gree of permanency, and almost to partake of the character of histories. If the Dutch, as a people, have a complaint against England, it is that they are misrepresented by English writers, and are consequently misjudged and wronged by the nation. This complaint is undoubtedly well founded. In order to prove that it is so, I will contrast some of the statements of the “Historian of the Annexation,” Mr Anthony Trollope, one with the other, and occasionally with the authorities he himself relies on, so that out of his own mouth I may vindicate the character of the people whom it has too evidently been his misfortune to vilify and misrepresent.

This writer pretends, with an assumption which the Boers are certainly not inclined to permit to pass unquestioned, that the Transvaal Boer was a British subject, and when engaged in attempting to establish himself anywhere outside of the British lines, and on territory not owned by England, was a rebel in just the same way and to just the same degree as one of the Cato Street conspirators. On this groundless and most unfair assumption he bases his whole work. In his description of the emigrant Boer's conquest of Natal, he makes a statement of fact which is undoubtedly true and supported by authority, but which almost immediately afterwards he ignores, when it suits his purpose to put the Dutch in the wrong, and to excuse our colonial aggressions. Thus (vol. i. p. 248) he describes the first Dutch invasion of Natal, saying, “There was hardly a ‘native to be seen, the country having been desolated by the king of the Zulus. It was the very place for the Dutch—fertile without interference, and with space for every one.” But when he has finally depicted the wars by which the Dutch South Africans protected their new possessions against invading and aggressive Zulus, and even after he himself makes the following statement, referring to the year 1842—“That was the end of Dingaan, and has really been the end up to this time of all fighting between the Zulus and the white occupiers of Natal”—he vitiates his history by saying, “In the meantime the Dutch had had further contests with remaining natives—contests in which they had been the tyrants, and in which they showed a strong intention of driving the black tribes altogether
away from any lands which they might want themselves. This, and probably a conviction that there were not sufficient elements of rule among the Dutch farmers to form a Government—a conviction for which the doings of the "young Volksraad of Natalia gave ample reason—at last caused our Colonial Office to decide that Natal was still "British territory." Either one or other of these statements must be hopelessly incorrect. Judge Cloete, in his report to Governor Napier on the condition of the natives in Natal in 1844, stated that the native inhabitants would appear to have amounted, on the first occupation of that territory, to no more than 3000, of whom upwards of 2000 had placed themselves under the protection of the Europeans at the port. The remainder were found, by the first emigrants (the Boers), scattered and dying from starvation. Thus Cloete and Mr Anthony Trollope are agreed that the Dutch South Africans had possessed themselves of Natal when the land was a masterless desert. But the latter writer discovers, in defiance of his own facts, that the Dutch deserved annexation because they were driving Kafirs away from lands whereon only one moment before he had stated there were no Kafirs.

Later on (p. 256, vol. i.), Mr Anthony Trollope says, "that the tribes who had fled in fear of the Dutch, or had been scattered by the Zulu king, flocked in vast hordes into the country, where they had been taught to feel that they would be safe under British protection." Again I must recur to the fact, proved by all Mr Trollope's authorities, that when the Dutch entered Natal it was utterly and entirely depopulated. It had been desolated by Chaka, and its only inhabitants were a few wretched fugitives, hiding like serpents in holes. No tribes had fled out of Natal in fear of the Dutch; on the contrary, after the Dutch occupation of Natal and their defeat of the "Zulu" king, thousands of his subjects, flying from the cruelties of Kafirland, flocked into Natal when they had heard that under British law they could enjoy all the pleasures of paganism without being subject to the bitter tyranny of their chiefs. Undoubtedly in 1845, and later, the Dutch South Africans objected to this thronging in of natives upon them; but it must again be
remembered that these were not natives previously driven by them from Natal, but were barbarous Zulus, who had no claim whatever on the country. In order to support this statement by unimpeachable English authority, it is necessary here to place before the reader Noble's account of this matter, always premising that Noble is an English authority strongly prejudiced against the Dutch, and with Judge Cloete, is relied upon by Mr Anthony Trollope to establish his version of the facts:

“'There was also distrust and alarm occasioned by the influx of thousands of the savage Zulu tribe, who were permitted to live in a state of unrestrained freedom. Ever since the presence of the British troops in Natal, these natives had sought refuge in the colony, pouring in across the border to escape the tyranny and cruelty of their chief Panda, who appeared to follow the system of indiscriminate murder for which his predecessors had been distinguished. Their overwhelming numbers created a feeling of general insecurity; and the occupants of farms abandoned their isolated positions, declaring that all the evils of the Cape Kafirland were being reproduced around them. The Boer Volksraad, after considering the matter, passed a resolution requiring the Zulus to remove beyond the northern and southern frontier within fourteen days after receiving notice to do so; and they asked the military commandant to co-operate in putting the order in force.”

Now it is very hard to discover the injustice of this proposition on the part of the Dutchmen. Their political sagacity has been more than justified by recent events. The immigration of Zulus into Natal has been unchecked to this day. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon its results. It is well known that a permanent and constantly increasing danger to the white colonists in Natal has been created by this immigration, a danger which is painfully evident at the present hour everywhere in this the most fertile and beautiful of English colonies. The only way in which I am able to account for the undoubted contradiction between Mr Trollope and his authorities, is by supposing that his own assertions and opinions are the result of influences brought to bear upon his mind by the men with whom he mixed from day to day, and which overrode the facts he acquired from authentic histories. This circumstance overshadows and prejudices every page of his late work.

At p. 20, vol. ii., Mr Trollope says, referring to the battle of Boomplaatz, 1848: “If the story told by the English be
"true, the Boers did not distinguish themselves by courage "on the occasion." It can never be proper for a historian, or a writer of any sort, to make a statement detrimental to the character of a people with whom he is dealing in the capacity of a public instructor, unless such is distinctly borne out by his authorities. On turning to p. 218, vol. ii., of his own work, will be found an account of this battle, which certainly supports in no way his jaunty insinuation against Boer courage:—

"Then, on the 29th August 1848, was fought the battle of Boomplaatz, half-way between the Orange River and Bloemfontein. Sir Harry Smith, the Governor, had come himself, with 600 or 700 English soldiers, and were joined by a small body of Griquas, who were, as a matter of course, hostile to the Dutch. There were collected together about a thousand Dutch farmers, all mounted. They were farmers ready enough to fight, but not trained soldiers. More Englishmen were killed or wounded than Dutch; a dozen Dutchmen fell, and about four times that number of English. But the English beat the Dutch."

The statement and the insinuation, it must be admitted, are in painful contrast with each other. In order that the public may be able to estimate both at their proper value, I shall now, and again from the English historian Noble, describe what actually did occur.

The British force consisted of two companies of the Rifle Brigade, two of the 45th Regiment, two of the 91st Regiment, and two troops of Cape Mounted Rifles, supported by two guns and a division of the Royal Artillery. To those were added a mounted auxiliary force of Griquas, and other blacks, under Waterboer and Adam Kok, with some mounted farmers. The Boers were pursued until they were driven, on the 28th August 1848, to take up a position across the line of (retreat) road; but they were unwilling to fight, divided amongst themselves, undisciplined, ill-armed, and unprovided with cannon. Even a worm will turn at last. Noble says, pp. 134 and 135:—

"As the advanced-guard and the general with his escort were pushing on, Kruger in a bewildered manner asked, 'What shall we do now?' (Wat zal ons nou doen?) Upon which Standers excitedly replied, 'Fire away!' (Blaas maar op!) In a moment the whole top of the ridge was ablaze, and the Boers, showing themselves, discharged a heavy volley of musketry, their bullets dropping around the advancing squadron like a shower of hail. Sir Harry, for a moment surprised by the fierceness of
the fire and the sudden appearance of the rebels, who, like the men of Rodeneck Dhu—

'Sprung up at once a lurking foe,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.'—

quickly took measures to silence and dislodge the enemy. The rifle brigade were brought into action to charge upon their left flank, the companies of the 45th upon their left centre, and the 91st on their right centre; while the guns commenced operations with effect upon the points where the rebels appeared most numerous. Notwithstanding they kept up a rapid and well-directed and destructive fire, they were pushed back from the ridge of low hills to the neck of the higher ridge behind. They made a bold effort to maintain their position on the pass, but by a combined attack of the Cape Corps and the Griquas, and the guns and infantry being brought forward, they were driven from this, their last hold, and retired, firing shots as they dispersed, over the open country beyond.

"The action, which Sir Harry Smith described as one of the most severe skirmishes ever witnessed, lasted for three hours. Owing to the nature of the ground, which offered great advantages to the rebels, her Majesty's troops suffered severely. One officer, Captain Stormont Murray, of the Rifle Brigade, was mortally wounded and died the same evening; five others (Colonel Buller, Captain Armstrong, Lieutenant Sales, and Ensigns Steele and Crampton) were severely wounded, and 8 men killed and 39 wounded. The rebels left dead upon the field 49 men, 12 of them having been killed by one cannon-shot. It was remarkable how his Excellency the Governor came out unhurt, for, from the beginning to the end, he was in the hottest of the fire; and his private secretary, Mr Southey, whose courage in the field was also conspicuous, shared the same good fortune."

Now it is not unreasonable for me to prefer Noble's history, and the statement of an English general, to the authority everywhere relied on by Mr Anthony Trollope—"the stories "told by the English " (line 1, p. 20, vol. ii.) . It has been asserted, and, of course, by Mr Trollope, that whether Great Britain did right or wrong to annex the Transvaal, every sod of its soil had instantly been made of double value to its proprietor by the deed which had been done. Another assertion is that anarchy had set in, in the Republic, and that people had refused to pay or fight. Now it is not necessary to argue as to whether these things alone would justify annexation; they are but two, and two of the weakest, of the pleas put forward to justify it. Both are, however, groundless. Land has declined in value since the annexation; and to so great an extent have actual sales fallen off, that the revenue derived from this source in 1877-78, only
reached one-fifth of the figure it amounted to during the last year of republican rule. This is, of course, not so noticeable about Pretoria, where the influx of soldiers, the creation of a sort of court, and the increase of visitors and speculators at the capital, have affected the immediately surrounding district; but Pretoria is not the Transvaal. The Transvaal is larger than France, and Pretoria bears about the same proportion to it as Falmouth does to England. In the outer districts, land has virtually ceased to be a marketable article; while as to the refusal to pay or fight, the state of things today is ten times worse than it was under the old Government. February is the month in which the bulk of the taxes are received at the country offices. Now I know that the receipts this year have not even been equal to those of the corresponding period of last year, when, according to the annexationists, anarchy reigned. As to fighting, there are not thirty burghers under arms for the Government. The men in the field are hired soldiers who volunteer, but are as much paid troops as the Swiss in the French service used to be.

