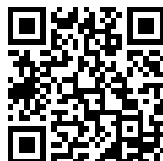

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REMINISCENCES OF
KAFFIR LIFE AND HISTORY.

BY
THE HON. CHAS. BROWNLEE.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY



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SIR ALBERT SPICER.



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Revised:

*These papers were collected by
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the property of the Cape of Good Hope.*

REMINISCENCES
OF
KAFFIR LIFE AND HISTORY,
AND OTHER PAPERS
BY THE LATE
HON. CHARLES BROWNLEE,
GAIKA COMMISSIONER.

WITH A BRIEF MEMOIR,
By MRS. BROWNLEE.

LOVEDALE; SOUTH AFRICA:
PRINTED AT THE LOVEDALE MISSION PRESS
1896.

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PREFACE.

IT HAD long been my father's intention, to publish a sketch of his life, giving an account of many stirring deeds in which he took an active and prominent part. Unfortunately, however, the onerous duties of his official career prevented him from carrying out this intention while engaged in active service. After his retirement the state of his health made it impossible for him to undertake any considerable literary task.

He had however written papers from time to time on subjects connected with his own special department—Native affairs. His large knowledge of Native history, character and customs, and his great experience in dealing with Native affairs, give a permanent value to some documents found in Blue books, which most persons will be ready to recognize.

Unable at last to write, or even to compose, he sometimes beguiled the time by narrating incidents, of his past

career, in a conversational manner. A few of these narratives were taken down by an expert short-hand writer, Mr. Beattie, late of the "Watchman Office," whose services deserve grateful acknowledgement, for to him we owe the record of some interesting reminiscences. It will be understood that these narratives are not to be judged by the standard applicable to written composition. It may be remarked, however, that the diffuseness and repetitions found in the reports of conversations with Natives make the narrative a more accurate reflection of the scenes.

An account of the Cattle-killing delusion written by my mother, appeared in the life of Tiyo Soga, by the late Rev. J. Chalmers of Grahamstown. My father has supplemented this in the statements recorded by Mr. Beattie. The whole has been recast in the paper on the Cattle-killing.

Some incidents mentioned in papers published long ago, are given more fully in these conversational reminiscences. The indulgent reader will bear in mind that their author was unable to revise the papers and prepare them for publication: At the request of the family Mr. Andrew Smith revised the papers and arranged them for publication. It was impossible, however, to avoid repetitions and introduce changes which would have been improvements from a literary point of view, without taking a greater liberty with the papers than seemed expedient.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to Mr. Smith for the trouble he has taken in preparing them for the printer.

They are now published, and will I believe be welcomed by many as the memorial of a laborious, eventful, useful and unselfish life.

W. T. BROWNLEE.

King William's Town,
June 1896.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
MEMOIR; BY MRS. BROWNLEE 	I
PERSONAL INCIDENTS—	
THE OLD PEACH-TREE STUMP 	22
SCENES OF OTHER DAYS ; BY REV. H. DUGMORE	48
MY FIRST DIPLOMATIC MISSION 	56
MEETING AT TEMBANI TO BID FAREWELL TO THE GAIKA	
COMMISSIONER ; BY MRS. BROWNLEE 	61
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE GAIKAS 	68
IMIBULELO : THANKS 	79
HISTORICAL CHAPTERS—	
NATAL AND ZULULAND, FIFTY YEARS AGO 	81
PONDOS, XESIBES, AND THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.	
CHAPTER I. 	104
CHAPTER II. 	131
THE CATTLE-KILLING DELUSION ; BY MRS. BROWNLEE.	
CHAPTER I. 	135
CHAPTER II. 	150
CHAPTER III. 	155
CHAPTER IV. 	165
CHAPTER V. 	166
HOW SCARES CAME ABOUT 	170

PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE KAFFIRS.

CHAPTER I.	176
CHAPTER II.	194
A CHAPTER ON THE BASUTO WAR.	204

SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS AMONG THE
NATIVE RACES.

