

to the front. Yet still the honoured dead slept in silence. Only the grasses that waved round them in the autumn breeze murmured to them of their coming resurrection ; only the stars that looked down on them, when the night wind even had ceased, and the hills loomed black and silent in the morning hours, bade them be patient and wait. There were many and varied fates entwined in that quiet group : there was the trained officer, there was the private soldier, there was the man who had come to find employment in a colonial service, there were the lads from the colony itself ; all these were there, waiting till the moment should come when their heroism should be recognised, when the vague slanders of interest or of cowardice should be dispelled, and the wreath of undying fame hung round each name in the historic temple. And the moment, long waited for—long promised, as it might almost seem, by the beneficent hand of Nature herself, who held firmly to some unmistakable tokens of recognition—the moment at last arrived. There could be no mistake about it. These lying here were those who had often been called by name by those who found them. If one means of recognition was absent, another took its place. If the features were past identification, there was the letter from a sister, the ornament so well known to companions, the marks of rank, the insignia of office. Ghastly tokens, it will be said, making up the foreground of a ghastly scene. Yes, ghastly tokens, but glorious tokens also—tokens enabling many a family to name those that died with a regret no longer mingled with doubt or with pain ; tokens that will long be cherished, and which will be shown to children as preserving the memory of lives that are to be imitated. A black cloud has, by these revelations, been lifted from the rocks of Isandhlwana, and many whom we deemed dead are living again—living as examples, never to be defaced, of the honour which tradition has so fondly attached to a British soldier's name."

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

EARLY in April the South African community was greatly impressed and interested by the arrival of the young Prince Imperial, who came out to Natal to take his share in the fortunes of war, and to see something of active service against the Zulus. The colonists were not a little gratified by the fact of this young hope of an illustrious house having come to fight for and with them against their dreaded foes; yet amongst them all there was hardly one, great or small, gentle or simple, whose second thought was not one of sincere regret that he, who, besides being of such importance in the future of Europe, was also his widowed mother's only son and sole comfort, should be allowed to risk his life in a savage warfare. Many a thought of kindly sympathy was directed from Natal towards that royal mother for whom English men and women have always had so sincere a feeling, whether in prosperity or adversity; and many a warm-hearted woman's eyes filled with tears at the sight of the gallant youth, and at the very thought of what his loss would be to her who remained to pray for him at home, the home which she had found amongst our countrymen in England. On every side anxious hopes were expressed that the Prince would be carefully guarded from danger, and not allowed needlessly to throw away his precious young life; all these hopes and anxieties were redoubled when he arrived, and, by his winning ways and gallant bearing, won the hearts of all

who came in contact with him. Had Natal been asked, he would have been sent straight home again instead of across the borders, and yet it would have been hard to resist and thwart the eager wish to be of use, to work and to see service, which characterised him throughout his short campaign, and which, combined with gentleness and humanity as it was, proved him to be a true soldier to the heart's core.

Since he had come to Natal, he could not, of course, be kept away from the front, and the day he left Maritzburg good wishes from all classes attended him along the road. It was thought, indeed, that in all human probability he was safe, except in the event of some such battle as would make the chances equal for all, from general to drummer-boy. "At all events," it was said, "Lord Chelmsford will keep him by his side." Others, again, opined that the General would find it no easy task to restrain the eager young spirit that scorned to be treated with more care than others of his age. But this doubt was answered by one who knew the Prince, and who said that he was too good a soldier ever to disobey an order. Throw himself in the way of difficulty and danger he might wherever possible, but any distinct *order* would be promptly and fully obeyed.

For some little time the Prince acted as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Chelmsford, and accompanied him in that capacity to Colonel Wood's camp at Kambula, and back to Utrecht. Colonel Harrison, R.E., was also of the party, and during the journey very friendly relations were established between him and the Prince, which lasted to the end, and were drawn closer by the former's careful attendance during an indisposition which befell the latter.

Whilst at Kambula the General reconnoitred the Indhlobane Mountain on May 4th, and on return to camp was joined by the Prince Imperial, when, to show him the defence of a laager, the alarm was sounded. In three minutes every man was at his allotted post, and an inspection of the camp, with its double tier of rifles ready for work, was made by the General and staff. Next day

the camp was broken up, and the column moved to about a mile from the White Umvolosi, near the Zinguin range—Lord Chelmsford and staff, with the Prince, proceeding to Utrecht.

On May 8th, the General, having appointed Colonel Harrison, R.E., Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the army, and Lieutenant Carey, 98th Regiment, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, requested the former "to give some work to the Prince Imperial, as he was anxious for it, and did not find enough to do in the duties of an extra aide-de-camp." This request was a verbal one, and the words used may not be letter for letter, but of the purport there is no doubt; and such a request from the Commander-in-Chief was, of course, an order which was immediately carried out. The Prince was directed to collect and record information respecting the distribution of troops, location of depôts, and the like, and he worked hard at this for some days. Lord Chelmsford shortly afterwards left for Newcastle, but before his departure Colonel Harrison suggested that it would be advisable, during his lordship's absence, to make a reconnaissance into Zululand, on the borders of which they had been hovering so long, so as to determine the exact line of route which the columns ought to take in the impending invasion.

Lord Chelmsford accepted the suggestion, asking Colonel Harrison to take the Prince with him on the expedition, and appointing an intelligent officer to accompany them. The reconnoitring party started with a strong escort, and reached Conference Hill on May 13th. Here they were joined by Colonel Buller and 200 horsemen, and were engaged on their reconnaissance till May 17th, bivouacking at night with horses saddled and bridled, and marching at dawn, scouring the country, and sweeping Zulu scouts before them. The Prince was delighted with the life, the simple fare of the officers—his comrades—cooked by themselves at their camp-fire, the strange country, the sight of the enemy, the exhilarating gallops over the grass up hill and down dale after fleet Zulu spies, the bivouac

under the star-lit heavens. All this pleased him immensely ; as he told Colonel Harrison : " Made him feel that he was really doing soldiers' work such as he had never done before." Always anxious to be of use, he made most careful and copious notes and observations on all they saw or did.

On the 17th the party returned to Conference Hill, Colonel Harrison and Colonel Buller having arranged for a combined and further reconnaissance of the country from that place and Brigadier-General Wood's camp ; but as the special duty to which the Prince and the intelligence officer had been assigned was over, Colonel Harrison would not allow them to accompany him farther, but directed them to return to Utrecht. They obeyed ; but, on the 18th, after Colonel Harrison had started on his expedition and was already in Zululand, he was surprised by the appearance of the Prince Imperial, who had galloped all the way from Balte Spruit by himself to overtake him, bringing with him the permission, for which he had sent a messenger to Lord Chelmsford, to go on the new reconnaissance. The party now consisted of Colonel Harrison, the Prince, Lieutenant Carey, one officer and five men Bettington's Horse, and one officer and twenty men Natal Native Horse (Basutu). The escort would have been stronger, but that the junction with Colonel Buller from Wood's camp was looked for to add to it. The first day was occupied in searching the country as before, and in looking out for Buller ; and the party bivouacked at night with vedettes and sentries posted all round, as Zulus had been seen on the hills, although they did not molest the reconnoitring party.

On the following day (the 19th), whilst exploring a deep rough valley, the party was suddenly confronted by a number of Zulus, who came down the hill at one side of the donga, and spread out in the usual way in two wings or horns, in order to overlap or outflank it, firing as they advanced. The officer in command of the advance at once put spurs to his horse and rode straight up the hill at the weak centre of the Zulu detachment, followed by

the rest of the party. They pushed right through the centre of the Zulus, and the horns at once broke away, and escaped among the rocks with some loss. Smaller bodies of Zulus were met with subsequently, but did not attempt to try conclusions with the horsemen, who were obliged to keep on the move the greater part of the night, as the enemy was all around them.

Next morning they reached Conference Hill, without meeting Colonel Buller; Colonel Harrison and the Prince proceeding to Utrecht to report to Lord Chelmsford.

Lord Chelmsford now informed Colonel Harrison that "he was to consider the Prince Imperial as attached to the Quartermaster-General's staff for duty, but it was not put in orders, in consequence of the Prince not being in the army." The Prince lived, as before, with the General's personal staff, and Colonel Harrison, therefore, only saw him when he came for work or orders, which was very frequently.

On May 25th—the head-quarters having been established at Landtman's Drift—the Prince, having called for work as usual, was directed to prepare a plan of a divisional camp. That evening Colonel Harrison was spoken to by Lord Chelmsford, because the Prince Imperial had gone outside the lines without an escort, but replied "that the work he had given the Prince to do referred to the camp inside the outpost lines." The General then told Colonel Harrison "to take care that the Prince was not to go out without an escort when working for him, and in the matter of escort to treat him, not as a royal person, but the same as any other officer, taking all due precautions."

Colonel Harrison then said that "he would see the Prince, and tell him he was never to leave the camp without a suitable escort, and that he was to apply to him for one when it was wanted;" and Lord Chelmsford replied that "That would do."

The same day Colonel Harrison saw the Prince, and told him this, and to make the matter quite sure, he then and there gave him the instructions in writing.

He next directed him to make a map of the country, from the reconnaissance sketches of Lieutenant Carey and others. This work the Prince executed very well, and so eager was he for employment, so desirous to be always up and doing, that he went, not once or twice, but often every day, to Colonel Harrison's tent asking for more.

On the 28th of May, head-quarters were at Kopje Allein, and on that and the two following days reconnaissances were pushed far into the enemy's country, but no enemy was seen. Small parties, even single officers, rode about unmolested all over the district round, and went beyond the spot where so sad a scene was shortly afterwards enacted.