A great point is also made of the fact that Lord Carnarvon wrote to our Governor at the Cape, on January 25, 1877, to cause him to represent to President Burgers "the regret and indignation with which her Majesty's Government view the proceedings of the armed force which is acting in the name and under the authority of the Transvaal;" and in relation to this it is amusing to notice how Mr Trollope will blunder. He says, "This was a nice message for a President to receive, not when he had quelled the natives by armed force, " but when that armed force had run away, after an ineffectual " effort to drive the enemy from his stronghold." I should very much like to know where the facts and dates are to be got from on which this sneer is based. It was in August 1876 that the so-called retreat from Secocoeni's town took place. The date of Lord Carnarvon's despatch is the 25th of January 1877; and before that date, Secocoeni had already been brought to his knees, a supplicant for peace.¹

¹ See Blue-book Report of Commission, consisting of Captain Clarke, R.A., Mr Haggart, and Captain Ferreira, sent by Dutch Executive and Sir Theophilus Shepstone jointly to Secocoeni; and also Appendix E.
I here state emphatically, and without fear of contradiction, that the Colonial Office and Lord Carnarvon were duped into the belief that could alone be held to justify the sending of such a message to a neighbouring and friendly Government. There were no atrocities calling for such censure committed during the war; and it is most strange that neither Secocoeni nor any of his servants, sub-chiefs, or Indunas, have ever complained of the occurrence of any such wrongs, either to Captain Clarke, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, or any of the numerous visitors to Kafirland, during the short peace that was gained by the Republic. I was in the service from September 1876 to June 1878 (of the Republic and the Shepstone Governments). If such atrocities had occurred, I must have heard of them somewhere, or at some time. I have given elsewhere a detailed account of the incidents of both wars, so far as they passed under my personal knowledge; and, except the misconduct—which is unavoidable where such are employed—of native allies, I have never heard of the occurrence of any act which would not be excusable in wars amongst the most civilised races. Lord Carnarvon was grossly and wilfully deceived by those who knew that tales of oppression and cruelty were the surest way to the heart of an English statesman; and Mr Trollope, mixing during his South African travels only with the slanderers of the Boers, endorses and gives wide publicity to their statements, which he fails to support by an atom of evidence, a name, an authority, a record, or a reference.

Throughout every portion of Mr Trollope's book his bias against the Boers, and his complete mental subjection to the annexation clique, is constantly illustrated by innumerable inaccuracies, self-contradictions, and groundless assumptions, that would be discreditable to the most careless of casual correspondents, but which in a writer of his repute,—in a work professing to be quasi historical, and for which a place is claimed in the literature of the nineteenth century,—are, to say the least, most unfortunate. This bias, this twist, this intellectual perversion, is noticeable even in the smallest things. He cannot mention what he has to drink without making the subject a medium for introducing doubtful statements and incorrect inferences. In p. 23, vol. ii., when
NEW PROOF OF CIVILISATION!

207

describing his reception at the officers' outspan place on the road between Newcastle and Heidelberg, he says, "The "Transvaal would never have known even the taste of "bitter beer had it not been for the British army." This statement taken by itself is apparently insignificant. It, however, tends to give to the British public an utterly perverted view of the facts of Transvaal commerce. I am in a position to state that English ales and European wines have been very largely consumed in the Transvaal, and in territories even still farther north, twenty years before a British soldier first saw the Vaal River. The Transvaal does not owe any of its luxuries to the recent annexation. In Kuruman; at the Bamangwato; on the Tati River; in the far-off country of the Mashonas; at Marico, Zeerust, Schoemansdal (now many years deserted), and every village and trading station of the "near" interior,—bitter ale has been an article of commerce for years; while in Lydenberg, Middleburg, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Heidelberg, and Potchefstroom, more bitter ale, Hennessey's brandy, and good Rhine wine, have been drunk in the last ten years than in all the towns of Natal, which has for years been under the immediate supervision of the British authorities; and this, despite all the assistance the military could give the inhabitants.

People may say this is a small thing to be angry at. I reply: No misrepresentation deliberately made, when it tends to give the English reading public wrong impressions about subject-peoples and colonial trade, can be so small as to be unworthy of contradiction. But contradiction and correction are unavoidable where, as in this peculiar instance, they may perhaps be the means of inducing people to receive with more caution other assertions of the same writer equally groundless, but touching subjects of vastly greater importance.

The same author says, in reference to the worst, most terrible, and, if proved, most fatal charge against the Transvaal and its people—that of slavery (in p. 48 of vol. ii.), and with reference to Mr Burgers: "During all the latter period "of his office he was subjected to a continued hail-storm of "reproaches as to slavery from British authorities and
"British newspapers. These reached him generally from "the Cape Colony; and Mr Burgers, who had come from "the Cape, must have known his own colony well enough "himself to have been sure that, if not refuted, they would "certainly lead to disaster. I do not believe that Mr Bur­"gers had any leaning towards slavery. He was by no "means a Boer among Boers, but has come rather of a "younger class of men, and from a newer school; but he "could only exist in the Transvaal by means of the Boers, "and in his existing condition could not exert himself for "the fulfilment of the clause of the treaty which forbade "slavery."

And again (p. 52 of the same volume): "The condition of "the Transvaal was very bad. Slavery was rampant."

The Transvaal people have a right to say, in answer to this—which is not a mere reference to some past state of things, but to what is presumed to have been the state of the Republic at the hour of annexation—Prove it! How many slaves have been liberated by Sir Theophilus Shep­stone in the Transvaal from the 12th day of April 1877 to the present hour?

It must be remembered that there are, in the Transvaal, high courts of justice, sheriffs, officers, and messengers; that in every district, no matter how remote—from the far Zoutpansberg to the borders of the Cape Colony—there are English officials, justices of the peace, newspaper readers and writers, ministers of religion, and men of all classes, who would be interested in the immediate removal of so foul a blot upon their civilisation. How many unfortunate slaves have these rescued from their taskmasters up to the present time? This is a pertinent question, and one, in the answer to which the people of England are as deeply interested as the Boers. The Colonial Office has had ample time to put before the nation a "return" upon this interesting subject; and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the significant absence of such a document from the papers laid before the Imperial Parliament may be very legitimately and properly used by those who alleged there was no such slavery, and that the deed of the 12th of April 1877 is not justified by the reasons put forth in defence
of it. It is incredible, if such evidence existed, that it has not been brought forward by those whose policy it would have not only justified but sanctified. If such evidence cannot be produced, then the strongest grounds for what Mr Trollope calls "a very high-handed thing," and what the Boers consider a very unnecessary thing, are at once swept away, and the annexation is left, in all its naked unrighteousness, to be justified only by the plea of expediency.

With that plea I shall not here deal, but I think I am entitled, with reference to Mr Anthony Trollope, to quote another paragraph from his own pages that ought, in the eyes of impartial persons, to go along way to disprove his utterly unevidenced allegations about slavery. In p. 239 of vol. ii. he says: "I have never seen among the Dutch any "instance of personal cruelty to a coloured person; nor "during my travels in South Africa did any story of such "cruelty reach my ear."

Will any candid person, any student of history, any philanthropist or traveller of the nineteenth century, reconcile this extraordinary fact, this entire absence of cruelty in the treatment of the coloured races, with the same author's hearsay about "rampant slavery," which can no more exist unaccompanied by cruelty, than discipline can be maintained unsupported by the coercive forces of law and punishment?

But it is not only in regard to great historical facts and political principles that Mr Trollope misleads his readers—even in minor matters he is inaccurate or careless. In p. 124, vol. ii., speaking of the Landdrost at Christians, the writer says, contrasting his condition under the two Governments, that that official is now paid with British gold, who, "before the annexation was paid with Transvaal notes "worth five shillings to the nominal pound." There have been no such notes in circulation in the Transvaal for a very considerable time. They were all bought in by the State in 1874, and twenty shillings in the pound was paid for every one of them by the Transvaal Government. It is Mr Burgers, and Mr Burgers alone, who deserves credit for the redemption of these notes. An inaccuracy is a very poor argument in favour of a great act of public policy.
Another very unwise and very unfortunate statement of what is not the fact occurs in p. 29 of the same volume. It refers to the territory north by west of the Vaal River which Governor Keate, at the Bloemhof arbitration, awarded the Batlapins. Mr Trollope says: "But the Transvaal, rejecting Governor Keate's award, took the territory and governed it. Are we now to reject it and give it back to the Bechuanas? or are we to keep it as part of the annexed colony?" The latter sentence, and not the former, illustrates what the position of the Transvaal was in that territory. When Governor Keate's award was published, the Transvaal Government found itself actually ruling a small strip of disputed territory peopled by Europeans, the majority of whom, resident in Bloemhof and Christiana, were Englishmen. The Transvaal Government could not abandon these men and their improvements to the natives. They entered into treaty with the native chiefs claiming the ground, and by those treaties obtained new rights to it. If Governor Keate had awarded this strip of country, with its English inhabitants, to any of the neighbouring civilised Governments, or if he had accepted the Batlapins as British subjects, Keate's award would perhaps have done substantial justice. It is as absurd to accuse the Boer Government of a crime in not having given up this strip of land to the native claimants as it would now be to ask the British Government to do the same wrong to its European populations.

In speaking of the Basuto wars, and in contrasting these tribes with the Zulus, the author seems to make a singular and most unaccountable error. In vol. i. p. 61, speaking of the former tribe and of their present condition, he says: "They are governed by British magistrates, pay direct and indirect taxes, are a quiet, orderly people, not given to fighting since the days of their great king Moshesh, and are about 127,000 in number." But when dealing with the Free States in its relation to them (pp. 215, 216, vol. ii.): "The Basutos, under Moshesh, their chief, though they almost succeeded in destroying the Orange Republic, were at least less dangerous, at any rate very much less numerous, than Cetywayo and the Zulus."
The Zulus number, at the very highest quotation, 30,000 warriors in Zululand proper. They have not 400 horses, and but one-fifth of them are armed with any kind of gun; whilst, as I have said before, notwithstanding their military system, their valour has been untried for years. They are simply a colonial bugbear. The Basutos, on the other hand, own tens of thousands of horses—are, and have ever been, well armed—and have repeatedly defeated the most powerful division of the great Zulu nation. It is known of them that even Moselekatze was repulsed from their strongholds; and the description given of these people by English military officers is certainly not that of an inferior race.

