

"This also was even Secheli's notion; who, though warned and exhorted to peace, deemed himself invincible, and not only desired to take our lives, but also all our waggons and cattle.

"(Signed) P. E. SCHOLTZ, *Act. Com.-Gen.*

"Approved.

"(Signed) A. W. J. PRETORIUS, *Com.-Gen.*

"The above report revised and approved.

"By order of the Volksraad,

"(Signed) C. POTGIETER, *President.*"

Having thus allowed the Boers to give their own version of their doings, I shall quote a letter from the "Cape Town Mail," which will throw some fresh light on some of the worst parts of the case, and which it is only fair to place by the side of the report itself.

"SECHELI AND THE BOERS.

(*Cape Town Mail, March 12th, 1853.*)

"An article having appeared recently in the 'Zuid Afrikaan,' the purport of which seemed to be an attempt to excuse or justify the Transvaal Boers in their late attack on Secheli, the chief of the Baquaines, permit me to make a few remarks concerning the fallacies thereof. The Boers, says the writer, feeling that Secheli was getting too formidable in arms, resolved to deprive him of them. He omits wholly to mention that the Boers, previous to their being acknowledged as no longer rebels, sent to Secheli several threatening letters, to the effect that he must always inform them of the arrival of English travellers in his country, otherwise they would inflict immediate punishment on him. Those threats were unheeded by him, as he was righteously unwilling to betray the trust reposed in him by the English. Pretorius, at the time that these letters were sent to Secheli, was himself an outlaw, with a price set upon his head; of which circumstance Secheli was aware, and therefore he considered Pretorius to be usurping rights and forming laws for his own advantage, without the knowledge of the British Government. Feeling perfectly confident of his

innocence as to any charge of a criminal or aggressive nature that Pretorius might feel disposed to prefer against him, Secheli nobly determined to brave the consequences that might ensue from his refusing to comply with his unjust demand. In the year 1850 a party of English gentlemen, while endeavouring to pass through the country occupied by the Boers, were intercepted by them, grossly insulted, and obliged to return to the Sovereignty. On this account, English travellers to the interior were under the necessity of proceeding through the country of the chief Secheli, where they felt perfectly secure from future interruptions.

“But let us now revert to the main point, namely, the recent attack upon the chief Secheli. A Commando, consisting of four hundred Boers and six hundred subjugated Kafirs, of the Bakonni tribe, occupying the country to the eastward of the Moriga, with nineteen wagons, arrived at the territory of Moseili, a chief occupying the country adjacent to the Boers. The chief, with the able-bodied men, had fled on hearing of the approach of the Boers; considerable numbers of old men and women remaining at the kraal, in the hope of obtaining peace from the Boers by peaceable remonstrance. This hope was delusive. Firing was immediately commenced on the part of the Boers, which killed and wounded a great number of men and women. The Boers then proceeded towards the residence of the chief Secheli, a distance of about fifty miles from the former chief, and arrived there on the 27th of August, 1852. Exorbitant demands were made by the Boers, requiring Secheli to deliver up guns, children, oxen, sheep, goats and cows. The chief refused to comply, saying, ‘I might as well be a dead man, and my tribe destroyed.’ The Boers resolved to attack the kraal immediately, which they did on the 29th inst. They opened a heavy fire, and the people of Secheli, of course, returned it; and this murderous and unequal contest continued until night-fall, when those injured and unoffending people were compelled to retreat. The Boers possessed themselves of about twelve hundred head of cattle, about a thousand children, and two hundred women; also seizing all the property left by the English travellers in the charge of the chief, to the value of £1,200, which

he had kept most carefully and honourably during the owners' absence. A party of these Boers then proceeded to the mission-house at Rolesberg,—where the Rev. Dr. Livingstone had long resided, but from which he was now absent, distant about twelve miles,—and, having rifled it of everything that appeared useful in their estimation, destroyed his library and valuable medicine chest, carrying away also doors, window-sashes, &c. We must not omit here to mention that the Boers brought with them large quantities of brandy, to support their courage in the fight, and many were in a state of intoxication during the contest.

“Having thus collected as much booty as was within their reach, they then proceeded to the residence of Sentulie, a neighbouring chief; and, on their way, fell in with detached parties of Maselili's tribe, who were endeavouring to make their escape with their wives, children and cattle. These wretched people they shot down in the most cold-blooded manner,—they offering no resistance whatever, but, on the contrary, wishing to surrender. Here the Boers also enriched themselves with numbers of cattle, women, and children. Sentulie, having sent as many of his women and children as he could to the mountains for safety, awaited the arrival of the Boers, who immediately opened a heavy fire. His men then also fled to the mountains, on gaining which they returned the fire of the Boers, who then retreated. Here alone, it appears, they did not succeed in obtaining any cattle or captives; and they then returned to the Transvaal, where a division of their ill-gotten booty took place.

“We have evidence from Boers themselves, as well as from Englishmen. 1. That many of these unfortunate captives were exposed for sale, and some have even been seen in the Sovereignty attending their masters, not knowing that upon British ground no one can be a slave. 2. That slavery to a great extent is carried on by the Transvaal Boers, there is no doubt; and it only requires investigation to be proved. 3. The main and real objects of these attacks appear to have been expressly for the purpose of obtaining native blacks for enslavement, and of enriching themselves with cattle. 4. Hence they show great unwillingness to permit the entrance of any English

travellers, who could report on, and expose, their unrighteous conduct.

“It has been asserted or insinuated by the writer of the article in the ‘Zuid Afrikaan,’ that Secheli has been in the habit of selling slaves to the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay. This is an utter falsehood, and is in fact impossible; no Portuguese have ever visited Secheli’s country. This unfounded assertion only exposes the ignorance of the writer in question, relative to the situations of the countries inhabited respectively by the Portuguese and the Baquaines, of whom Secheli is the chief. This letter has been written in the presence and with the sanction of two gentlemen, who have travelled for the past three years into the interior of Africa, who can vouch for its strict truth. I myself have also passed through Secheli’s country several times, and once subsequent to the attack by the Boers, when I became acquainted with the facts I here relate.

“We know for certain that Secheli is now on his way to Cape Town, preparatory to visiting England, and is prepared to confute any charges that interested parties may feel disposed to bring against him.

“I have, &c.,

“VERITAS.”

According to the last paragraph in the preceding quotation, Secheli was expected at Cape Town, and he has since arrived there; yet, for some reasons not known to us, he proceeded no farther, but returned, and, on his way, passed through Graaff-Reinet. Concerning his visit we find the following notice in the “Graaff-Reinet Herald.” But I am not certain whether this was on his way to the Cape, or on his return.

“The chief Secheli, accompanied by Messrs. Edwards and Green, arrived here on Saturday afternoon last. We understand that £119 have been collected in Bloemfontein, and £10 in Colesberg, towards the expenses of the chief’s journey to England.

“This object does not appear to find much favour in Graaff-Reinet; and his account of the fight with the Boers, and assertions of their having made slaves of his people, are received with much coolness and suspicion.

He states that thirty-five Boers were killed in the attack on his kraal, and fifteen wounded ; while he had eighty-nine of his people killed, a thousand children and two hundred women taken prisoners by the Boers, and carried off into slavery. The natives are described as very friendly to the English, but as having a wholesome horror of the Boers, who make plundering forays on them for the sake of obtaining cattle and slaves. The hostility of the Republic to English travellers is said to arise from a wish to conceal their treatment of the natives from the eyes of the world, as well as from a desire to monopolize the trade with the interior.

“The sooner Mr. Pretorius gets his printing-press the better, as these stories, going about uncontradicted or unexplained, will excite a deep feeling of dislike against the Transvaal Republic, and may possibly tend considerably to increase the difficulties of its position.”

So much for Secheli and the Boers. And now to change the scene to Basutoland.

Before daylight on the morning on the 20th of June, 1865, some two thousand warriors under Poshuli and Morosi crossed the Caledon near its junction with Wilgeboom Spruit, and commenced to ravage the district before them. From the farm adjoining the commonage of Smithfield they laid waste a broad belt of country for a distance of thirty miles towards Bloemfontein. The inhabitants, warned just in time to save their lives, fled without being able to remove anything. The invaders burned the houses, broke whatever implements they could not set fire to, and drove off more than one hundred thousand sheep, besides great droves of horned cattle and horses. In an hour the richest men in the district of Caledon River were reduced to destitution.

In this raid thirteen white men lost their lives. A patrol consisting of fifteen burghers was surrounded, when twelve of them were killed. The other three succeeded in cutting their way out. A young colonist named Hugo Stegmann was surprised and murdered in another part of the district.

But the events of the day showed that in a fair field the burghers were able to hold their own against ten times their number of Basutos. A patrol consisting of thirty-five

men was surrounded on an open plain, where for hours the raiders hovered round them without daring to come to close quarters, and at nightfall the little band retired with only one man slightly wounded. The invading force was divided into three or four parties, the foremost of which was turned back by a body of eighty farmers. These burghers were joined during the night by a few others, and on the 21st, the Basutos, who were then retreating with their booty, were followed up, and were so nearly overtaken that they abandoned between three and four thousand sheep on the left bank of the Caledon.

This raid was followed by similar incursions into the districts of Bloemfontein, Winburg, and Harrismith. The villages were not attacked, but the farms were laid waste, until there was a belt of country covered with ruins and stamped with desolation from the Lesuto border to a line about fifteen miles beyond the village of Winburg.

To these raids several massacres of a peculiarly barbarous nature succeeded. Most of the half-breeds who had formerly lived at Platberg, and who had acknowledge Carolus Baatje as their head, had been residing for some years by permission of the Free State Government at Rietspruit, about twenty-five or thirty miles from Bloemfontein. On the morning of the 27th of June a large party of Basutos carrying a white flag appeared at the village, and saluted the half-breeds with friendly greetings. Moshesh's son Masupha, who was in command, said that they had nothing to fear, for he was at war with no one but Boers. An ox was killed for the entertainment of the visitors, and the Basuto and half-breeds sat down together to partake of food, all the time conversing as friends. When the meal was over, Masupha gave a signal, on which his followers fell without warning upon the wretched half-breeds and murdered fifty-four men and boys, not sparing even male infants at the breast. Of the residents of the village only eight men escaped. Of these, seven were at the time away on a hunting expedition, and one, who was a short distance off when the massacre took place, managed to hide himself in an ant-eater's den. The murderers compelled the grown-up girls to get into a waggon, which they took away with them, together with such other property of their victims

as they fancied, leaving sixty-seven women and little girls behind.