On the 31st of May the Prince went to Colonel Harrison's tent with a report which he had written, and, as usual, asked for some more work. He was told that the army was to march next day, and that he might go out and report on the roads and camps for the day following; with which instructions the Prince was greatly pleased. Next day the 2nd Division (with which were Lord Chelmsford and the head-quarters' staff) were ordered to march towards Ulundi; Wood's column being in advance some miles, on the other side of the Blood River, on a road which would take it out eventually on the line of march of the head-quarters' column. Lieutenant Carey, whilst conversing on duty matters with Colonel Harrison, expressed a wish to go out with the Prince, as he desired to verify a sketch he had made on the previous day; and, although Colonel Harrison had intended to ask one of the General's personal staff to accompany the Prince, he said, when Lieutenant Carey volunteered to go: "All right: you can look after the Prince!" At the same time he told Lieutenant Carey to let the Prince do the work for which he was going out, namely, a detailed report on the road and the selection of a site for the camp. Lieutenant Carey was known to Colonel Harrison as a cautious and experienced officer who had been frequently out on patrol duties with Colonel Buller and others, who was acquainted with the nature of the work he had to do, the precautions

to be taken, and the actual ground to be gone over; and there was every reason to believe that he thoroughly understood his position, and would make, as he had done before, the proper arrangements for an escort.

On the morning of the 1st, Colonel Harrison, hearing that no escort had arrived at the hour fixed for the departure of the reconnoitring party, went over to General Marshall's tent, and obtained from him the order for the number of men he thought sufficient—"six Europeans and six Basutos"; and, having informed Lieutenant Carey of this, he rode off to attend to his own duties—superintending the march of the army, inspecting the fords, and moving on in advance (in company with Major Grenfell) to select the site for watering-places and the next camp. On a ridge in front of the column Colonel Harrison and his companion presently found the Prince and Lieutenant Carey halted with the European troopers only, and heard from them that they were waiting for the Basutos, who had not joined them in camp; but some were now in sight on the hillside flanking the line of march, and moving in a direction which would bring them upon it a little in advance of the spot where the party was waiting.

As Lieutenant Carey had been already over the country, he was asked by Colonel Harrison to point out the place where the water supply for the next camp was, and the whole party rode slowly along a donga towards the supposed stream or ponds. Colonel Harrison did not think the water sufficient for their purpose, and rode back to the high ground, where he was rejoined by Major Grenfell, who told him that the Prince's party had just discovered a better supply a little farther on. There was a ridge in front of them which they considered marked the end of the day's march, and the officers dispersed to attend to their own duties, not imagining for an instant that the reconnoitring party would go on without the Basutos, who, from their wonderful power of sight and hearing, and quickness at detecting the approach of danger, were always regarded as essential to an escort.

Unhappily, however, such was the case. The party rode on until they came to a deserted kraal, situated some 200 yards from the river, and consisting of five huts, one with the usual small cattle enclosure. Between the kraal and the river stretched a luxuriant growth of tambookie grass, five or six feet in height, with mealies and Kafir corn interspersed. This dense covert, however, did not completely surround the kraal, for in front there was an open space, apparently used by the Zulus, judging from the ashes and broken earthenware strewn about, as a common cooking-ground.

Here the party halted, and the Prince, having first sent a native guide to make sure that the huts were all uninhabited, gave the order that the horses should be off-saddled and turned out to graze. Some of them lit a fire and made coffee, while the Prince and Lieutenant Carey, after the latter had taken a look round with his glass, proceeded to make sketches of the surrounding country. It is said that the Prince's talent with pen and pencil, combined with his remarkable proficiency in military surveying—that great gift of recognising at once the strategic capabilities of any spot which distinguished the First Napoleon—made his contributions to our knowledge of the country to be traversed of great value; and he never lost an opportunity of making himself of use in this and every other way.

It was about 3 P.M. when the party halted at this deserted kraal, the Prince deciding that they should leave again in an hour's time. That the Zulus had been upon the spot not long before was apparent from signs of freshly-chewed *imfi* (native sugar-cane) upon the ground, while a few dogs lingering about might have suggested that their masters were not far off. Before the hour was over, however, the native guide came in to report that he had seen a Zulu coming over the hill, and it was now thought prudent to retire, the Prince, giving directions to collect and up-saddle the horses, followed by the order to "Mount."

Some of the men were already in the saddle, others in

the act of mounting, when a sudden volley fired upon them from amongst the tall stalks of the mealies (Indian corn) which grew on every side, betrayed the presence of a numerous armed foe, who had returned unseen to those who were in temporary occupation of their kraals. The distance was not twenty yards, and the long grass swayed to the sudden rush of the Zulus, as with a tremendous shout, they charged towards the Prince and his companions. The horses all swerved at the suddenness of the tumult, and one broke away, its rider being shot before he could recover it and mount. The young Prince was riding a fine gray charger, a gray of sixteen hands, always difficult to mount, and on this occasion, frightened by the firing, it became restive and could not be controlled. Lieutenant Carey, apparently, had at this moment been carried by his horse in a direction which brought one of the huts between him and the Prince, of whose difficulties he was therefore unaware. From the moment of the attack no man seems to have known much of what the rest were doing; to gallop away was the only chance for life, and all hurried off, the Prince in vain endeavouring to mount his restive steed unaided. He was passed by Trooper Letocq: "*Dépêchez vous, s'il vous plaît, Monsieur!*" he cried, as he dashed past, himself only lying across his saddle, but the Prince made no answer; he was already doing his utmost, and in another minute he was alone. He was seen endeavouring to mount his rearing charger, as it followed the retreat, while he ran beside it, the enemy close at hand. He made one desperate attempt to leap into the saddle by the help of the holster-flap; that gave way, and then he fell. The charger dashed riderless past some of the mounted men, but, alas! not one turned back, they galloped wildly on, and carried to camp the news that the gallant young Prince, for or with whom each of them should have died that day, lay slain upon the hillside where he had made his last brave stand alone. Two troopers fell besides—one was struck down by a bullet as he rode away; the other was the man who had lost his horse, Trooper Rogers, and who was last seen in the act

of levelling his carbine at the enemy. The native guide was killed as well, after a hard fight with the foe, witnessed to by the blood-stained and broken weapons found by his side next day. The fugitives rode on for some distance, when they met General Wood and Colonel Buller, to whom they made their report. From the brow of an adjacent hill these officers, looking through their glasses, could see the Zulus leading away the horses they had taken—the trophies of their successful attack.

That evening Colonel Harrison was in his tent, engaged in writing orders for the next day's march, when Lord Chelmsford came in to tell him "The Prince is killed!" and Lieutenant Carey soon after confirmed the dreadful, well-nigh incredible, news. He said they were off-saddled at a kraal, when they were surrounded and fired into, and that the Prince must have been killed, for no one had seen him afterwards.

Colonel Harrison asked the General to let him take a few men to the kraal, and see if, by any chance, the Prince were only wounded, or were hidden near at hand, but his request was not granted, and the testimony of the survivors extinguished all hope.

Next day General Marshall, with a cavalry patrol, went out to search for the Prince, being assisted by scouts of the Flying Column. The bodies of the troopers were soon found, and shortly afterwards that of His Imperial Highness was found by Captain Cochrane, lying in a donga about 200 yards from the kraal where the party had halted. The body was stripped with the exception of a gold chain with medallions attached, which was still round his neck. Sword, revolver, helmet, and clothes were gone; but in the grass were found the Prince's spurs and one sock.

The body had eighteen assegai wounds, all in front, and the marks on the ground and on the spurs indicated a desperate resistance.

The two white troopers were laid together beside a cairn of stones, which was erected to mark the exact spot where the Prince was found, and later in the day they were

buried there, the chaplain on duty with the column performing the funeral service.

But for the Prince himself a true soldiers' bier was formed of lances lashed together and horse blankets, and, borne thus, the body of the noble lad was carried up the hill towards the camp which he had left the previous day so full of energy and life.

The melancholy news was telegraphed throughout the colony, causing universal grief and consternation. Every heart was wrung with sympathy for *the mother*; and even those to whose homes and hearts the war had already brought desolation, felt their own grief hushed for a while in the presence of a bereavement which seemed to surpass all others in bitterness and depth.

What citizen of Maritzburg will ever forget the melancholy Sunday afternoon, cold and storm-laden, when, at the first distant sound of the sad approaching funeral music, all left their homes and lined the streets through which the violet-adorned coffin passed on its way to its temporary resting-place.

In Durban, too, the solemn scene was repeated; the whole colony being deeply moved at the sad and untimely death of the gallant Prince. H.M.S. *Boadicea*, flag-ship of Commodore Richards, had the honour of conveying the body to Simon's Bay, when it was transferred to H.M.S. *Orontes*, with every possible mark of respect, for conveyance to England.

A court of inquiry was at once assembled by Lord Chelmsford, and reported that Lieutenant Carey had not understood the position in which he stood towards the Prince, and, as a consequence, failed to estimate aright the responsibility which fell to his lot; also that he was much to blame for having proceeded on the duty in question with a portion only of the escort; and that the selection of the kraal where the halt was made, surrounded as it was by cover for the enemy, and adjacent to difficult ground, showed a lamentable want of military prudence. And, finally, the court deeply regretted that no effort was made after the attack to rally the escort and to show

a front to the enemy, whereby the possibility of aiding those who had failed to make good their retreat might have been ascertained.

Lieutenant Carey was then tried by court-martial and found guilty. The home authorities decided, however, that the conviction and sentence could not be maintained, and consequently ordered this officer to be released from arrest and to return to his duty.

In justice to Lieutenant Carey it must be said that the Prince appears to have been actually in command of the party; Lieutenant Carey accompanied it, by permission, for the purpose of completing some of his own work, taking advantage of the protection of the escort to enable him to do so; he received no order about the command of the escort, or other instructions beyond the words, "You can look after the Prince," which were evidently interpreted as *advise him*, but could scarcely warrant controlling his movements.

The Prince's written instructions from Colonel Harrison were lost with him.

On dangerous duties pertaining to the Quartermaster-General's Department in an enemy's country the Prince Imperial should *never* have been employed; as long as he remained with the British forces he should have been retained on the personal staff of the General commanding.

CHAPTER XXI.

ULUNDI.

BEFORE entering on the history of the advance of the main column on Ulundi, we will glance at the doings of No. 1 Division, which was to operate against Ulundi from the eastward.