At the battle of Thaba Bossigo (1852), Sir George Cathcart says “that they showed masses of horsemen; that their main body was 10,000 strong, and that (they) the Basutos, chiefly cavalry, advanced with remarkable boldness, essaying to surround the troops on all sides.” Now it is a matter of history that this tribe was only taken under British protection in 1868, when their wars were finally brought to a close. If they were then so far reduced as to be, in Mr Trollope’s words, “less dangerous and very much less numerous than the Zulus,” it seems little less than miraculous to me how they have increased in a short ten years to the number of 127,000 assigned to them by the same author. The intention of the writer is too manifest throughout. He must argue the inferiority of the Boers and their incapacity to deal with native races. Therefore he had to assert that the Basutos, a comparatively weak people, had nearly destroyed one of the Dutch Republics, in order that his readers might jump to the conclusion that British protection was absolutely necessary to the other against the Zulus. He has, however, overlooked the great facts of the case: first, that the Basutos were, so far back as the date of the battle of the Berea, a powerful and well-organised people, capable, in 1852, of inflicting loss even upon a British army; and secondly, that, unaided, after a succession of troublesome wars, the Boers had finally humiliated them.

Noble says: “The burghers were everywhere victorious. Any truce could scarcely have been reasonably expected from them. The Basutos, pressed at every point, were in
great difficulties, and threatened with annihilation. To rescue them from this position, his Excellency the Governor, on the 12th March 1868, proclaimed them British subjects, and their territory British territory."

Another most improper assumption made by this author to justify the annexation, is marked by so much disingenuousness that I am sure I have only to point it out to impartial readers to insure all his other statements being viewed with great suspicion. He says, of course referring to the Transvaal (p. 53, vol. ii.): "And then, though this Republic was more than half Dutch, it was also only less than half English." From this it would almost appear as if thirty or forty per cent of the inhabitants were English. The author would have written truth, and been a much more honest historian, if he had said a little less than one-fortieth were English. So true is this, that if a census were to-day taken of the inhabitants of the Transvaal, of the adult males but one in twenty would be found who could be claimed as born British subjects, and this notwithstanding the influx of greedy adventurers that may be presumed to have followed the flag.

Here again comes under consideration the great question of the nationality of the Transvaal people—a question which is important not only as an equitable proposition, but in an international point of view. The author says (p. 64, vol. ii.), "The Dutch who trekked across the Vaal were as much our subjects as if they were English." I do not think any jurist will agree with this opinion. The Cape Colony was ceded to the English in the beginning of this century, and the Dutch argue that that cession could operate to make them British subjects no longer than they chose to remain upon the ceded ground. There was nothing in the cession, there is nothing in human or divine law, to prevent them returning to their Dutch allegiance if they exiled themselves to Batavia or went back to Holland. They pushed out across Vaal River into the wilderness, and the English said to them, in 1852, "Go! we do not claim the Transvaal. It is yours; at all events, it is not ours. Be free! We wash our hands of you. Rule yourselves as best you can." Surely at least on this they ceased to be British subjects. I am particular about asking attention to this matter, because I have not the
slightest doubt that this question of allegiance will very soon become a burning one. I would say very much more on this subject, but I refrain, lest any words of mine might afterwards affect injuriously the decision of a question which must before long become a very serious and a very earnest one indeed.

There is a class of assertion that Mr Trollope sprinkles everywhere throughout his pages. The following quotations will show what I mean. "The natives had long learned to respect English and to hate Dutch;" and again, "Natives respect English and do not Dutch." "Because by doing so" (annexing the Transvaal) "we have enabled Englishmen, Dutchmen, and natives to live together in comfort."

The best commentary on these expressions that can possibly be brought forward is the present state of the Transvaal itself. The natives are not at war with the Dutch, but with the English. In Pretoria, Europeans only are being prosecuted for sedition against the Government; whilst so far is the capital from having improved in the matter of native labour, that many important buildings are at present standing unfinished, because the European inhabitants of Pretoria cannot obtain a sufficient amount of coloured assistance to complete necessary brick-making. The former allies of the Dutch have everywhere refused to assist the Shepstone Government in its wars.

The "comfort" to which the writer refers is very oddly illustrated by the following narrative, showing that the English and Dutch on the borders of Kafirland are full of mutual jealousies, and that the country is lapsing into a state a thousand times worse than that from which Mr Trollope was told the annexation rescued it.

I learn from the South African Mail of July 28th that cattle were stolen on June 13th by Secocoeni's Kafirs from the farm of an Englishman named Sanderson, on the Sabi River. An expedition in pursuit was organised by some men at the Gold Fields. I shall let the writer tell the story in his own words:

"There is one circumstance in connection with the before-named expedition which may be interesting at the present juncture. A Kafir boy was taken by the nine mounted men, who reported that he was herd-boy
for Mr Sanderson; that the marauders took him prisoner when they stole the cattle; that only twelve men took the cattle in the first instance, but were subsequently joined on the hill by the larger body of about forty; that the thieves belong to Sekukuni—Mashees and two petty chiefs under Sekukuni's tribes; that they sent three of their number to Schalk Burger's farm as they passed to say they intended to camp near his house, but that he (Burgers) must not be afraid, as they only wanted cattle and would not interfere with his homestead; that they only wanted English cattle, and to shoot Englishmen, and not Boers. This all the men can swear to, and the boy adheres to. It is a noticeable fact, also, that Abel Erasmus, field-cornet, and other Boers, are ploughing and keeping their cattle close to the Kafir paths, and yet are never disturbed. The general opinion is the Kafirs and Boers are in league with one another at the present moment—at least in this district. When news arrived at Kruger's Post about the loss of Mr Sanderson's cattle, Mr Glynn sent to the Boers to try and get some of them to go with him to assist in recapturing the cattle; but they (the Boers) distinctly refused to either go themselves or lend their horses. The consequence was, Mr Glynn was compelled to send to Mr Roth, Landdrost of Lydenberg, for assistance, and this gentleman sent some of the despatch-riders to Mr Glynn. I am sorry to say, however, they arrived at the scene of the encounter between the Gold Fields men and the Kafirs an hour or more too late. Had the Boers gone with Mr Glynn in the first instance, the cattle would, it is believed, have been recaptured; yet people are heard to say, 'Conciliate the Boers.'

The newspaper says, "It is a noticeable fact that the Boers and their cattle are undisturbed by the Kafirs." It is a much more noticeable fact that every outrage committed by the Kafirs during this second war, with one exception, has been directed against Englishmen and their property. Yet if one is to believe Mr Trollope, the annexation was necessitated only by the enmity of the Kafirs to the Boers, and was productive of unmixed happiness to every one concerned.

I shall endeavour to prove, in another chapter, that the annexation is not justified as an economical measure. I have already shown that it was not necessitated by the existence of slavery; and it was certainly not asked for by a majority of the people; nor has it been sanctioned by the approval of their legitimate representatives, the Volksraad. As Mr Trollope says when he describes the act itself: "A "sturdy Englishman had walked into the Republic with "five-and-twenty policemen and a union-jack, and had taken "possession of it. 'Would the inhabitants of the Republic
"' like to ask me to take it?' So much inquiry he seems " to have made. No; the people by the voice of their Par-
"liament declined even to consider so monstrous a propo-
sition. 'Then I shall take it without being asked,' said " Sir Theophilus; and he took it."
CHAPTER XIV.

PLUNDERING.

Froude and Southey—Diamond Fields revolt—Muzzle to muzzle—A prophecy
—The "house on fire."

I have hitherto spoken of the annexation merely incidentally, as the views against it common amongst the people entered naturally into my subject, or as questions of the cost of war or of Kafir policy led to it. There is a great difference between declining to justify the annexation on the grounds put forward by the Annexationists and their apologists, and entering into a wholesale condemnation of the men by whom it was executed. It has been shown that the cry for annexation raised by a party in the Transvaal was merely "an ignorant expression of the dissatisfaction of a mean and contemptible minority." It has also been shown that there was nothing in the relations subsisting between the Boers and the Kafirs to justify the outcry made about cruelty and slavery; and it has been shown, above all things, that what has been done has failed to satisfy nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the Transvaal itself. Yet although all the reasons pleaded in support of this high-handed action be worthless and inapplicable, and even if the end should be failure and disaster, it is not so easy to blame Lord Carnarvon or Sir Theophilus Shepstone for this. They may have had higher and greater motives than they are willing to assign for what they have done. They may have been convinced of its necessity; and it is hardly fair now, after the event, to blame them for having availed themselves of every weapon.

1 See Appendix F.
put in their hands to hew down difficulties standing in the way of their policy.

It has for years been almost a faith amongst certain South African rulers that a mistake was committed when the Republics were abandoned, or rather, when they were permitted to enjoy that particular independence for which they had so long struggled. Newspapers were edited by men wedded to the idea of a vast British South African dominion; and it is undoubtedly the fact that much of the lasting popularity won by Sir George Grey is to be attributed to his adoption of most advanced views on this subject. Those views, as I have shown elsewhere, largely imbued the mind and governed the policy of many colonial worthies, chief amongst whom, by his talents, his energy, his experience, and his indomitable resolution, must be placed Sir Richard Southey, essentially a colonist, whose idea of progress was of the progress of British government and British institutions, and who, I have no doubt, sincerely believed that the only influences worth extending in the world were the British influences, which he has taken so great a part in guiding and consolidating.

That men possessed with notions of an almost boundless colonial dominion, under one flag, and subject to one system of government, should not have impressed their opinions upon the Colonial Office, with which they were in hourly communication, would have been indeed wonderful; that when opportunity seemed to favour the immediate execution of their patriotic plans for the furtherance of their interests and the extension of their own role, they should not have availed themselves of it, would have been much more wonderful. These men saw in the Boer system little else save stagnation, waste of public land, which they looked on as the true treasury of colonial empire, and a retardation of the only progress they had faith in, which, to their minds, was of itself a crime.

After what Mr Froude has written ("Leaves from a South African Diary"), and after the confirmation given to his

1 "The English Government, in taking up Waterboer's cause, have distinctly broken a treaty which they had renewed but one year before in a very solemn manner; and the Colonial Office, it is painfully evident to me, has been duped by an ingenious conspiracy."—FROUDE.
prophetic words by the events of the past three years, it
will not be denied that these colonial politicians of what
may be called the dominion school had resolved long ago,
in the excess of their patriotism and the fervour of their
convictions, to destroy the Republics. It is not surprising
that they should have availed themselves of Transvaal dis­
union and weakness to effect this object. My argument, the
argument of this book, the argument of the Boers, is not
that their patriotic policy was wrong in itself,—is not that
the means by which they hurried their plans into effect
were in themselves grievous and oppressive, nor even that
their apparently high-handed acts were cruel, or calculated
to arouse fierce opposition and burning indignation,—but
simply and solely that the reasons and arguments put
forward in justification of those acts and that policy are
false, untenable, and provoking. If the allegations about
slavery and cruelty in the Transvaal had not been
advanced; if the consent of non-existent majorities had not
been pleaded in defence of an abstract wrong; if an in­
herent weakness that did not exist had not been urged
as a plea in justification of an aggression that on its own
merits stood, perhaps, in need of no justification,—there
would be less discontent in the Transvaal, and this book
probably would never have been written.