WITCHCRAFT—

CHAPTER I.	240
CHAPTER II.	247
CHAPTER III.	253
SUPERSTITIONS *	261
A KAFFIR BETROTHAL CEREMONY; BY MRS. BROWNLEE.	262

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—

GO : IS GRATITUDE TO BE FOUND AMONG THE KAFFIRS.	269
SANDILE.	306
XOXO.	320
TOLA AND ENO.	328
TYALA ; BY R. W. ROSE-INNES.	334
DEATH OF TYALA.	363

ADDRESSES ON MISSIONS

ADDRESS TO THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, WITH APPENDIX.	366
ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF PEELTON MISSION STA- TION.	387
A LETTER TO COLONEL MACLEAN.	395
LAMENT OF TYALA.	399

MEMOIR.

THE subject of the following brief sketch was the eldest son of the Rev. John Brownlee, one of the earliest missionaries sent to South Africa by the London Missionary Society.

As the traveller enters King William's Town by the Queenstown road, a cluster of fine buildings will attract his attention. Facing him is the Presbyterian Church, and to the right stand Dale College, the Roman Catholic Church, the Library and Public Buildings or Government Offices. Surmounting the latter is the Town Clock, and above the entrance of the portico he will see a large brass plate with the following inscription:—

To the Memory

OF THE

REV. JOHN BROWNLEE,

THE FOUNDER OF KING WILLIAM'S TOWN,

BORN NEAR WISHAW, SCOTLAND, MAY 1st, 1791,

DIED AT KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, 21st DECEMBER, 1871;

DEVOTED AS A MISSIONARY;

BELOVED AS A MAN;

HONOURED AS A SELF-SACRIFICING CHRISTIAN WORKMAN;

FAITHFUL AS A FRIEND TO RICH AND POOR,

TO CIVILIZED AND BARBARIAN;

WILLING AS A HELPER IN EVERY UNDERTAKING WHICH PROMOTED
THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF THIS COMMUNITY.

BY MANY, WHO KNEW HIS PURITY OF LIFE,

AND ADMIRING HIS HUMILITY OF CHARACTER, IS THIS

TABLET,

AND THE CLOCK WHICH ADORNS THE TOWER OF THIS BUILDING,

ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE.

II, COR., V.

He left his father's house at an early age to accompany and act as interpreter to the American missionaries in Natal, while they engaged to carry on his education.

After leaving Natal, he took to farming, and this occupation he followed till the War of the Axe, in 1846, broke out. The Natives had for a long time been in an unsettled and defiant state. Stealing and other disorderly deeds had been allowed to go on unchecked by the Chiefs. Matters were brought to a climax when a Native who had stolen an axe was sent as a prisoner to Grahamstown from Fort Beaufort, handcuffed to one of the party by whom he was guarded. A band of Kaffirs waylaid them, and rushing out dispersed the guard, cut off the hand of the constable to whom the prisoner was handcuffed, and carried him off.

The Governor of the Colony demanded that the prisoner and his rescuers should be given up to justice. The Chiefs contemptuously refused to do so, and war was declared.

Charles Brownlee, with other farmers, went out under command of the late Dodds Pringle in defence of the country.

Soon after the close of this war, Sir Harry Smith appointed him to the important post of Gaika Commissioner, with his younger brother James as his clerk. Their residence was Fort Cox then a military post. There they built cottages for themselves. James married, and Charles was on the eve of marriage when the most disastrous and longest war this Colony has ever seen broke out.

There had been dissatisfaction and unrest among the Natives for months. The Gaika Chief, Sandile, repeatedly re-

fused to meet the Governor. At last Sir Harry Smith deposed Sandile, a measure which this haughty and warlike tribe would not submit to. Mr. Brownlee, who thoroughly understood native ways and character, rightly read their conduct as indicating that the spirit of resistance was again stirring in both chiefs and people. He repeatedly and earnestly warned the Governor, but he would not believe that a people who had so lately suffered the hardships of war would so soon again enter upon it.

In December 1850, things looked very dark, Mr. Brownlee feeling convinced that an outbreak was imminent, begged the Governor to have the farmers and others living in out of the way places warned to seek safety in towns or forts; but he firmly opposed anything of the sort, fearing that such action would alarm the native mind, and make them think the colonists were preparing to make war upon them. Had Mr. Brownlee's advice been taken, what disasters would have been averted, and to a great extent life and property saved!

As no warning had been given, people quietly remained at their homes till Christmas eve, when, like a wolf in the night, the enemy was upon them. The assegai did its deadly work, and farmers and others had to flee leaving everything behind, glad to escape with dear life.