During May entrenched posts had been established—Fort Crealock, on the left bank of the Amatikulu River and close to John Dunn's Road, about fourteen miles from Fort Pearson, on the Tugela; Fort Chelmsford, on the right bank of the Inyezane, also on John Dunn's Road, and eight miles from Fort Crealock; and, in June, Fort Napoleon, on the left bank of the Umlalazi River, between Fort Chelmsford and Port Durnford, where a landing-place was established—a brief account of which may be interesting. The spot is described as a straight sandy coast near the mouth of the Umlalazi River, always having a boiling surf rolling in on the beach. The landing operations were carried out by means of large decked surf-boats of about forty tons burden each.

The mode of working them was as follows: One end of a long hawser was made fast to an anchor dropped some distance outside the surf, and the other end taken on shore by a small line, hauled taut, and secured to shore moorings.

By means of this "warp" the surf-boat travels to and from the beach. Having picked up the warp by the buoy-rope, it is placed in grooves in the bow and stern of the

boat, and there retained by pins. The roll of the surf takes the boat in, large rope-stoppers being used to check her should she be going too fast.

In this way some 3,000 tons of stores were landed, at a very great saving of expense over land transport. The landing operations were at all times difficult, sometimes impossible; they were conducted by Commander Caffin, R.N., and to him and the Naval Brigade there stationed is due the entire credit of the excellent work done.

Forwarding supplies and bridging the Tugela was the work of the 1st Division through May and well into June; everything military, except convoy duty, appeared at a standstill. There was a great deal of sickness amongst the troops, but General Crealock did much in providing proper hospital accommodation and improving sanitary arrangements.

Fort Pearson was converted into an extensive hospital, where there were as many as 400 patients at times, and whose garrison, after the advance of the division, was composed of the convalescents. At this hospital some wily patients managed to appropriate 5,000*l.* of the public moneys; but this fortunately was all recovered, except about 33*l.*

Telegraphic communication was established by the Royal Engineers between Fort Chelmsford and the Lower Tugela; and Colonel Walker, C.B., Scots Guards, was appointed to the command of this portion of the base, and stationed at Fort Pearson.

On the 18th June the long-expected move was made by No. 1 Division; and General Crealock, with the advanced portion of the force, left Fort Pearson and the Lower Tugela. Moving by Fort Chelmsford, he reached the Umlalazi River on the 22nd. The river was bridged by the train under Captain Blood, R.E., and a work commenced on the left bank called "Fort Napoleon."

The General was engaged reconnoitring on the 23rd and following days, capturing a few cattle, one of which appeared to resent its capture, charging the General, and

severely injuring his horse. On the 28th the force encamped near Port Durnford.

But little interest attaches to this division, which had great opportunities before it. An earlier advance and a little dash would have given the laurels of the second campaign to the 1st Division, which at the beginning of May consisted of upwards of 9,000 men—6,500 being Europeans—a sufficient force to have accomplished the destruction of Ulundi with ease; but it was not to be.

Many absurd stories are told as to causes of delays, one being the want of so many rations of *pepper*; and the whole ending in the well-known telegram, "Where is Crealock?"

We may here devote a few remarks to the Naval Brigade, which rendered such good service throughout the campaign; and, had opportunity offered, would have largely added to the laurels it won.

After the relief of Etshowe, the Naval Brigade was divided between Lower Tugela and Fort Chelmsford; Commander Brackenbury in command at the latter post, Captain Campbell in chief command. The main force advanced with General Crealock—545 officers and men of *Active*, *Boadicea*, and *Shah*, with three 9-pounder guns, six rocket-troughs, and five Gatling guns. At Port Durnford they remained disembarking stores till July 21st, when, after being reviewed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, the *Active's* and *Shah's* men embarked, leaving the *Boadicea's* men to continue temporarily the duties of the landing station.

Captain Bradshaw of the *Shah*, and Captain Adeane of the *Tenedos*, rendered good service at Durban and Simon's Bay respectively.

The Royal Marines of the squadron served with the Naval Brigade. Lieutenant Dowding, R.M.L.I., was at first the senior officer, and advanced with Colonel Pearson's column to Etshowe, remaining there until its relief. Captain Phillips, R.M.L.I., and Captain Burrows, R.M.A., were landed from H.M.S. *Shah*, the former the senior

officer, and in command of the Marines at the battle of Ngingindhlovu.

We must now return to the 2nd Division and Flying Column, which at last began to move in the right direction. Zululand had been carefully reconnoitred to the Babanango Mountain by Colonel Buller, and the advance of the 2nd Division, with the head-quarters, in this direction was covered by the Flying Column, which was always within striking distance.

The troops were now carefully protected at night by laagers; the ordinary form being a rectangle in three compartments, with a shelter trench two yards outside the waggons, so that there might be a second line of fire from the top of the waggons, without risk to the defenders of the shelter trench.

The Flying Column bore the brunt of work in the advances, scouting the country in every direction, the most reliable "eyes and ears" of the force the "Natal Native Horse," then commanded by Captain Cochrane. These men (Edendale men and Basutu) in small numbers crowned the summit of every hill right and left of the route, and miles in front they were pushed to feel the way. On the 4th June the scouts reported a considerable number of the enemy; these, after the exchange of a few shots, Colonel Buller tried to draw towards the camp, but in vain, and the patrol, not being strong enough to risk an engagement, returned to camp. Three messengers from Cetshwayo were being received by Lord Chelmsford.

They were sent back on June 6th with the following message: "He must at once give proof of being earnest in desiring peace, proof to be—1st, Two 7-pounder guns, and the oxen now with him taken from us to be sent in with the ambassadors. 2nd, A promise from Ketchwayo that all the arms taken during war, &c., when collected shall be given up. 3rd, One regiment to come to my camp and lay down its arms as a sign of submission. Pending Cetshwayo's answer, there will be no military operations on our part; when he has complied with them,

I will order cessation of hostilities pending discussion of final terms of peace."—(P. P. [C. 2374] p. 107).

On the previous day (5th June), Colonel Buller took a force of about 300 men to reconnoitre the proposed route. The Zulus seen the day before came out from their kraals, and formed as if for an attack. The ground in their rear was broken and covered with thorny bush, the kraals large, apparently belonging to a chief; and beside one of them were four waggons, evidently taken from Isandhlwana. Colonel Buller determined to burn the kraals, but as he approached the enemy broke and retired into the cover, opening a heavy fire. A portion of the force engaged the Zulus from the edge of the bush whilst the remainder set fire to the kraals, which was accomplished with the loss of two men wounded.

Major-General Marshall came up with a portion of the Cavalry Brigade, and, with a view to ensuring the safety of Colonel Buller's retreat, advanced three troops of the 17th Lancers under Colonel Drury-Lowe to hold the enemy in check.

The enemy was found to be very strongly posted in the thorns, and the ground being impracticable for cavalry, the Lancers were ordered to retire. Their Adjutant, Lieutenant Frith, was in this fruitless skirmish shot through the heart.

During this affair an incident occurred (told by an officer present at the time), showing the individual bravery of the Zulus: A single warrior, chased by several Lancers, found himself run down and escape impossible. He turned and faced his enemies; spreading his arms abroad he presented his bare breast unflinchingly to the steel, and fell, face to the foe, as a brave soldier should.

On the 6th a post called Fort Newdigate was established, and on this evening the warmth of the double line of fire from the laager of the 2nd Division was unpleasantly experienced by the 5th Company Royal Engineers. This company had marched up that afternoon in advance of the Flying Column (which was going down-country for supplies), and had camped close to one of the

unfinished redoubts outside the laager; an alarm was given in the laager, and a heavy fire opened therefrom. The Engineers coolly lay down flat on the ground, and waited till the excitement was over. It was due entirely to their own steadiness that the casualties were not greater; as it was, one sergeant was wounded and two horses killed.

On the 7th, the division advanced, clearing the country of Zulus and burning their kraals, and encamped at the Upoko River; remaining there till the arrival of Brigadier-General Wood's Column with a large convoy of supplies for which it had been sent. The time was usefully employed in reconnoitring, examining the road in advance, making drifts practicable, &c.

A line of telegraph was laid by the half Telegraph Troop (C) Royal Engineers, from Quagga's kraal (on the road between Newcastle and Ladysmith), where it joined the colonial line to Doornberg *vid* Dundee and Landt-mann's Drift, thus placing head-quarters in communication with Pietermaritzburg, &c.; flag-signalling being employed to communicate with Doornberg.

On the 16th June the correspondent of *The Times* wrote: "We are wandering towards Ulundi much as the Children of Israel wandered towards Canaan, without plans, or even definite notions for the future. It would seem not impossible to form some plan of campaign—something, at any rate, more definite than the hand-to-mouth manner in which we are now proceeding. Deep science and tactical skill are not necessary to contend with savages; a simple method and plain common-sense suffice, if backed by energy, decision, and determination."

The intelligence now telegraphed that Sir Garnet Wolseley was on his way to Natal to unravel the various tangled skeins of civil and military policy, doubtless acted as the "spur in the head" which expedited Lord Chelmsford's movements.

On the 17th, Brigadier-General Wood arrived with the supplies, and next day the force advanced to the Upoko River, where the road from Rorke's Drift to Ulundi crosses

it. Here there was a halt for a day, and a depôt formed called Fort Marshall. Colonel Collingwood was left in charge of the two posts, Forts Newdigate and Marshall; and the whole line of communication in the enemy's country, and such of the garrison as were left in frontier-posts for the purpose of patrolling, were placed under the command of Major-General Marshall.

Fort Marshall was about twenty-five miles from Rorke's Drift, and sixteen from Fort Newdigate; from this post to Koppie Allein (on the Blood River) the distance was twenty-one miles.

Having struck down into this road, which runs into Zululand in an easterly direction, a glance at the map will show how needless was the waste of time and money spent in concentrating stores at Conference Hill—so far removed from the line of communications with Pietermaritzburg.

The combined column reached the Umhlatuse River on the 21st, having traversed difficult and mountainous ground, where in many places the train was obliged to pass by single waggons.