On the same day that the massacre of the half-breeds took place, an equally atrocious deed was performed in another quarter. A party of Boers with five transport waggons laden with goods belonging to Messrs. Wm. Munro & Co., of Durban, Natal, and destined for Pretoria in the South African Republic, where the firm of Munro had a branch establishment, had halted to rest their cattle on the Drakensberg, a few yards on the Free State side of the Natal boundary. The party consisted of Pieter Pretorius, who was a near relative of the President of the South African Republic, his sons Jan, Albertus, and Jacobus, Andries Smit, Jan Pretorius's wife and two children, six native men servants, a little native servant boy, and an Indian coolie. The oxen were being inspanned when a large body of armed Basutos, under Ramanela, made their appearance. The Boers caught up their guns, but the Basutos called them to come and talk as friends. The Boers then went towards them and explained that they were not citizens of the Free State nor combatants, and that the goods on their waggons belonged to Englishmen. The explanation appeared to be satisfactory, and in the supposition that they were safe the Boers laid down their guns, when instantly the Basutos fell upon them and murdered the five white men, the coolie, and three of the native servants. The other native servants, being Batlapin, were spared.

The murderers then left a guard with the waggons, and went down into Natal. In the afternoon they returned with droves of cattle, and went on homewards, taking the waggons with them. On the way the waggon in which the widow and children were confined broke down, and was abandoned after the Basutos had removed the goods and loaded their pack oxen with whatever they thought most valuable. During the night the three Batlapin men made their escape, and conveyed intelligence of the massacre to Harrismith, when a party was immediately sent out to search for the other survivors. In the meantime the widow, with her two children and the little native boy, having left the waggon as soon as the Basutos were out of sight, had lost her way, and it was not

until the morning of the 29th that she reached the village, after wandering about for thirty-six hours.

On the following day a large party of Basutos carrying a white flag approached the homestead of a wealthy farmer named Jan Botes. Including two native servants, there were only seven individuals capable of bearing arms at the place. Deceived by the white flag, old Mr. Botes permitted the Basutos to come close up and dismount, when they fired a volley which wounded a German schoolmaster, named Schwim, and killed one of his servants. Old Mr. Botes they stabbed to death with an assegai. The remaining four had by this time seized their guns, and Botes' eldest son shot a Mosuto, but was immediately afterwards killed himself. The other three apparently frightened the assassins, for they pretended to ride away. As soon as they were out of sight, the survivors mounted their best horses and rode towards the nearest laager. The Basutos followed, and easily overtook Schwim and the women. These they compelled to return. The women lifted Schwim from his horse, and his wife sat down by him. The Basutos taunted them for a while, then they made a target of the wretched man; after firing several shots at him finally stabbed him with assegais. After this they destroyed everything on the place. When they left, the women set out again for the nearest laager, and after walking all night reached it in the morning.

On the 27th of June, at the very time that Ramanela's marauding band was lifting cattle in the Colony of Natal, Sir Philip Wodehouse issued in Cape Town a proclamation of neutrality in which all British subjects, European and native, were warned against assisting either belligerent. It was, however, beyond his power to prevent aid from reaching both the Free State and the Lesuto.

When intelligence of the sufferings of their kindred reached the Colony, many a stalwart farmer shouldered his rifle and rode off to the Free State camps. The Batlokua refugees in the Herschel District could not be restrained. Lehana, son of Sikonyela, came up from Griqualand East with a band of followers, was joined by the Herschel party, and crossed the Orange to help the burghers against his hereditary foe. Many of the Fingoes of Herschel, calling to mind ancient feuds and probably thinking of plunder,



made their way to the nearest laager and tendered their services. Adam Kok, who was supposed to be under Colonial influence though he was not under Colonial jurisdiction, joyfully seized the opportunity of retaliating upon the Basuto for the robberies of Poshuli and Nehemiah, and brought a band of Griquas to fight certainly for their own hand, but on the Free State side. These auxiliaries all combined amounted at one time during the war to as many as eight hundred men. On the other hand Moshesh received equal assistance from his friends. The bravest warriors that fought for him were the strangers from below the mountains who hastened to the Lesuto with a view of sharing the spoil. Among these was a clan of the Tembus under a chief named Tyali, the same people to whom a portion of Emigrant Tembuland was assigned a little later by Sir Philip Wodehouse.

Very different from a declaration of neutrality was a proclamation issued on the 26th of June by Mr. Marthinus Wessel Pretorius, then President of the South African Republic. In the warmest language of sympathy he invited all who could to go to the assistance of the Free State. "Rise brothers, rise fellow citizens, give help where danger threatens. Delay not, or you may be for ever too late. God will bless you for doing good to your brethren. Forward! As soon as possible I will myself follow you." But the Northern Republic was itself menaced at that very time by powerful enemies, and though most men agreed with the President that if Moshesh could be compelled to observe his engagements the neighbouring tribes would not attempt to disturb the peace, it was not possible just then for much assistance to be sent from that quarter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BASUTO WAR.—1865.

ACCOUNT of the attempt to storm Thaba Bosigo and the death of Commandant Wepener on the 15th of August, 1865.

At sunrise the whole force, amounting to 2,100 men, was mustered—those without horses and those whose horses were bad, to the number of about 600, were ordered to remain in camp under the command of Commandant De Villiers, whilst the remaining 1,500, with five guns, 500 Baralong and 400 Fingoes, were to move on to Thaba Bosigo. Two hundred Fingoes of the Smithfield division were detached round the southern point of Coegoolu to protect the camp from the enemy's approach from that quarter, whilst the Baralongs under the command of Webster, with the Bloemfontein Fingoes added, moved off to our left to take up position on a grass kop opposite the mission Station of Thaba Bosigo and to keep the enemy in check while the remainder of our forces were to advance direct on to Thaba Bosigo with General Fick.

After the Fingoes and Baralong had moved off to take up their different positions, volunteers were called for to storm the mountain, the Krygsraad having decided on this step the previous evening, offering to every volunteer the pick of farms in the conquered territory. About 550 men offered, whose names were at once taken down. As 1,200 men were required for this service the remainder were to be made up from the commando by order.

The settlement of this question took up a deal of time, so that it was nine o'clock before we reached the ground opposite the Southern point of Thaba Bosigo, the heights of which were to be stormed, under cover of the guns, by a footpath leading from Job's house. Here another halt took place. The Volunteers were called to the front, but in consequence of the men not being able to decide about petty leaders,—the whole being by order under Commandant Wepener—a great deal of time was again lost.

At last all seemed pretty well agreed, when another hitch took place with thirty men of Commandant Wessels. In this there was so much talk and want of decision that the General gave up the idea of storming the mountain this time. He therefore at once issued an order to Commandant Wepener to furnish 350 men, and from the other divisions under Commandants Wessels, Joubert, Bester, Malan, Roos, and De Villiers, 650, so as to complete the number to 1,000 men, the whole under orders of Wepener to move on to the Mission Station with the Whitworth and Armstrong guns and from thence to make a circuit of Thaba Bosigo, returning by the south point to where we were standing.

Wepener with this force at once moved off, and soon came on to the ground already occupied by the Barolong, where they remained upwards of an hour inactive. The General on seeing this presumed from the inactivity that the guns could not be got through a deep ravine in their front, and called a few officers together for the purpose of deciding on what was best to be done, as to return to the camp under the circumstance would tend to increase the audacity of the enemy and give him false ideas of his prowess.

As we were still opposite the point that was intended to be stormed by the volunteers on the morning, and as on closer examination the storming seemed feasible, an order was at once drawn up and given to the General's A.D.C. to carry to Wepener with oral instructions to the A.D.C. to bring Wepener back to a certain position half-way between where he stood and where we were, and from that point Wepener and Wessels, with 600 men, were to storm Job's house, then take possession of the large rocks just behind, from which the ascent of the mountain would be easy, and under cover of large rocks to within a short distance of the top—400 men under Commandant Bester and Mr. Senekal to take possession of two large ravines, one on the right and the other on the left of the approaches, and to cover Wepener and Wessels in their advance.

The A.D.C. arrived and gave his instructions to Wepener, but this Commandant having reconnoitred the path above the Mission Station, thought the ascent easy, and that the storming ought to take place there. He requested the Aide

to await his communication with the General, and at once sent off his Adjutant stating his ideas. Shortly after Wepener himself rode and met the General, who at once acceded to his request and immediately ordered all the guns on to the new position, except Commandant Finlay, with one gun, who remained accompanied by Commandant H. Smit, and a few of Roos's, Malan's, and other men of the original position.

On the return of Wepener, he having received the General's sanction, the A.D.C. was called to read the general orders to the Commandants and Field-cornets whom he had assembled. As the features of the approach were exactly the same, the orders were read and they were prepared to carry them out. A few minutes later the General appeared on the field with the Artillery, and at once commenced a severe fire of shot and shell on the face and summit of the hill, dislodging the enemy from several strong positions.

On this the whole force was ordered to advance, viz. Wepener and Wessels with 600, many of whom, however, were already missing, having left the field under various pretexts, others skulking and could not be found, so that Wepener complained the storming force was diminished by at least 100 men of the Smithfield division. Bester and Senekal also moved on to the position of the gullies with 400 men, whilst on the left Webster with the Baralong moved off to the position of the Mission house now occupied by the enemy.

Bester soon gained possession of the gullies under protection of which he moved up. Wepener and Wessels made a rush to a small ledge at the foot of the mountain, under protection of which they dismounted, and prepared for the storming. In the meantime we could see Webster and L. Papenfus about two hundred yards in front of the Baralong under Tsepenare, and the Fingoes cheering them on and endeavouring to get them to face the Mission Station, from which a smart fire was now being poured by the enemy. In a few minutes this was successfully accomplished, but no sooner had they possession than a large party of the enemy poured down the gorge through which flows the Klein Caledon, and in rear of Webster. The latter at once turned and repulsed them in this

quarter, when on arriving at the Mission Station, a second time, another body of the enemy made a charge on them, which was at once repulsed with heavy loss.

During all this the men with Wepener and Wessels were creeping up, protected by Bester and a heavy fire from the guns, the enemy in the meantime keeping up a smart and warm fire on the advancing Boers. Another hour passed, the stormers making apparently but little progress whilst the artillery practice was really beautiful, throwing shot and shell every now and then into the barricades. When the shell took effect on the barricades, the Basutos would make a rush to another from which they would again have to be dislodged by the cannon. As for our stormers, the position was so difficult that it was as much as the men could do to crawl up from one shelter to another.

At last, after more than an hour's progress, our people succeeded in reaching the first perpendicular rock, about thirty feet high, through which ran a fissure (in shape of one of those basaltic dykes common in the Albert district), but so steep that our men had almost to be shoved up on the summit of this rock and the top of the dyke. The enemy had thrown up formidable stone breast-works from which they knocked over several of our men as they advanced.

Up to this time Commandant Wessels was slightly in advance of Wepener, with all together about 120 men, the remainder having become invisible, or remained behind out of reach of shot under shelter. Wepener perceiving the mountain was not to be carried by the small force then with him, sent down to the General for reinforcements. Shortly before this, Fick sent his A.D.C. with orders to Commandants Finlay and Smit to open fire on the front we intended storming in the morning, and that 200 men should take Job's house, and then advance among the big stones to threaten the footpath leaning out at the back, so that our men, seeing a diversion in their favour, would move up more readily. This was, however, a failure, for although Finlay served his gun well, and drove the enemy from their position, Smit's men, upon having a few shots into them, turned tail and fled back to the gun.

