

man, assegaied in ten places and flung over the krantz by the enemy, who had got up behind the picket (who were not much on the alert). Some men ran, others fired, and the enemy, hearing us coming and the guns opening on them, ran back. I pushed on at once with the police and natives, and finding myself the only officer with them, the rest staying to look after the wounded man, extended them in skirmishing order among the rocks, and got up nearly to the top slope below the schantses. It was moonlight, and we expected to be fired at, but were not, nor did we see the enemy, so I called in my men and went back, the picket being now reinforced. Three men of the picket wounded, one since dead.'

I now give one or two extracts from a letter dated September 8th, 1879 :

'A camp guard who was just on the bank of the Quithing saw a black mass rush along under the bank of the river towards the camp; he ran into the camp—

about fifteen or twenty yards—followed by the enemy, who gave a yell as they came on. The sentry woke Captain Chiappini, who came out to get his men together. On coming out he saw the enemy round two tents silently cutting the guy-ropes and stabbing through the canvas with their assegais. The men out of the other three tents were quickly rallied behind the stone wall, that is between the wall and the Quithing. There they remained till daybreak. The enemy, who thus had full possession of the camp, made use of their time by sacking and pulling everything upside down in the tents. The Burghersdorp (G) Troop, 2nd Regiment, which is stationed across the Orange River, in charge of one of the guns, heard the frightful noise occasioned by the firing, shouting for help, and Kaffir yells of triumph, and running to the river, cheered away as hard as they could. One of the enemy was heard to say in Sesuto, “Listen, the bugle is blowing, and they are coming, let us go.” They then retreated, carrying their dead and wounded with them. Be-

fore they went they had made one or two attempts to take the party behind the wall on either flank, but fortunately did not succeed. A couple of bugles had been got out of one of the tents, and on these the men were making as much noise as possible. At daybreak an awful sight presented itself. Everything was in the utmost confusion. Tents simply cut to shreds by the assegais, great pools of blood, assegais, guns, blankets, bodies of the dead and wounded, and in one place a lot of human teeth, evidently belonging to one of the enemy, and all the various little necessities of camp life, were lying about in all directions. On following the path the enemy had taken—for they were easily traced by the blood of their wounded—they were found to have returned back to the mountain.

Casualties.—J. Kannemeyer, bullet in left eye, dangerous; P. L. Mair, two assegai wounds, slight; T. Laurence, four bullet and eleven assegai wounds, dangerous; W. Parkes, two assegai wounds, slight; P. Ferreira, twenty assegai wounds, doing well;

A. Mansfield, two loopers in left arm, slight ;
A. Johnson, one bullet wound, since dead.
Three others slightly wounded.

‘Last night the enemy got fifty head of cattle up the hill. They had been feeding halfway up the mountain all day, and at dark were driven into the schantses.’

Unfortunately, every attack failed, and the subsequent siege of Moirosi’s Mountain dragged on and on until November, when the Baphuti, who still kept their positions in the caves and rocks of this terrible mountain, were actually starved out, and the mountain was taken.

On the 14th October, 1879, my husband wrote home to his father as follows :

‘We are staying at Diphering for a few days with our friends the Frasers, who have a large trading station between Mohale’s Hoek and Maseru. The house is well built and the most comfortable one in Basutoland, and the Frasers are kindness and hos-

pitality itself. "Peter" is highly delighted with it, and made himself quite at home at once, as usual. I go to the pitso at Maseru, but Fanny is so knocked up that she will stay quietly here with the children and rest a little until we come back from Maseru. Crowds of people will be at this meeting of the chiefs and people. Sprigg and Uppington were to arrive at Maseru to-day. Irvine, M.L.A., has also arrived, and one of the Hays (of the *Cape Mercury*), so the "eyes of the world" are on Basutoland just now, and not without reason. I have been ordered officially to make the capture of Cetewayo generally known. This I can do; but make it generally *believed*, I most certainly cannot. The mass of the people simply don't believe a word of it, and think it is just a form of ours to frighten them into compliance with our plans. The native seldom believes anything that is not circulated by his own chiefs; of course this does not apply to all, but only the ignorant mass of the people.'

Extract from a letter from my husband to his father :

‘ MOHALE'S HOEK, *November 25th.*

‘ Moirosi's Mountain has fallen at last, and the old fellow himself; also his sons Setuka and Motsap were shot by the C.M.R. (Cape Mounted Rifles), who stormed the stronghold. He had apparently been deserted by most of his people, or starvation had compelled them to leave the mountain. The attack was made at 4.15 A.M. on the 20th in five different places with scaling ladders. The defence was feeble compared with what it was in the two former attacks. In fact there were not men enough on the mountain to defend it properly, and it was taken as soon as the first body of C.M.R. got up the ladders, as they did with no loss, though one man had his cap shot off as he put his head over the rock. He, however, shot the Baphuti dead who did it, and though he got another shot through his coat, jumped up, followed by his comrades, who fixed bayonets

(they had long sniders), and charged right across the top of the mountain, driving the enemy before them. At this the defence ceased. At the other points attacked our men came swarming up on every side, and all was over. The rebels fought to the death; three chiefs were wounded and one killed, and the same number of Fingoes were knocked over. Of the Baphuti, excepting some eight or ten, all were killed and among them the old chief Moirosi himself, who was killed on the top by a soldier servant of ours who had been in the "Blues," and accompanied me to the mountain, who afterwards received £20 as a reward for his conduct on the occasion.