The Zulus took no advantage of the many opportunities for attack that presented themselves, and the march to Ulundi was practically unopposed. At this halting-place Fort Evelyn was built; and on the 24th the march was resumed.

Cetshwayo's messengers, 'Mfunzi and 'Nkisimane, came up from Pietermaritzburg on the 24th, and next morning were sent to the king with Lord Chelmsford's reply to his message.

A very awkward drift on the Uvulu River was passed by the column, after crossing which a day's halt was made, when a cavalry patrol was sent out to destroy some military kraals. Two more indunas came in from the king to ask for peace, and were sent back to Ulundi in the evening. On the 27th the force arrived at Entonjaneni, where the arrangements for the final advance on Ulundi were made, tents and all unnecessary baggage left behind, and a strong post formed with the aid of waggons. Four hundred

waggons, 6,000 oxen, and 800 mules were left entrenched here; the remaining 200 waggons, with ten days' provisions, accompanying the advancing force. This evening two more messengers came in from the king with elephants' tusks, some hundred head of oxen, and two trunks, the property of Lord Chelmsford. The messengers were sent back next day.

The *Natal Colonist* of June 28th says: "Again we hear that Ketshwayo has sent to Government, asking why Lord Chelmsford continues to advance. He (the king) hopes the General will not persist in advancing, as in that case he will be forced to fight, and what he wants is peace. This, we believe, makes the eleventh message he has sent in to the same effect. The General affects to doubt his *bona fides*. How is this to be established? Can his lordship think of no better guarantee than one which the most vigorous supporters of the war cannot term anything but childish?" This latter question is explained in another issue of the same paper, in which the editor remarks: "It is argued that the Zulus or the Zulu king cannot be sincere in desiring peace, because when the chance offers our troops are fired upon. If people would but consider for a moment, that until there is a truce or armistice agreed on we are living in a state of war; that our troops are in the Zulu country, making war upon its inhabitants, missing no opportunity of inflicting damage and injury upon them, burning their kraals, destroying their grain, ravaging their gardens, and firing on the natives themselves at every chance, what right, they would ask themselves, have we to expect that the Zulus should refrain from retaliation, however desirous they may be of seeing peace restored, and an end put to all the devastation and horror of prolonged warfare? We do not profess to be otherwise than desirous of peace—peace with honour and security for the future—and yet are we not invading their country, and almost vaunting that we shall dictate its terms only when our invading columns have met at Ulundi, and planted the English flag there?"

On the 30th the descent into the valley of the White

Umvolosi was commenced, through a country covered with scattered bush and aloes. Two indunas were escorted in during the day, one bearing a letter from Cetshwayo to Lord Chelmsford,¹ and the other the sword of the Prince Imperial, which the king sent in immediately on learning the value attached to it.²

Sir Garnet Wolseley—having been ordered out to Natal as Governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and Her Majesty's High Commissioner for the eastern portion of South Africa—landed at Durban on the morning of the 28th June, and at once proceeded to Pietermaritzburg. He there met Major-General the Hon. H. H. Clifford, Inspector-General of Lines of Communication and Base, and "learnt that he had no direct communication from Lord Chelmsford since the 21st instant, but had indirectly learnt through a message sent by Lord Chelmsford to General Crealock, C.B., that on the 23rd instant the force under Lord Chelmsford was four miles north of the place marked 'Bad Drift,' on the road leading from Rorke's Drift to Ulundi."

Lord Chelmsford had issued orders restricting General Clifford's command and charge of the line of communications to the right banks of the Blood, Buffalo, and Tugela rivers, had placed Major-General Marshall in charge of the communications from the left bank of those rivers to the troops in front under his own immediate command, and had given orders that General Clifford and General Marshall were not to communicate direct with each other, thus breaking the chain of communication from the front.

"I at once," writes Sir Garnet, "turned my attention to the all-important questions of communications, transport, and supply. I naturally was anxious to shorten the line

¹ Written for him by a Dutch trader, who happened to be with him. (See "Cetshwayo's Dutchman.")

² This information he obtained through his messengers, 'Mfunzi and 'Nkismane, who were in Pietermaritzburg in June. The message (sent by Mr. Colenso) being, that the young officer killed at the Styotyzi river was a Prince; that his sword would be desired by his family, and that if Cetshwayo wanted to make peace he had better return it. The result was that, as soon as the king received the message, he sent the sword on to Lord Chelmsford.

of communication with Lord Chelmsford's column, and to employ the direct road from Rorke's Drift to Fort Marshall, along which parties have for days past been employed for the purpose of burying the dead at Isandhlwana; but although this road has been opened up for messengers, I find that such quantities of supplies have been accumulated at Dundee and Landtsman's Drift, that it is necessary to retain the very circuitous line of communications passing through those places. . . . The divided control of the lines of communication ordered by Lord Chelmsford being, in my opinion, fatal to a proper conduct of operations, I at once issued orders placing Major-General Clifford in command of all lines of communication from all the columns operating in Zululand to the base. . . . I have placed Major-General the Hon. H. H. Clifford, V.C., C.B., in command of all the troops in Natal, including all colonial levies. Both he and I are receiving every possible assistance and the most cordial co-operation from Sir Henry Bulwer, K.C.M.G., the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal.

"As regards the conduct of operations at the front, I found Major-General Clifford in absolute ignorance of Lord Chelmsford's plans; and I am myself at this moment without any knowledge of what those plans may be. I have ascertained that Lord Chelmsford within the last week informed Major-General Crealock that he was about to push on to Ulundi, requesting him to co-operate by attacking Undi or Empangeni, or advancing even further. On the other hand, Major-General Marshall telegraphed to me that he understood Lord Chelmsford 'intended to join hands with General Crealock at Kwamagwaza, and swing up, all together, supporting Wood on each flank.' If this was Lord Chelmsford's plan, it appears to have been hastily abandoned in favour of an independent advance by his own column, a course which I cannot but consider dangerous."¹

Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphed to Lord Chelmsford to keep him daily informed of his doings, &c.; and said, "I

¹ P. P. [C. 2482] pp. 94-95.

am anxious for the two columns commanded by yourself and Crealock to unite as soon as possible, for I regard their separation and independent action as extremely dangerous. I do not yet know what your plan of campaign is, as you have not informed Clifford."

Lord Chelmsford's first communication to Sir Garnet was a letter dated June 28, 1879, in which he says he is forming a strongly entrenched post at Entonganeni; and, leaving there "all spare oxen, horses, mules, wag-gons, and impedimenta," he "will move forward on Ulundi without tents, and with ten days' provisions."¹

Lord Chelmsford remarked: "As regards my future operations after Ulundi and the surrounding military kraals have been destroyed, it is difficult to write confidently. I very much question being able to hold on to the Ulundi valley, even if it were advisable, which I doubt."

Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphed from Durban on July 1st: "Your letter and enclosures of 28th June received; if compelled to fall back retire on the First Division, *via* Kwamagwaza and St. Paul's Mission Station. . . . Wish you to unite your force with the First Division, as I strongly object to the present plan of operations with two forces independently of each other, and without possibility of acting in concert.

"Crealock's operations have as yet been very slow, and have led to no useful result; am now starting, 4 P.M., and join First Division at Port Durnford by sea to-morrow."

On the 30th June Lord Chelmsford sent the following message: "Five miles from Entonganeni; ten miles from Umvolosi River. King's messengers have just left with message from me."² I must advance to position on left

¹ P. P. [C. 2584] p. 111.

² Lord Chelmsford's message to Cetshwayo was, he says, "reduced to writing" at the request of the messengers. Unfortunately *this letter never reached Cetshwayo*. It appears that when the messengers arrived they were told by the indunas that the white man (Vijn) had gone away, and the letter was of no use now as there was no one to read it. In November, 1879, the letter, unopened, was brought into Natal.

bank of river. This I do to-morrow, but will stop hostilities, pending negotiations, if communicated demands are complied with by 3rd July, noon. There are indunas come with cattle and guns. I have consented to receive 1,000 captured rifles instead of a regiment laying down its arms. As my supplies will only permit of my remaining here until the 10th July, it is desirable I should be informed by you of the conditions of peace to be demanded. White man with king states he has 20,000 men. King anxious to fight; Princes not so. Where is Crealock's column? Signal."

On the 1st July the Flying Column and General Newdigate's division reached, without opposition, the southern bank of the White Umvolosi, within five or six miles of the royal kraals of Ulundi. Defensible laagers were at once formed, and the position made secure before night. Large bodies of Zulus were seen in motion at Ulundi. Next day the 2nd Division closed up their laager to that of the Flying Column, and a stone redoubt was erected on knoll in rear; so that a small garrison might hold the post, leaving the main force unencumbered to operate as desired. The Zulu army was not seen, and no messengers arrived from the king; but a large herd of white (royal) cattle was observed being driven from the king's kraal towards the camp, and shortly afterwards driven back again.

On the 3rd, as the Zulus were firing on watering-parties at the river, and no message had come in, a reconnoissance on the farther side was ordered. At noon, the cattle, sent in with the last messengers from the king, were driven back across the river, and about the same time Colonel Buller crossed lower down with the mounted men of the Flying Column to reconnoitre towards Ulundi. Detaching parties to cover his flank, he advanced rapidly to within about 200 yards of the Ulundi river, and about three-quarters of a mile from Ulundi, when he came upon about 5,000 Zulus concealed in the river-bed, who at once opened fire, while large bodies of the enemy, moving down on each flank, endeavoured to cut off his retreat.

Colonel Buller, having effected the purpose for which he

had gone forward—feeling the army and reconnoitring the ground—retired with the loss of three men killed and four wounded. Many officers distinguished themselves in endeavouring to save the men who were lost, as well as bringing in dismounted men: Commandant D'Arcy, Lieut.-Colonel Buller, Captain Prior, Lord William Beresford, Lieutenant Hayward, and also Sergeant Kerr are mentioned.

