Baphutis are splendid shots, and they kept all their fortifications constantly manned. About 1200 yards from the first schanze, and running at right angles to it, towards the east, was a narrow neck of stone terminating in a small hill, which was called by us the Saddle; the whole length of this neck and hill was about 700 yards. On the north side of this the Orange River turned sharp round past the larger mountain, and flowed towards the N.-E., being joined some few hundred yards farther away by a tributary stream named the Quithing. On the Quithing side was a large fissure in the perpendicular rock, called afterwards Bourne's Crack. There were in this crack huge natural steps, about twenty or thirty feet apart, surmounted at the top by a large overhanging rock.

Across the fissure I have described at the top was a distance of about six feet, and from the summit of the overhanging rock to what I may call the first step was about twenty feet. From the top to the bottom of this precipice was a distance of about seventy feet.

It is necessary to trouble the reader with these minute details, for it was up this last place the mountain was eventually taken. When Morosi had first placed himself in this stronghold, three troops of the C.M.R. had been sent up, and an attempt was made to surround the mountain, and as far as possible prevent any communication between Morosi and the outside world. These three troops of C.M.R. mustered no more than 250 men, and were utterly inadequate to cover the ground which had to be secured to effectually prevent any communication. The Cape Government had just formed three Colonial Regiments of a force entitled Yeomanry. The enrolment of this corps had been the subject of much adverse criticism, and the Premier, to show what they were made of, called the greater part of them out, and ordered them up to Morosi's Mountain. He belauded these men to the skies on their departure from their various head-quarters, making some very unjust and disparaging remarks about the C.M.R., which corps at the time in question, under the new formation and discipline,

had only been in existence a little over six months. The Yeomanry were to take this mountain out of hand, and for all the good the C.M.R. were they might just as well be away. The Premier had not, however, the same opinion of the Artillery, for he ordered up the whole troop with three guns, purchased a 12-pounder Whitworth, a steel rifled gun, from the Orange Free State, with plenty of ammunition for it, and did not call out any of the first Volunteer Artillery.

The organized attack took place in May, when the whole force, under one of the colonels of these redoubtable yeomanry regiments, assaulted the mountain, and were thoroughly beaten off by the Baphutis, losing over twenty men killed and wounded in the attack. The attacking party never got within 100 yards of the first schanze; and the loss to the enemy afterwards turned out to be nil. The yeomanry individually were good men, but they were not organized, and were much worse in point of discipline than the old F. A. M. Police in its worst days. They were also, with few exceptions, badly led.

The next attack was to take place in July, the troops in the meantime being reinforced by burghers, a contingent of Hottentots, and another troop of C.M.R. The day before the attack a sergeant of Artillery* and seven men volunteered to creep up at night and throw in shell with lighted fuzes over the schanzes to drive the enemy's sharpshooters out, and enable the storming-party to get over the schanzes. They were to creep up at night, and then lie under the schanzes until the storming party was ready to advance. They all succeeded in getting up safely, and lay down right underneath the wall, waiting for daylight. The attack this time was to be made under the direction of the gallant Griffiths, our late commandant, and now Commandant-General, and he made as great a mess of this as he had of our movements in the Gcaleka war. He was ably assisted in this mess-making by the greater part of the yeomanry and burghers.†

* Sergeant Scott.

† I do not know what the worthy Col. Griffiths and my Cape Volunteer friends will have to say to this account. But it was the only detailed one I could commend. It is valuable also, being as it is, by an eye witness as well as a combatant.

The C.M.R. were to advance, and the burghers and yeomanry to support them ; in the meantime, the schanzes were to be cleared by the shell party lying underneath. The advance was sounded, Sergeant Scott and his party threw two shells over the schanze, the third burst in his hand, shattering it and severely wounding him and three others of the party. The C.M.R. charged and got possession of the first schanze, shooting a few of the enemy ; but with the exception of a few of the yeomanry and burghers, who gallantly supported them, the rest of these boasted corps could not be induced to advance up the hill. One of the colonels I saw in a hole under a stone shouting to his men to go on, but not venturing his own valuable person out of cover. This was the same gentleman who had, some two years before, accused the police of running away at Guadana. I hope if he ever reads these pages he will be pleased with the notice I have taken of him.