'Some Baphuti took refuge in a cave, but in the evening a charge or two of dynamite was thrown in, and several more of the enemy were killed. Two rushed out, one of them believed to be the chief Doda, and sliding down a krantz some thirty-five feet high, escaped under a heavy fire.

'The whole thing was well planned and

well carried out, but the weakness of the enemy made it easier.

‘Moirosi’s son Doda escaped untouched to the inner depth and fastnesses of the Quithing.’

We had a great deal of trouble at this time, not being able to get any governess or nurse. The children of course ran rather wild. One day Harry announced that he was now *very* big, and wished for an entire change of diet, and for the future requested that no more soup (which he called chicken-water) should be given to him, but reserved entirely for Nancy and the baby. ‘*Maizena* pudding’ he always objected to also, and suggested that his father should exchange with him for once and go to bed at six o’clock, while he (Harry) dined late and sat up until twelve o’clock. Pretty well, for a child of four-and-a-half years old! He and Nancy had also a great objection to learning anything, especially Dr Watts’ hymns. As my husband wrote home to his father, ‘They are regular

nineteenth-century children, and have very little respect for the wisdom of their ancestors, as displayed in the poems and aphorisms formerly supposed to be suited to the infant mind, and which certainly used to go down with the children of the last generation. At least I know that, although rather sceptical as a child, I was profoundly impressed by "the little busy bee," and though I secretly sympathised with the "sluggard," should never have dared to say so, but "Peter" would in a minute. I don't encourage it at all, and shall teach him all I was taught myself. It is very difficult to be severe with him as he is so very comical that he makes everyone laugh when they try to exhort him.'

After many weary weeks, my husband returned to Mohale's Hoek, where I had spent a most trying time of suspense and anxiety, only relieved from time to time by chance messengers who brought me in news of him from the camp close to the mountain.

Fortunately, I had plenty of occupation

during Arthur's absence, as all my spare time was taken up with preparing lint and bandages for the wounded, and devising means to send it down to the camp—together with bread, dried fruit, sausages, and other supplies.

Food was scarce at the camp, and then there came a time when a diet of porridge, made of dried Indian corn, pounded on stones, and then boiled, became too much for the digestive organs, excepting for those who were accustomed to it; and this tried my husband very much, combined with the great fatigue and exposure to bad weather. I sent food, of course, by every opportunity, but could not send enough.

Our little children, Harry and Nancy, were much delighted to welcome their father back again, and were greatly excited and interested by the events of the war throughout. Harry was most anxious to be allowed to go and join his father 'and fight the Kaffirs.' By this time they could both speak Sesuto and 'Low' or 'Kitchen Dutch' (as it is called in those parts) well. Harry

was very particular about being treated with great respect by the natives, and ordered all the policemen, servants, etc., to address and salute him as they did his father, with 'Eh! Morena' (Hail, Chief).

The natives were always very kind to the children, but all were in such an excited state at that time that one could not depend upon them in the least. We had a Zulu 'boy,' who appeared to be always as mild and gentle as possible, but one night, without any warning, he rushed out of the house, almost naked, taking with him a quantity of spears and assegais, got up on the top of a hill, and refused to come down, declaring that he would kill anyone who attempted to come near him. Some police were ordered out to fetch him back, but this they had some difficulty in doing, and it was not until he had severely wounded one or two of them, that he was eventually taken and confined to prison in irons, much to the grief of the children, who loved him dearly.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DISARMAMENT ACT

THE country now became more and more unsettled, and servants were almost impossible to get. Thefts, and indeed more serious crimes of all kinds were committed daily, almost with impunity, which added to our difficulties and hard work.

Some time before this, the Cape Parliament had passed a Disarmament Act, requiring that all natives should give up not only their guns, but also their assegais and other weapons, and in September, 1879, Sir Gordon Sprigg, then the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, summoned a great pitso (assembly) at Maseru to meet him. My husband of course attended officially, and I

was also invited, but only accompanied him as far as Diphering, near Mafeteng, where I took Harry for a little change, to stay with Mr Fraser and his brother. They were most hospitable to us all, and I was glad enough to stay quietly there with Harry and rest, while Arthur and Mr Fraser went to Maseru to attend the pitso and meet Sir Gordon Sprigg, who came up to deliver a message to the Basuto chiefs and people, and try to persuade them to obey the mandate of the government and surrender their arms to the magistrates of each district, for which they were promised compensation according to the value of each weapon.