To return to Wepener and his demand for reinforce-

ments. Immediately on receipt of the request, the General sent his A.D.C. to Smit with an order for 100 men to move up to support Wepener. Smit at once ordered his men to mount and proceed. But not one would get up from the ground where they were seated. Upon this the Adjutant-General went to him with the same order, the General, in the meantime, vainly trying to find out where the other 400 men were who ought to have been with Wepener and Wessels, also Bester's, Joubert's, Malau's, Roos' and De Villiers' men, who were ordered to protect the advance in the gulleys, but whose duties in that particular having ceased, ought to have moved up amongst the big stones at the heads of the gullies and assisted their comrades. None of these men were to be found by the General, but after the affair was over it was discovered many had gone to the mission house, and had sheltered themselves beneath its walls to the number of about 300, and Bester had remained in his position, trying from long range to render assistance. The Adjutant-General failed also to obtain help from Smit, so that the General himself went. He must also have failed, as he returned about half an hour afterwards with about 100 of the Smithfield Fingoes.

In the meantime Wepener had been killed, shot dead with several others near him, and many wounded with shot and large stones rolled on them.

Immediately on the General's return with assistance, although he did not know of Wepener's death, he at once galloped through to the foot of the mountain to drive on the laggards and make them move up with the Fingoes, who had in the meantime arrived and dismounted under the protected ridge at the foot of the hill. The General and staff had no sooner shown themselves than they were received with a smart peppering from the summit of the hill, but the Fingoes being formed, and many of the Boers being called on by name by the General to accompany them, a start was made. They proceeded about three parts of the way up, when tremendous yells and screams were heard from the Kafirs, with a rushing noise like a thousand horsemen in full charge. Our unfortunate but gallant stormers were seen coming at a frightful pace down the mountain, dislodging the stones in a hurry, and

falling over each other in their wild and frantic haste—whilst all who got wounded and fell, though not many—in that rush, were left to their fate. Commandant Wessels who had got wounded about twenty minutes previously, and was slowly coming down, with difficulty escaped.

The retreat from the top is unaccountable, as at the time the enemy were actually retiring gradually to the top, and our men were in actual possession of some of their barricades, chaffing the Basutos, asking them to show themselves, young Mr. Sephton, who speaks Lesuto like a native, being the principal. Owen was there, and states that they were obliged to shoot the guns of the enemy to pieces as they projected over the rocks to fire at random, and often they could almost seize the guns of the enemy. They were in this position, patiently waiting the arrival of reinforcements, when their attention was attracted by the men retreating below them. The only cause assigned for this affair is that when the men half down the mountain saw Wessels returning wounded, they became alarmed and caused the panic.

The artillery at once opened a smart fire and kept the enemy in check, but still many of them came down and took gullies of the rocks and gullies as our men ran away. The Baralongs and the Boers at the Mission house ran long before it was necessary. In fact they might have remained in possession altogether. The Baralongs did not distinguish themselves at all. Mr. Webster, assisted by Mr. L. Papenfus, tried repeatedly to get them to move forward and support the stormers on the left, but in vain. Webster then tried the Boers, but without success.

Immediately on the panic being seen by the General, he ordered a smart fire to be kept by the guns on all Kafirs who showed themselves. This order was accordingly carried out, and the fire was so well directed, that the enemy could not show themselves in force until all our men were down, although a few skirmishers were thrown forward by them into the gulleys and rocks, opening fire on our men as they retreated. Seeing the attack was for the day repulsed, our wounded and dead were collected, packed in wagons and started for camp. At the same time the guns limbered up, and the whole force moved off the ground towards camp, the enemy occasionally giving a

shot amongst the thickest of us with a gun carrying eight to the pound, and being steel pointed. Of these they fired several during the day, and although the distance from which the gun was fired must have been 1,200 yards, in every case the shot was well aimed and nearly took effect. Thus ended the second attack and repulse of Thaba Bosigo.

(The list of killed in the attack contains nine names beside that of Commandant Louw Wepener.)

On the 23rd of February, 1866, the combined commandos of Fick and De Villiers, consisting of the Winburg, Harrismith, and Cronstadt burghers, 546 in number, with sixty one natives as scouts, left their camp near Leribe with the intention of scouring the Drakensberg. They spent that night on the bank of the Orange River, where there was no fuel to be had, without other shelter than their blankets, though heavy rain was falling with occasional showers of hail.

On the 24th they penetrated further into the mountains, the rain still continuing with a cold north-west wind. On the 25th, 26th, and 27th they scoured the mountains which rose in an endless succession of peaks and tables around them. They were over nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and though the summer was not yet past and the heat on the plains from which they had come up was unpleasantly great, they were suffering severely from cold. A heavy mist filled the ravines, and at night rain fell in drizzling showers. Some of the burghers had never felt such chilling air before, and as their clothing and blankets were all wet and there was no fuel, they were undergoing great discomfort.

The 29th was a clear warm day. That night they spent on the very crown of the Drakensberg, where on one side the rich grasslands of Natal lay at a vast depth beneath them, and on the other side they could look down on a sea of cloud and mist covering the rugged belt of desolation which they had just passed through. They were above the rain and hail from which they had suffered so much, and on the mountain top they passed the night in excellent spirits, though they were weary and the air was cold.

At four in the morning of the 1st of March the burghers



left their elevated sleeping place, and before noon they were again in the belt of rain and hail. On the 2nd, while passing through a gorge under Thabo Patsoa, their advance guard was attacked by about two thousand Basutos, whose chief object was to recover the droves of cattle which were being driven on behind. The Basutos, however, were speedily put to flight. In the afternoon the burghers reached the camp which they had left eight days before, without having lost one of their number or having one wounded. They brought in 184 horses, 2,722 head of horned cattle, and 3,500 sheep; and they had counted thirty bodies of Basuto whom they had killed.

On the 25th of September, 1867, however, Makwai's Mountain, one of the great natural fortresses of the country, was taken by Chief Commandant Pansegrouw's division. A camp had been formed in its neighbourhood, from which during the night of the 24th three parties set out. The first of these parties consisted of sixty European volunteers and 100 Fingoes under Commandant Ward. It marched to the east end of the mountain. The second, consisting of 200 burghers under Commandant Jooste, marched to the north side. And the third, 200 burghers under the Chief Commandant himself, marched to the south side.

Under the darkness of night Ward's party crept unmolested up the steep slope, and at daybreak found itself on an extensive tableland with enormous masses of broken rock forming the background. The garrison was taken by surprise, the first intimation of the attack which they received being a volley of bullets. Some cattle were discovered here, and the Fingoes at once commenced driving them down. This gave the Basutos an opportunity to rally, and they came on in such force that the volunteers were obliged to fall back, and, after a brief stand, to retire from the mountain.

While the attention of the Basutos was directed to this quarter Commandant Jooste's men were scaling the northern side. Happily they reached without accident the summit of what may be termed the pedestal, but before them were great rocks fortified with numerous scances. These they took by storm, one after another. While so engaged, they were strengthened by one hundred men

from the Chief Commandant's party, who had crept up in the opposite direction. Upon seeing these the Basutos lost all heart and fled, leaving the Free State forces in full possession of the mountain. Large stores of wheat and millet, besides 350 horned cattle, over 5,000 sheep, and sixty-eight horses fell into the hands of the conquerors. At least sixty-seven Basutos were killed. This stronghold was not taken without a considerable number of the captors being wounded, but only one life was lost.

The mountain of Tandjesberg was taken by storm by Chief Commandant Pansegrouw. On the 28th of January 1868.

This stronghold was attacked in the same manner as Makwai's mountain. Commandant Van der Merwe with the Fauresmith burghers was sent to make a feint at the north-eastern point while Commandant Jooste with a strong detachment crept up the south-western extremity. An hour before daybreak Van der Merwe, under a heavy fire of cannon, pretended to storm the mountain, his burghers keeping up a continual discharge of rifles, but not exposing themselves unnecessarily. The ruse succeeded. Poshuli's men were drawn towards the threatened point, and Jooste seized the opportunity to climb up to the top of the great mound. The rocks there were full of scances, the first of which was in possession of the burghers before the enemy was aware of what was taking place.

Even then the position of Poshuli's men would have been impregnable if they had not lost heart. In some places the burghers had to scale steep rocks to attack the scances, but in their enthusiasm they surmounted every obstacle, and early in the morning they were in full possession of the stronghold, from which the Basuto had fled in a panic. Though only six burghers were wounded, the conquerors counted one hundred and twenty-six dead bodies of their enemies. How many more of the Basuto were killed and how many were wounded cannot be stated with accuracy, but the number of the latter was very considerable. The movable spoil consisted of 106 horses. 140 head of horned cattle, 1,070 sheep, and a very large quantity of grain.

Among those who fell at Tandjesberg was the commander of the garrison, Moshesh's brother Poshuli, the

most renowned robber captain in South Africa. He was wounded in the leg, and was endeavouring to get away with the assistance of one of his sons and two or three of his councillors, when he found himself exposed to a fire of musketry from the front. To lighten himself he unbuckled his ammunition pouch and gave it with his rifle to his son. The party then tried to escape into a gorge leading down the mountain, but they had only proceeded a few yards when a ball entered between Poshuli's shoulders and passed through his chest, killing him instantly. His son and councillors managed to conceal the body in a cave until nightfall, when they carried it away for burial. In the engagement one of the inferior half brothers of Moshesh also fell, and two of Poshuli's sons were wounded.

The loss of Tandjesberg was considered by the Basutos the severest blow they had received since the formation of the tribe by Moshesh. From its fall the cry of the old chief to the High Commissioner was earnest and unceasing, to come quickly or it would be too late. The burghers were in a corresponding degree inspirited. The young corn was now so far grown that it could be easily destroyed, and they were doing their utmost to cut it down. Their hope was strong that with a little further exertion Moshesh's power would certainly be broken, and the tribe which had so long menaced their very existence be scattered in fragments too weak to be dangerous.

Sir Philip Wodehouse, on finding that President Brand's Government did not cease hostilities, issued directions that no ammunition should be permitted to be removed from any of the Colonial ports to the Free State without his authority. But while acting in this decided manner, his language to the President was more friendly and conciliatory than it had ever been before. He pointed out that "if a fair understanding could be arrived at, the British authorities would be bound to maintain a due control over their own subjects, and the people of the Free State would thus be left to enjoy in peace, and without any extraordinary effort on their part, the lands they had hitherto held on such unprofitable terms." He was seeking, he said, the welfare of the Free State quite as much as that of the Basutos. He could not forget that its people were all but a few years before, as many of them

still were, British subjects ; that they were the near kinsmen of the people of the Cape Colony ; and that any misfortunes that befell them must to a great extent be shared by the colonists. He therefore still allowed himself to hope that he might gain the assent of the Free State Government to his proposals, and that by consenting to suspend hostilities with a view to negotiation, that Government would prevent further unnecessary sacrifice of human life.