On the 4th, at 6.45 A.M., the force crossed the river, leaving the camp garrisoned by the 1-24th Regiment, a company of Engineers, and casualties (about 900 Europeans, 250 natives, with one Gatling gun).

Lieut.-Colonel Buller, with the light cavalry of the Flying Column, crossed in advance, and occupied the high ground in front without opposition; the main body following, marched up the broken ground out of the valley, and formed a hollow square, the ammunition carts, &c., in the centre, and the guns in position ready to come into action without delay. The Flying Column formed the front half, and the 2nd Division the rear half of the square; front, flanks, and rear covered by the cavalry. In this formation the troops advanced to the spot selected by Colonel Buller, which was about 700 yards beyond the Nodwengu kraal, and about the same distance from a stream that crossed the road halfway to Ulundi; high ground, commanding the adjacent country, and with little cover beyond long grass, near it.

The guns were posted in the angles and in the centre of each face of the square, and each face had a company of infantry in reserve.

Large numbers of Zulus were now seen coming from the hills on the left and left front, and other masses on the right, partly concealed by the mist from the river, passed the Nodwengu kraal to surround the square.

The cavalry on the right and left became engaged at 8.45 A.M., and slowly retiring as the enemy advanced, passed into the square, which immediately opened fire.

The Zulu advance was made with great determination, but their movements appeared to be without order. Some

individuals managed to reach within thirty or forty yards of the rear face, where there was some cover, but the main advance on all sides was checked at some distance by the heavy artillery fire and steady volleys of the infantry. These were so effective that within half an hour the enemy wavered and gave way, when the cavalry dashed out to complete their discomfiture. Passing out by the rear face of the square, Colonel Drury-Lowe (who had been already wounded) led the 17th Lancers in the direction of the Nodwengu kraal, dispersing the enemy and killing those that could not reach the shelter of the kraal or the bush below; then wheeling to the right, he charged through the enemy, who were endeavouring to reach the mountains beyond.

In this manner the whole of the level ground was cleared. Lieut.-Colonel Buller's command also took up the pursuit, doing much execution until the enemy mounted the slopes of the hills and were beyond their reach. But even then a place of safety was not gained, for some guns were moved out from the square, and got the range of the enemy retreating over the hills. The brunt of this day's work fell on the cavalry. Even in the pursuit the greater part of the Zulus turned and fought for their lives. Overtaken by a Lancer, a Zulu would stop just before the fatal thrust was delivered, and dodging like lightning, evade the lance, sometimes seizing it and holding on till the Lancer was relieved by a comrade.

The Irregular Horse, Mounted Infantry, and Native Horse (Captain T. Shepstone's Basutu and the Natal Native Horse under Captain Cochrane), thoroughly searched the ground, disposing of the enemy who had taken refuge in dongas, bush, and long grass. 600 Zulus are said to have fallen before the cavalry alone—150 of them being credited to the Lancers.

Thus was fought the battle of Ulundi.

It was impossible for the ill-armed enemy to pass the belt of fire that encircled the square, even had they not been shaken by the accurate artillery fire whilst yet at a distance.

The ease with which the attack was repelled may be gathered from the fact that the average number of rounds fired by the infantry actually in the ranks was less than six and a-half rounds per man (6·4 rounds).

The troops certainly were very steady, and the firing—generally volley-firing by sections—was as a rule under perfect command.

We have heard of an officer calmly smoking his pipe whilst in command of his company during the engagement.

As soon as the wounded had been attended to, the force advanced to the banks of the stream near Ulundi, whilst the cavalry swept the country beyond. Ulundi was fired at 11.40 A.M., and the adjacent kraal shortly afterwards. At 2 P.M., the return march to the camp commenced. Every military kraal in the valley that had not previously been destroyed was in flames; and not a sign of the Zulu army was to be perceived.

The British force engaged consisted of 4,062 Europeans and 1,103 natives, with 12 guns and 2 Gatlings. The loss: killed, 2 officers (Captain Wyatt-Edgell, 17th Lancers, and the Hon. W. Drummond, in charge of the Intelligence Department), 13 non-commissioned officers and men, and 3 natives; wounded, 19 officers, 59 non-commissioned officers and men, and 7 natives.

The Zulu force is estimated variously; some put it at 12,000, some at 20,000. Being scattered over a large extent of country, and some of the regiments engaged having already suffered heavily, it is not easy to arrive at a reliable conclusion. It is probable that the correct number lay between 15,000 and 20,000.

As regards the Zulu loss, Lord Chelmsford says: "It is impossible to estimate with any correctness the loss of the enemy, owing to the extent of country over which they attacked and retreated; but it could not have been less, I consider, than 1,000 killed."—(Despatch, 4th July.)

Using the same reasoning on the 6th, Lord Chelmsford says: "But judging by the reports of those engaged, it cannot be placed at a less number than 1,500 killed."

From the statements of prisoners it would seem that the attacking force was about 15,000 strong, 5,000 being in reserve. At a meeting of the Zulu Council on the 2nd July, it appears that it was resolved by the king to send in the royal coronation white cattle as a peace-offering; but as they were being driven towards the English camp on the 2nd, they were turned back at Nodwengu by the Umcityu Regiment, who refused to let them pass, saying, as they could not fulfil all the demands, it was useless to give up the cattle, and therefore they would fight. The king was then at Ulundi; he said that "as the Inkandampemvu (Umcityu) Regiment would not let the cattle go in as a peace-offering, and as we wished to fight, the white army being now at his home, we could fight, but we were to fight the white men in the open, and attack before the Nodwengu and Ulundi kraals, where we were on the day of the fight." . . . "The army is now thoroughly beaten, and as it was beaten in the open, it will not reassemble and fight again. No force is watching the lower column, and none has been sent there. How could there be, when all were ordered to be here to-day? We mustered here by the king's orders at the beginning of this moon, about ten days ago. We have not been called out before."

The natives belonging to the British force were exceedingly struck at the idea of their being brought into the square, whilst the soldiers formed "a laager" of their bodies round them.

The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. Archibald Forbes, performed a very gallant act after the battle of Ulundi. Finding that no despatch was being sent off by the General to announce the victory, he determined to take the news himself, and, "taking his life in his hand," set out alone to ride right through the Zulu country. This he did, riding the whole night, having frequently to dismount and actually *feel* his way by the tracks of the waggons on the upward route.

Next day, after a ride of nearly a hundred miles, he reached Landtman's Drift (in fifteen hours), and was

enabled to telegraph to Sir Garnet Wolseley the news of the victory of the 4th.

A few brief remarks on the return march are all that are necessary. The day after the battle of Ulundi (5th July) the whole force retired to Entonganeni; as, Lord Chelmsford says, "the Zulus having dispersed in all directions, it is not possible to strike another blow at them for the present." He was, he says, also anxious to get the men under cover again, as the nights were very cold with heavy dews; and he reports that the grass lands "are beginning to fail."

But, although Lord Chelmsford might "have fully accomplished the object for which" *he* "advanced," the object of his mission still remained unfulfilled, viz., the settlement of the Zulu question by Cetshwayo's enforced acceptance of our terms, or by his capture. The pleas put forward by Lord Chelmsford for his throwing away the results of the victory of Ulundi do not bear inquiry; for there was no reason why the tents should not have been sent up from Entonganeni; supplies were plentiful, and were being pushed forward along the line of communications; and throughout July, August, and September there was abundance of grass, and the kraals were stored with grain.

Lord Chelmsford's instructions only alluded to his falling back "if compelled."¹ If circumstances had been such as to render a retreat advisable when the object of the war was within our grasp, assuredly a council of war would have been held; but Lord Chelmsford did not even consult his Division commanders.

That Sir Garnet Wolseley did not approve Lord Chelmsford's action after Ulundi is evident from his despatches. He speaks of the Zulu nation as being "amazed at our retreat from Ulundi," and says, "I consider it necessary to make preparations to return to and occupy Ulundi as a visible sign of our power; and I

¹ Extract from telegram to Lord Chelmsford, July 1st, 1879: "If compelled to fall back retire on the First Division *via* Kwamagwaza and St. Paul's Mission Station." P. P. [C. 2584] p. 113.

think it desirable that I should dictate what are to be the terms of settlement of the country at the king's kraal itself."—(P. P. [C. 2482] p. 192.)

On the 9th the Flying Column moved on the road towards the coast to Kwamagwaza, *en route* to meet Sir Garnet Wolseley.

On the 10th the 2nd Division marched from Entongani, and arrived at the Upoko River on the 15th.

Lord Chelmsford accompanied the Flying Column.

We cannot leave Brigadier-General Wood's command without a word of notice. From the beginning to the end of the campaign its work was done in a thoroughly soldierlike manner, leaving little or nothing to be desired. There was a thorough reciprocal confidence between commander and men, and a total absence of those "scares" which were occasionally heard of during the campaign.

Where all did well, it may seem a little invidious to single one out for mention, but we will quote the concluding words of Brigadier-General Wood's despatch of 5th July, referring to Lieut.-Colonel Redvers Buller, not only on account of this officer's merit, but "to point the moral" as to where was the neglect which led primarily to the disaster to the Head-quarter Column in January:

"He has never failed to cover the column with his mounted men for from ten to twelve miles in front, and on the flanks.

"Constitutionally fearless, he is prudent in counsel, and though resolute, is very careful of the lives of his troops in action. He possesses, in my opinion, all the attributes of a perfect leader of light cavalry."

On the 4th July Lord Chelmsford sent a despatch to Sir Garnet Wolseley, in which he said: "As I have fully accomplished the object for which I advanced, I consider I shall now be best carrying out Sir Garnet Wolseley's instructions by moving at once to Entongani, and thence to Kwamagwaza."