One of these homes rises vividly before my mind. Situated in a lovely spot, the home combined solidity, comfort and beauty, and many valuable pictures hung on the walls. In one night, all was as though it had not been. Pictures were torn down and trampled under foot in the presence of the terrified ladies, furniture was smashed

and the house fired. Still what was this to the loss of lives—precious lives of sons, brothers and husbands?

The same day a large force sent by Sir Harry Smith up the valley of the Keiskama, in the direction of Sandile's hiding place, were attacked and a number of them killed. So unprepared were they that their guns were not loaded, and some were bathing in the Keiskama. A faithful native brought the sad tidings to Mr. Brownlee, and he at once told Sir Harry, then at Fort Cox, who treated it as an idle tale, and said, "Oh, it is some cock-and-bull-story. I don't believe it." But alas, the return of the force, by their lessened numbers, the groans of the wounded, and the weeping of those who had lost friends, told him plainly that the war he would not believe in had broken out. Dear man, he evidently wished for peace, and bitter must have been the awaking.

Mr. Brownlee told some amusing stories of this hot-headed and most generous of Governors, who swore at you one minute and was ready to cover you with kindness the next. He personally visited the wounded, and sent them dainties from his own table. On one occasion, during hostilities, he was moving with a large force in an intricate part of the country known to few. The guides were not forthcoming, which greatly excited His Excellency. Mr. Brownlee offered his services, as he knew the country well, but the old man was by this time in a passion and roared, "I want no gentleman guide; send me my guides." Mr. Brownlee persisted that the guides could not be found, and again offered his services. "Get out of my sight, sir," he shouted, "get out of my sight, with your gigantic strides,

and consider yourself under arrest." After floundering on and getting involved in the rough country, he sent one of his staff to call Mr. Brownlee. His answer was—"Tell His Excellency, I am under arrest and cannot come." Sir Harry ever ready to admire spirit in another, though it told against himself, went to him and asked the youth with the gigantic strides to get them out of their difficulty by acting as guide, and, in the evening, when bivouacked, invited him to his tent to dine, and in presence of his staff apologized for his rudeness in the morning.

The Governor was shut up for some time at Fort Cox surrounded by Kaffirs, all communication being cut off. A force sent from Fort Hare to his relief was attacked and driven back with great loss, the Kaffirs coming to close quarters and using the assegai with fatal effect.

In 1852, Mr. Brownlee was wounded. He was then commanding one wing of a force under Colonel M'Kinnon, employed in driving the Kaffirs out of a deep and wooded valley between Fort White and Burnshell. This place has since been called M'Kinnon's box. The Kaffirs were hiding in the bush, and an assegai struck Mr. Brownlee and buried itself to the hilt in his thigh. He had himself to draw it out, and this caused the wound to bleed so profusely that he fainted. In this condition he was found by a friend, the late Robert Fielding, who at first thought him dead, but after dashing water in his face saw a movement and exclaimed joyfully, "There is life in the dear boy." Others soon rallied round, and he was placed on a stretcher and carried to his father's house in King William's Town.

The following Friday, his brother James was sent out with a small party to recapture some cattle, taken from King William's Town by the enemy. They were surrounded and James fell wounded to death by an assegai. His head was cut off and taken to Sandile, who, on recognizing, it said, "You should not have killed this man." Who can describe the sorrow of the family, with one son lying in bed weak from loss of blood and the pain of a grievous wound, and the other brought in dead? The poor young widow, in a distant town where he had sent her to be with her mother and away from the dangers and discomforts of war, how would she bear the tidings? The following Friday a little daughter was born.

It may here be stated that as her husband fell in battle, she lost his life policy; neither was a pension granted her; and she had to support herself and child notwithstanding her feeble health caused by the shock and grief at her husband's tragic end.

In 1852, Sir Harry Smith was recalled, and Sir George Cathcart was sent to take his place. A truce to hostilities was then proclaimed. Of this Mr. Brownlee took advantage to have his long-delayed marriage consummated, and on the 14th July of that year he was married to Frances, third daughter of the Rev. W. R. Thomson of Balfour. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Laing in the little church at Lovedale, Mr. Thomson's family having had to leave Balfour owing to the war and take refuge there.