On the 22nd February another great success was achieved by Chief Commandant Pansegrouw's brigade. Before daylight that morning the same tactics that had been successful at Makwai's mountain and Tandjesberg were employed against the Kieme, the stronghold of Letsie. Pansegrouw himself with one hundred burghers made the feint on this occasion. Letsie was at the time on a visit to Thaba Bosigo, and Lerothodi, his eldest son, was in command of the garrison. The Basutos collected to resist the supposed attack, when Commandant Jooste with four hundred and eighty burghers and eighty European volunteers scaled the mountain in another direction. Most of the scances were taken, but several of the strongest were left unattacked, as they were so situated that to storm them would have cost a great loss of life, without any advantage. The Basutos in them were practically shut up, and in course of time must either have made their escape or surrendered. One burgher was wounded, and some 30 Basutos were killed. The spoil taken consisted of 720 horses, 7,636 head of horned cattle, 14,400 sheep, one cannon, and a quantity of grain.

For some time now the Basutos had only been kept together by the encouragement given by Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was anxious to prevent them from crowding into the Colony in a state of destitution. When intelligence of the capture of the Kieme reached Cape Town, the High Commissioner recognized that if the tribe was to be preserved intact no time must be lost in placing it under British protection. Accordingly Sir Walter Currie, Commandant of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police, was directed to mass as many of his men as possible on the border, and as soon as that could be done a proclamation was issued by Sir Philip Wodehouse, which notified that the British Government had taken over Basutoland.

The Proclamation by which the Basutos became British subjects and their country British territory was dated on the 12th of March, 1868, and was published on the following day. It was received by the majority of Europeans in South Africa with great disfavour, for there was almost universal sympathy with the Free State. Many even regarded the interference of the High Commissioner as a wrong, which sooner or later would surely be followed by retribution. There could be no permanent peace, it was asserted, until the Basuto tribe was reduced to submission. If ever there was a war in which all the justice lay on one side, it was certainly this one. The little Free State, whose total white population was only thirty-seven thousand souls, had nearly succeeded in doing that which Great Britain herself had failed to accomplish, and just when victory was certain its fruits were snatched away by the hand that ought to have been most friendly. Language such as this was not confined to Dutch speaking people: many colonists of English descent expressed themselves with equal feeling on the subject.

On the other hand a small section of the community, confined almost exclusively to men engaged in commerce, maintained that this act of Sir Philip Wodehouse was necessary in the general interests of the country and was by no means an unfriendly one towards the Free State. It was pointed out that Thaba Bosigo was not yet taken, and it was argued that the Basuto tribe, even if conquered, could not be kept in control by its exhausted opponent.

When Sir P. Wodehouse interposed the Basuto tribe seemed ready to break up into a hundred fragments. There was a great deal of sickness among the people, owing to want of food and shelter by the clans that had been most exposed. It was believed that some of them had resorted again to cannibalism, but Europeans could not then ascertain whether this was correct or not. Four months later the rumour was, however, proved to be true. In July Mr. J. H. Bowker was shown a cave, of which he wrote to the High Commissioner, that the floor and the open space in front were so covered with human bones, chiefly of young people, that he could have loaded a wagon with them in a short time; all of the skulls were broken; and though some of the bones were apparently many years old, others had been cooked quite recently.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### BATTLE BETWEEN CETYWAYO AND HIS BROTHER, UMBULAZI, ON THE BANKS OF THE TUGELA RIVER, IN 1856.

HAVING given the particulars of the 1850-1-2-3 Am-axosa War in British Kaffraria, we now enter upon a new phase of our subject.

It has before been explained that Kafirs (I use the generic term) usually take the field about January or February, as the maize and millet crops upon which, with the occasional addition of meat, they principally depend, are then ripe. The nights are also at this season of the year short and warm, and the days long and genial. At this time also nature with lavish hands strews over the verdant fields many kinds of wild edible fruits well known to the Kafirs. The maize and millet crops being, therefore, stored, the cattle and women being sent away to the caves and inaccessible mountain fastnesses, and three or four of the mildest months of the year before him (as, being within the tropics, no rain worth speaking of falls in the winter), the Kafir warrior, after long preparation, and having acquired a lusty, boisterous, and hilarious state of health from the abundant and bountiful vegetation and from the cattle which thrive so well therefrom, enters upon his campaign under the most favourable circumstances. Accordingly, about this time Cetywayo, the eldest son of Um Pande's chief wife, having become jealous or fearful of the increasing power of his brother Umbulazi (who was favoured by the old king), sent out five or six regiments against him during midsummer in the latter end of 1856. The two armies met near or upon the old battle ground near the northern bank of the Great Tugela River, and after a terrific and bloody conflict, the forces of Umbulazi were utterly routed. A band of European and coloured hunters who had taken active part on the side of the latter had much difficulty in beating a retreat, having to retire whilst loading and firing as fast as they could, and so managed to keep off the Zulus, who,

not having guns in those days, were in considerable fear of the great elephant guns of the hunters. One European hunter was chased into a small clump of bushes and brought to bay, but after shooting three or four of his leading pursuers the latter halted, no one of them liking to be the first to enter the bush, thinking that death would be certain. The ammunition of the hunter was now entirely exhausted, but by ringing the iron ramrod into the empty barrel he induced the Zulus into the belief that he had again loaded, and after a while his pursuers were recalled by messenger, and the fortunate hunter instantly availed himself of his chance, and plunging into the swollen Tugela swam to the opposite shore. Some three thousand of Umbulazi's Zulus (men, women, and children) were assegaied on land or driven helter-skelter into the brimming river and drowned; Cetywayo's warriors in the meantime laughing exultingly, with fiendish glee, when with their cruel and keen assegais they pinned the babe on the mother's back to her quivering form. From the mouth of the Tugela to Port Natal, some forty miles, the beach was as thickly strewn with black corpses as when some marine convulsion lines the shore with dead mackerel. Umbulazi was killed in the action, and it is said Cetywayo had him skinned alive, and then crucified upon an opened nest of bulldog ants.

In order to make sure doubly sure, I strengthen myself with another account afforded by an eye-witness, who says:—"In the year 1856 it was rumoured in Natal that another of Pande's sons, Umbulazi, was also forming a faction in the tribe (Zulu), and as this was believed to be regarded with some satisfaction by the king, Cetywayo was resolved to prevent by the strong hand all chance of successful rivalry with himself. In consequence of some threatening manifestations of this purpose, Umbulazi withdrew, with his own particular adherents, to the Tugela. But this movement on his part only gave point to the suspicions of his brother, as it seemed to him to indicate that Umbulazi was expecting support, or at least countenance, from the Government in Natal, which was well known to be the firm friend of the old chief. At a critical moment one of the principal advisers of Um Pande declared his adhesion to the pretensions of Cetywayo, and took over a

large party of the king's most trusty followers with him. Cetywayo therefore followed his brother with an overwhelming armed force." Mr. Tönneson, who was at the time attached to the Norwegian Mission Station in Zululand, and who is the witness alluded to, has given a most graphic description of the sudden arrival of Cetywayo's force in the neighbourhood of this place, as it pursued Umbulazi :—All at once scouts appeared suddenly on the hill-tops around, as if they had risen out of the ground by magic, in the late evening, looking like small dark specks against the bright sunset sky. These scouts at one moment were concealed behind the large war shield advanced before them as a screen ; then they assumed the aspect of big spiders from the protrusion of their arms and legs ; and then more and more appeared upon the hills, and upon the higher ledges, all moving rapidly, but with utmost silence, in one direction. After a brief time, a dense black mass poured forth from a valley about a mile and a-half away, and advanced into the plain between the Rivers Umhlatuzane and Umatikulu. This was one of the three divisions into which Cetywayo's army was distributed, the whole force having assumed the designation and the war cry of "Usutu," in contradistinction to Umbulazi's party, which was known amongst them as the "Usixosa." On the following day Cetywayo himself came forward into the plain with another division of his men, and the two divisions then encamped for a couple of days, until they had satisfied themselves that Umbulazi was not hidden in the dense forest around, with a view of getting into their rear when they advanced beyond. From what Mr. Tönneson gleaned from the adherents of both sides, his impression was that Um Pande had in reality no very strong predilection to either party, and that the idea that he favoured Umbulazi arose chiefly from the representations made for their own purposes by that chieftain's people as they come along, and with a view to increase his adherents. Cetywayo obviously suspected that the "Usixosa" were favored by the English, and not altogether unreasonably, as it afterwards appeared that some white men from beyond the border did fight on their side. It is however, a notable and very remarkable fact that the white missionaries were in no way molested during the passage of Cetywayo's force. Of the three



divisions, one was commanded by Cetywayo himself, a second was led by a chief named Ūzemala, and the third by a young Dutchman named Christian Greening (Groening?). On the third day the "Usutu" all passed on towards the Tugela, and they ultimately found Umbulazi upon an eminence near the Tugela River. The main body of the army attacked him there with some vehemence, and while he was meeting this attack by the help of some white men with firearms, who were with him, the two wings pushed forwards on each side to surround him, and cut off his retreat upon the river. As soon as the attacked party became aware of this movement they fled precipitately, and fell by hundreds beneath the assegais of their pursuers. It also happened unfortunately that the river was in full flood at the time, and that in consequence a great number more were drowned in attempting to cross the stream. Umbulazi and five other sons of Um Pande were slain in this battle, which was fought on the banks of the Tugela on December 2nd, 1856, and which was known to the Kafirs as the battle of Endonda Kusuka. This is the same spot where John Cane lost his life in fighting against the Zulus in the time of Dingaan, and is near where Fort Pearson is now erected. Um Pande was greatly aggrieved at the occurrence and at the death of his sons; but Mr. Tønneson says that he was quite sure he would have been equally concerned if victory had inclined the other way, and Cetywayo and his brother Uhamu, who sided with him, had fallen. The strife was one which Um Pande deplored bitterly on every ground, but which he was entirely powerless to prevent. It was reported at the time that Cetywayo intended to pursue Umbulazi over the frontiers of the colony if he had succeeded in passing the river.