The grand result of this ill-judged and mismanaged attack was our most ignominious defeat.

We lost heavily in killed and wounded. Captain Surmon of the C.M.R. was shot through the lungs, and about thirty-four were killed and wounded on our side, with an insignificant loss to the enemy. Such was the result of the day's proceedings.

Sergeant Scott had his hand amputated. I am glad to say he has since been promoted and received the V. C. ; but he was for a long time dangerously ill from his wounds.

Winter was now coming on ; it was bitterly cold, with hard frosts at night. The Baphntis, finding they had beaten us off, used to make frequent sorties against the camp ; but our camp was too well guarded for them to surprise us. One of the yeomanry camps, however, at the junction of the Quithing and Orange Rivers, was surprised one night, and seventeen men killed on the spot. After this episode we had no more surprises in the camp.

A party of our men went up one night to reconnoitre the schanzes, were surprised, and one of them wounded and taken prisoner. The next morning his head appeared on a pole shown over the schanze on the top of the mountain ; his body was flung over a few hours afterwards, which we recovered and buried. Let us hope, poor

fellow, his tortures were but brief ; but we remembered this against the Baphutis when we afterwards took the mountain.

Our horses were now daily dying, and the whole force getting sick. It was with great difficulty that provisions had been supplied us ; but up to this date the commissariat arrangements had been good. The supply of forage for the horses now failed, and there being little or no grass, the poor beasts, between hunger and cold, rapidly died off. The authorities at last determined to wait till the weather was a little warmer, and also to try and starve the enemy out by surrounding the mountain. They of course did not know of the stores of food on the top, and the means by which the enemy were almost daily supplied, and which was not found out until after the mountain was captured.

The best part of the force now assembled was ordered away, leaving just sufficient to surround the mountain. These consisted of an equal number of C.M.R., yeomanry, and burghers, with a few native levies, principally Fingoes. The Artillery were ordered to Ibeka to refit, leaving two guns and detachments, with an officer in charge. The remainder of us marched to Ibeka on foot in twenty-three days, heartily glad of a rest and change, which, however, was not to be of long duration.



CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPTURE OF MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.

THE beginning of October again found us on the way to Morosi's mountain. Since our return to Ibeka the guns and carriages had been refitted, and all had been provided with fresh horses and equipments.

Our road lay through Fingoland, and until we arrived at Queen's Town, was of a most uninteresting description. Seven days after leaving Ibeka we reached Queen's Town, a pretty and prospering town on the north border of Fingoland, in the district bearing the same name. Queen's Town was originally built in the form of a hexagon; but houses have been erected all round the first buildings, and it has now the same appearance as any other town. A railway runs from King William's Town, and there are several good hotels. Queen's Town is perhaps the most English town in the Colony. The inhabitants have a thorough love and respect for the mother country and its institutions. The railway is being extended to Aliwal and the Diamond Fields, and there is no doubt that in a few years Queen's Town will become a much more flourishing place than it even now is. We stopped here one day, and then proceeded on our route, passing through a flat country totally devoid of interest, perfectly innocent of all trees, and with water only at intervals of from seven to ten miles.

In due time we reached Palmietfontein, a station of the C. M. R. This station is built, like many others, in the form of a square, with houses and stables. Nearly the whole troop of C.M.R. were absent, only a few being left to look after the station.

Palmietfontein is distant thirty-five miles from Morosi's mountain, and is close to the Orange River. After a day's rest we again marched on, passing between high hills and mountains and fording several small streams, reaching Stork Spruit at night, which consists of a few houses and flour mills. At daylight we reached Silver Spruit, the

residence of Mr. Austin, the magistrate. The place is pretty, lying at the foot of a mountain. The house and adjacent buildings were entirely wrecked, as I have mentioned, and the scene looked very desolate. After stopping here for four hours, we again proceeded on our weary way till we reached a place called Thomas's Shop, so named after a store kept by a man of that name. A strong detachment of C.M.R. was stationed here.