Shortly after this, Sir George Cathcart abolished the office of Gaika Commissioner, deeming it superfluous as the

Gaikas were in rebellion, and he thereupon directed Mr. Brownlee to proceed to Fort Peddie in command of a levy of Fingoes. He had therefore to leave his newly-married wife behind. She however took advantage of a train of waggons going to Peddie a month later, to join him there. The waggons were attacked in the rear, and an officer of the guard and some men were killed.

At Peddie, he did duty for six months as captain of levies, going out on patrol and defending the district. The following March, an express arrived with an urgent letter from His Excellency, desiring his immediate presence in King William's Town. On his arriving there, the Governor asked him if he was willing to go out to meet the chiefs, as they refused to listen to terms of peace unless they saw "Chalis" as he was called by all the Natives. He unhesitatingly went and made such satisfactory terms that the Governor was delighted, and not only expressed his satisfaction, but wrote officially a complimentary letter and made him quite the hero of the hour. One of the conditions of peace was that the Gaikas were to move out of all their fastnesses about the Keiskama, the Amatole mountains, and the Buffalo Poorts, and for the future to take up their abode in the country about Kabusi, to the west of the Queenstown road.

Mr. Brownlee, being now re-installed in his position as Gaika Commissioner, took up his abode among the tribes in the new settlement. He pitched his tent near Dohne Post and not far from the Bethel Mission station. Hugh Thomson, his brother-in-law, was appointed his clerk. The following August a son was born and called James. His

baptism took place in his father's native church, and when the child's name was pronounced, a wail of grief rang through the church, for the memory of him who had borne that name was still fresh in the minds of the people.

At Dohne, he built a comfortable cottage and made a nice garden, thinking it would be his permanent residence.

Sir George Grey succeeded Sir George Cathcart as Governor. A better governor and kinder friend the Natives and Colonists never had. He directed Mr. Brownlee to organize bands of native men for the purpose of making roads and watercourses in various localities. All this Mr. Brownlee had to superintend, besides doing his regular work as Commissioner administering justice to the Gaikas. These public works were a double good, as they benefited the country and gave employment to crowds of Natives impoverished by the war. Dohne is on the high road to Queens-town. There were then few houses along that line of road; hotels none; his characteristic hospitality was taxed to the utmost; from the Governor to the humblest traveller, all were received.

In 1857, the awful cattle killing, and consequent starvation of the Kaffir nation, gave work for many months to all who had a heart to feel and power to work. What a terrible time that was! Only those who were in the midst of it knew the horrors of it. At times it made the brain reel.

In 1856-7, the German Legion came to this country. Dohne was fixed upon as their head quarters. In a few hours the place was changed into a lively camp. It was a miserable, cold, wet Sunday when they arrived, a dreary beginning for strangers in a strange land. Mr. Brownlee's

house received as many of the ladies and children as it could hold. The quiet place soon became a busy scene, the sound of the hammer went on almost night and day, and in a few months a flourishing little town covered the hill side, and was called Stutterheim after Baron Von Stutterheim, General-in-Command of the Legion.

After a while the Natives, who came to Mr. Brownlee with their cases, got to mix with the German soldiers, drinking with them, quarrelling and sometimes fighting. On this account, the Governor decided that Mr. Brownlee must move away from Stutterheim, so he had to leave his pretty home and go through all the expense and discomfort of building again. He crossed the Kabusi and fixed on a spot eight miles from Stutterheim, where there was good water and wood sufficient both for domestic and building purposes.

Soon after settling at this new home, which he called Tembani (Hope on), the Kaffrarian farms were about to be given out. Mr. Brownlee, from his knowledge of the country was appointed one of "The Land Board" for choosing localities suitable for farms, and for fixing the boundaries. This took him a great deal from home. It was while on this duty, he first got the injury from which he suffered in after years. Riding along one day in deep thought he did not observe a deep donga till he was close upon it, and reined up his horse sharply. The animal threw back its head giving him a severe blow on the nose. He reached home in a very suffering state, with his face swollen almost beyond recognition. Ever after, there was a slight irritation though nothing was to be seen externally, nor did it interfere with

his health which continued robust and vigorous, with the exception of an attack of fever which the Natives put down to his having chewed some "ubuti" (witchcraft medicine). He took great pains to investigate all cases of witchcraft, in order to convince the people of the absurdity of the witchdoctor's pretensions, and on one occasion to convince them of the harmlessness of some stuff which the witchdoctress had pretended to find in the hut of an accused party, he chewed some of it himself, but did not take the fever till some months after that.