Sir Gordon Sprigg was by no means cordially received at Maseru. A great number of chiefs and people assembled to meet him, and every possible argument was brought forward to persuade them of the great advantage to be gained by the policy of disarmament, but to no avail ; they would not pretend even to agree with him, or to promise to give up a single gun, and in fact treated the Prime Minister in a very cavalier

fashion, making many insolent remarks, most of which the judicious interpreters took care not to translate.

No more unfortunate time could have been chosen to attempt such a very unpopular measure, as the whole Basuto nation was absolutely and entirely opposed to the proposal, while the French and English missionaries and all the traders scarcely succeeded in disguising their opinion of its impolicy.

The Basutos themselves were profoundly stirred up by the news of the disaster in Zululand at Isandlhana, and the terrible massacre of our troops there, and they were quick to see and seize their opportunity of taking active measures to show their marked disapproval of the action of the government.

The very unpopular Disarming Act was followed by results which the most pessimistic had scarcely foreseen.

In a moment, as it seemed, the whole of Basutoland was in a blaze, and then began a most trying time for all the resident officials and their families. Each day things grew worse and worse, and the country

became very dangerous for Europeans to live in.

The magistrates were bound to carry out the instructions which they received through Colonel Griffith, the Governor's agent, and to use every means in their power to preserve the peace. I, for one, can truly and earnestly testify that my husband worked day and night to persuade the chiefs in his district to obey the dictates of the Government. His efforts were, to a great extent, successful, and large numbers of guns and assegais were brought in from time to time.

On the 17th February, 1880, my husband wrote as follows to his father :

'We leave this for Mafeteng about the 4th or 5th of next month' (my husband had just been appointed magistrate of that district), 'and very glad I shall be to get away. This place seems to be getting very unhealthy; there is a kind of epidemic about, typhoid, or something similar, which has carried off a great many people at Bethesda Mission Station, and five deaths have been

reported to me from a village near the Cornet Spruit. This sort of thing is very unusual in Basutoland. For ourselves, we have all been ill, more or less. I am still suffering from an attack of low fever, which I can't shake off, for a magistrate in this country can never afford to be ill. Peter is convalescent after his two attacks, but looks like a little skeleton. Doda has got a very sharp attack of measles, which Peter calls 'mealies,' and Sossie does not appear well. Fanny is not actually ill, but dreadfully tired and knocked up, and much worried, of course. Peter informed me yesterday that his getting the chicken-pox, was entirely owing to my having put him in the corner one day! "Next day, *of course*, the spots came out!"

'Altogether, we shall all be glad of change of air. The crops this year look very bad, the rain came too late.

'The Basutos have sent a petition to the Queen and Cape Parliament against disarmament, which will of course delay matters and gain time. The Basutos con-

sider that they have an undoubted right to petition the Queen and the Cape Parliament. Both the chiefs and people are strongly opposed to the idea of giving up their arms, and in fact will do anything *but* "disarm."

Extract from a letter from my husband to his father :

'MAFETENG, 17th March, 1880.

'MY DEAR FATHER,—As you will see by the heading of this, we have got here at last, though the waggons with our belongings have not come up yet, and we are staying with the Frasers meanwhile. We only crossed the river with great difficulty, having to go to a lower drift than usual, and come round by the Orange Free State, a better road, but longer. Fanny and the children travelled in two Cape-carts, and I rode part of the way, greatly to Harry's disgust, who suspected that I was going to desert him, and has never forgotten my going off to Moirosi's Mountain for so long ! He wanted to search several Dutchmen's

premises for me as he passed, and was not satisfied until I caught them up at Bushman's Kop, where they stopped to lunch and were very hospitably received by Irvine's people, who have a large store there. They presented Sossie (Nancy) with a kitten, and she carried it off with her in triumph. The house here is a superior one for Basutoland, no less than eleven rooms, which constitute a mansion in this country (*mud* floors, however, as usual). There is quite a small town here, but no church. The two Stensons and Mr Rolland also hold services in the court-house on Sundays. Peter (*alias* Harry) was great fun yesterday, and talked all the way, informing me that he was now going to a new house, where he was afraid that there would be no room for *me*! I told him that I had no doubt but that I should find a corner to put *him* in, whereupon he changed the subject. "Sossie" rebelled the other day on being threatened with the corner, and walked up to me with folded arms, saying in her deepest tones, pumped out of her boots, "I stand in dat

corner bya!" I don't know how to spell that last word, but believe it to be Dutch for "too much." The emphasis that Sossie put upon the word was something tremendous, and having spoken, she cast a contemptuous glance at the corner, and withdrew, leaving me in fits of laughter. They are funny little things all of them, and when their new clothes arrive we must try and get them photographed at Aliwal. I wish you could see them! They are delighted with the new baby, "The Father of guns," as the Basutos call him. Harry introduced himself to him the other day, "Dis brudder Peter" ("This is brother Peter"), "Dis is Sossie," "Dat Mamma!" as much as to say, "It's not of much consequence, but you *may* like to know it."

