



COLONEL A.W. BURNFORD.
ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Mary Louisa Stebbins
2nd May 1880

MY CHIEF AND I.

MY CHIEF AND I

OR,

SIX MONTHS IN NATAL AFTER THE LANGALIBALELE
OUTBREAK.

BY ATHERTON WYLDE.

With Illustrations.

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1880.

DURNFORD.

(From "*The Cape Argus*," April 5th, 1879.)

HIM best I love of that bright band
Whose bones lie white on Zululand ;
Where "in one place" they fought, they fell,
They died ! my England, mark it well !

Brave, cheery voice ! I hear it now ;
As when, with battle on his brow,
Along the shining line he passed,
Death-doomed, yet steady to the last.

When 'midst the dying and the dead,
The colours from his charge he sped ;
Stainless was every silken fold,
Unsoiled the crimson and the gold.

He knew the charge his sovereign gave,
Good glorious queen ! that bold and brave,
Yet just and gentle, must be those
Who bear her standard 'midst her foes.

'Twas no command to disobey
With tongue in cheek when far away.
Sword, flag, commission, evermore
With Christian chivalry he bore.

DURNFORD.

Not his to catch, in savage feud,
 The savage spirit, murderous mood.
 A soldier ! prompt at duty's nod ;
 But leaving vengeance unto God !

Not his vain vaunts of martial might,
 Nor coarse, base brag of blood-steeped spite ;
 Nor heightened phrase, to darken foes
 Whom Britain bids her sons oppose.

He preached not " war at any price,"
 He practised high self-sacrifice ;
 He fought, " obedient unto death,"
 And now he fears no censor's breath.

Briton and native, sleep they well,
 Where, 'midst their swarming foes they fell ;
 Where weird Sandhlwana lifts his hand,*
 For silence, o'er the awful land.

And 'midst the names that drift along
 The golden tide of fame and song,
 Seek DURNFORD's. In the troubled van
 Of peace and right, he died for man !

T. W. SWIFT.

Wynberg Parsonage.

* Sandhlwana is said to mean the " Little Hand " mountain.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS story was written in 1875, when all the events of which it tells were fresh in my mind. While writing it I intended it for immediate publication, but by the time it was finished I began to feel great doubt as to whether he in whose honour it was chiefly written would like to see so much about himself in print. Finally I made up my mind to send my manuscript to "my Chief," and ask him to read it, and to give me leave to publish it. I knew that, at least, he would give it his full attention, and would not unnecessarily nip a young author's early efforts in the bud.

In due time the manuscript came back to me, with the evidence of having been carefully perused in

the numerous pencil-scores in the Colonel's handwriting which appeared upon its pages. There were various slight corrections of details of our expedition which he remembered more accurately than I. A few remarks of his own which I had quoted were struck out, and some suggestions for better-turned sentences written here and there upon the margin.

Besides this, however, he had, through the first few chapters, marked for omission every sentence in praise of or personal to himself, evidently trying to bring my book into a shape in which it might be at once laid before the public.

But he must soon have found that, were all personal to himself cut out, the mangled remains of my story would be worthless indeed, and his final decision was contained in these words: "My dear boy, publish your book when I am dead and gone if you like; but not before."

He told me, however, that the facts of my story were correct, and that it might do good for some of them (concerning the Putini tribe, etc.) to be made public.

And now that, alas! the day of which he spoke has come, and he is gone, I have taken out the old manuscript again, and with the addition of a few notes, referring to his glorious death at Isandhlwana, I lay before the public what is but a poor tribute of affection and respect from the humblest of his friends to one whose truly Christian life was as much honoured by those who came within its influence, as his heroic death by the world at large.

ATHERTON WYLDE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
MY EARLY STORY	1
CHAPTER II.	
HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING	16
CHAPTER III.	
LANGALIBALELE	30
CHAPTER IV.	
THE REBELS	48
CHAPTER V.	
THE MINISTER FOR NATIVE AFFAIRS	66
CHAPTER VI.	
ESTCOURT	76
CHAPTER VII.	
OUR PERILS ON THE ROAD	97
CHAPTER VIII.	
OUR JOURNEY ON	109
CHAPTER IX.	
THE MOUNTAIN PASSES	148

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
MY EARLY STORY	1
CHAPTER II.	
HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING	16
CHAPTER III.	
LANGALIBALELE	30
CHAPTER IV.	
THE REBELS	48
CHAPTER V.	
THE MINISTER FOR NATIVE AFFAIRS	66
CHAPTER VI.	
ESTCOURT	76
CHAPTER VII.	
OUR PERILS ON THE ROAD	97
CHAPTER VIII.	
OUR JOURNEY ON	109
CHAPTER IX.	
THE MOUNTAIN PASSES	148

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
AGAIN ON THE MARCH	168
CHAPTER XI.	
AMAPONJWANA PASS AND MABUDHLE	184
CHAPTER XII.	
A SNOW STORM	196
CHAPTER XIII.	
BUSHMEN'S CAVES	214
CHAPTER XIV.	
THE TOP OF THE PASS	230
CHAPTER XV.	
HLUBI AND HIS HOUSEHOLD	252
CHAPTER XVI.	
THE TRIBE IS PARDONED	268
CHAPTER XVII.	
ESCAPES AND DISASTERS	289
CHAPTER XVIII.	
THE PUTINI TRIBE AGAIN	299
CHAPTER XIX.	
CONCLUSION	312