At this station was the hospital for the force in the field at Morosi's mountain. It was fortified with a high stone wall running all round. The buildings were large and commodious, and an experienced medical man and his wife were in charge. Thomas's Shop is about fifteen miles distant from Morosi's mountain, the road to which place had been entirely made since the commencement of hostilities. It is a tolerably good one, cut out of the side of the hills, but difficult and dangerous to drive in consequence of the sharp turns. In some places there are precipices of 500 feet, over which you would fall sheer into the Orange River should you unluckily get off the road. We did not meet with any mishaps, though we travelled at night; and early at daylight we reached our destination.

The mountain looked blacker than ever, the schanzes were increased both in height and number; in fact, the more we looked at it the less we liked it. We found here about 300 C.M.R., with some yeomanry and burghers; our detachment brought the entire force of the C.M.R. up to 350 men, with four guns.

The next day Colonel Bayly arrived to take command, and a few days afterwards the yeomanry, volunteers, burghers, and native levies left for their homes.

This withdrawal of the troops took place on the representation of Colonel Bayley, who declared he would take the mountain with his own regiment, if the Cape Government would let him have the direction of affairs and his own men, unimpeded by others. In this the Government wisely acquiesced, and happily he got rid of the irregulars.

We cheered them out of camp as they went away. We felt sorry they were not permitted to participate in the approaching attack, for the men themselves had stuck to their work bravely, and it was not their individual fault that their efforts had been so completely unsuccessful.

After their departure the C.M.R. were formed into one camp on the west side of the mountain, that is, the side-facing the slope. A strong stone wall was built round the camp, and immediately below the camp, in a small valley, where the horses were kept. We had plenty of food both for ourselves and horses, the commissariat arrangements being now most excellent. The guns were placed in position about 1,000 yards from the first schanze, and were daily used whenever a native ventured to show his head. A picket was kept up day and night on the saddle, at a place about 300 yards from the schanze, and a lively fusillade used to go on day and night between the besiegers and the besieged, without much damage being done on either side. We let the enemy know we were alive to do their designs, and we thus prevented them from descending the mountain to attack the camp.

This picket was changed every twelve hours, and we found it to be most exciting work. The relieving party had to pass within 350 and 400 yards of the first schanze to reach the Saddle. The enemy were continually on the look-out for us, and peppered away as the men passed, which of course they did at a run. The whole camp used to turn out to watch the relief, and we used to unmercifully chaff our comrades who were about to be shot at. The men got so used to this daily one-sided shooting match, that they took it quite as a matter of course. Our chaff evidently acted as an antidote to the enemy's guns, for not one was on any of these occasions wounded, though the escapes were narrow as well as numerous.

We tried all manner of devices to induce the enemy to attack the camp; but old Morosi was far too cunning to let his men venture into the open. He knew his vantage-ground, and he stuck to it.

We next tried shelling the mountain with the big guns, but without any visible effect. At night time we used to send up a star shell, which illuminated the whole mountain for half a minute or so. We did this to enable us to get aim with the guns during the duration of the light, and then we fired several rounds in succession. But all this was simply wasting ammunition; and so the Colonel appeared to think, for it was soon discontinued.

All we now did was to reconnoitre at night in small

parties to find a place suitable for an escalade. It was no secret that this was the plan the Colonel and officers had determined to adopt ; but the day and time appointed were kept a profound secret. A mortar had been sent for from King William's Town ; and scaling-ladders were, we knew, in course of construction at Aliwal.