For the present discontent on the part of the South Afri­
can Dutch, the attempts at justification, far more than the
annexation itself, or even the method of its accomplish­
ment, are responsible.

The same cause produced very similar results at the
Diamond Fields. Great Britain, shortly after the discovery
of diamonds in what is now called Griqualand West, annexed
that province for the sake of public convenience, but on false
pretences. This fact is now everywhere admitted. The
payment of 90,000 sterling by us to the President of the
Free State as compensation for the wrong done to him,
proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the annexation of
the Diamond Fields was unjustifiable. As to whether it
was necessary or not, all parties seem now to be pretty well
agreed. What the people complained of at the time was,
that annexation was not justified by the reasons assigned in
its favour, which were so palpably fictitious and inconsistent with known facts, that they were believed to be merely the cloak of a conspiracy which had made the British name and the British flag the instruments of its success. The discontented people could not believe that her Majesty's Ministers would, if the truth were permitted to reach their ears, support a usurpation that was founded on a fraud. But access to the home authorities was slow—the path was filled with difficulties—the words and wishes of the people were misrepresented by men who had everything to gain by shutting out inquiry, and who hoped that lapse of time would provide them with the safeguards of accomplished facts and established precedent.

The representations of the people were not listened to in England. Is it to be wondered at that, like the pagans of old, who when their gods would not hear them grew angry, the Diamond Fields people, irritated by neglect, maddened by the difficulties they felt in tearing away from between them and England the screen of lies and falsifications that had been raised up as a bar against inquiry, determined by a violent and unmistakable demonstration to provoke investigation, even though it should be heralded by cannon and bayonets, and followed by punishment? The people revolted. The rest of the matter belongs to history, and forcibly illustrates the Transvaal question as it is.

I would here remind a very great and a very good man—one of the leaders of all that is best in English public opinion, who visited Kimberley, and met there the chiefs of the anti-Government League—of something that passed at his interview with them. The delegates were asked by him as to their cause of complaint, and amongst others they mentioned “that Government took no steps to curb the growing insolence of the natives in and around the Fields; that the rapacious land-schemes of persons, one of whom claimed no less than 840 square miles of country, had irritated the barbarous squatters over an immense area; that the blacks, having been first led to believe that the land had been taken over in their name and for their protection, could at length plainly see that the so-called protection was but the juggling trick of political thimble-riggers and land-swindlers.” Be-
sides this, he was told that the "licence" permitted in the name of law to the natives on the Diamond Fields was undermining the foundation of authority all over Africa, while the guns that were being sold in thousands daily to the Kafirs would be, ere long, used in war. He was told that, wherever they began, troubles with the natives might soon be expected, and that if the barbarous element in Kimberley was not speedily placed under fair and moderate but strong and repressive rule, great disasters would occur; that even already Government had armed blacks to prevent the free expression of public opinion. He will perhaps remember what he said: "When it does come, you will not be afraid to meet them muzzle to muzzle, till you can look into the whites of their eyes. There are no laws to prevent Englishmen arming and defending themselves."

I should not now recall this conversation, but that the facts revealed in it bear strongly upon the Transvaal question.

Mr Froude also, before he left the country, judged, as events have proved, rightly of what was taking place. He says, in 'Leaves from a South African Journal,' speaking of Mr Southey, "His desire was and is to see South Africa British up to the Zambesi River, the native chiefs taken everywhere under the British flag, and the whole country governed by the Crown. When the Diamond Fields were annexed as a Crown colony he accepted the governorship, with a hope that, north of the Orange River, he might carry out his own policy, check the encroachments of the Transvaal Republic, and extend the empire internally. It has been the one mistake of Mr Southey's life. Being without a force of any kind, he could only control the Republics by the help of the native chiefs."

These words were prophetic. They have been more than justified. The war between Secoceni and the Transvaal was the result of that policy that used the Kafirs, not as a "check to the aggressions," but as a means for the extinction, of the Republic. But this policy has produced other consequences, for which the Republic is held to be blamable. In fact, the direct and indirect results of the policy are ascribed not to it but to Republican misrule. The dangers,
the widespread revolts which the success of that treacherous and roundabout scheme has given rise to, are no longer traceable to it, but are used as arguments in proof of the "weakness" of the Transvaal, which it was its object to destroy, and to cause the ruin of which it was initiated; hence the "house-on-fire" argument. Griqualand West is in revolt; the tribes on the borders of the Cape Colony have revolted and been crushed; there is a danger from the Zulus; and Secocoeni has now been for five months in arms against us—all this is not the result of any inherent weakness in the Transvaal, not the result of any Boer abandonment of the Secocoeni campaign. All the native troubles, north, south, east, and west, have proceeded from the extraordinary scheme of colonial policy, so clearly laid bare to the mind of our distinguished visitor by the discontented diggers and his other informants, long before the Transvaal troubles with Secocoeni had commenced. "This was the mistake of his (Richard Southey's) life," so says this impartial critic, this able and dispassionate inquirer.

Now what becomes of the famous "house-on-fire" argument—Expediency's vindication of the high-handed act by which the Transvaal was made British territory? I shall give the anti-Boer argument fairly and in full, in the words of its greatest exponent:

"That we must interfere for our own protection in regard to the natives seemed to be necessary. As has been said so often, there was a house on fire next door to us, in the flames of which we ourselves might be enveloped. If any other people could have assisted us in putting out the fire—French, Germans, or Italians—so that we might not seem to tyrannise, it would have been so comfortable. But in South Africa there were none to help us. Something must be done, and therefore an order was sent out directing Sir T. Shepstone to go to Pretoria and see what he could do. He was a man held in special respect by the king of the Zulus; and the king of the Zulus was, in truth, the great power whom both Dutch and English would dread should the natives be encouraged to rebel. When men have talked of our South African house being in danger of fire, Cetywayo, the king of the Zulus, has been the fire to whom they alluded."

And Sir Theophilus annexed the Transvaal, and our house caught fire in the Cape Colony and in Griqualand West, and Secocoeni broke out again into flame; and we will go to war.
with the Zulu king, notwithstanding our exertions for the extinction of the Transvaal.

Now there is not a Boer in the Transvaal that does not know and appreciate facts. Boers are not stupid. They have seen that certain South African colonists and colonial politicians urged on and armed the natives against them; and they know that the "house was set on fire" by those politicians—the Annexationists—who put in firemen after they had committed the arson. Now I do not know anything more irritating to individuals or peoples than to find themselves placed hopelessly in the wrong by an active and unscrupulous adversary, who first causes the evil he complains of, then shifts the blame to the shoulders of the sufferer from that evil, and punishes the victim, as if he, and he only, were to blame in the matter. Irritation is the state of the Boer mind on the annexation question.

It is unfortunate, as I have said elsewhere, that the concurrence of threats from the Zulu king with the advance of Sir Theophilus Shepstone into the Transvaal territory, should have engendered in the minds of thousands an opinion that so grave and peculiar a coincidence was not altogether accidental. Whether this is so or not, the impression remains; and it is the existence of this, with all the other almost unavoidable suspicions and doubts of the bona fides of the pleas by which the annexation is justified, that forms the real danger in the Transvaal.

As to the annexation itself, no important transaction of a similar character in modern history has been so ably, so peacefully, or so successfully carried out. Granting its necessity, presuming its expediency, Sir Theophilus Shepstone and his staff of Annexationists have earned most unqualified approval. The step seems to have been carefully thought out in all its details. I will describe it, as well as endeavour to sketch the state of things existing in the Republic at the moment of its execution, in such a way as to lay before the public a fair résumé of what really occurred on this interesting occasion.
CHAPTER XV.

STIRRING EVENTS—SIR THEOPHILUS AND HOW HE DID IT.

National paralysis—Foredoomed—Too late—The reaction—Our first mistake—A sinister proposition—Arming the Blacks—Illegal Armaments.

The war with Secocoeni was drawing to a conclusion in the January of 1877. His people had suffered from drought, and had, by the presence of the volunteers in advanced forts, covering the outlets of his country, been prevented for five months from making even one successful raid. All South Africa was for the moment at rest, with the exception of the district of Utrecht, where an old-standing grievance with Cetywayo was the cause of some little alarm and excitement. Still, the Transvaal was disturbed throughout its whole extent by the expectation of some pending change—a change coming from the outside, which had been invited by an active discontented party, chiefly foreigners, dwellers in towns, non-producers, place-hunters, deserters, refugees, land speculators, "development-men," and pests of Transvaal society generally, who openly preached resistance to the law, refusal to pay taxes, and contempt of the natural and guaranteed owners of the country in which they lived, in the distinctly and often expressed hope that foreign intervention would fill the country with British gold and conduce to their own material prosperity. The Boers, spread over a country larger than France, were stunned into stupor by the demonstrative loudness of the party of discontent. In some districts they (the Boers) were poor, and could not readily pay the taxes imposed upon them by the wars and
railway projects of the Government. Their Volksraad was in session, but its every action was paralysed by the gloom of impending dissolution.

The Republic owed £215,000, which it had no immediate means of paying. Its creditors were clamorous; whilst the Executive, turn to which side it would, found itself confronted by threats, reproaches, accusations of slavery and cruelty based upon hearsay, and which, like the annexation that steadily approached, could not be met, because neither of them had yet assumed the evidenced consistency of actual fact. There was no public opinion to support the Government or to save the Republic. The Boers lived far apart from each other; whilst the Annexationists and the party of disorder dwelt in compact communities, in towns and mining villages. Into the midst of this confusion—into the capital of this bewildered State—entered Sir Theophilus Shepstone and his staff. He had not come to seize the country—he had come as “an adviser, as a helper, and as a friend;” but his advent was a blight—an incubus which rendered additionally powerless the unfortunate President and his Council. The coming in of Sir Theophilus Shepstone was, to the minds of nearly all, but too clearly the forerunner of change. In the face of this additional whet to the anticipations of the party of disturbance, something that has been described as anarchy prevailed. Everyone waited; all fell into a state of expectation; no one attempted to save the State or repel the danger. At the same time, there was no anarchy in any proper sense of the word. Justice sat on her seat, criminals were arrested and brought to trial, actions at law were heard and determined, and in no one place save the Gold Fields was authority, even for a moment, defied. There the law vindicated itself without having used violence or shed one drop of blood. Not one single public outrage, not one unpunished crime, marked this period of suspense, which is described by partisan writers as a time of chaos and anarchy.