The following is John Dunn's account of this battle:— In November 1856, Capt. Walmsley gave me permission to take a short trip up the Tugela River with my hunters in search of elephants. On reaching Zululand we found the people in a very unsettled state, as it was reported that two of Umpande's sons, Cetywayo and Umbulazi, were preparing to have a fight. My hunters did not like the idea of going on. I, however, persuaded them to do so; and so we went higher up the Tugela, where we were

fortunate enough to bag three elephants and several buffaloes. I then decided to return, as the people were all up in arms, and did not sleep at their kraals, as was their custom when fighting was expected. A few days after my return, as an influx of refugees was expected, I was ordered, with the Border Police, to the Tugela Drift (ford), and whilst there Umbulazi, with two of his brothers, came over to beg for some assistance, which the Government, of course, would not give. I, however, got permission from Capt. Walmsley to volunteer, with any of the Native-Police who might like to go with me. So in one day I raised a small force and went across the Tugela River and took up my quarters with Umbulazi's army, which numbered about 7,000. The second day after my arrival in camp, the Usutu, as Cetywayo's army was called, came in sight during the afternoon. As I was scanning the hills with my telescope, I was first to see the enemy. On seeing the great odds against us—the Usutu being about 20,000 strong—I advised Umbulazi to send all the women, children, and cattle across the Tugela. This he unfortunately refused to do, and one of his brothers, Mantantasheya, jeered and said if I was afraid I might go home, as they were quite strong enough to cope with the Usutu. This made my blood boil, as it was not from any fear that I had given the advice, but with the view of getting the women and cattle out of our way. I also advised that we should go and meet the enemy. This, though it was now late in the afternoon, was agreed to, and our army was summoned and on the move in a short time. On seeing us advance Cetywayo's army came to a halt. We then went to within six or seven hundred yards of the advance scouts, and I fired a couple of shots at them, which made them retreat, and, it being now nearly sunset, we also retreated. I must not forget to state that Walmsley's last words to me as I landed on the Zulu side of the Tugela river—he having accompanied me in the boat—were, "Make peace if you can, Dunn, but if you cannot succeed, fight like devils, and give a good account of yourselves." This I promised to do.

On the morning of the 2nd of December, 1856, broke that memorable day. It was a raw, cold, drizzling morning when the call to arms was sounded. On our army being assembled,

I asked Umbulazi if our scouts knew anything of the movements of the enemy. The answer was that he did not know. Just then a puff of wind blew his ostrich plume off. This I took to be a bad omen, and so did the warriors, for there was a murmur amongst them. I now had a strong suspicion that an attempt would be made by the enemy to cut us off from the Tugela. I therefore immediately called upon my men to follow me, and rode off towards the river. This was the last I saw of Umbulazi. What I suspected turned out to be true; and as luck would have it, I rode straight for the head of the right wing of the Usutu that was trying to cut us off. I rode to within about 400 yards, and called out to them to wait for us if they were not cowards, and then galloped back and hastened my small force of about 250, with shields and assegais, and about forty more men with muskets of every queer variety. Seeing a man on horseback caused a feeling of uneasiness amongst the Usutu, a horse being at that time an object of terror to many of them, and for a time the Usutu remained rooted to the spot on which they stood and where I had left them. As soon as I got my men up—although there must have been ten to one opposed to us—I went straight at them, seeing that that was the only chance of getting out of the now fast-closing circle. Seeing such a small force daring to attack such odds caused a panic amongst the Usutu, as they felt sure that I must be backed up by a very much larger force, and after very little fighting we drove them before us for about half a mile, killing many. I then re-called my men, and although my intentions had been to have only cut my way through, and make for Natal, I now felt confident from the success we had, and being excited, I made up my mind to see the end of it. This was lucky for many of our side, as we had eventually to keep in check the whole of the Usutu army, consequently giving many who would have lagged and got killed a chance of escaping. On the main road I overtook the jeerer, Mantatasheya, completely knocked up. He begged me to put him on my horse, but as his weight was about three times that of mine, and as my horse had done good work, I did not see it, and so left him. The French philosopher says that there is always a pleasurable feeling in our breasts when we behold the

misfortunes of others; be that true or not, generally speaking, in my particular case I might be pardoned if I experienced a momentary feeling of triumphal satisfaction at his idea of leaving me all the fighting to do after the jeering way he had spoken when I advised the retreat of the women and cattle. He had taken no part whatever in the fight.

I tried hard to rally our men—as the Usutu, after the dressing we had given them, did not press us, but kept following at a respectful distance, merely killing stragglers—but without the slightest avail. The position was not pleasant, the Tugela river being in high flood, and I saw that we must adopt one of two alternatives, *i.e.*, stand and try to beat them off, or get downward from this point. We began to overtake and get mixed up with the women, the children, and the infirm of our party, and in this confused condition we went on to the banks of the Tugela. I again tried to rally our men, but without effect. A panic had seized all, and the scene was a sight never to be forgotten. There were several traders, with their wagons, encamped on the banks of the river. They were, of course, obliged to abandon their wagons, and each man to look after himself. *The faith among the Zulus in the power of a white man in those days was beyond conception.* (I put these words in italics because at the beginning of the Zulu War of 1879 the same faith or fear existed until dissipated by the blundering vacillation of Lord Chelmsford.) As soon as I got to the river I was at once rushed at by men, women, and children begging me to save them. Several poor mothers held out their babes to me offering them to me as my property if I would only save them. And now the Usutu were fairly amongst us, stabbing right and left without mercy, and regardless of sex, and as I saw that my only chance was to try and swim for it, I urged my horse into the water, but was no sooner in than I was besieged from all sides by men clinging to me, so that my horse was, so to say, completely rooted to the spot. I now jumped off, stripped myself, all but hat and shirt, and taking nothing but my gun which I held aloft, and swam with one hand. Yes, I handed over my horse to a Hottentot and swam for dear life. The ferry boat now crossed towards me after

dodging through a drowning mass of bodies in a wild and higgledy-piggledy confusion of heads, arms, and legs, whilst the yelling was something awful. I can assure my readers that I was deeply thankful when I managed to climb up on the boat. The ferryman himself was so much excited that he hardly knew what he was doing, and one of my poor fellows who reached the boat with me, and who was hanging on, he struck over the head, and the man sank to rise no more. The scene was horrible. The Usutu were, with terrible earnestness, hard at work with the deadly assegai, in some cases pinning babies to their mothers' quivering forms. Having now lost my gun, I tried hard to get hold of another, as I could not stand by inactive and look at this slaughter; but although there were several traders there with their guns in their hands they would not lend me one for fear that the Usutu might succeed in crossing and then revenge themselves. Of my small party very few managed to get across, nearly all of them being stabbed or drowned in the river. My horse got across all right, and as soon as I could manage to borrow a pair of trousers I jumped on him bare back—without my boots—and galloped off, for I knew that the report of the fight would cause a panic in Natal. I had got half way to the Nonoti—at which place I resided with Capt. Walmsley—when I met that gentleman, the present Sir Theo. Shepstone, Mr. Williams, the late Magistrate of Umhlali, and Mr. Jackson, the present Magistrate of the Umlazi Division of Durban County. These gentlemen were on their way to the Tugela, as it had been reported to them that heavy firing had been heard, but they were not aware of the cause of it. When I got home I found that owing to an alarming report that the Usutu were crossing the river, my Kafirs had started for Natal. I sent after them, however, and the messengers overtook them a few miles on their road to Durban.

Cetywayo on this occasion came down to the banks of the Tugela. Six of his brothers, including Umbulazi, were killed on our side. Cetywayo, in his retreat, swept off all the traders' cattle, amounting to about 1,000. After a while, when everything was quiet again, the Natal Government sent in Mr. H. F. Fynn (the father of

the present Magistrate of Umsinga) to claim these cattle, but, owing to some mismanagement, he returned without them.

The following is another account of this battle by the Utrecht correspondent of a Natal paper.

In the meantime, before Umbulazi's return from the Border Agent's, his army had advanced close to Nongulazi's kraal, and camped on the ridge near the sources of the Inyoni River, about three miles south of my house. It was here that Dunn and his party joined Umbulazi's army, as did the Boer party, consisting of Andries Gous (the leader) and two sons of Paul Duprez and two brothers, John Struydom, Thomas Morris, and old Camkin, with about forty Hottentot and Kafir hunters armed with elephant guns. Hearing that Dunn was in Umbulazi's camp, Messrs. Moore, Jackson, and myself walked over to see Dunn and asked him if he had been sent by orders of the border agent, or if the Natal Government intended to interpose by mediation or otherwise. Dunn replied that he had been sent there by orders of Captain Walmsley to await further instructions, which were hourly expected in reply to the Border Agent's despatches to the Government, which had been sent to Pietermaritzburg by special messengers. When asked what action he should take in the event of a collision between the two armies before his instructions arrived, he said that decidedly in that case he should defend Umbulazi. Upon this risk of white interference, we did not consider it safe to depend on the expectation of being regarded as neutral, and determined to remove our families and as much property as possible to Natal, and while we were loading up the advanced guard of Cetywayo's army appeared in sight above the house, and one of his spies rushed up to me for protection, declaring that he was not a spy. I then tested him with Umbulazi's countersign :—"Who was the cause of this disturbance?" but he did not know the answer, which ought to have been : "Masipula," and loathing to see the fellow killed before my eyes, I conducted him through the house and garden on to the bushy banks of the River, where he succeeded in escaping. Passing through the Boer encampment, I saw Gous strutting about bombastically, dressed in a hunting shirt and flourishing a

rusty sword, boasting of the feats he had done in Kafir wars, and of the wonders he intended to accomplish when Cetywayo attacked Umbulazi. On our arrival at the Drift we found the Tugela very high, with indications of a further rise. At the Drift, waiting to cross, were Messrs. Surtees, Delmaine, Paxton, Lonsdale, Grant, (Grant & Fradd), Harrison and Barber. My party consisted of Mr. Jackson and family, and Mr. Moore, self and family, and we lost no time in getting the families across the ferry, where they found shelter in a Kafir hut belonging to the ferryman, John Hill; during that day and the three succeeding ones, several attempts were made to cross the cattle, some 2,000, but a heavy south wind blowing over a surface of water 800 yards broad caused frothy wavelets which the cattle would not face, and they were carried away by the torrent a couple of miles lower down the stream to land again on the Zulu side, invariably with the loss of two or three by alligators. Messengers crossed daily from Dunn to the Border Agent, but they brought always the one story that there would be no fighting until the full moon, then in the first quarter. Umbulazi had moved his army nearer the Tugela, on a ridge of hills leading from the northern spur of the Dondakusuka mountain to the Tugela River, and Cetywayo's army was encamped in the valley of the Umsundusi, and on the thorn-bushed kopjes at the head of the valley. On the eventful 3rd of December, at five a.m., a messenger of Dunn's crossing for another supply of coffee and sugar for his master, told the old story about the fight depending on the phases of the moon, and the river that morning showing favourable signs of subsiding, and becoming passable in a couple of days more, we congratulated ourselves upon the probabilities of getting out of an unpleasant predicament without loss or risk. Mr. William Grant crossed from Natal to collect his cattle and the chief Nongalazi's cattle, which were grazing together about four miles from the river, for the whole of the country in the rear of Umbulazi's army between the Inyoni and Tugela to the sea coast appeared as one large encampment formed by the families of Umbulazi's army, who had quitted their homes in the interior to follow the fortunes of their friends; but at ten a.m., while we were in