At last the mortar arrived with ammunition and equipments. As this mortar helped to a very considerable extent in the taking of the mountain, I will give an account of the difficulties we had to contend with, to make it serviceable and of any use at all. To begin with, it was a service five and a half inch brass mortar, throwing a sixteen pound shell, bursting in the ordinary manner. The mortar was of a very old pattern, and had, I believe, done service at Cape Town, outside the Museum with its brother for many years past. It bore the inscription of "George Rex, 1802" on the outside ; this will give the reader some idea of the antiquity and value of this remarkable piece of ordnance sent up to us by our old friends, the Cape Town authorities. The fuzes which accompanied it had been in store for years, and we thought it advisable to try a few before using them. They were twenty-second fuzes. We tried three, and I will detail the interesting results we obtained. Bear in mind they were supposed to burn twenty seconds : No. 1 burnt four seconds, then went off with a shoot ; No. 2 would not be persuaded to burn at all ; No. 3 burnt five seconds, and then blew out the whole of the composition. We sat down and calmly, or otherwise, consigned the Colonial ordnance to sundry unmentionable places.

The result of using these fuzes would probably have been the injury or destruction of the entire mortar squad.

We were in a fix. A mortar, plenty of shell and powder, but no fuzes. After some consideration and more experiments, we finally, with infinite trouble, transformed a quantity of 7-pounder R. M. L. fuzes into mortar fuzes, and these we used with perfect success.

A day or so was spent in putting iron bands round the "bed" or carriage of the mortar, and one afternoon we carried this novel piece of ordnance to within 600 yards of the first schanzas, and commenced a few experimental shots. With these shots we managed to blow a small gap

in one of the schanzes, when the natives opened such a heavy fire on us that we were obliged to leave the mortar and take shelter behind some stones, until the guns cleared the schanzes, when we retired with the mortar into camp.

I had had some experience with mortars, so this was given into my charge, and I was told to pick a squad of six men to work it, which I soon did. Of course I was careful to select well-trained artillerymen from my own troop.

We had to fire this mortar from a distance of 600 yards from the centre schanze of the mountain, and it soon became apparent that, if we did not wish to lose some of our number, a bastion or some protection must be built for the men who were working the mortar. Volunteers were called for, to build. There was no difficulty; forty men at once came forward, and each picking up a big stone at about 800 yards, ran with it to the point determined on for the bastion and deposited it. A sufficient quantity of material being thus collected, we advanced to build. Here the cunning and skill of Morosi significantly displayed itself. Whilst we had been collecting the stones not a shot had been fired by his side, as we were scattered; but directly we were, so to speak, massed, the natives commenced firing at us, volley upon volley. We cheered and piled up the stones, as hard and as quickly as we could, knowing full well the higher we got with the wall the more cover we should enjoy. We were without arms of any description, and within 500 yards of the first schanze, when I suppose it suddenly occurred to them for what purpose we were building. Their firing suddenly ceased, and numbers of the enemy appeared on the schanzes, as if they intended charging.

But Colonel Bayley had anticipated this, and had pointed the big guns ready for them; with these he soon drove them back. In the interval we had built a bastion twenty feet long, in the form of a semicircle, eight feet high; and to the right of it, about twelve yards distant, the walls of a three-sided house to serve as a powder magazine. We covered this at the top with hides, and over the wall of the bastion a number of hides we hung to prevent the concussion of the mortar knocking the stones down.

At dark that night we brought the mortar up into position, and at daylight astonished the enemy by throwing shell all over the mountain, making several small breaches in the schanzes. In fact, to our great joy, and not a little to our surprise, the mortar was a grand success.

For the information of any reader who does not know the difference between the results produced by a projectile fired from a rifled gun, and those of a smooth-bored mortar a few remarks may not be amiss. The initiated must pardon me making what to them will be a digression.

A rifled projectile makes a low trajectory, and consequently loses very little power in traversing the distance it has to go. The shell or shot can only take effect on the side of a schanze facing the direction from which the projectile has been fired.

Now, with the mortar the trajectory is high, and the object is to fire the shell so that it will rise a sufficient height and distance only in the air, that by its semi-circular course it may be carried over and inside the schanzes. The distinction is illustrated well by a cricket ball, which in one case may be thrown against a wall, while on the other it may be "lobbed" over it.