Peace was granted to Secocoeni, and the quietness and gloom of the country became even more profound.

Now, had a commission, royal or joint, been opened in Pretoria to inquire into the truth of the allegations made
against the Government, history might perhaps be able to record that judgment, followed by justice, had overtaken the Transvaal. No commission was opened. There was a banquet and a ball. The suspense increased in intensity. Understrappers and agents of the discontented faction filled the country with rumours of impending annexation; and sometimes of impending conquest. The Boers, the inhabitants of the country, asked day after day what was the mission of the English Commissioner. They visited him in hundreds, but he knew the wonderful advantage to be gathered from the heightening of the mystery and the intensifying of the excitement. He listened to every one, but he maintained a gloomy and impassive silence, neither checking the aspirations of the Annexationists nor dissipating the forebodings of the farmers.

News arrived that troops were marching towards, and massing on, the border; rumours spread that annexation was inevitable. Sir Theophilus sought not to alleviate the anxieties of the Government, nor to quell the now rising alarm amongst the people; he simply sat still and listened, watching the writhings and strugglings of the doomed Volksraad, and awaiting a favourable moment to end its existence.

At length some one determined to ask,—Was it not possible to avert this annexation which loomed before every mind, brooding like a shadow upon the country? He went to Sir Theophilus, he asked his question, and at length the oracle spoke. Without moving a muscle of his wonderfully impassive countenance, without even raising his eyes to look at his interlocutor, Sir Theophilus calmly murmured, "It is too late! too late!" and so, without the authorisation of the home Government, without the consent of her Majesty's High Commissioner, without the concurrence of the Volksraad, against the will of thirty-nine-fortieths of the people, and in defiance of the protest of their Executive, as Mr Anthony Trollope puts it, Sir Theophilus said, "Then and from thenceforth the Transvaal shall be British property!"

"So he put up the Queen's flag."

Now it is impossible to conceive anything more admirable for its discretion, more wisely calculated as to the moment
of its occurrence, or more suavely and yet firmly done than this act. There was not a blow struck, not a shot fired; and the first impulse of nearly every person in the country, whether in principle opposed to annexation or not, was to congratulate Sir Theophilus Shepstone on the skill, tact, and good fortune with which he had put an end to the excessive anxiety, the mental strain, the fears, hopes, and expectations by which the whole country was paralysed. Whether the annexation be now held to be wrong or right, its execution, so far as regards the act itself, was an unparalleled triumph of tact, modesty, and firmness.

It was not discovered at the moment, and it never entered into any man's mind to consider, that it was the presence in Pretoria of Sir Theophilus himself that had created the anxiety and caused the paralysis, and that it was his arts and presence that had tightened and strung up into quivering intensity the mind of the country. He had broken the spell; he had introduced certainty in place of uncertainty; and he was congratulated, and very properly so, for the manner in which he had brought to a conclusion his hazardous mission. In the same way his officers came in for an equal measure of commendation. Colonel Brooke, R.E., as chief of the staff; Captain Clarke, R.A., as Commissioner to Lydenberg; Mr Henderson as Finance Minister,—all earned and received, each in his own particular capacity, a fair measure of public gratitude for their conduct under circumstances when an error, an omission, or a forgetfulness might have caused a sudden reaction, and a costly one. Since then, two of these officers have left the Transvaal. It would have been better had they remained. Their experience, and knowledge of the men and circumstances of the place, had rendered them invaluable to the new Government. Their loss to Sir Theophilus's counsels will yet be a subject of bitter regret.

After the annexation, after the balls and the dances, the congratulatory addresses, the reviews, and the mutual felicitations, came in due time a slow reaction. For a few months Sir Theophilus reigned in peace. By the end of August, however, the people—and by the people I mean the Boers, the Republicans, and the really respectable merchants, traders, agriculturists, and professional men of the country, of every
nationality—awoke to a sense of injury. They now said they saw "that the country had been juggled with; that the pretences put forth to justify the annexation were the concoctions of fraudulent tricksters; that the country had not been insolvent; had not been in danger of being overrun by the Kafirs; had not been guilty of slavery; and, worse still, had been cheated of its undoubted rights to self-government in the interests of a party that was determined to destroy it."

Then came Sir Theophilus Shepstone's only mistake as a ruler. His first proclamation had promised that he would maintain the law. This he did not do. No doubt he was under obligations, and must find employment for individuals; but he should have restricted the employment of his foreign and personal staff to posts contemplated by the law of the State whose government he had assumed.

The Boers are a very peculiar people—the most law-abiding and law-respecting people on the face of this earth. It was therefore with surprise, not unmixed with sterner feelings, that they saw the creation of special commissionerships, and the appointments to those important and almost irresponsible positions of persons subject to the control of no law, but who set aside and overruled the local authorities in most important districts. Had the Landdrosts been dismissed—had charges of peculation, incompetency, or corruption been brought home to anyone or all of them—the Transvaal people would have willingly witnessed the filling up of their offices by better men. This was not done, and for a very good reason—investigation had proved that the officials of the Republic were, as a rule, worthy and clever men, fit to be trusted in their several capacities by any Government in the world. Appointments were, however, made over their heads, of other undoubtedly good and honest men, but whose utter inexperience, overweening self-confidence, and impatience of local advice, have already plunged the State into ruin.

In Lydenberg, Captain Clarke, R.A., was appointed, without the authority of any Transvaal law, to the hitherto unknown office of Special Commissioner. The Landdrost was...

1 See Appendix G.
thus reduced to the position of a mere sitting justice; and by the superior appointment, the power of protecting or neglecting the district, healing disputes with, or exasperating, the native races, was vested in a man subject to no local authority, apparently responsible to no court of justice, and, perforce, from his long residence in Natal amongst Englishmen and Zulu Kafirs, utterly ignorant of the characters of the Boers, Makatees, Basutos, and Amaswazis, whom he was called upon to control. That he is a brave and skilful officer no one can doubt; as a Transvaal Kafir diplomatist he has been an utter failure. His appointment, his alleged disregard of law and lawful authority in his dealings with the natives, his disarmament of his district, and his jealousy of the advice of qualified persons, have, with the aid of the Zulu police, resulted in the second Secocoeni war, which has already brought about the loss of many lives, and of £60,000.

Another gentleman, of whose abilities I know nothing, and whose successes or failures are yet in the womb of time, has been also irregularly appointed to a similar position in the most northerly districts of the Republic. Some stupid appointments were made. A Landdrost, who spoke no Dutch, was appointed over a Dutch district; whilst elsewhere a public prosecutor, who only understands English, has been appointed to the office of a Landdrost, to whom that language is utterly unintelligible. In two cases proclamations were issued by Sir Theophilus, overriding all law. By one of these he appears to have sought to prohibit the right of petition, and declared it to be his opinion that any attempt to reopen the annexation question must be sedition.1

For this possibly his legal advisers are more to blame than himself; but a perusal of the “shutting up” proclamation, or “hold your tongue,” as the Boers call it, which will be found in the Appendix, will suffice to convince British readers that there was something very wrong in a state of things by which a ruler, who had but just proclaimed himself a constitutional one, should be induced to override law and public opinion in an attempt to prevent inquiry asked for in a peaceful and constitutional way.

1 See Appendix H.
But of all the acts of the new Government, the most sinister was the attempt to raise a Kafir army to maintain Sir Theophilus Shepstone's then failing influence, and to continue the Southey policy of coercing by native force the white colonists.

A very few extracts from the Blue-books will put this matter in a way to be understood by everybody.

Blue-book 2079 C.

Administrator Sir T. Shepstone to the Earl of Carnarvon.

UTRECHT, January 24, 1878.

Extract.—"I authorised Captain Clarke, R.A., to proceed to Natal, and to endeavour, after having obtained the permission of that Government, to raise 200 men from the Natal native population.

"As I could not dispense with Captain Clarke's services, . . . Mr Lewellyn Lloyd was appointed Lieutenant, and directed to carry out that service.

"Mr Lloyd marched his men to this place in very good order, and after providing them here with the necessary arms and accoutrements, I have placed them under Captain Clarke, and had them marched to Lydenberg, where the presence of some force, however small, in the neighbourhood of Secocoeni and other chiefs thereabouts, has been becoming daily more and more necessary."

(Enclosure in No. 61.)

MEMORANDUM by Captain Clarke on the proposal to form an armed police force (native) for service in the Transvaal.

Extract.—"The Zulus have conquered, or at least defeated, every native race with which they have come in contact.

"Captains should receive £350, the subalterns, £250 per annum. The officers should be mounted, and, in addition to their pay, should get £50 a-year as horse allowance."

(Enclosure in No. 67.)

Lieutenant-General Cunynghame to Sir Bartle Frere.

February 10, 1878.

Extract.—"1. I have read with much interest the letters of H.E. Sir T. Shepstone upon the proposition to raise a police force for the use of the Government of the Transvaal, composed of Zulus from the colony of Natal.

"2. His proposition appears to me to embrace the foundation of a native army, and is one, therefore, of the most serious import and consideration."

These extracts are important in many ways, but the General's remarks are of immense interest, in view of the
horrid policy by which the Colonial Government had allowed itself to be guided—setting black against white.

The immediate result of the Zulu police invasion of the Transvaal, was to convince the Boers that Government meant to override all law. Now the Boers ask if any of this Kafir army, or all of them, were brought to trial for the massacre at Masselleroom's Hill, on April 5th, how would their case stand before an impartial judge and an honest jury, as they were neither embodied nor authorised by any existing law of the State?

The English Parliament did not order them to be raised, neither did the Boer Volksraad. The colonists from one end of Africa to the other, would resist to the utmost the unchecked levying of armed forces by governors without legislative consent; but they would still more fiercely resist the "arming of the blacks."

This affair has alarmed the Boers. It directly caused the second outbreak of Secocoeni. People on the Diamond Fields once thought that the raising and arming of any force of coloured men, not directly authorised by law, would justify the deprivation of any governor of his power. What would our forefathers have thought?
CHAPTER XVI.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.


The annexation brought us very few visitors; for, whilst numbers of people rushed into the country, thronging to Pretoria in the eager hope of picking up a few shillings, or at least of securing some Government job or employment, few men of any weight in the colonies or the empire seemed to care for or even to know anything about Lydenberg—the new and perhaps costly plaything which amateur South African statesmen had invested in. In Lydenberg during the first twelvemonth after the 12th April 1877, we had but five visitors from the great world outside of us. Putting them chronologically, these were Captain Warren, R.E., now Colonel C.B., Administrator of Griqualand West—commonly called "Palestine Warren"—who arrived with Major Ravenscroft, the latter en route from the Diamond Fields overland to Delagoa Bay, whence he intended to proceed to Ceylon to assume office as Colonial Treasurer; Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, K.C.B., with his aide-de-camp, the Hon. Captain Coghill; and Mr Paul Renwood, with his partner,—were the most important personages, and almost the only ones, that visited our out-of-the-way corner of the world. A travelling inspector for the Standard Bank once looked in on us, and actually stayed three weeks. Sir Theophilus Shepstone and the judge, with their respective satellites, payed us necessary official
visits; but these were short, and by no means satisfactory, save to litigants, who had every reason to be pleased with the judge's urbanity and decision—and to the Kafirs, who succeeded in getting the better of the great Sompseu.