Mafeteng, was a more central and civilised place than Mohale's Hoek, where we seemed to be shut in and enclosed by chains of mountains, and almost surrounded by the Cornet Spruit and other rivers.

We were somewhat sorry, however, to leave the Hoek, with its lovely gardens and well-planted orchards, teeming with fruit by this time, and gay with flowers. We had quite a little farm there. We grew our own wheat, and carefully superintended the ploughing of the fields. We took all our belongings that we possibly could with us—horses, cows, pigs, turkeys, and 150 fowls, which were always most valuable in a country where meat was often impossible to obtain.

The children were of course delighted to 'trek' to another station, and greatly enjoyed all the bustle of packing up and preparing to leave Mohale's Hoek. Harry had by this time completely mastered the policy of the Disarmament Act, and used to run about and try to persuade the Basutos to surrender their guns to 'Morena.'

The change came at a serviceable time for us, and the journey down was a pleasant one enough. We travelled with two waggons and two large carts, which were very light and well adapted for the mountain roads,

and strong enough to drive through the rivers, as there were no bridges at that time in Basutoland.

The horses being rested and refreshed were 'inspanned,' and we drove on our way rejoicing, until we came to Diphering, where our friends, the Frasers, had for the second time most hospitably insisted on our again staying for a few days, until our waggons arrived and we could get into our house at Mafeteng. Here we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and soon got quite strong and well at this charming house with the two brothers, rich gentlemen-traders, who had come out to make their fortunes, and luckily succeeded beyond their expectations. The house was most comfortably furnished throughout, and abounded in delightful books and papers, and never did we enjoy a little holiday more thoroughly. Now and then I was 'inspanned' to make a pudding or a curry, for which I used always a famous recipe given to us by the late Sir Bartle Frere's 'chef' at Government House.

I can recall an amusing conversation

which I had with Sir Bartle himself, at Cape Town, about our mutual experiences 'up country.' We could not *quite* agree as to the best method of making candles! *he* declaring that the brightest light was to be obtained by melting the fat into a tin, with a wick in the middle, while *I* ventured meekly to urge that my method of pouring the fat into tin moulds with a plaited wick in each, was superior, besides having a more civilised appearance. Sir Bartle Frere was always most kind to us, and used frequently to correspond with my husband while we were up country.

During the subsequent Basuto campaigns I was permitted to send telegrams to him at any time from Aliwal, free, with news of the war, especially when my husband was holding the siege of Mafeteng later on, and I frequently took advantage of this kind permission. Sir Bartle also showed the greatest kindness to the children and frequently inquired after 'one Peter,' which was one of Harry's nicknames.

Before he left the colony, he wrote a

very kind letter to Arthur, speaking most kindly of his services, and bidding him farewell.

My husband wrote as follows, to his father :

‘MAFETENG, *May 12th*, 1880.

‘Disarmament of the Basutos is at a dead-lock, and Griffith asked me, as I think I told you, to write a report descriptive of the state of affairs, which I did. I recommended also an extension of the time allowed, so as to enable the Basutos to realise the fact that no interference was to be hoped for either here or at the Cape ; and alluded to the fact that the chiefs, by putting themselves forward as champions of the people against the measure, had recovered much of their influence. The people dislike the idea quite as much as the chiefs, though they would, many of them, no doubt, have submitted rather than have a disturbance. The chiefs simply expressed the popular feeling, however, in their opposition to the measure, and have thereby temporarily recovered a good deal of their

old power over the people. To Parliament they all determined to appeal.

The Basuto chiefs having sent a deputation to Cape Town to petition the Queen and Cape Parliament against disarmament, we had for some weeks quite a pleasant time, unpacked many of our belongings and felt quite civilised, comparatively! There were a few ladies in Mafeteng and a small society there. Sometimes we had a visit from one of the families of the better class of Dutch people from the Orange Free State, some of whom were pleasant enough. I had to speak Dutch to them always, and fear that my Dutch was by no means of the best, and I daresay might not have been recognised even in Holland! but I managed to keep up a conversation somehow or other. The whole family generally came together and sat round one in a semicircle. I believe that they were very curious about me as I came from England, and looked upon me as a curiosity altogether. They asked me a great many questions such as, 'Are you a good cook?' 'Can you make bread?' 'Your

hair is very light, is it because you are *very old?*' (The Basutos also said that they had never seen light hair before). 'How many children have you? and have they all had the measles?' 'Have you seen our President, Sir John Brand?' They appeared pleased when I replied that I knew him and Lady Brand and his daughter also. 'Have you ever seen the great Queen of England?' When we returned their visits over the border in the Orange Free State they were always most hospitable. Some of the Dutch ministers are very eloquent in the pulpit. Their congregations always treated them very well, provided them with an excellent house, well and substantially furnished, close to the church, and besides giving them a good salary, sent them constantly handsome presents of food to help them. The Dutch have, as a rule, very large families, and the ladies used to bring them all with them to call upon us, and made many excuses if one was omitted, 'that little Joss or Hans or Paul had a very bad cold, but would come next time'!