Why the blow struck at Ulundi was not followed up it is difficult to say. If Lord Chelmsford's instructions

permitted him to advance and engage the enemy, they would be sufficiently elastic to enable him to follow up the victory. The king was known to have a new kraal in a strong position at the junction of the White and Black Umvolosi Rivers, within a day's march of Ulundi; the Zulu army was thoroughly beaten and dispersed, and there was absolutely nothing to prevent an advance for the destruction of this stronghold; the main object of the war too remained unfulfilled. There was an ample force, willing hearts, and no lack of supplies. The solution of the problem must be sought in Lord Chelmsford's words: "I have fully accomplished the object for which I advanced." He withdrew at once from the scene of his victory, and—resigned his command.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY—CAPTURE OF CETSHWAYO.

SIR BARTLE FRERE, whose continued popularity spoke somewhat of colonial approval of the war, had returned to the Cape in June, and his reception at Cape Town "capped the climax of an uninterrupted triumph," according to the *Natal Mercury*. That he thought himself deserving of the honours due to a conqueror returning home in triumph we may gather from the fact that he sent no instructions to suppress any demonstrations of delight at his return, although at that very time the latest and one of the saddest tragedies of all the sad results of his policy had just been enacted, and Natal, as with one voice, was lamenting the Prince Imperial's death.

"So be it," says the *Natal Witness* of June 12th, 1879, commenting upon this text; "Sir Bartle Frere's reception capped the climax of an uninterrupted triumph. We are quite ready to believe this, and, as we have said, we are glad at last to have so decided an intimation of what Sir Bartle Frere has intended to do. There are triumphs of various kinds. There is the triumph which surrounds the statesman, who, by gentle persuasion, by cautious reforms, by a personal example of uprightness and unselfishness, has reduced threatening elements of danger, and evolved peace and security out of storm and terror. There is the triumph which is his who, impressed with a deep sense of the value of human life, lays his head upon his pillow

every night in the happy confidence that never through his means, either directly or indirectly, has a human life been needlessly sacrificed. There is the triumph of the philanthropist, who, feeling deep in his heart the claims of an aboriginal people to the consideration of a civilised power, has, in his dealings with that people, been careful rather to strain doubtful points in their favour, than to take advantage of their presumed simplicity. There is the triumph of the Christian legislator, who regards the authority entrusted to him as entrusted with a solemn injunction to use that authority in the name of his divine Master, for the purpose of spreading and confirming the kingdom of peace and good-will. There is the triumph of the diplomatist, who, in respect of his dealings with state questions, can lay his hand upon his heart, and affirm that he never misled his superiors . . . never wrote a line which he did not believe to be true. All these triumphs we doubt not will be yet achieved by Sir Bartle Frere, if only the fatigue caused by his 'troubles and journeying' does not suggest an early return to Europe."

Would Sir Bartle Frere be supported by the Home Government? and would Lord Chelmsford be upheld by his military superiors in England? Such were the questions perpetually asked in the colony, to which there seemed no full and sufficient answer. True, both had received messages of sympathy and confidence; but these were sent palpably on the spur of the moment, and long before all the facts of the case had been brought to light; and, on the other hand, Sir Bartle Frere had received a very severe rebuke in the despatches mentioned in Chapter XII. Still the tide of events was permitted to flow on, and many doubted the reality of the condemnation.

From the time of the disaster at Isandhlwana, prophecies were current that Lord Chelmsford would be recalled, and as misfortune pursued our arms the prophecies were renewed. Many were the conjectures as to who would be sent to replace Lord Chelmsford should he be recalled, and a general idea was prevalent that the

sprightly Sir Garnet Wolseley and his "brilliant staff" would once more grace the shores of Natal. The despatch announcing his approach reached the colony in the middle of June, and the telegram to Lord Chelmsford announcing his appointment ran as follows: "Her Majesty's Government have determined to send out Sir Garnet Wolseley as Administrator in that part of South-Eastern Africa in the neighbourhood of the seat of war, with plenary powers, both civil and military. Sir Bartle Frere has been instructed accordingly by Colonial Office. The appointment of a senior officer is not intended as a censure on yourself, but you will, as in ordinary course of service, submit and subordinate your plans to his control. He leaves this country by next mail" (sent *via* St. Vincent, 29th May, 1879).

Sir Garnet Wolseley landed at Durban on the 28th June, and proceeded direct to Pietermaritzburg, where he was the same day sworn in as Governor of Natal. Certainly Sir Garnet did not let the grass grow under his feet. On Sunday, the 29th, he telegraphed to Colonel Walker at Fort Pearson: "Send back Zulu messengers immediately to the king with following message from me: 'If the king wants peace he must send Umnyamana, Umfanawendhela, and Vumandaba to General Crealock's column, where I will depute an officer of rank to hear what the king has to say. I alone have power to make peace. All the other Generals are under my orders.' Explain to the messengers who I am. They are to tell the king, and remind him that I was here as Governor before, and had many communications with him then."—(P. P. [C. 2454] p. 149.)

The Zulu messengers in question had delivered the following message from Cetshwayo at the Lower Tugela, on June 25th, to Mr. Fynney, Administrator and Border Agent:

"We are sent by the king straight to you. We were ordered not to go to the troop at the Umlalazi, as other messengers (Sintwangu) will go there. . . . The king asks you to speak to the great white Chief with the Upper Column, and ask to stay the advance of the troops

till he (the king) can hear plainly what he has done, what great sin he has committed. If he ever killed a white man or white woman, or ever took cattle from a white man before the war? Did he ever walk over the words spoken at the Umlambongwenya kraal by Somtseu? (Sir T. Shepstone). The king wished us to say if he is to be destroyed he could die happy if he knew first really what wrong he had done. The king begs you will speak to the great white Chief with the Upper Column to stay a further advance till chosen representatives from both sides can meet and hear really the cause of the war, and what wrong he has done. The king does not ask for favour if it is proved he has been wrong. He wants to hear, and he wishes the troops not to advance till he can hear; for if they do he cannot help fighting, as there will be nothing left but to try and push aside a tree if falling upon him.

"This is our message from the king to you, and he ordered us to tell you that it is from himself; even the indunas do not know he has sent it" (*ibid.* p. 154).

On the same day (29th) Sir Garnet sent the following order to Captain MacLeod: "Make arrangement at once, with Swazis, for massing north of Pongolo River, with view to invading Zululand. Spread abroad news that the invasion will take place immediately, but do not let them cross river without my orders. When they are ready to cross let me know, and I will send you further instructions. Impress urgently upon them that women and children must not be murdered, but promise them all cattle they take. This promise to be made as public as possible. I am now High Commissioner, with full powers to decide all terms of peace. All reports must be sent to me, care of General Clifford, 'Maritzburg'" (*ibid.* p. 150).

The object of this message was "to establish a standing menace, and to bring formidable pressure to bear in that quarter upon the Zulus."

The barbarity of the Swazis in warfare, and the keen delight with which they would have found themselves let loose upon their hereditary enemies the Zulus, whose army was either scattered or destroyed, was a well-known

fact, and many wondered that such a course should be proposed.

Captain MacLeod, a hardy soldier and brave man, had been for many months in about as unenviable a position as can well be imagined—in an unsettled border district in war time, threatened both by Boers and Zulus. He had been posted at Derby, to guide and control the movements of our ally the Swazi king, who, it was imagined, would be staunch to us or not, according to the fortunes of the Zulu war.

Captain MacLeod knew the Swazis well, and how little chance there would be of keeping them under control if once let loose upon the helpless Zulu people; he therefore begged that they might be used only as a last resource.

With the view of still further spreading alarm through the Zulu country, Sir Garnet sent a message to the Amatongas that he might “possibly ascend the Maputa River with a force and use their territory as a base of operations against the Zulus from the north” (*ibid.* p. 149).

On the 30th, after a long conference with General Clifford and Commissary-General Strickland, Sir Garnet Wolseley had an interview with about seventy Natal native chiefs, who had been assembled at his request, and addressed them, through an interpreter, to the effect that the great English Queen had sent him to carry on the war against Cetshwayo, and to thank them for what they had already done. That the chiefs need have no fear but that the Queen would send as many armies as are necessary, if the troops sent were not sufficient. “They may depend upon it, and the past history of our nation is a guarantee thereof, that when we give a promise we will perform it. Our war is not against the Zulu people, but against Ketshwayo, who has broken all his promises. We have no wish to rob the Zulu people of their property or their land; but tell the chiefs this, that I say this war is going to be finished by us, and finished in a satisfactory manner. The Queen is most anxious that the war in Natal should be finished.” Then (as there was a scarcity

of grass for draught-oxen) Sir Garnet requested the chiefs to furnish a certain number (2,000) of their young men to carry provisions for the troops; the men to carry their arms whilst so employed, and to be paid and fed by him.

Once more, then, we hear the words: "*Our war is not against the Zulu people.*"

These "carriers" were taken from the Tugela Valley, which had lately suffered from the Zulu raid, and where many of the men had belonged to the native levies raised for the defence of the border; they naturally did not appreciate an employment which removed them from the protection of their families, and which was at variance with their customs¹ and prejudices.

There was not much work for these "carriers" after all; they were assembled at the Lower Tugela, and marched up to Fort Chelmsford, each man with a fifty-pound mealie-bag on his head.² Their commander, Major Schwabe, left the loads there, and took the men on to Port Durnford, where they were employed as required. Having, after some time, received their pay, the "carriers" quietly walked off to their homes.

¹ Amongst the wild natives of South Africa it is thought that the carrying of burdens is not a manly task. In a family of travelling Zulus the women and lads perform the duties of carriers, while the man of the party marches ahead, unencumbered except by his weapons, ready if necessary to defend his flock against the attack of man or beast. An officer, travelling in the eastern province some years ago, met and questioned a party proceeding in this fashion. "Why," he asked the leader of the little band, "do you allow these women and girls to carry heavy loads, while you, a strong able-bodied man, have nothing but your assegais and knob-keries in your hand?" Such questions are not seldom resented when they touch on native customs, and are asked in an over-bearing manner. This officer was uniformly kind and courteous to the natives, and the man smilingly replied, "It is our custom, and the women prefer it;" referring his questioner to the women themselves for their opinion. The chief of these latter thereupon replied, with much grace and dignity: "Does the white chief think we would let *our man* do woman's work! It is our work to carry, and we should not like to see him do it."