Warren and Ravenscroft were the first arrivals; and as Captain Clarke was absent in Kafirland; the regular inhabitants and older rulers of the district had the pleasure of entertaining them in the old and rudely primitive though thoroughly hospitable manner peculiar to the country. They arrived by post-cart, having seen the country in winter in its own naked and unadorned ugliness. The author, having had the pleasure of making Major Ravenscroft's acquaintance in Griqualand West, was the means of introducing him and his companions to the legitimate local dignitary.

As the travellers meant to push on at once through the low country, there was no time for elaborate hospitalities. They spread out their blankets and baggage on the brick floor of an empty room in the old-town barrack, and with true travellers' nonchalance and indifference, prepared themselves for "roughing it" in lodgings of the real filibuster type. Asked to dinner, and offered accommodation at half-a-dozen houses, they accepted the former invitation, but declined the latter. On the night of their arrival I met them at the Landdrost's; and as a sketch of the evening, with its circumstances and surroundings, and how we passed it, will do more to enlighten the reader as to the real life and habits of the country than pages of elaborate description, I shall venture to lay bare for inspection a South African interior. It must be remembered that Mr Roth was not only Landdrost of Lydenberg—one of the largest and most important districts in the Republic—but was also special commissioner over the Gold Fields and other special communities within his province, which is as large as Scotland. He was not only chief magistrate, but taxing officer, orphan master, custos rotulorum, president of the school board, registrar of deeds, commissioner of police, and at times even commandant-general. Under him, to rule the whole country, he had but a clerk, who acted as public prosecutor and official factotum, a sub-sheriff, and a jailor,
whose collective salaries barely amounted to £500 per annum. Add to these two black constables, and you have a full view of Mr Roth's official staff as Landdrost. Amongst these few men were divided the responsibilities of magazine-keeper, coroner, civil engineer, and hosts of other little offices, for not one of which a salary was allowed, although many duties, small but troublesome, were attached to them. In consequence of the accidental existence of the New Caledonia Gold Fields, Roth had to be assisted in that locality by an acting gold commissioner, who had also under him a couple of clerks (one of whom prosecuted), a deputy sub-sheriff (acting also as collector of rates and licences), and a jailor, whose house of detention resembled nothing on earth so much as a very large wicker-crate thatched and daubed with mud. On the New Scotland border, eighty miles to the south, Mr Bell—since treacherously murdered by the Kafirs—filled the offices of justice of the peace and native commissioner, the latter of which carried a salary, but was only a newly-created post, instituted by the Republican Government of the Transvaal as a mark of special favour and esteem for the gentleman on whom it was conferred. Mr Bell was a native of Scotland and manager of a Scots land company.

It will thus be seen at a glance that Mr Roth was properly not only a magistrate, but "the magistrate," lord-lieutenant, and only great man of the district under the Republican rule. At 3 P.M. we walked down the long unbuilt street, hedged in by pretty rose-trees instead of houses and railings, to the little abode—it would be best called cottage—where our host resided. Its walls were but ten feet high. It contained three rooms and a kitchen, had three windows and two doors, the timber of which was painted green. It was thatched, and of course whitewashed. The approach to it was utterly unpretending. A slab of grey rock formed a little bridge over one of the town water-courses that ran past the door. Another step, leading across a narrow path, brought one clear into the house, accessible through a half-door that looked more than half Irish. Inside, the parlour, dining-room, sitting-room—call it what you will, for it was all one—was furnished as neatly as the circum-
stances of the country would allow. There were no ceilings; and the bare rafters and blackened thatch lent to the little room an appearance of want of finish, which was not uninteresting or disagreeable. There were easy-chairs, flowers, books, a table at which ten people could seat themselves, a sideboard, guns, and a violin; but the floor was mud, or rather would have been mud had it been wet, which of course it was not. The doors leading to the other little rooms, as well as to the kitchen, all opened from this central chamber, which, as it had a back door, and a front door opening on South Africa generally, afforded unlimited opportunities for enjoying whatever breeze might blow.

The visitors, on entering, were duly introduced to the family, consisting of Mrs Roth, the Landdrost's wife, a large, handsome, fair woman, whose head was adorned with magnificent, heavy, sweeping masses of golden hair that would make the fortune of nineteen girls out of twenty in benighted Europe. Then there was her mother, Mrs Botha, an active, powerfully built, lively, clever, chatty dame, of some forty-five summers. Both these ladies were full of information about the country, and were well acquainted with all the English and Dutch notorieties, the elder one, indeed, plumbing herself on the amount and accuracy of her local and political information, and her insight into the motives and minds of many men who certainly never dreamed, in their wildest imaginations, that their petty weaknesses, sordid ambitions, and low-spirited notions, were well and accurately gauged and probed to the bottom by this vivacious Dutchwoman. A mob of children filled up the corners. These were polite, silent, and respectful, and consisted, as we were astonished to learn, in contradiction to Mrs Roth's youthful appearance, entirely of her own contributions to the true wealth of the land. After smoking, lounging, and otherwise amusing ourselves for an hour, our attention was called to the fact that dinner was ready. By this time had arrived three other guests—Messrs Francks, De Suza, and little Doctor Ashton. The latter young gentleman added nothing to our amusement; he was in love, and pretended his medical duties were so absorbing as not to leave him time even to eat. A few minutes after his departure he passed by the
door with a young lady on horseback, and galloped off somewhere, no doubt in the most earnest prosecution of his medical duties. The dinner consisted of very good soup, followed by lamb, ham, and curried fowl, accompanied by pumpkin, both boiled and roasted, sweet and ordinary potatoes, and some very small white beans, which seem to be peculiar to that part of the country, as I have never seen them elsewhere. There were pastry and coffee, and then we went back to our pipes and the easy-chairs, no spirits or wine of any kind appearing or being asked for.

Now, although this dinner, for two ladies and seven men, with all its preparation, was begun, carried through, and brought to a conclusion, in a room 16 feet by 10, to which was attached a kitchen 7 feet by 5, there was very little, if any, confusion, and matters were so well arranged that neither the preparations nor the cooking became obtrusive. The meal concluded, we smoked and played whist, for "love," on the very same table we had dined off, without feeling in the least degree shocked at its change of uses.

Francks, one of the guests, was a most amusing companion. In his early life he had been a Frenchman and a French sailor, was wounded in Algeria, and wore legitimately what no Frenchman is complete without—a red ribbon and a little cross. He did not look more than thirty-five. His moustache was as black as ever. He was a burly, jolly, rosy, healthy-looking man, full of anecdote and exaggeration; but he had children as old as the author, and grandchildren much taller than the legs of most chairs. He had been twenty-seven years in the country, had been a field-comet, a commandant, and a rebel by turns, and was now settled down into a barrister-at-law, advocate of the supreme court, notary-public, attorney, auctioneer, land-agent, and public valuator. In addition to this he was said, and I believe with truth, to be the owner of a billiard-table, and interested in one or two rustic hotels in out-of-the-way places. Still he was well dressed, and if dropped suddenly, just as he stood—cuffs, frills, studs, diamond rings and all—into his beloved Paris, I do not think there would be ten Frenchmen that would ever imagine him to have been twenty-seven days, much less twenty-seven years, an exile.
De Suza was not so significant a person. He was a small, neat, and eminently wealthy Portuguese, who had migrated years before from the coast to our little village. In his time he had seen Lydenberg prosperous, and that long before the advent of the huckster classes. He knew Lydenberg when it was as famous for the manufacture of wagons as Long Acre is to-day for its carriage marts. He was a comfortable little man, and having made his little pile, was satisfied to regret nothing in the past, as he hoped for nothing in the future. Captain Warren was an able and entertaining companion. Major Ravenscroft was fresh, clever, and interested in the country and all that concerned it. A pleasanter evening could hardly have been spent than was got through on that occasion in the small whitewashed, half-roofed, and unroofed reception-room of the Landdrost of Lydenberg.

Mr Roth was full of information. He had lived all over the country, had witnessed the rise and fall of the settlement at Schoemansdal, and was quite intimate with the life of the northern border, where he had been married. He will, if he ever reads this book, recognise some of his descriptions and remarks, which I make no scruple of adopting. He had come to Africa twenty years before, from London, with whose life he was well acquainted; for although a Dutchman by birth, his knowledge of England and France and their respective customs was extensive, and more than fairly accurate. He spoke four or five languages, was a brilliant accountant, had been for the most part of eighteen years an official, and discussed without bigotry the policy and results of the annexation of which everybody was talking. Without giving our conversation in detail, I may say that the impression left on my mind was that we were all pretty well agreed that the country was a desert, and much more a desert than the worst part of Syria. We could honestly discern no prospect of the insane anticipations of the Annexationists ever being realised. Gross exaggerations had been resorted to, to enhance the value of the country in English eyes, and the whole territory was not worth the sacrifice of one honest man's life. Its mineral wealth was, in many instances, exaggerated or a sham; the larger portion of its surface was unhealthy bushveld; its only valuable lands were naturally
suited only for pastoral and wool-growing purposes, and therefore were never likely to carry a large mass of people. Sheep never did, and never will, mean population. The Transvaal is unlikely to become a manufacturing country. It may yield a subsistence to squatters, and sustenance to vast flocks and herds, but it will never add one spark of lustre to England's glory; while its possession may cost her the lives of some of her best and bravest sons, and even at some, perhaps not distant, period, be the means of adding another penny in the pound to her income-tax.

Of course, railway communication with Delagoa Bay would do much, but it would also cost much. "The game was hardly worth the candle." We broke up mutually pleased with each other; and the next day the two officers departed with a bullock-cart on their road to the sea, which they reached in safety in time to be picked up by a steamer and borne to their different destinations. Captain Warren had time to make the acquaintance of many of the inhabitants of Lydenberg; where he is still remembered and spoken of as "the clever Englishman."