He went to great trouble and expense buying sheep and giving them out among the Natives, as he thought the care of sheep would induce them to lead a more settled life ; and as it would be impossible for them to fly about with sheep as they had done with cattle in time of war, they would be less ready to enter upon it. With all this secular work, he had the good of missions at heart, and never failed to give a helping hand to the missionary cause. To this the missionaries of the Berlin Society, the Church of England, and the U. P. Church can testify.

At Stutterheim, his family had the privilege of attending the services at the Bethel church, where Dr. Kropf and the Rev. W. Rein, officiated ; and later, at Tembani, weather permitting, they rode or drove to Emgwali where Mr. Johnston, Mr. Soga, and Mr. Chalmers held service. These men were among his dearest friends.

In 1860, Sir George Grey asked him to accompany the Duke of Edinburgh to Cape Town in the *Euryalus*, and take Sandile and some of his leading councillors. Mr. Soga was also one of the party. In his life, written by Mr. Chalmers,

will be found an interesting account of that voyage. So ten happy, busy, and peaceful years were passed, Tembani gaining in beauty every year as the ornamental and fruit trees grew. The people were contented and were accumulating property, when all had to be given up.

In 1861, Sir Philip Wodehouse succeeded good Governor Grey, and set himself to cut down expenses all over the Colony. The Gaikas came under the retrenchment knife, and in 1867 had their much loved and trusted Commissioner removed and a young clerk at a lower salary put over them.

Mr. Brownlee was removed to the Colonial magistracy of Somerset East. How much his removal was felt by both Kaffirs and Europeans will be seen by the account of the farewell meeting. A very handsome clock, costing £50, was presented to him by the Europeans as a parting gift.

At Somerset, as elsewhere, he soon endeared himself to the people by his frank friendliness and clear-headed justice. The third year of his residence there was one of great trouble. Death, with swift, solemn step, invaded the hitherto unbroken family circle and carried away, after a few hours illness, his fifth son and youngest child. Typhoid fever broke out in the town, visiting almost every household, his not excepted. Added to this, his third son, a boy of eight, got a severe kick from a horse which nearly cost him his life, and laid him up for months. The kindness of the people to the family through this period was overwhelming, and owing to the skill and untiring attention of the doctor, under Providence, two children with typhoid fever and the boy

with the injured leg, were brought back from the very verge of the grave. Early the following year, 1871, his mother died, and at its close his revered and much loved father followed. They had been not only father and son but dearest friends to each other. After a residence of a little more than four years in Somerset, Sir Henry Barkly, who had succeeded Sir Philip, offered Mr. Brownlee the magistracy of King William's Town. This he declined, as he had become attached to Somerset and its people, and the educational advantages it offered for his now large family were very great. Sir Henry urged him to accept, as he wished him to be near the border to have an eye on Native affairs, and as inducement offered to add £100 to the salary of the King William's Town magistracy, and he finally decided to go. Only one year was spent at King Wm's. Town. The Cape then obtained Responsible Government, and he was asked to join the first Colonial Ministry as Secretary for Native Affairs. He accepted office and left King Wm's. Town to take up residence at Cape Town as a member of the Government. It was while in Cape Town that his complaint first took a serious turn. For two successive sessions of Parliament, from driving home in cold and wet, after sitting till a late hour in the heated House, he suffered from exposure, took cold, and had facial erysipelas in an acute form; and after severe suffering he resolved to visit England. The object of his trip was fully attained, a surgical operation by Sir Joseph Lister proving a complete success.