CHAPTER IX

MAFETENG

THIS was our last station in Basutoland. Here we soon established ourselves, and for a short time enjoyed comparative peace and comfort. We had a nice large garden, and fields round the residency, with good roads. Sometimes the doctor (Dr Taylor) visited us, and found plenty to do, especially in the way of extracting teeth among the natives. The Basutos were particularly fond of having their teeth pulled out, and I have often seen them squatting on the ground in front of our house, with their mouths wide open, all ready, while the doctor went along the rows of natives, pulling out tooth after

tooth as fast as possible. Sometimes in the hurry of attending to so many patients he would pull out the wrong tooth, but this little detail made no difference, they seemed to like it all the better! It was a very funny sight, I thought.

The Basutos build their houses in a peculiar way of their own invention. The only implement that they use is a native-made axe; no nails or fastenings are used at all, only the bark of trees, split and beaten into sharp-pointed pieces. Their houses are shaped in two different ways, over walls six feet high, with conical-shaped roofs. The mode of operation is this: First an arch is drawn the size of the hut required; poles eighteen inches deep and two feet wide apart are made round this line of circle; then the poles are chopped with the axe about six feet long, with a fork of strong pointed iron in each pole at the top, in which forks the wallplates are made. These are first of all well lashed together with the bark, then upright standards about eight inches in thickness are inserted in the

spaces between each upright pole closely together. Then this is covered with the natural South African mud-daub. Then the conical roof is put on with more wood, having in the centre of the hut a pole about fifteen feet high; from the centre of this pole the weight is supported, assisted by another line of poles about three feet from the hut, which forms the verandah. The roofs are generally at an angle of thirty-seven degrees. The doorway of this hut or kraal is about five feet high, and about two feet wide. The actual door is plaited like a mat and rolls up; it is suspended in the lintel of the door. This is all the handiwork of women. Men may assist at times, but the bulk of it is done by women. A round hole in the centre of the hut on the floor constitutes the fireplace.

There is no window whatever to a Basuto hut. Boughs are stuck into the grass on either side, meeting at the top, where they are fastened with the bark of a tree. The roof is then thatched, commencing at the top. The thatch is held on with very thin

sticks about a foot long, and the points are stuck in, the sticks being exposed. This is, as a rule, a hut of a temporary character. The more settled hut is somewhat more substantial, of a bungalow shape, with a verandah running all around, averaging as a rule about twenty-two feet in diameter. The kraal of the paramount chief is built in the same manner, but a little larger. He himself is easily discerned from the rest of his tribe by his robes, which are made in a particular pattern and of the finest skins only. When at home, however, he, like the rest, wears but very little clothing, very often none at all, as they consider it to be much more healthy and altogether better to be without them.

The Basutos take their meals out of wooden bowls and use long wooden spoons. They sit down on the ground in a circle round the pot, the men only; the women sit at a distance apart and are served afterwards; but married people use the same spoon and bowl; the rest have one apiece. The staple food is milk and corn and Kaffir beer. They

grind corn on a large flat stone, and take a perfectly round water-worn stone, a pebble of seven pounds in weight, and use it on the flat stone with both hands. They stamp mealies in two ways; one is to make a hole in the ground, insert a skin in this hole, and put mealies in it, they then stamp it with a stout pole. Another way is to hollow out the bark of a tree eighteen inches deep and two inches wide. The corn is then stamped and crushed in it with a piece of wood shaped something like the clubs used at home for gymnastic purposes, very heavy. When finished it resembles crushed corn. It is then put out in the hot sun to dry; the husks are winnowed out of it. This meal is then boiled with milk, and eaten like fine mashed potatoes (it is really very good indeed with a flavouring of salt); it is eaten with a little enland fat, if they have any, or the fat of any game.

Etiquette among the Basutos is very strong indeed, which accounts for the fact that a native is perfectly safe with only a light hanging mat of plaited straw for a door.

No one would attempt to enter his kraal during his absence. The hut of a native when closed is as sacred to his colleague as the room of an undergraduate when the 'oak' is 'sported.' All natives sleep on the floor with their heads to the door. Some use bedsteads; this is since the advent of missionaries. They have no garden as a rule, but on the roofs of their kraals they cultivate vegetable-marrows to a great extent, and gourds, the latter affording them their only drinking cups, known as 'calabashes.' These plants, too, harbour a species of grey snake. Snakes are considered sacred and are never killed. A Basuto believes that to kill them would bring ill-luck on the house, and this species of snake is frequently to be seen crawling about the roof under the verandah. They do not often bite, and their bite is not dangerous.