Our next guest, and the most notable of all, was Sir Arthur Cunynghame, who, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, came to the hills in the early part of July 1877. So great a man, and her Majesty's representative, of course could not be received in the homely way that majors and captains were entitled to claim. Ancient valises were unpacked, and dress-clothes aired and brushed that had not seen daylight for months. The General took up his quarters in the largest house in the town—a stately mansion—consisting of four rooms, a kitchen, and a closet, which had been erected, regardless of expense, at a cost of £1700 by a Mr Dekker, who ruined himself in the effort, and became expatriated. This gorgeous abode was floored throughout, but had no ceiling, except a rag of calico dragged loosely across the rafters. It, however, boasted of many windows opening to the ground, had glass doors, and was sheltered by a veranda, the pillars of which, however, were of unpainted, sharp-edged 3-inch scantling. The roof was, as usual, of grass, the little torn ends of which were prevented tumbling into the rooms by the ingenious use of millions of the straw envelopes
usually seen on Hennessey's brandy-bottles. The thatching, in fact, was lined throughout with these highly suggestive and agreeable reminders of past convivialities.

This house—Captain Clarke's temporary quarters—afforded the General a comparatively comfortable resting-place. He held a levee in a room furnished at all events with a lounge, three chairs, and a table, where he was as honestly and warmly congratulated on his arrival as if he had been able to receive his visitors in the palace of Aladdin. He had enjoyed himself very much amongst the game on the road, had been treated everywhere with proper respect and hospitality, and was himself well pleased with his journey, and full of anecdote and good-humour. The people were so much taken with his open-hearted and engaging manner, that, even at the risk of exciting ridicule, they determined to entertain him at a public dinner. The invitation was given and accepted, and in two days the feast was prepared. It was laid out on tables capable of accommodating sixty persons, in the biggest room of the brick barrack that Captain Warren had slept in but a few nights before.

I don't think English people will have a just idea of our town if I don't describe the banquet-hall. It had no ceiling, and was roofed with corrugated iron. The walls were, of course, whitewashed, and the floor consisted of thick slabs of coarse, grey slate, let into the mud floor in a reckless and irregular sort of manner, as if the place were a sort of store or tool-shed in a respectable graveyard, for which use it was eminently fitted, if it had not been originally intended. Now this big room had three windows, but the door, as usual, opened directly on the world at large. However, with a little trouble, flags were wreathed round the naked rafters, devices of various kinds were introduced to take away from the bare appearance of the walls, the window-openings were concealed with suitable hangings, while point was given to the improvised decorations by the erection of a trophy behind the seat of honour. Everything was done, and done in the most loyal and hopeful spirit by both English and Dutch, filibusters and civilians, to do honour to the first great representative of England's greatness that had ever visited that distant and almost unknown village.
At 7 P.M., with military punctuality, General Cunynghame, accompanied by Captains Clarke and Coghill, arrived; and in due time—the Landdrost in the chair—dinner was got through. I say got through advisedly; for I must confess, the cook, though an artist and a Frenchman, was a horrible failure. The soup was too sweet, and blood followed the knife whether turkey or sucking-pig was attempted to be dissected. In fact the food was raw, and had it not been for the really excellent wines placed upon the table, the whole affair would have been frightful. But the good wines and the good old Irish whisky, with the good-humour of our guests, made up for all deficiencies. There were speeches and jokes. Some of the jokes were bad, and some of the speeches were dreary; but, on the whole, we spent a pleasant evening, Sir Arthur being socially and as a speaker the success of the hour. He had a nice delivery, and rarely finished a sentence without attracting applause. In the beginning of his speech he mentioned "the Highlands of Lydenberg;" before he reached the middle, he spoke of the "golden Highlands of Lydenberg;" half-way down he came to the "golden Highlands of our very beautiful Lydenberg;" and then he got as far as the "fertility of the golden Highlands of our very peculiarly beautiful district;" and then he repeated this, and, with the skill of a popular orator, worked it up again and again into the thread of his narrative, until at each recurrence of the flattering words the majority of the faces present glowed and flushed with pleasure as if every listener felt himself individually complimented on his own good looks and golden prospects. One thing the General said—one expression he let fall that did honour to his head and to his heart: he spoke of the Lydenberg Volunteers, and said that he and "her Majesty's army knew that they had done their duty with courage and honour."

This was the only recognition the poor fellows ever got from Government; and to General Cunynghame's outspoken appreciation of their services is to be attributed the fact that a majority of them are now serving under the English flag. All the captains spoke. The Landdrost made his maiden speech, and very well he made it. Long after the General had gone home, songs rang upon the night air, and
“Auld Lang Syne” was chanted in a most enthusiastic manner every ten minutes, until daylight brought wheelbarrows in not unnecessary profusion. The same sort of reception, but colder, was accorded to Sir Theophilus Shepstone on his arrival six weeks afterwards. He had not the sportsman’s jollity, the winning ways, the hearty manner, or the golden tongue of her Majesty’s military representative. He was a crafty-looking and silent man, who never used an unnecessary word or gesture. He was undemonstrative, and, rightly or wrongly, the people believed him to be utterly insincere.

Had he not been accompanied by that jovial officer and good comrade, Captain Carrington, with his troop of converted infantry, Dr Ash, 13th P.A. Light Infantry, and Lieutenant Brown, his Excellency’s visit would have been an utter failure. As it was, it seemed to mark the beginning of an era of disaster and discontent, the end of which has not yet been reached. It was certainly unfortunate that Sir Theophilus had no hope to give either Lydenberg or the Gold Fields, and that his presence in our district should have so shortly preceded the murder of poor Bell.

Judge Coetzee, though not the subject of any public demonstrations, was admired as a justice and respected as a gentleman; he was the last of our distinguished visitors. His judgments were received by all with unhesitating approval; and one of them, in the case of James v. Breytenbach, tended much to restore harmony between English and Dutch. Coetzee, it must be remembered, however, owed his office to the wisdom of the Republic, and was not a nominee of the new Government.
CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND OR PRESENT WAR.


On Sir Theophilus Shepstone's first arrival in Pretoria he had received a message from Secoceni, which more than anything proves that the Republic had entirely succeeded in overcoming this chief's resistance. It was delivered by Makoropetae, and ran thus: "Great chief, come and save me; the Boers are killing my people, and I know not for what." Subsequently, in consequence of some contradiction having arisen as to the proper meaning of certain articles in the peace contract, a joint commission of English and Dutch was sent to the chief. As English commissioners there went Captain Clarke, R.A., supposed to be peculiarly intimate with Kafir ways, having been for three years resident magistrate in Natal; and a Mr Haggard, now in Government employment in the Transvaal. Secoceni told them "that he had no crops,—that he had lost fourteen of his own family and 2000 of his people;" in fact, that he lay helplessly at the feet of the Republic. This statement is to be found in the Blue-books. Secoceni, with his wily savagery, pretended to welcome the British as his fathers and saviours; whilst he really, knowing that he was on his last legs, only sought to humbug them into giving him what we should never have given him—too long a rest, so that he might recruit his forces in place of making complete submission. Hence the present war.
After the annexation, at the end of April 1877, Captain Clarke, who had been appointed Commissioner in the north-east, was so satisfied that the Kafirs could be possessed of but the most friendly feelings towards his Government, that he caused the volunteers to be disbanded without obtaining any guarantees for the maintenance of peace by Secoceni, or for the payment of the war indemnity. Fort Burgers, the most advanced position in the north-east, was virtually evacuated, there being only left in it an assistant native commissioner, with his orderly. Fort Weeber, the advanced position on the west side of the Lulu Mountains, was abandoned to an assistant native commissioner, with his flag. Nothing possibly could have been more fatal than the extraordinary and utterly groundless faith that Captain Clarke and his employers had in the promises of the Bapedi nation, and their pretended veneration for the British flag. They would not believe the Dutch and other officials who told them to expect war as soon as the enemy had got food, so they persisted in a total dismissal of the irregulars. How these volunteers to whom I have referred were treated on their disbandment has been dealt with elsewhere. It is enough to say that the disbandment was completed on the 18th of June 1877. The cannons and muskets, with all war material, were sent off to Pretoria, two hundred miles from any possible enemy, and the border line of the north-east was left more utterly defenceless than it had ever been.

Before going on to deal with the few important transactions of the succeeding eight months, I may as well here remark that the Republic had been faithfully served by many tribes living within and without the border, chiefly Mapoch, Masselleroom, Zebedela, and the Amaswazi. Mapoch constantly furnished men for labour and for the field; while the Amaswazi sent at least one Commando to help the Boers. On peace being finally concluded, and before the forts had been abandoned, the farmers went back to live in the farms between Lydenberg and the extreme border, not to the extent of occupying all the farms, but at all events going into the profitable and improving occupation of some seventy of them. The Waterfall River valley was to a great extent reoccupied, Mr Parker of Lydenberg and others
making expensive improvements. Many houses were rebuilt that were burnt during the war; and an English family, named Wainwright, went to live on a new acquisition of theirs in the Origstadt valley, which I have previously mentioned as being a place abandoned by the Boers because of its unhealthiness.

In the beginning of August last year, even the Commissioner found that Secocoeni was endeavouring to avoid payment of the indemnity, and that while professing extreme friendship for the British Government, he had yet only sent in 170 head of poor and sickly beasts in fulfilment of his contract. Besides this, messengers had been noticed passing from Zululand to Secocoeni, and vice versa.

Signs that the peace would likely be disturbed became noticeable very soon after the disbandment of the volunteers. They evacuated Fort Burgers, leaving it, as I have mentioned elsewhere, in charge of Mr. George Eckersley and an orderly, on the 13th of June, on the 18th of which month they were paid off in Lydenberg. On the 20th, Captain Diedricht heard through native sources and reported that Masselleroom had taken cattle from Pogwani and Logrillo, British subjects living close to Fort Weeber. Captain Clarke, with Mr. Schultz, had to go there and patch up matters, which they succeeded in doing after such a fashion as soon led to a renewal of hostilities.

I at that time heard a conversation which is of no little interest. Makropetse, one of Secocoeni's "Indunas," or counsellors, was talking, as Kafirs will, about the power of his master. A resident of Lydenberg said to him: "The English are not like the Boers; they have soldiers who live only to fight, and can send regiment after regiment to support their flag, the presence of which, Captain Clarke knows, hanging over the Steelport Fort, has as much influence as a thousand men." The old Kafir laughed, and said, "If Secocoeni read the newspapers, he might, no doubt, be afraid of the tales Englishmen write about their own strength and glory; but he would feel much more afraid of a hundred wild dogs than of millions of paper soldiers."

While such were the Kafir opinions, all aid was refused to the defenceless inhabitants of Lydenberg, and those who
spoke of the growing discontent of even the European inhabitants of the country were bullied or snubbed into silence. It became very noticeable that corn in large quantities was being bought up by Secocoeni. The Rev. Mr Merenski took a very prominent part in supplying the common enemy with provisions. In defiance of public opinion and private remonstrance, he sent them on one occasion no less than eight waggon-loads of bread-stuffs. Gunpowder and gun smuggling began again to be an active branch of trade; but as the Lydenberg officials had no troopers at their disposal, even this could not be interfered with, because no war was going on, and seizures could only be made with proper effect when the smugglers had transgressed the border-line.