Now, our desire was to throw the shells immediately over the schanzes, when they would roll down the hill to the men inside, and burst amongst them; and in doing this we made very good practice, which proved most successful.

My mortar squad lived with me in this bastion day and night for five days, and fired at intervals, whenever any of the natives showed themselves. At night we posted a sufficient guard at the bastion in case of attack. But no assault on the bastion was attempted. At night careful surveys had been made of the mountain, and we all knew that we were on the eve of an attack.

The Sunday before the final assault the Bishop of Bloemfontein and two clergymen arrived, and held services in the camp. They were all three Englishmen, and were much appreciated. They went round the camp conversing with the men, and we all thought too much praise could not be given to these gentlemen, thus voluntarily leaving their comfortable homes to come and rough it with us for several days as they did, actuated only by the best and kindest of motives—for our encouragement and spiritual

welfare. Two days before the attack the Bishop and his chaplain left ; but the third clergyman, a Mr. Russell, remained, and went up the mountain with the storming-party to see if he could be of any assistance to the wounded. These kind of men do credit to their country and their cloth, and it is a pity there are not more of the same sort in South Africa.

The scaling-ladders now arrived from Aliwal ; they were all too weak, and some too short, while many of them broke with four men on them. They were in thirty feet lengths, well designed, but badly made and put together. We remedied the want of strength by tying two ladders together and strapping them with iron bands.

The day before the attack we amused ourselves with some athletic sports, and in the evening the orders were issued for a general attack the next evening. A reward of £200 was offered for Morosi, alive or dead ; the same sum for Dodo ; and £25 for the first man on the mountain, with promotion, whether officer or man.

It was characteristic of Colonel Bayley that his order began "Morosi's mountain will be taken to-night by the C.M.R.," &c. Then followed the list of rewards and the disposition of the various troops.

The attack was to take place at the dip of the moon, which was near midnight, about half-past twelve. Parties of six natives were told off to carry the scaling-ladders, of which there were twenty. The men were to dress as they liked, and to arm themselves in any way they fancied ; but all, without exception, were to carry their carbines and revolvers. These orders, with a few more details respecting the time the mortar and big guns were to begin and cease firing, constituted the instructions under which we were to proceed to attack this redoubtable stronghold.

For four days and nights previous to the attack the mortar had been constantly fired, at intervals of ten minutes at night time and varied intervals in the day, generally leaving off for about four hours to enable the mortar squad to obtain a little rest. The mortar was worked by the same squad all through this time, and we were beginning to be thoroughly knocked up. The guns were to fire at intervals during the day preceding the attack, and both guns and mortar were to cease firing at

twelve at night. The attempt to get on the mountain was to be made by scaling-ladders up the fissure called Bourne's Crack, which I have described; and the krantz immediately surrounding it. Then officers were told off to lead the storming-parties at these several points. During the day previous to the attack twenty-five men of a force called the Woodhouse Border-guard, under Lieutenant Mullenbeck, and fifty Fingoes under Captain Hook, the magistrate at Herschel, and Allan Maclean, arrived. The whole force to attack the mountain numbered between 350 and 400 white men, and about 100 natives.

As the day wore on the guns and mortar continued to fire at intervals, as ordered, and our men were lying about on the ground in all directions.

The camp presented a strange spectacle : some laughing and talking, others playing cards, others writing letters, but underlying all this apparent indifference to the future, an acute observer could note that much of the merriment was forced, and that nearly all were anxious as to the result of the game to be played that night.

The force which was prepared to attack this evening was less than half in number to that which had previously tried and twice been beaten back, with heavy loss each time. No wonder there were many anxious faces, thinking probably more than they had ever yet thought in their lives.

At sunset the picket on the Saddle were relieved by Lieutenant Mullenbeck and his men. Their orders were to hold the Saddle, and try to get into the schanzes as soon as the attack began—a bold and perilous undertaking. At 11 p.m. all the tents in camp were struck, and the men fell in noiselessly and in silence ; and with a hearty "good luck" from the artillery men at the guns, they started on their way to the foot of the mountain, some 1500 yards distant.