the quiet enjoyment of a club breakfast on the bank of the river, we were startled by the appearance of John Dunn on horseback and Dick Pearce holding on to the horse's tail, coming down the road over the stony kopje at a rapid rate. Everyone was on his feet in a moment, anxious to get the news, everyone singing out, "Well, John, what is the news? What has brought you here so soon?" And when Dunn could draw breath he said there had been a battle, and the cowardly Boers sold him, for they only fired one volley at the Zulus attacking their position, and then fled, and Umbulazi's troops seeing this became panic-stricken and fled in disorder, and that he had to ride hard to save his own life. With this John Dunn and his brother-in-law, Dick Pearce, rode off to the boat which was crossing to receive him. Meanwhile, with the traders it was all hurry-scurry to inspan and remove the wagons from the Zulu territory on to a sand bank about 100 yards distant. While this was being done there was a rush of fugitives down towards the wagons, and our first idea was to prevent, if possible, a rush towards us: accordingly presenting our guns at them we told them to take to the river higher up. This checked them for a few minutes until they came on in such masses that it became a crush, and sent a mob of affrighted beings on the top of us, and in a short space the sand bank was paved with castaway shields, assegais, calabashes, and every sort of utensil necessary and unnecessary to the savage *ménage*. I had barely got the last oxen outspanned when the pursuing victors began to appear over the crest of the kopje. It was now necessary for the traders to look out for their own safety, so after some altercation with the ferryman, who at first refused to take anyone but Dunn, his horse, and Dick Pearce, he consented to take Messrs. Harrison and Delmaine; Lonsdale took to the river with his swimming belt, Baxton supported himself with shield, sticks and calabashes collected on the sandbank, and Moore and Barber started off towards the boat, but were too late. I took to the river, depending on being a good swimmer, but after getting a hundred yards from the shore my trousers became loose and fettered my legs, and so I was compelled to return to the sandbank quite exhausted; whilst in the water a bullet struck within three



inches of my head, and another went through the rim of Lonsdale's hat, who was about a yard ahead of me while swimming. I saw Dunn standing in the boat with his revolver rifle over his shoulder, and his horse being towed over astern of the boat, therefore, he could not have lost anything. When I reached the sandbank Cetywayo's troops were in possession, slaughtering everything that they came to without regard to sex or age. Some of Umbulazi's fugitives had thrown off their party-badges of white ox-skin head-bands and were assegaing their own comrades. Cetywayo's Zulus were plundering the wagons, led on by the Kafir Peter, Jacob, a Hottentot, and Puspus, a Malabar man. I had got rid of my trousers in the river, and as I stood half-naked on the sand, most of the old warriors as they passed greeted me kindly, while most of the young men would pass me with a savage frown; one impudent brute came up towards me yelling "Usutu, Usutu," holding his assegai aloft. This made me desperate, and scarcely caring what I did I struck out with my right fist, and he staggered back a pace or two, whereupon an old man rushed in between us and ordered the bully away. A second one also threatened to stab me, but when I stared him sternly in the face and asked what he meant, he also walked on. About this time I was joined by Moore and Barber, who were returned and strengthened by Messrs. David and Alex. Forbes to assist the ferryman, who was fully employed in protecting the boat, which was in danger of being swamped by the Kafirs swimming in the river by thousands. Cetywayo's Kafirs had also taken to the water, swimming with one hand and stabbing their unarmed foes with the other. Moore, Barber, and myself were the last over, and I had to remain in the bed of the river until some clothes were brought to me by the ferryman. Mr. William Grant had to run nearly four miles towards the mouth of the river, hotly pursued, and then to swim at a part where the river was nearly a mile wide and infested with alligators. The whole scene from Dunn's arrival to the Zulus leaving the river did not last above an hour, but the terrible excitement and anxiety of that hour was enough for a life time.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE AFFAIR OF MATYANA.

IN sequence of date the next matter of moment we come to is that of Matyana, the son of Mondisa, formerly, I believe, a refugee from the Zulu country, and chief of a tribe of natives, also refugees, all of whom had been located some one hundred miles immediately north of Pietermaritzburg, in the division of Klip River, on which is situated the town of Ladysmith. In the first instance Matyana had killed his uncle Vela, and the two sons of the latter. As Matyana, being a British subject, had acted unlawfully in doing this without the authority of the Governor of Natal as supreme chief in Kafir law, he was fined 500 head of cattle and cautioned. In 1858 (I take the date from Mr. J. W. Shepstone's—who is now Acting Secretary for Native Affairs—letter to Bishop Colenso, dated July 20, 1874) a man belonging to Matyana's tribe, by name Ntwetwe, became ill, and reference was had to the witch doctor, who “smelt out” one Sigatiya as the man who had wrought the sickness of Ntwetwe. I may here say that next to the evil of the tribal system, is the iniquity of witchcraft, as it is known by many that very often chief and witch are in league against a common enemy, who being so smelt out, is killed, and his cattle shared by the pair of conspirators. Any way, Sigatiya was so brutally bound and beaten that, when Matyana got alarmed and sent for him, he died on the road. Matyana was thereupon required to answer for his death. He refused to appear, and surrounded himself with armed retainers. The writer of these lines, through others, was then sent with a small following (udwendwe) to call upon Langalibalele, the chief of the Amahlubi tribe, to arm his men, and march to the assistance of the Government, in order to bring Matyana to his senses. A force was accordingly despatched, and it consisted of a few regulars, some volunteers (mounted) under Mr. Philip Allen, formerly Treasurer of Natal, and

some hundreds of Langalibalele's men. Matyana fled into Zululand, but Mr. J. W. Shepstone sent for him, intimating that he would be no longer his friend if he disobeyed his order. Matyana accordingly came with some five score of men, all armed. This was resented by Mr. Shepstone, as according to Kaffir etiquette it is an insult to appear armed in front of a chief. Matyana and his men, accordingly marched off to their kraals, and returned shortly afterwards, leaving, however, their war shields and assegais piled about a mile off the scene of the interview. Mr. Shepstone was prepared to receive him, and having been impressed by the Governor with the necessity of resorting to all possible measures for the avoidance of bloodshed, he came to the conclusion to secure the person of Matyana by strategy. He accordingly placed a body of mounted police behind a small ridge, with orders to gallop round and secure the weapons of Matyana's men as soon as they saw the men seated at the scene of the interview. In the meantime he had also told two of his most trustworthy indunas (Nozityina was one ; I forget the other) that as soon as he (Mr. Shepstone) heard the galloping of the police he would say to a boy, "Go and get me a drink of water," and they were then to seize Matyana. The spot where the meeting took place was just in front of a small kraal near the Ilenge Mountain, and John Shepstone was seated on a leopard-skin rug, some score or so of yards in front of it, having a pistol in each pocket, while Mrs. Shepstone, who had accompanied him, had insisted upon placing a loaded double-barrelled fowling piece under the leopard-skin. Accordingly, as soon as the stampede of the police was heard, John Shepstone quietly requested a boy who had been placed behind him to get him a drink of water. The instant, however, that Nozityina made a slight movement towards Matyana, that wary and agile chief leapt clean over some six rows of men deep behind him, knocking over Deke in his spring. The Kaffir chief's men then dodged about him and otherwise covered his escape, and then surged forward to where Mr. Shepstone was standing, shouting out defiant cries as they came, such as "Ubaminza" (swallow them up). It was stated by several witnesses that Shepstone at once shouted out that there was to be no fighting, but Matyana's men suddenly drew out

some common assegais with short shafts (insinqindi) which they had hastily made for the occasion and concealed under their travelling shields and elsewhere, and one of Langalibalele's men, seeing one of the opposite side poising an assegai to hurl at Shepstone, stabbed him. The fight then became general. Three shots were fired—two by Mr. Shepstone out of the pistols *over the heads* of Matyana's men when they became defiant, and one by a bastard son of Makasi, which struck Deke in the knee—so said Ncamana in his evidence. Mr. Shepstone then took up his gun, and mounting his horse, started off in pursuit of Matyana, separating any combatants that he met with. After going some distance he drew rein and looked around. Suddenly he saw five or six of Matyana's boys running along, and as he was looking at them, and just as they ran crouching, as he heard one of them say "Nantzi Inkosi" (There's the chief), he felt the sharp twinge of an assegai stab in his side, which would have killed him had it not been for his bullet-pouch—he immediately turned round and saw his would-be executioner standing by his side, and just as quickly covered him with his gun; but bearing in mind his orders as to bloodshed, and thinking that if he shot the Kaffir his example would start the killing again, he put the hammers at half-cock, and told the Kaffir to throw down his weapons. (These I afterwards saw in Mr. Shepstone's possession.) Before he could secure him, however, the fellow suddenly rolled heels over head backwards down a small precipice, only to fall into the hands of the men of Balele (the short for Langalibalele), one of whom caved in his skull with a knobkerrie" (Boer-Dutch for a heavy-headed bludgeon carried by many Kaffirs). This daring man's name was "Mudemude." And this is the truth, the whole truth, &c., of the Matyana affair. I may be out in one or two trifling details; but speaking the Zulu language fluently myself, and consequently understanding it thoroughly, I heard the different accounts from fifty different witnesses, fresh at the very time, and the above is the faithful digest or average of all the narratives. It may be, and will be, said significantly, and with what Byron calls all "the dammed mendacity of hints," that the Mrs. Shepstone alluded to was the sister of the writer, and Mr. Shepstone consequently his brother-in-

law ; but that cannot affect the issue, for "facts are facts, you can't deny."