It was also well known to the Commissioner that the chieftainess Legolani was, in the direct interest of Secocoeni, endeavouring to harry the small tribes under British protection in her neighbourhood. Now it must be remembered that this woman Legolani—or Masselleroom, as she is indifferently called—had during the previous war been entirely submissive to, if not an active ally of, the Republic. It is therefore quite evident that her change of feeling was not uninfluenced by the fact that the border had been left denuded of its armed guardians. Sir Theophilus Shepstone visited Lydenberg in August and September, and himself sent for Secocoeni's messengers, and gravely warned them that any infraction of the peace, or neglect to fulfil the conditions on which peace had been granted, would bring a black cloud over Kafirland. Mr George Eckersley, the acting Native Commissioner of Fort Burgers, warned his Excellency that war might be expected after the coming harvest.

Later on, whilst Sir Theophilus was still on the border, Eckersley, Erasmus, and myself reported that Secocoeni had detached a portion of his tribe to the strong places north and east of Origstadt, and that a Commando of his people were taking positions at Mamloon, close to Hell Poort, in the Drakensberg.

His Excellency, no doubt from sufficient motives, said that he had Secocoeni under his nail—that all was well.
He also directed the 170 cattle to be sent back to the chief with the following message: "Put the 2000 cattle you owe Government together, and pay them to Captain Clarke without any further delay." Makropetse and the Indunas replied "that Shepstone was their great father, and his child Secocoeni would be glad to hear his message."

Having thus, as he imagined, settled everything satisfactorily, Sir Theophilus started for the Utrecht border, taking with him his escort, and Captain Clarke, his Special Commissioner for Lydenberg district, who was desirous to proceed to Natal to raise a force of Zulu armed constabulary, and for other purposes.

The day after their departure from Lydenberg, it was reported at the office of the Landdrost that three British subjects had been murdered at Mapoch's. Now, as I have said before, Mapoch had during the previous war been a faithful ally of the Dutch Government. His location is far inside the border-line, being almost on the main road from Middleburg to Lydenberg, and situated on undoubted Transvaal territory.

The Landdrost of Lydenberg, Mr George Roth, a man of eighteen years' official experience, who had succeeded to Mr Cooper on his dismissal the previous year, sent a sub-sheriff to demand the murderers from Mapoch—but, in the absence of Captain Clarke, very properly, with instructions not to be provoked into any hostilities. The sub-sheriff duly arrived at the chief's place, and there were given to him three persons supposed to be guilty in the matter. But on his attempting to leave the village, and proceed with his prisoners to Lydenberg, a mob of Kafirs handed arms to them, and threatened the escort. Seeing that a fight would become unavoidable if he persisted in taking the men, he again sought the assistance of the chief, who endeavoured to soothe him with much talk, and eventually sent him away unharmed, but without being able to accomplish his mission. Thus, under British Government, for the first time Mapoch found himself in a position to resist the law because it was not supported by mounted forces. On the 11th of September, Mr Winterbush and the acting field-cornet of Waterfall complained that the Kafirs had threatened their labourers, and
warned them to quit their farms. At this early date Landdrost Both and myself were so certain that an early outbreak must occur, that we warned Mr. Eckersley, and indicated the Waterfall as his proper line of retreat should he be molested.

A few days afterwards, in quite an opposite direction, another and still more terrible defiance of the law took place. Mr. Bell, the New Scotland Commissioner, was murdered by the inhabitants of a kraal situated on his own lands. With Mr. Bell were stabbed several policemen and others in the execution of their duty. This outrage, though apparently uninspired by any of the greater Kafir chiefs, is yet important as showing the increasing excitement in the minds of the natives living even immediately under the direction of the British authorities. It also shows how feeble was the hand of authority, and how little respected the law when unsupported by adequate armed force. Although Mabekana, the perpetrator of Bell's murder, was caught and hanged, and his people broken up, the impression occasioned by this affair was widespread and fatal to authority. Captain Clarke was detained and kept away from his district till the end of January in this present year 1878, by which time not a little uneasiness and alarm had become prevalent amongst the settlers.

On the Gold Fields especially, natives had become disrespectful and mutinous. Thefts were not unfrequent, while offenders were seldom brought to justice.

On Saturday, October 13, 1877, some petty cattle-stealing was noticed. This was reported to Captain Clarke, then in Natal. On the 14th an application was in vain made to Captain Clarke for a handful of mounted men, whose mere presence at this time near the outposts would have convinced Secocoeni of the earnestness and strength of the new Government, his respect for which was greatly exaggerated by the men of routine who filled its offices, to the exclusion of practical ability.

On the side of Fort Weeber Legolani's people had threatened Pogwani, telling him he must leave the flats and go into the mountains; and the resident at Fort Weeber had been informed that his life was in danger.

These symptoms of uneasiness induced Captain Clarke to
direct” the raising of twenty-five “provisional policemen,” whom he subsequently sent to Fort Weeber to encourage the well-affected Kafirs, and to strengthen authority. Then arrived in Lydenberg the Zulu police, a body of dressed and armed savages, intended for the protection of the border, but whose presence and formidable appearance, coinciding closely with the tales everywhere in circulation of their prowess and cruelty, effectually alarmed every Basuto, Swazi, Mapolander, or other native, whether friendly or otherwise, from Lydenberg to the Oliphants River.

The effect of this was at once apparent. The Swazis, formerly allies of Government, now expressed their abhorrence of those who put breech-loading rifles in the hands of their hereditary enemies. All the wild Kafirs engaged in labour or domestic service fled to their chiefs, and it only required a spark to cause an explosion. This spark was soon supplied. Captain Clarke himself went to Fort Weeber, where he found Masselleroom still plaguing, threatening, and annoying by theft the friendly Kafirs, with whom she was in fact fighting. He sent messengers to Secocoeni, ordering him to desist from violence; and the chief, in his turn, sent to the Landdrost of Lydenberg a haughty message to this effect: “Tell Clarke that Secocoeni is laughed at by evildoers because he does not punish petty chiefs under him who do wrong, make disturbances, and deny his authority. Secocoeni will send out Commandoes to punish them.”

The magistrate simply replied that Secocoeni must do nothing until he heard from Captain Clarke, and that he would send the chief’s messages over to Clarke, at Fort Weeber.

The embassy went home, and for a couple of days all was still. In the meanwhile, Captain Clarke, while riding with an orderly between Fort Weeber and the mountains, met ten of Legolani’s men armed with guns. These men he disarmed, and compelled them to carry their guns to Pogwani’s kraal, where the arms were confiscated to the use of Pogwani’s people.

On the 8th March, Mr Eckersley, whose force had been raised to four white men, assisted by twelve of our allies, was summoned to surrender Fort Burgers by a Commando of 500 well-armed Kafirs under Secocoeni’s brother. Another
Commando of the enemy occupied the pass leading from Fort Burgers to Origstadt; a third threatened Kruger's Post; whilst a fourth and still larger one invaded the Waterfall valley, and spread out over the country between Lydenberg and Fort Weeber, thus completely cutting off Mr Eckersley from either retreat or help.

The Landdrost Roth sent the Zulu police by the Waterfall valley to help Eckersley, and cover the flight of the inhabitants of the farms. Eckersley succeeded in effecting his escape from the fort under cover of night, and was found at Mrs Beechi's house, which he had fortified and defended until the arrival of the relief. The Dutch inhabitants of the district acted undoubtedly in a brave and highly creditable way on the occurrence of this sudden outbreak. The Dutch field-cornet at Kruger's Post heard at two o'clock on the morning of the 9th that Wainwright's house in Origstadt had been attacked by overwhelming numbers, his cattle driven off, and his family forced to fly into the bush. He immediately went, with four other men, and relieved Wainwright, who, however, had, owing to the unprotected state of the border, suffered a loss which £2000 would not cover. The field-cornet of Crocodile River ward, with his Dutch neighbours, rapidly succoured the inhabitants of the upper Waterfall, recovering and burying the body of their countryman Fenter, who had been shot on the night of the 8th. This removing of the outlying farmers into places of safety occupied nearly a week.

The Landdrost, who was cut off by 120 miles of hostile country from Captain Clarke, did his utmost to preserve the border, and ordered the levy of another body of twenty-five European policeman from the Gold Fields; and on the 13th, Captain Clarke suddenly appeared in Lydenberg, having evacuated Fort Weeber on the Sunday before. He was speedily followed into town by acting Native Commissioner Schultz, in charge of the retreating garrison, which had abandoned some powder and much property to the enemy.

Captain Clarke's next act was to station the provisional police—now amounting to fifty-six men, but who, unfortunately, had only twenty-two horses available for duty—at points most likely to be assailed by the enemy, and where
RETURN TO FORT WEEBER.

RETURN TO FORT WEEBER. 249

protection was most needed. Eckersley was left to guard the head of the Waterfall.

Having received assurances from Pretoria that 150 men, mounted and supplied with proper arms and cannon, would be sent to meet him, Clarke determined to return to Fort Weeber, whence he could initiate operations against Mas-selleroom. He took with him the Zulu police under Lieutenant Lloyd, assisted by a drill-instructor named Mulligan. Instead of meeting the 150 men promised, he got, in three weeks, some fifty volunteers so insufficiently provided that he had to send to Lydenberg not only for provisions, but for horse-shoes, powder, caps, shells, and materials of all kinds. On his return to Fort Weeber, he had sought the assistance of Mapoch, which, though promised, was certainly never given.

The position of affairs in the beginning of April was as follows: The Gold Fields had a night watch. From thence to Kruger's Post the road was deserted. At that post were twenty-six men insufficiently provided with horses, whose entire time was taken up protecting harvesting operations in the direction of Origstadt, and generally within a radius of ten miles from the post. These men were placed under an officer whose ignorance of both military and volunteer duties utterly demoralised them. I will give an instance of this.

Early one morning, some of the men who were lolling about the gate between stables and breakfast, noticed their officer talking to a visitor named Parkins, after which he addressed them generally, saying, "Four or five of you go with Mr Parkins; he wants you." Bayley and three others immediately went with the visitor, never dreaming that they were wanted further from the camp than perhaps the nearest house. They naturally thought they were going to arrest some servant, or to suppress some drunken row. When they were a few yards from the gate, Parkins said, "Had you not better bring your horses?" This they did, still not dreaming that there was any special duty on hand, although they guessed the distance might be further than they had at first supposed. When they had mounted and ridden a couple of miles, one of them asked Parkins where