Whilst this storming-party was marching to the point of attack, a strong breastwork was built on one corner of the camp, constructed with casks and bags of mealies. This was a precaution in case of a repulse, to afford a place of shelter to which the men might retreat. An additional reason for this arose out of a report by some Fingoes, that a party of about 200 Tambookies, who had

come in during the evening, were going to attack the camp directly the storming detachment left it.

Though these Tambookies were nominally friendly to the Cape Government, and had professedly come in to assist yet, as their home is on the borders of Basutoland, it was highly probable that, in the event of the storming-party meeting with a repulse, they would act as reported. Had they so done, they would have met with a very agreeable reception.

The signal to the storming-party to proceed was to be the firing of three rockets in quick succession. The storming-parties were then to go forward as arranged; and these Tambookies were ordered to ascend a gully to the left of the slope and facing the camp, when the guns and mortars had ceased firing, and the mortar detachment was to join the storming-party. From this part of the arrangement there was obliged to be a deviation, for the bed of the mortar had been getting shaky all day, and at 10.30 that night finally collapsed, rendering the mortar useless. It had done, however, good service, and had fired 367 rounds of shell on the mountain during the four days and nights it had been kept at work.

The rockets went up, and the storming-party placed their ladders and commenced climbing up. Lieutenant Springer of No. 3 troop planted his ladder to the right of Bourne's Crack, and with his men climbed up. When near the top a native put his head over the krantz and said to him in Dutch, "Don't come up here, or I'll shoot you." "Shoot away," said Springer; and the native, looking over, exposed too much of his body, and was shot by Springer himself, the bullet from the native grazing the lieutenant's shoulder and going through his shirt.

These shots aroused the whole mountain; but our men were now fast getting up the ladders, and as it happened, the enemy were all in the schanzes, expecting we should attack the same way as hitherto. There were only thirty of the enemy on this side, and they were speedily shot down. Five minutes after the ladders had been planted 200 men were on the mountain, and helping the remainder up. Mullenbeck, in the meantime, from the Saddle had fought his way up with his men, and had reached the fourth schanze, after shooting down the enemy in the

previous schanzes, through which and over which we had come.

The Fingoes had also reached the top of the gully, headed by Allan Maclean.

The Tambookies had refused to go on, and Captain Hook had marched them back, and they were disarmed by the artillery and made prisoners.

Let me now return to the storming-party. A few minutes after the first 200 hundred men were up, the remainder had all been pulled up somehow or other. Nearly all the ladders had broken, owing to the excitement of the men who had crowded on them.

Nearly all the enemy had by this time come over from the schanzes and the opposite side of the mountain to resist the storming-party. Forming in line, and cheering heartily, the C. M. R. charged across the flat top of the mountain, driving the enemy in front of them. For a few brief minutes it was hand to hand, and then the natives were cut down and shot where they stood, those that escaped only to be driven over the perpendicular sides of the mountain and smashed to pieces in their fall. The C. M. R. were now divided into three parties, and commenced scouring out all the nooks and crannies for Morosi and Dodo.

Small parties of Baphutis were found hidden in various caves, and were immediately brought out and shot; and at last, after several attempts to get inside a cave where Morosi was found to be, he was shot, but Dodo could nowhere be discovered.

At five o'clock a.m., just as the sun was rising, the Union Jack was hoisted on the top of the highest point of the mountain, and in half-an-hour afterwards Morosi's head was placed on a staff in the centre of our camp, a ghastly warning to all rebels.

Morosi, the old chief, was shot by a private in the C.M.R. named Whitehead, who had a narrow escape, the bullet Morosi fired at him going straight through the peak and crown of his cap. Whitehead did not know he had shot Morosi, and when the body was brought down by one of the Woodhouse Border Guard, he of course received the reward, which was rather hard on Whitehead.

Our loss in this action was two men severely wounded,