The Basutos build their huts in a cluster, a number of huts together; this forms a 'kraal.' As a rule, each hut is contained in about the tenth of an acre, and is enclosed in a ring fence made of the currant-bush, a

wild African currant which grows freely and is very strong and hardy. In some cases stone is used. This enclosure is called in Sesuto 'se kogtla.' Within this enclosure there are several smaller huts, used for the grown-up daughters to sleep in, and also to store the corn, equivalent to our barns. These huts contain large earthenware pots six or seven feet high, made from their own native clay. These are made inside the hut after it has been constructed. In addition to the corn is stored a large quantity of dried water-melon, which is used in the spring for flavouring purposes, and has a sweet taste. This is known as 'louauhi.' Dried locusts too they store in some of these huts; and if they have had a good hunting season, of game, springbok and blesbok, animals weighing about two hundred pounds each, the flesh of them is sun-dried and wind-dried, cut up in thin strips and carefully stored for food. Both English, Dutch, and natives use dried meat a good deal when travelling long distances; sometimes they ride as far as seventy miles a day, and are

glad enough of a bit of dried meat in those lonely regions, where, during a long ride across country, no food of any kind is to be had. After storing the dried meat, the skins of these animals are carefully prepared, and the skin of the springbok is considered the orthodox cradle for a Basuto, and is used to wrap him in as a baby. The women carry their babies propped in these skins on their backs or across their hips; this skin is called 'taree.'

For musical instruments the natives use the 'water-reed,' the sound being obtained by the depth of the hole and the thickness of the reeds. Two or three hundred natives, each with one of these reeds, constitute a national band. Each takes a different note; they hold it up to their mouths and blow down it, but they never get much beyond such a tune as 'Three blind mice.' While this stirring and classical (?) melody is being performed by the reed-band, the women dance round the circle of musicians, keeping time with their hands and singing a low weird song. The effect is very curious and somewhat unearthly.

In addition to reeds, they use a bow-shaped harp, a calabash being attached to the one end, the wire being tight. The wire is played upon by a little piece of wood against this wire and the finger as in the case of a violin. At best it is but poor music and affords entertainment for one person only, viz., the *operator*! I should say that the Basutos are by no means a musical race, but are capable of being trained, and the missionaries, both English and French, do their best, and teach them to sing at the mission stations. They sing many hymns fairly well, the women especially taking very high notes.

Even when converted to Christianity, the natives will go to Thaba Bosigo to be charmed before a war, though the missionaries are struggling hard to break through these heathen customs. A Basuto is considered, privately, to be 'lost' when he becomes a Christian, by the heathen members of his tribe. Some of the chiefs profess Christianity. The missionaries have a hard battle to fight, the people are so deeply im

bued, rooted, and grounded in heathenism and superstition. On arriving at a mission station, a Basuto firmly refuses to engage in any religious duties until he has had something to eat; in fact, they demand food from the good missionary, saying that 'it is poor game to preach to an empty stomach.'

Let me here remark that the missionaries extend their hospitality to the utmost limit that their scanty means will admit. While on this subject, I cannot allow this opportunity to pass, of expressing my humble opinion, and can fairly testify to the good work which they have done all over South Africa. They are, undoubtedly, the pioneers in the country of our Greater Britain. They have heroically endured all kinds of privations, dangers, difficulties, and isolation, and endure them to this day, as everyone must make up his or her mind to 'suffer and be strong,' if they pitch their tent in such an uncivilised country as Basutoland. The missionaries have done (and do) this cheerfully and patiently. They have brought the light of the Glorious Gospel to these distant

regions, and it is to *their* influence that these savage chiefs and people have become sufficiently civilised to admit of the approach of officialism and commerce. I recollect hearing that, in the early days of Basutoland, Dr Moffat's daughter was travelling there in a waggon alone, to join her husband, with only Kaffir drivers to escort her. They were suddenly attacked by seven lions, at a place called Mahussa. One or two of the Kaffirs were killed and devoured, and this poor woman lay for six or seven hours inside the waggon, with only a thin piece of canvas between her and the seven lions who were all roaring with fury and raging round the waggon. Every moment she expected them to spring in and devour her, but she escaped unhurt.

Another lady was travelling with her husband on mission work in the depths of the country, far from all help and civilisation. Her little baby was born in the veldt, and being very weak, she depended on two milk-goats to feed the child. They were attacked by lions who killed the milk-goats, and one

or two of the drivers also. In the scrimmage the baby's feeding-bottle was broken, and the poor mother had to resort to the shank-bone of a leg of mutton, through which she managed to administer meal and water to this child of three weeks old, for five weeks! This was a girl of aristocratic birth, fresh from Europe, a niece of Bismarck, Miss Von Putkammer, with, of course, no sort of experience, before her marriage, of South African life in the wilds.

The converted natives always dressed very smartly in European dress, and a Basuto lady invariably carried the whole of her wardrobe on her back when going from place to place; and the more stiffly starched bright coloured cotton skirts they could put on the better. But the effect was somewhat comical, and they resembled a ship in full sail. The native women were very clever in making baskets of all kinds, and also in shaping pots and basins out of the red clay and baking them. They used these for everything, especially for their Kaffir beer. Often, too, they made dolls

out of the red clay, very well shaped, and baked them and gave them to the children as toys.