² The appearance of the native carrier on the march was very ludicrous. Picture a stalwart Kafir carrying his sleeping-mats, provisions, cooking-pot, drinking-gourd, shield, bundle of assegais and knob-keries, and perched on top of all, on his head, a fifty-pound mealie-bag; the result was likened to a Christmas-tree.

The Commander-in-Chief remained but two days in Pietermaritzburg, returning to Durban on the 1st of July. The same evening he embarked on board H.M.S. *Shah*, intending to land at Port Durnford, and thus reach the scene of action. For once in his life Sir Garnet's good fortune deserted him; the heavy surf on the beach prevented his landing, and the *Shah* brought him back to Durban. Here he received the news of the battle of Ulundi, telegraphed to him by Mr. Archibald Forbes.

No one quite knew what Lord Chelmsford was about, but every one understood that he would try and end the war before he was superseded; and the general feeling in the colony was certainly one of hope that "poor Lord Chelmsford" might get a chance, win a battle, and have his bonfire in the enemy's city of straw. Some few, indeed, argued that as Lord Chelmsford could not possibly, in the time left him, settle the Zulu question by the sword, it might occur to him at last to pay some attention to the hard-pressed Zulu monarch's repeated messages imploring peace, and propose some conditions possible for Cetshwayo to accept and fulfil. Without further bloodshed an honourable peace might thus have been concluded before Sir Garnet Wolseley could step upon the scene.

We left the 1st Division at the Umlalazi River, close to the landing-place, Port Durnford. There the force remained, General Crealock occupied in receiving the submission of the neighbouring Zulus, who were flocking in from every direction.

But whilst Lord Chelmsford, on his approach to Ulundi, was inquiring, "Where is Crealock?" Crealock was quietly established near the coast, his military activity being displayed in the burning of Empangeni and other kraals north of the Umhlatuze River. As the Zulus all round were coming in, and no "impi" was even heard of, the object of this exhibition of force seems a little doubtful. As was remarked by the *Cape Times*: "Why the British soldier was ordered to destroy the shelter, and, with the shelter, the store of grain-food of some thousands of poor women and children whose husbands and fathers

were making their submission, we can no more understand than we can comprehend the strategy by which a large British force was held back for months at the edge of the enemy's country, while commissariat supplies were accumulating sufficient to support a long campaign, the whole work before them being to march a hundred miles, and with one fight close up the war. If they were beaten they could fall back on the base; but with caution and generalship defeat was out of the question." However, Major-General Crealock must have the credit of quieting the eastern portion of Zululand before the termination of the war. From his despatches of the 5th July we gather that the "district people are all wanting to come in," that he was "sending back the people to their districts; difficulty of feeding them would be great." His division paraded under arms to receive the "official submission" of "Mabilwana, Manyingo, and other chiefs," who, with some 250 men, double that number of women and children, and their cattle, &c., had come in—these people, belonging to the coast district, were not strictly speaking warriors, or necessarily belonging to the Zulu army; nor could their submission be looked upon as any desertion of their king by the fighting-men of the nation. They were told that the General accepted their submission, and should look to them in future to keep peace in that district. If any Zulus were found in arms, their chief or headman would suffer; but, if they behaved themselves well, he would give them back their cattle and his protection. The men then received passes (or tickets) and were permitted to return to their districts.¹

Sir Garnet Wolseley crossed the Tugela with his staff and escort on July 6th, and proceeded to the head-quarters of the 1st Division, near Port Durnford, which he reached on the 7th. He at once set to work "to reduce the excessive rate of expenditure which has so far been maintained in

¹ A splendid elephant's tusk (the Zulu emblem of international goodwill and sincerity) had been sent by Cetshwayo, with one of his messages, to General Crealock; this Sir Garnet Wolseley sent home to the Queen, who thus has received a valuable present from her dusky antagonist.

connection with this war," and "arranged with the Commodore to embark the Naval Brigade at the earliest opportunity," and also "dispensed with the services of some of the colonial troops." Reinforcements of all kinds were stopped, including a fine battalion of Marine Infantry and strong detachment of Marine Artillery, just arrived at the Cape in H.M.S. *Jumna*.

On July 10th, Sir Garnet also put on one side "the plan of a Swazi invasion." (P. P. [C. 2454] p. 163.) All the coast chiefs up to St. Lucia Bay tendered their submission, and sent in their arms.

Sir Garnet Wolseley and Lord Chelmsford met at St. Paul's on the 15th July, the latter arriving with Brigadier-General Wood's Flying Column. This Sir Garnet inspected on the following day, taking the opportunity of decorating Major Chard, R.E., with the Victoria Cross, awarded him for his gallantry at Rorke's Drift.

Lord Chelmsford left St. Paul's on the 17th, on his way home. His "brilliant victory" had turned the tide of popular favour somewhat in his direction, and he found that (as he said) "nothing succeeds like success."

In Durban he was accorded a reception which must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. One of his last remarks in Natal, in reply to a speech made as he was about to embark, was to the following effect: "I think I may say confidently that we have now seen the beginning of the end of this campaign, and any success which has attended my efforts, I feel, is due to the prayers of the people, and the kindly ordinations of Divine Providence; for I am one of those who believe firmly and implicitly in the efficacy of prayer and in the intervention of Providence."

In this comfortable frame of mind Lord Chelmsford passes from the scene.

Sir Garnet Wolseley completed the chain of forts across Zululand, commencing with St. Paul's, an English mission station on the coast road a little north of where it crosses the Umhlatuze. Fifteen miles west of this is Kwamagwaza. Twenty miles a little south of west lies Fort

Evelyn, on the road from Rorke's Drift to Ulundi; Fort Marshal about twenty miles west-south-west of Fort Evelyn; Fort Newdigate, twelve miles north-west of Fort Evelyn; and a fort on Itelezi Hill completes the chain to the Blood River. Some of these forts were constructed on the upward march of the 2nd Division and Flying Column, to keep open their communications. In addition to these, Fort Cambridge was built near where the road from Conference Hill crosses the White Umvolosi; and a little later an entrenched post (Fort George) was thrown up near Enhlongana mission station,—thus thoroughly, by these detached posts, commanding the country.

Patrols were pushed out in various directions, by one of which the two guns lost at Isandhlwana were found between Ulundi and Maizekanye. They had not been spiked, but the Zulus had screwed rifle-nipples into the vents, and had also apparently tried to load the guns by ramming home shells, but without cartridges.

The Cavalry Brigade was broken up, and a fresh disposition of the troops made. Sir Garnet visited various posts, interviewing the Zulu chiefs who had surrendered themselves. Some of the most important, however, of those who came in, and were supposed to have submitted and deserted their king, had, in point of fact, no such intention, appearing merely to make their often and vainly repeated attempt at procuring "terms" for Cetshwayo and themselves. It had always been prophesied that the Zulu nation would desert their king. Before the war began, some of those, who professed to understand the people best, declared that they would be thankful to throw off the yoke of one whom, it was alleged, they regarded with fear and hatred, and would side with the English as soon as the latter crossed their border.

The fallacy of this idea was discovered to our cost.

It was then asserted that the Zulu army had given a temporary strength to the authority of their king, which would last until we had beaten his troops and proved our superiority, and this assertion was used by those who insisted that no peace must be made, however earnestly

desired by the Zulus, until we had beaten them and shown them that we were their masters.

After Ulundi, it was argued that the people would be glad to procure peace by giving up their king, whose unconditional submission, or capture, was announced by us to be the only possible conclusion to the war.

The Zulus had ceased to struggle with their powerful conquerors, and it now only remained to find Cetshwayo, who was said to be north of the Black Umvolosi River, with a very small following. A flying column, under Lieut.-Colonel Baker Russell, was sent out from Fort Newdigate early in August, but his patrols were not successful.

On August 14th, a cavalry force under Major Barrow, with Lord Gifford, started from Ulundi to try and find Cetshwayo, who had hitherto eluded all attempts to capture him. Day after day it was reported that the pursuers were close upon the fugitive: they had come to a kraal where he had slept the previous night, they reached another where he had been that very morning, and then they lost "the scent," and for some time could trace him no farther. They tried in vain to persuade his people to betray him, but this "hated tyrant," although beaten and powerless, flying through the land now in the possession of his conquerors, had still such a hold over the loyalty and affection of his people, that they were true to him in his adversity, and refused to give him up or to set his enemies on his track.

Severe measures were taken to procure by force the information which could not otherwise be obtained. Orders were given to one party of the pursuers that at each kraal they reached, if the inhabitants refused to speak, so many huts should be burnt, so many principal men and women taken prisoners, and all cattle confiscated. Many kraals were thus treated, and so many prisoners collected in this manner, that the number to be taken at each kraal had to be reduced from eight to four, then to two, and at last to one of each sex; thus proving how steadfast were the people generally in their loyalty to

their king. On approaching some of these kraals, the headmen came out and offered the passes or papers promising protection, given them on surrendering their arms; but the unhappy people received another lesson on the text, "When we give a promise we will perform it," and were told that their papers were worthless now; they must tell where the king was, or suffer like the rest. One of the officers concerned in carrying out these orders exclaimed at the time with natural indignation: "I don't care what may be said of the necessity of catching Cetshwayo; necessary or not, we are committing a crime in what we are doing now!"

These measures proving useless, five prisoners were flogged to make them speak—yet they held their peace. An interpreter, who accompanied Major Barrow's party, writes: "I had been a long time in Zululand. I knew the people and their habits, and although I believed they would be true to their king, I never expected such devotion. Nothing would move them. Neither the loss of their cattle, the fear of death, nor the offering of large bribes, would make them false to their king."