And *apropos* of what might be said, I have by me a very unfair and garbled account of the above affair, contained in a bulky pamphlet, entitled "Langalibalele and the Amahlubi Tribe," issued by Dr. Colenso, the legal Bishop of Natal, in 1874. His Lordship is very severe on Mr. Shepstone, and by implication disbelieves anything that he or any other competent authority says, while he implicitly credits and warmly welcomes any assertions made by Matyana and Co., quite forgetting that his innocent credulity is being played upon by crafty Kafirs, who consider the art of deceiving successfully the highest talent. It is only when it is unsuccessful that deceit becomes a sin in the eyes of a Kafir.\*

Speaking from a social, arithmetical, and missionary point of view, Dr. Colenso is a great success. His social and hospitable qualities I have had the privilege of testing. His arithmetic speaks for itself, and as a missionary it was passing sweet and pleasant to see him sitting in the morning sun at Bishopstowe blowing soap bubbles out of a long clay pipe alternately with a lot of plump little Kafir children, jubilantly and hilariously grouped about the knees of the benevolent and happy hierarch, but with regard to his position as a bishop and a politician, or a self-asserted medium, it is impossible to congratulate him, because as a parson (putting aside all the anathema and excommunication which, with all the fervour of rancorous religious ferocity, the rival battalions of the church "militant" dart at each other from out their spiritual engines), he is not generally appreciated, because common-sense people say that he is simply enjoying the emoluments of an office the doctrines of which he does not profess, and as a politician he has earned, not without a strong *soupsçon* of reason, the unenviable appellation of a blundering and meddling priest—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

As an instance of the manner in which the native witnesses sported with the easy credulity of Dr. Colenso, I

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\* This was written in Australia early in 1879, when Dr. Colenso was alive, and appeared in the 1st vol. of these works. Now however, owing to access to ancient information here, at the Cape the volumes have changed places.

may mention that the latter gravely repeats the remark of Ncamana, who (the Bishop says) said Mr. Shepstone first gave him (Ncamana) the gun, and told him to shoot Matyana with it, “but he refused, saying he did not know how to fire.” Now I knew this Ncamana well, and it was a standing joke with Balele’s warriors, when they returned home from the Matyana affair, about Ncamana and the antedeluvian flint-lock blunderbuss that he carried through the “campaign,” and which, upon no consideration, could he induce to explode. Once, however, it did go off while he was aiming for the duration of about half-an-hour at some of Matyana’s Kafirs (who had no guns) on a hill some few hundred yards off. This event was the signal for a roar of laughter from both friends and foes. It was not ascertained whether Ncamana’s gun was loaded with a fragment of a rock, a hollow bullet, or the leg of a pot, but its course could be plainly seen, for it drew a thin line of smoke after it, and made withal a humming, wobbling sound, if a sound can wobble, but any way it was gratifying to the sense of humour of the enemy, and sidesplitting, and they were certainly heard to call out “Inja leyo” (That’s a dog—*i.e.*, a bullet of no account); but it becomes a matter of merriment to others also when we see the Bishop gravely placing on record the authority of such an old muff as Mr. Ncamana, and there is something ludicrous in the idea of Mr. Shepstone trusting an eventful shot (if a shot at all) to a man like Ncamana, when he himself could, to my certain knowledge, place a bullet where he liked in the sleek hide of a running antelope.

About thirty of Matyana’s men were killed, besides ten others who were stabbed in resisting the capture of the cattle. Mrs. Shepstone had a very narrow escape of her life on this occasion. She was tending one of Matyana’s men who had been wounded, when, on looking round for a moment for some lint or something of the sort, the ungrateful invalid was detected by a Kafir, in guard over Mrs. Shepstone, in the very act of stabbing her with an assegai he had silently reached. He is dead now.

I should not have dwelt so long on this subject had not Dr. Colenso, with his usual fervid flow of rhetorical sophistry, raked up the ashes of sixteen years from the date of his pamphlet, and shed them upon an innocent head. There is

no doubt whatever that Mr. Shepstone acted for the best in the affair of Matyana. Like a good soldier he obeyed his orders, which, as we have seen before, were to avoid bloodshed, and any unprejudiced person will say that, under the circumstances, he adopted the best means to secure his object. Matyana, like every other traitor to the British Government, found a ready asylum with Cetywayo.



## CHAPTER XVI.

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### INTERNECINE STRIFE AMONGST THE DUTCH BOERS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

THIS will be a short chapter, as, although I was in the Transvaal while part of the commotion above alluded to was going on, I have forgotten most of the facts and the cause of the disturbance, beyond remembering that it was in reference to religious difference between two parties. I have not seen the works of any writer who has touched upon this matter, probably because it was not deemed sufficiently important to call for special mention. The civil strife referred to occurred (if my memory fails me not) during the year 1864, and I remember that the names of two rival ministers were much bandied about, and the opposing forces of Boers were commanded, the one by Paul Kruger, the "Dopper Prince," and the other by Commandant Schoeman, of Pretoria. Mr. Kruger and his "doppers" were sticklers for the old-fashioned belief.

It has been seen that the "Boers," as they are called, left the British colony of the Cape in disgust with what they considered to be the mismanagement of the British Government in native matters, and, after long wanderings, settled north of the Vaal River, and founded the South African Republic. They have their faults, and they have also their good qualities, but the type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Cape Colony, so is the Boer in 1888 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated and unprogressive, but he possesses qualities which even in England would not be regarded as without value. He is domestic, but not gregarious. When he settles, he procures from 6,000 to 20,000 acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his wagon, with his wife and children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible (which is all his literature), and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as the site of his home, ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbour. His house consists of a



central hall, with a kitchen behind it, or very often in front of his front door. Three or four bedrooms open out of the hall, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle, he fences in a garden, which he carefully irrigates, and so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape-vines. He encloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry, his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built a gunshot or so from the first, and a few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet, the younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long solemn grace, as the day's work is commenced in the morning by a psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command. The estate produces almost everything that the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich, and there is not the least desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he himself can supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. As the old philosopher said, "He is rich in the fewness of his wants." The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. Though differing sometimes from his neighbour in belief, he is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time which has carried most of us so far and fast has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notions of things in heaven and things on earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally a republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He considers work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions, and all other questions, he regards from this point of view. Without

tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicability well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilisation.

And so, coming to the question of religion, it is one of his strongest feelings. Many of the Boers, or their ancestors, as I have endeavoured to show, left Europe shortly after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and first settled as Huguenots in the Cape in 1688. A number of the French refugees settled in a place until this day called "Fransche Hoek" by the Boers (*i.e.*, French Corner). Here they settled and named their places after the Gallic home whence they came—La Farais, Lamotte, Rhone, Languedoc, La Rochelle, Normandie, and the like. The mountain scenery around is very magnificent.

But I have wandered from the subject in hand. On arriving in Pretoria, then, on my way from Zoutpansberg, the extreme northern limit of civilization of any sort, whence I had brought ivory and ostrich feathers, I learned that two bands of Boers were opposed to each other in martial array. There had been some cases of smallpox in the vicinity of Schoemansdal, a village in the Zoutpansberg range, and the Boer Lager-Commandant, hearing that I was coming into Pretoria, sent out to warn me against entering the village. Not having been anywhere near the spot where the smallpox raged, and being short of clothes and the bare necessities of life, after my lengthened stay in the remote interior, I nevertheless decided upon entering Pretoria and explaining matters. I found about eight hundred men in the place, armed with firearms of all sorts, from the old-fashioned flint-lock to the Westley Richards and Whitworth rifle. I was a good deal hustled about at first by some of the officiously-martial young louts; but when I told them where I came from, and that some accidental sores on my hands were smallpox marks, a broad road was opened for me, and I at once sought out the Procureur-Generaal of the place, a Mr. Krogh, who had been a solicitor in Maritzburg, and satisfactorily explained matters to him.

However, the whole thing was a perfect farce. The two parties were like the fox and the child, afraid of each other, and retired in opposite directions, firing a few shots

at very long ranges.\* A night alarm was sounded while I was in the village, and there was a great uproar. One hero had, in dressing himself, put on one shoe, and in his fright, abstraction, and hurry was vainly endeavouring to put on a loaf of bread on the other foot; and the *bon vivants* of the village used to amuse themselves by creeping up at night to the sleepy Boer sentries and abstracting their guns lying or standing beside them. But the greatest farce was the endeavour of one party to intimidate the other party, which was in sight, by "sporting" their only cannon and firing it off. A large quantity of powder was put into the venerable weapon, and failing an iron ball, a leaden one was resorted to; but the ball, when made, wouldn't fit, and so it was battered down to an elongated form and then rammed home. A reckless mortal was found who applied fire to the touch-hole, and his heroism was rewarded by being blown in a dilapidated state some hundred yards, the honeycombed old thing bursting into a thousand fragments, one of which we found behind the church; it weighed about fifty pounds, and had been blown some 150 yards. The gunner resigned, and the artillery corps were disbanded.

Several respectable merchants of the village who had offended Paul Kruger's party by favouring Mr. Schoeman were heavily fined and placed in the stocks; but their friends were allowed to bring them luxuries in the way of edibles, and a cheerful supply of gin and fiddles, and the night was sometimes spent in a general carouse of authorities and prisoners. One gentleman who had a small foot, used, as soon as the Laager-Commandant's back was turned, to quietly draw the only foot that was confined in the stocks out of his Wellington boot, and caper around until next inspection time. While Paul Kruger's force was lying in Pretoria, one of his sentries challenged a horseman named Du Toit, who was cantering past the camp with some communication to the rival Schoeman.

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\* Apropos of this, a very good story was told me by an educated "old Colony" Boer. The combatants, mostly related by family ties, had been firing at each other over a hill extending for about three miles between them. On one outpost man meeting another from the opposite side, he said "Allamaskas! Kerel! If you fire so recklessly, you will be hitting one of us!"

Du Toit not stopping, the old corn-straw mushroom hat and broad-breeched Dopper deliberately squatted, and bringing his huge flintlock, loaded with slugs, to bear upon Du Toit, knocked both him and his horse over. The horse died, but Du Toit, though wounded, lived. Sir Bartle Frere has, however, altered all this, and truly it was a farce. There was, generally speaking, no available force of any kind to carry out the orders of the executive or to compel the payment of taxes. Life was consequently unsafe, and the Treasury was empty, and then Cetywayo set Sekukuni on to them, and the result was, as we all know, the annexation of that rich and magnificent tract of land known as the Transvaal.



## CHAPTER XVII.

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### THE LANGALIBALELE REBELLION, INCLUDING THE AFFAIR OF THE BUSHMAN'S PASS IN 1873.

FOR many years natives living in Natal had possessed a great desire to obtain firearms. This desire at last became a passion—especially so with the tribe of Langalibalele. This name is compounded of three Zulu words, *i.e.*, Langa (the sun) ; li balele (it is killing, or hot.)