The Disarmament Act was just now at a standstill for a short time, whilst the petition, numerously signed, was sent to the Cape by a deputation of chiefs, who represented the whole of the Basuto nation, urging the extreme and universal unpopularity of the Act, and representing that a Basuto war was inevitable if Parliament attempted to enforce its provisions. But by this time matters had gone too far. Most stringent instructions were sent to Colonel Griffith that all arms, assegais, etc., were to be surrendered before a certain time to the resident magistrates of each district, who were to value them with the help of a committee, while the loyal Basutos were to be compensated by the Government when all were given up.

Immediately upon receiving these instructions, Arthur called a great meeting of chiefs and people to assemble at the

Residency. Lerothodi, the principal chief in the district, attended with all his councillors, petty chiefs, and headsmen, and was very civil in his behaviour. My husband spoke at the meeting, using every possible argument to persuade Lerothodi to give up his arms to the Government, and persuade his followers to do the same, and for a time Lerothodi appeared to be inclined to do so. But, alas, the love of fighting was too strong in him, as we shall see later on. Still at this time he professed much loyalty to the Queen, 'Our Great Mother,' and to his magistrate and other officials. Lerothodi indeed brought his councillors and principal men to call upon me at the Residency. He walked first, followed by his people, and making a very low bow, said in good English, 'I am happy to tell you, Mrs Barkly, that I have made up my mind to give up my arms to your husband, and to obey the orders of the Government.' Whereupon I made him a very low curtsy. We shook hands, and I congratulated

him warmly, and said that I was delighted to hear it, etc. I then begged him to take a seat which he did, and one or two of his under chiefs, the rest standing round, or squatting on the ground. Tea and cakes were brought in by a Hottentot servant, of which the chief Lerothodi and his people partook freely, munched cake and drank tea in the most peaceable manner, and we were all very friendly together. They talked to me through an interpreter, about the great Queen Victoria, and called me 'Missis Mabekabek' (wife of the Glittering Breast or Great Chief, as I have before said my husband was called after his father), and asked many questions about their former Governor and his wife, Sir Henry and Lady Barkly, who they always hoped would come back to South Africa again, and pay them a visit! Lerothodi was most polite, and spoke a little English, pretending that he should be quite pleased to give up his guns to his magistrate. 'Does the great White Queen wish it? If so, we are her children and must obey our Great

Mother,' and so on. These praiseworthy sentiments, however, he utterly failed to carry out. Lerothodi was the great soldier of the Basutos, and a fine, well-built man, a splendid rider, but with an unfortunate weakness for drink. He was the son of the Paramount Chief, Letsea, and himself was also a powerful chief with many followers.

The next, and last time, that I saw the Chief Lerothodi, was on a very different occasion. My husband had called a great disarmament Pitso in his district to decide the issue of peace or war in Mafeteng. For weeks and months past, he and his fellow-magistrates, had been working hard to preserve peace, and to try and convince the Basutos that it was to their interests to obey the Government, so that our anxiety was very great as to the result of their labours.

It was a brilliant day, with bright sunshine. My husband was at the court-house waiting to receive Lerothodi and the other chiefs and people in his district. I was standing in the garden of the Residency,

and the children with me, commanding a view of the road, when suddenly I saw a great cloud of dust approaching in the distance, and presently hundreds and hundreds of mounted Basutos, with Lerothodi at their head, all armed to the teeth, dashed into the little town of Mafeteng at full gallop, their spears, battle-axes, and assegais gleaming in the sun, shouting as they rode in the war-cry of the Basutos ! The children were delighted at the spectacle, and it was a grand sight, the Basutos being all well mounted, under perfect discipline, and in full battle array, many with long cloaks made of skins ; but I am not ashamed to confess that when the notes of the war-cry burst upon my ear, a thrill of terror went through me, for it meant that the long-dreaded rebellion was upon us in earnest.

Though inwardly alarmed, I managed to attend the meeting, the last which was held in Mafeteng on the Disarmament Act, by my husband, before hostilities actually commenced.

But before this happened, the Cape Government again postponed the day for the final disarmament until the 12th July.

The Paramount Chief Letsea adopted a shilly-shally course of action throughout, and appeared to try to keep in with all parties. At this time he called a great meeting, professedly to try and persuade his people to give in to the government and surrender their guns. He went through a pantomimic performance himself, expressive of his intention to surrender his gun, bringing it out and laying it down before the people, etc. He afterwards stated, however, that he could not find a messenger to take it to Colonel Griffith, but this of course was all nonsense. His sons, meanwhile, particularly Lerothodi, began to give themselves great airs and 'bounced' a good deal, none of them being worth a moment's consideration but Lerothodi, who was a man of more influence on account of his well-known courage. He was very sulky at that time,

and went about saying everywhere that 'he would *not* give up his guns,' etc., and abused his father Letsea for wishing to do so. My husband then sent Lerothodi a sharp message and strong caution as to his behaviour, and received in return a very civil reply, which was quite satisfactory as far as it went, but, as events proved afterwards, he was at heart utterly false and traitorous. Lerothodi's village was only a mile and a half from the Residence, and at this time he began fully to show his hand (and a pretty strong one it was!), he, Masupha, and others not only doing all in their power to stir up the people to fight and oppose disarmament, but also threatening those loyal natives who surrendered their guns, and altogether taking up a semi-rebellious position.