For many days this work of trying to persuade or force the people to betray their king was continued, and at last a woman was frightened into giving a clue, which resulted in taking prisoners three brothers, at whose kraal the king had slept the night before. "They were questioned," says the interpreter, "but denied in the most solemn way that they knew anything about the king. We threatened to shoot them, but they said: 'If you kill us we shall die innocently.' This was about nine o'clock at night, a beautiful moonlight night, and the picture was rather an effective one. There were all our men sitting round at their fireplaces, our select tribunal facing the three men, who were calm and collected, whilst we, as a sort of inquisition, were trying to force them to divulge their secret. As a last resource we took one man and led him away blindfolded behind a bush, and then a rifle was fired off to make believe that he was shot. We then separated and blindfolded the remaining two, and said to one of them: 'You saw your brother blindfolded and led

away; we have shot him. Now we shall shoot you. You had better tell the truth.' After a good deal of coaxing (?) one told us where the king had slept the night before, and which was about fifteen miles away, and also where he had seen him that very morning . . . it was now eleven o'clock. Lord Gifford gave orders for our party to saddle up, which was smartly done, and we started off with the two brothers as guides. We left the one brother behind so as to keep on the screw, to make the two believe he had been shot. They took us over as ugly a piece of country as ever horse crossed, and at day-break we surrounded the kraal. But disappointment was again in store for us, for our bird had flown about twelve hours previously."

The direction he had taken being pointed out, the party followed until they got within four or five miles of a kraal where the king had halted for the day. Lord Gifford sent off a note addressed to Captain Maurice, saying he was on the track and hoped for speedy capture; and, finding the kraal could not be approached without his being seen; seems to have made up his mind to wait till nightfall. It is perhaps fortunate that this arrangement was not carried out, as, in the darkness and hurry of a night attack, it is possible that we might have had the additional wrong laid upon us of having shot the Zulu king.

Amongst other patrols sent out to look for Cetshwayo was one under Major Marter, King's Dragoon Guards, consisting of one squadron Dragoons, ten Mounted Infantry and Lonsdale's Horse, and one company Natal Native Contingent, their orders being to get on the king's track and capture him, if possible, and to reconnoitre the Ngome Forest, and report if it could be traversed.

This force started on the 27th August, Major Marter sending two natives on in the direction of the Ngome to impress upon the people that until the king was captured they could not have rest, as troops would be constantly on the move amongst them and require supplies, &c., and to suggest it would be to their advantage to give him some hint or sign about the king. He had found the natives friendly, but they said frankly that if they knew the king

to be close by they would not tell him ; he, therefore, remembering the language of symbols was pleasant to the native mind, endeavoured, by indirect means, to obtain the information he sought. Having got over about twenty-four miles of rough country, the little column halted on the summit of the Inenge Mountain, and, starting at daylight next morning, had crossed the Ibululwane River about ten o'clock, when a Zulu came from the hill in front, sent by a headman to whom the scouts had been, and began to talk on indifferent subjects, not appearing to wish to speak about the king. After some time he casually remarked : " I have heard the wind blow from this side to-day," pointing to the Ngome Forest, " but you should take that road until you come to Nisaka's kraal," showing a track leading upwards and along the side of the range.

About half an hour afterwards a native brought a note addressed to Captain Maurice. As this officer was out in another direction on the same service, Major Marter opened and read it. It was from Lord Gifford, who said he was on the track again and hoped for a speedy capture of the king, but gave no information as to where either the king or Lord Gifford were. Sending the man on in Captain Maurice's direction, Major Marter proceeded to Nisaka's kraal, some distance up the mountain. After some talk a suggestion of guides was made to Nisaka, who said they had better go to his brother's kraal on the top of the mountain, and called two men to go as guides. On reaching this kraal the guides made signs for the party to halt where trees hid them from being seen from below, and then took Major Marter on to the edge of the precipice, crawling along on hands and knees ; they then stopped, and told him to go to a bush a little farther on and look down. He did so, and saw a kraal in an open space about 2,000 feet below, in a basin, three sides of which were precipitous and covered with dense forest. He considered it would be useless to approach the kraal from the open side, as one minute's warning would enable the king to escape to the nearest point of the forest ; and therefore decided to venture down the side of the mountain under cover of the forest, feeling that the importance of the capture would warrant the risk.

Having rejoined his men, Major Marter ordered the natives to take off their uniform, and, with their arms and ammunition only, pass down the precipitous mountain to the lower edge of the forest nearest to the kraal, and remain concealed till the cavalry were seen coming from the forest on the other side; they were then to rush out towards the open side of the kraal and surround it. The cavalry left led horses, pack-animals, and every article which could make a noise or impede their progress, and followed Major Marter, leading their horses down the descent in single file. They left the upper part of the mountain at 1.45 P.M., and, after a scramble over rocks and watercourses, floundering in bogs, and hampered everywhere by trees and gigantic creepers, reached the foot about three o'clock, having lost two horses killed in the descent, and one man having his arm badly hurt. In a little dell they mounted, and at a gallop dashed out—one troop to the right, one to the left, the irregulars straight to the front—over boulders, through high grass and every impediment, up to the kraal; the natives reaching it at the same moment.

Seeing that the men in the kraal were armed with guns as well as assegais, Major Marter desired his interpreter to call out that if any resistance were offered he would shoot down every one and burn the kraal; and then dismounting, with a few of his men, he entered the enclosure, which was strongly stockaded. A chief—Umkosana—met him, and was asked where the king was; after some delay, seeing it was a hopeless case, he pointed out a hut on the farther side of the enclosure. Major Marter called on the king to come out, but he insisted the officer should go in to him. A threat of setting fire to the hut was then made, when the king asked the rank of the officer, and, after some further parley, came out and stood erect and quite the king, looking at Major Marter, saying: "You would not have taken me, but I never thought troops could come down the mountain through the forest."

Besides the Chief Umkosana, there were with Cetshwayo seven men and a lad, five women and a girl, of his personal attendants.

There were twenty guns in the kraal, four of them rifles that had belonged to the 24th Regiment, much ammunition, some belts of the 24th, and many assegais, one of which—the king's—was sent by Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Queen.

Taking the most open line of country, the party set out for Ulundi, Major Marter taking personal charge of the king, who was in good health, and showing so signs of over-fatigue.

On the evening of the second day three men and a woman sprang suddenly into the thick bush through which they were passing and tried to escape; but two of the men were shot. They had been repeatedly warned that any one trying to escape would be shot.¹

On the morning of the 31st August, Major Marter safely reached the camp at Ulundi with Cetshwayo; who is described by his captor as "a noble specimen of a man, without any bad expression, and the king all over in appearance and manner."

Sir Garnet Wolseley did not receive the fallen king himself, or accord him any of the signs of respect to which he was entitled, and which at least generosity demanded. That this was deeply felt is apparent from the words of an eye-witness, the interpreter attached to Major Barrow's force. "Cetywayo," he says, "who appreciates nicely the courtesies due to rank—as those who knew him tell me—felt this keenly. Sir Garnet Wolseley did not see him at all, and Mr. John Shepstone only had an interview with him to tell him that he would leave under the charge of Major Poole, R.A., for—no one knew where. The instructions to the Major were, on leaving Ulundi, to proceed to Pietermaritzburg *via* Rorke's Drift, but the camp had not been left many miles behind before a messenger to the Major from the General gave Port Durnford as the port of embarkation.

"Cetshwayo spent less than three hours amidst the ruins of Ulundi, and when he left them he was not aware of his destination. His hope was that he was going to

¹ It is also asserted that eleven tried to escape, of whom five were shot,

Pietermaritzburg. . . . This he believed was where he was going until he came to Kwamagwaza, and he said, "This is not the way to the Tugela." He grew moody after this, and used to moan, "It was better to be killed than sent over the sea."

The party reached Port Durnford on the 4th September, and was immediately embarked for Cape Town. There the king met with a fitting reception, and was conveyed to the castle, where he remained under strict surveillance in the custody of Colonel Hassard, C.B., R.E., Commandant at Cape Town.

One peculiarity regarding the treatment of Cetshwayo may be illustrated by the following personal anecdote:

A son and daughter of the Bishop of Natal, on their way to England, called at Cape Town on board a steamer at the time of the king's arrival. They asked permission to see him, feeling that if anything could be a solace to the captive it would be an interview with members of a family which he knew had kindly feelings towards him.¹ This request was refused by Sir Bartle Frere, who regretted that he could not "at present give any one permission to visit Cetshwayo," and said that "all intercourse with him must be regulated by the orders of the General Commanding H. M. Forces in the Field, to whom all applications to communicate with the prisoner should be referred." After this communication, it was rather surprising to find that several of the passengers on board the mail-steamer, leaving the Cape the next day, had not only seen the king, but had found no difficulty in so doing.²

¹ Mr. Colenso was acquainted with him, having, as already related, paid him a visit in 1877.

² At the same time many residents in Cape Town obtained, from mere motives of curiosity, that interview which, to those who had desired it for humanity's sake, had been refused, while all who knew his language, or are likely to sympathise, are rigidly excluded. An officer was desired not to mention the name of the Bishop of Natal to Cetshwayo, "because it excited the prisoner."

CONCLUSION.

THE fall of Ulundi was looked upon by some as the finishing touch to the Zulu power and the end of the war, while others considered peace insured only and completely by the capture of the king. Much, however, remained to be done before Natal could be thought of as at peace with her neighbours and herself; and what has been commonly called the "Settlement of Zululand," was a task which required the gravest consideration and the most careful handling.

Sir Garnet Wolseley's first act in this direction was to call together as many of the principal Zulu chiefs and officials as could be found, and to address them upon the situation. This meeting took place at Ulundi on the 1st of September, the day after the captive king's departure for Port Durnford. About 200 Zulus, including two of Cetshwayo's brothers, and his prime minister Mnyamana, had responded to the summons; and seating themselves in rows four deep, with the principal chiefs in front, a few paces from the flagstaff at Sir G. Wolseley's tent, waited in perfect silence. When Sir Garnet, with his staff, at last appeared, he addressed the assembled chiefs through Mr. John Shepstone, who accompanied him as interpreter. He informed them that it was six years that very day since Cetshwayo was crowned king of the Zulus, and that he was now carried away never to return. This, he told them, was in consequence of his having broken his coronation promises, and having failed to make and keep such laws amongst his people as the Queen of England could