When I last visited Langalibalele at his large kraal, Pangweni, he was a fine, dignified-looking savage possessed of a natural nobility of demeanour, and that *nil admirari* spirit and *insouciance* common alike to potentates and Zulu chieftains.\*

He was formerly a chief and rain doctor in Zululand under the late king Um Pande, father of the present tyrant. In 1848 he had to fly for his life as a refugee into Natal. In 1849 he and his tribe, numbering 7,000 souls, were placed by the Natal Government along the base of the great Drakensberg range of mountains, which in that neighbourhood are some 10,000 feet high, and which form a precipitous and mighty barrier to the north-western portion of the colony of Natal ; from August to September these mountains are snow-capped. Many people, by the way, while speaking of Africa, have great ideas of an incandescent furnace, quite overlooking degrees of latitude and altitude. The tribe were placed between the Giant's Castle (9,600 feet high) and a river known as the Little Tugela, in order to close and guard the mountain passes against the inroads of the Bushmen or Bosjesmans. The tribe being thus comfortably seated on the exceedingly fertile slopes of the spurs of the Drakensberg, increased abundantly in flocks and herds, and lived generally, as I have heard many members of the tribe say, in delightful contrast to their

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\* Fifteen years afterwards, in 1863, when I went to see him at Oude Molen, on the Cape Flats, he was considerably deacidated.

abode at Bekozulu where they were reduced to eating lizards and berries ; but being once settled in Natal, they had nothing to do but keep out a few Bushmen and get fat and rich, as they did, in cows, horses, and other property. The law in Natal which related to firearms was, and is, very strict, and the various magistrates had strict orders to require natives and others to bring in firearms, of which possession had been obtained, at once, for registration. Meanwhile the diamond fields *furore* arose in Griqualand West (then disputed territory) where no gun laws existed. The neighbouring Kafir chiefs soon found this out, and sent their men to respond to the outcry for labourers at the fields, strictly ordering them at the same time to work for nothing but guns. Many young men from Langalibalele's tribe (the Amahlubi) went to the fields and obtained guns which they brought into the colony of Natal. The magistrate of the county of Weenen heard of this, and sent his police to bring in the young men with the guns, but they eluded pursuit and fled. Langalibalele was then appealed to, but with no result. He said (a common but shallow excuse with a Kafir) he could not find the boys, and if he did they wouldn't listen to him. In this case one would naturally be inclined to know what good hew as as a chief. Any way, the chief was frequently sent for in the Governor's name, but he prevaricated, and eventually refused to appear. In the meantime this chief, strong in guns and horses, prepared to cross the Drakensberg, as he fancied his cause would be taken up by the Basutos (British subjects) over the mountain, to whom he had already sent saying that he was about to resist the Natal Government ; and so, when the Governor's messenger came to him, he allowed him to be grossly insulted and prodded with assegais, and on his dismissal the chief and his tribe sent the women and grain, &c., to the caves in the mountains, as they did in old Scriptural times ; and, saddling up, left the colony with some five hundred armed men, and a large herd of cattle. This act alone was rebellion according to the law he lived under, viz., native law, with the Governor at its head as supreme chief. A force was then sent against the rebel, the Governor, Sir B. C. C. Pine, taking the field himself ; but owing to the

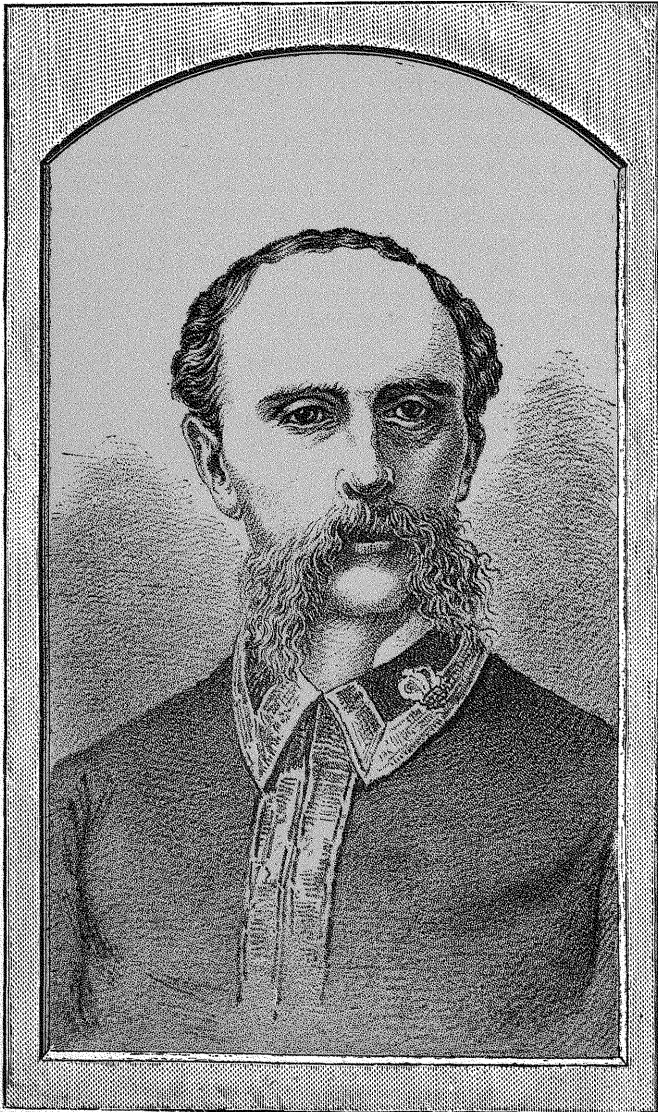
excessively mountainous nature of the country, a concerted plan failed, and a force of volunteers under Colonel Durnford (since killed at the battle of Isandhlwane) having gone round over the terrible hills, the Colonel twice fainting in the ascent, took possession of a spot called the Bushman's Pass, and, half famished as they were, suddenly found themselves confronted (and unsupported too) at the top of the pass, by the rebellious and excited natives, strong among their native crags and ferocious in the charge of their much-beloved herds. The following is Colonel Durnford's memorandum on the subject :—

“ Camp, near Holme's Farm, under the Drakensberg,  
November 30, 1873

Having reached the Bushman's Pass at 6·30 a.m., on the 4th November, with one officer, one sergeant, and thirty-three rank and file of the Carbineers, and a few Basutos, I at once formed them across the mouth of the pass, the natives in charge of cattle already in the mountain flying in every direction. Possibly there may have been one hundred at the outside, about half of whom were armed with shooting weapons. Having posted my party, I went with my interpreter to reassure the natives. Calling for the chief man, I told him to assemble his people, and say that Government required their Chief, Langalibalele, to answer certain charges ; that his people who submitted to Government should be safe, with their wives, children, and cattle ; that all loyal people should go to Estcourt, where Mr. Shepstone, Minister for Native Affairs, was, and make submission, and they should be safe. My interpreter was recognised as one of Mr. Shepstone's attendants, and the Induna thanked me in the name of the people, saying they would all go down and tell my words to the tribe, who were not aware of the good intentions of Government and were afraid.

I told them to take their cattle and go down. The Chief said they would, but begged me to leave them, as he could not answer for the young men, who were excited, and might injure me. I left him exerting himself, so far as I could judge, in carrying out my wishes.

Seeing that the natives were getting behind stones commanding the mouth of the pass, I turned their position



*Murray & St. Leger.*

**COLONEL A. W. DURNFORD, R.E.**  
*(Killed in the Battle of Teandula, Jan. 23, 1879.)*

*Cape Town.*



by sending my small party of Basutos on the one side, I taking half of the Carbineers to the other—the other half guarding the mouth of the pass. All were then in such position, that had a shot been fired, I could have swept the natives down the pass. Their gestures were menacing, but no open act of hostility was committed.

About this time I was informed that many men were coming up the pass, and, on reaching the spot, found it was the case. On ordering them back, they obeyed sullenly. Matters now looked serious, and I was informed by the senior officer of volunteers present that the Carbineers, many of whom were young men, could not be depended upon. They said they were surrounded, and would be massacred. I have reason to believe that this panic was created by their drill instructor, an old soldier of the late Cape Corps, up to whom they naturally looked. Upon this, as the only chance of safety, and in hopes of saving men's lives, although perfectly aware that it was a fatal line of policy, I drew in my outlying party, and gave the order to retire. There was nothing else to be done. I had no support. As I was about to retire by alternate divisions, the first shot was fired by the natives, followed by two or three, when, seized with panic, the Carbineers fled, followed by the Basutos.

My interpreter and three Volunteers were killed. There were probably two hundred natives present at the time the first shot was fired. The firing was never heavy, and their ammunition soon became exhausted. The orders I received were "not to fire the first shot." I obeyed.

(Signed) A. W. DURNFORD,  
"Major Royal Engineers."

After these things Langalibalele escaped into Basutoland with seven thousand head of cattle, and he and his head induna, Mabuhle, who boasted to him that he had shot the first white man, were arrested by Mr. Griffith, the representative of the Cape Government in Basutoland, with the assistance of Molapo (or Umlambo, as some Natal Kafirs called him.) Mabuhle unfortunately, being small in the hands, slipped them through the handcuffs with which he was secured and escaped into Zululand, where he is now the bosom friend of Cetywayo. Langal

libalele himself, after being sentenced by a combined court in Maritzburg to transportation for life in Robben Island, had his sentence commuted to detention on the Cape Flats under police surveillance. He is there now.

In concluding this subject I cannot help giving a parting sketch of the wondrous region where the unlucky Carbineers wandered ; lost at times in the drizzling mist, and so famished that they ate raw an ox belonging to the Kafirs, and which they shot at the top of the pass. From my knowledge of the Kafir, I can say that if anything would enrage him this kind of thing would. In using the words "wondrous region," I allude to the wild and high mountains which are part of the great Drakensberg range, and in the vicinity of the Bushman's Pass.

Aye, a grandly sublime and beautiful sight it was to look upon—those multitudinous, and, if the expression might be forged, tumultuous upheavals of huge peaks, freshly cast from the hands of the Titans. There, far, far below, lay the picturesque and Yosemite Valley-looking lands of Natal, and here towered the grassy giants to an abrupt elevation of some five thousand feet, while attaining the height of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, till they canopied their lofty heads in a highly rarified and azure mid-air. And, lo! beyond, upon the opposite side, over a vast gulf, a broadly-extended, fathomless, and fearful precipice, falling thousands and thousands of feet in sheer descent, with its craggy breast ribanded with the long horsetail waterfalls of infant streams, which, deriving their existence from this awful nursery, glide, leap, and tumble away westward, to give their increasing streams to the mighty Gariep, or Great Orange River, which, after receiving the contributions of thousands of other streams, both from the north and south, divides the great upper deserts from southern civilization, and cleaving in twain the lower portion of the great African continent, eventually pours its broad waters into the blue expanse of the South Atlantic Ocean.

I have stood upon those mighty mountains, and seen the golden gleaming of the blaze of sunrise gilding their hoary heads, as I have seen the setting sun.

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

rose-tinting the rugged scene, and casting great gaunt shadows from mount to mount.

It is truly a weird-like spot. Near where our countrymen were shot the bones of the horses killed still lie bleaching in the cold air. An awe-sticken impression pervades the mind, and a feeling of vague dread obtains in this altitude of solitude, where Nature's stern grandeur hushes all living creation. Not a sound is heard; but mysterious silence reigns unbroken, save perchance the faintly heard shriek of the high-soaring condor, which seems to be the only representative of animal life in this part, while the country a few miles lower down teems with every charming variety of wild animal existence. This condor is truly a regal bird, the magnitude and might of which, as is said somewhere, compared with others of the feathered kind, is in something like the proportion of their huge domiciles to earth's ordinary elevations. Above all other life these birds prefer to dwell, inhaling an air too highly rarified to be endured except by creatures adapted thereto. From such immense elevations as those above attempted to be described, they soar, still more sublimely, upwards into the dark blue heavens, until their great bulk diminishes to a scarcely perceptible speck, or is altogether lost to the aching sight of the observer. In these pure fields of ether, unvisited even by the thunder-cloud—regions which may be regarded as its own exclusive domain—the condor delights to sail, and with piercing and all-pervading eye surveys the surface of the earth, towards which he never stoops his wing unless at the call of hunger.