My husband was of opinion that by so doing they hoped to frighten the Government into further and perhaps indefinite postponement of the measure.

In this very disagreeable state of affairs everyone became more or less troublesome. Our Basuto servants (under orders from

their chiefs), refused, most of them, to work any longer. The men prepared to fight, and many of the women 'treked' to the Orange Free State, leaving us in a sad plight. Unfortunately at this time I was very ill indeed and could not get anyone to nurse me; and when my little boy Gilbert was born on the 20th of June, it was indeed terrible altogether. Had it not been for my husband's devoted care and nursing, and the wife of one of the traders, Mrs Aschmann, I must have died, I was so very ill, and for some days in great danger, as I caught a severe chill. Dr Reece was most kind in coming over from the Orange Free State, sometimes twice a day, a distance of ten or twelve miles, to see me; and my poor husband was quite worn out with work and anxiety, as every day we expected to be attacked by the rebel Basutos.

Three or four weeks passed in this way. Lerothodi kept sending threatening messages to my husband, to say that he and Moletsani's men were going to join forces, and come and attack us at once. Masses of

men and horses were seen gathering behind a ridge near Lerothodi's village. Arthur then determined to send the children and me off to Wepener, just over the border, in the Orange Free State, so, as I was then able to move, I was obliged to obey, for we were only in the way of the little garrison. Arthur had had the court-house fortified as strongly as possible while I was ill, and everything was prepared for the expected attack, as he fully intended to hold the place to the very last; but as he heard that the other magistrates had sent away their wives and families some time before, he would not let us stay any longer. Accordingly, on the 19th July, we sent the children off with Mrs Aschmann's mother to Wepener, where Dr Reece very kindly took in the poor little refugees, while I stayed one more day, and packed up in the greatest haste a few of our most valuable possessions, but of course had to leave much behind, which we never saw again, but lost utterly. News suddenly came in, brought by the spies, that an attack was expected that very night, so we

were all told to go into Captain Aschmann's great store, which had been hastily barricaded by bags of mealies outside, and inside by piles and piles of blankets against the walls, which, it was hoped, would prevent the bullets from penetrating. Miss Aschmann came with me, and we had one little room all lined with blankets, with no light or ventilation. Of course I, being still very weak, found it trying. Sleep was, as I need hardly say, quite out of the question that night, as every moment we expected the enemy to fire upon us. The night passed quietly, however ; and, mercifully for us, the plan of attack failed, as Lerothodi and the other chiefs had a quarrel, and they were, in consequence, obliged to postpone operations. All night long my husband and his little garrison worked hard, preparing their guns and putting everything in readiness. While shut up in Mafeteng during the siege my husband wrote to his father :

‘The enclosed letter will show you the result of the disarmament policy in Basuto-

land. I am writing in my office with the windows bricked up and the walls loop-holed. I have eight whites (four old soldiers among them), and about twenty more or less trustworthy black police, quite enough, I trust, to hold this court and offices. Fraser is entrenched at Diphering with about thirty men, traders and others. Fanny left to-day, and is, I hope, at Wepener by this time. The children are at Dr Reece's house for a day or two. He and his wife have been extremely good to us all through. No disturbance has as yet taken place in the district, but an outbreak may occur at any moment. Lerothodi and I are still on civil terms. I sent a letter telling him he was so far safe if he would keep quiet. He returned a reply with many salutations, saying that he would not begin any attack. What this Chief wants to do is to "cut up" the natives who have given up their guns, and Lerothodi at his pitso yesterday said that if the Government did not molest him in so doing there would be peace as before. I sent to him

at once to say that that would not do, and that if he struck the loyal natives he struck the Government, who were bound to protect those who had disarmed at their order. It was after this he sent me another message of the same nature.

‘The fact is, that the chiefs and their immediate following have always been opposed to our rule more or less, but never got the body of the people with them until the disarmament affair was commenced. The Basutos now say that what they want is “no magistrates, no rule, no hut-tax.”

‘The disarmament business is the one thing which is capable of rousing the Basutos to opposition. As to what Chesson quotes from my report as to the orderly disposition of the Basutos, speaking generally I still endorse every word of it.

‘I am not well off for ammunition, but Fraser has sent a cart into Aliwal, two days’ journey from this, and I wrote to Hunt, the C. C. and asked him to supply me with all he could. It ought to be back

to-morrow night. It comes through the Orange Free State. I had to abandon the store I thought of holding, which was too large and rambling for the few men I had. This place is small and compact. It had a partly thatched roof, which is the reason why I did not select it at first, but I have chained tarpaulin over that, and I don't think they can fire it under our fire at all events. I have four or five crack shots among the "garrison," who will make it extremely hot for anyone trying to come to close quarters.'