He held the office of Secretary for Native Affairs for five years and resigned, going out with his colleagues,

though specially urged by Sir Bartle Frere to retain his seat. This Governor further showed his appreciation of Mr. Brownlee by asking him to accompany him to Natal. From thence, he appointed him Chief Magistrate of East Griqualand, an important and difficult post in a large territory containing a number of different nationalities, among whom were the Griquas who had lately been in rebellion. While in this position, during the Basuto war, he had a most difficult and trying time. Rebellion broke out among the Basutos in this territory, and threatened to spread to all sections of the native population; but by his tact and quick firm action it was happily checked. The trouble in his face also broke out again at this time, an accident, similar to the first being the occasion. He was giving his two youngest boys a ride, and was leading the horse when something startled it, making it bound forward and give him a blow on the nose. As soon as the rebellion was quelled, he reluctantly made up his mind to visit England a second time. When this became known, the inhabitants of Griqualand East, both white and coloured, contributed and made up a handsome sum, which they presented to him to assist in defraying the expenses of his trip. After several operations, which at the time appeared successful, he returned to the Cape with the intention of retiring from active service, his medical adviser having told him to avoid exposure to extremes of heat and cold. On reaching the Cape, however, he found that matters in Pondoland were in an unsettled state, and he was persuaded to continue for a while longer in office. He yielded the more readily as his general health was much improved.

Had he then retired he might have lived in comfort and comparative health for many years. He was entitled from length of service to retire on a good pension.

Two months after his return to East Griqualand he had to be out on a land commission. It was winter and he was exposed for months to all weathers, sleeping in a tent with the temperature so low at night that ink froze in the bottles. From this trying service and exposure he returned much worse, and his complaint became so aggravated that it was quite necessary for him to visit England a third time. He did so, and was, for over a year, under Sir Joseph Lister, whose care and kindness can never be forgotten or repaid. All his skill did not avail. After great suffering from repeated operations, his health completely failed, he felt the battle was over and that he must retire. On his resignation, which shortly followed, in consideration of his long and valuable public services, the Government granted him full pension.

He then settled down in King William's Town endeared to him by many memories, and in order to be beside his eldest son. For a while his health greatly improved and he was able to amuse himself with his favourite pursuit, the cultivation of flowers. Often in these days the two tall men might be seen together looking at and admiring their plants, the son a fresh young image of his father. The first dark shadow which fell on the family, in King William's Town, was caused by the death of this son's young wife, and her husband's departure for Johannesburg after her death. Soon after this, Mr. Brownlee's strength began to decline and the disease attacked one of his eyes. It was a great trial

not to be able to read for long—he had always been a great reader. His daughters spent much time in reading to him.

The year 1888 was an eventful one for the family, for towards its close his second daughter was struck by consumption and in three months was carried to her grave. But this was not all. Five months later another heavy blow fell: tidings came to the suffering father that his eldest son was no more. He died at Johannesburg after a short, sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs, in the prime of life. Letters of condolence poured in from all both black and white, one of which it may not be out of place to give here.

To

THE HONOURABLE C. BROWNLEE C.M.G.

*“ King William’s Town,
18 Sept., 1889.*

DEAR SIR,

We are exceedingly concerned, as indeed we ought to be, to hear of three successive deaths in your family circle within a short time, the one from the other.

We grieve the more when we remember that you from whom the mutual affection is derived, have been laid up with a malady which more surely than most others directs the sufferer to a speedier dissolution of the present lease of life. We knew the young man, your eldest son, on whom the cruel hand of death has just been laid. It is not unnatural if, in your striving with Providence to resign your unhappy fate into His hands, you had prayed that the boy

might be spared to the remaining ones of your household, and to your many friends of all races in South Africa, but God has ruled otherwise. How unsearchable His counsels ; His ways past finding out. We look upon this as an affliction fallen upon us as well as upon you. We will not, therefore, endeavour to administer consolation to you by directing you to consider how fortune has already treated you. We shall not inform you that our very life is not only a memorial but a part of our death, and that therefore you should not grieve over much at a thing so natural. But as sons of a still stricken father, we shall direct you to the example of Job. 'He was perfect and upright, eschewing evil,' and for this cause God permitted evil to come upon him. He did not charge God foolishly for the sore visitation upon himself, but fell down upon the ground and worshipped. St. Paul's comforting precept cannot fail here to have meted out its balmy solace to you in these times of bitter waters—'We should not sorrow as those that have no hope.' In all this, be assured, we do not distrust your Christian prudence, but rather desire that in this hour of your bitter trial, you should bear up with adversity nobly, as you did with prosperity, when you made many rich and happy, who now call you 'Father' and Patron. Withdraw your eyes from the ruin of this Tabernacle, and fix them upon the majesty of the second building which St. Paul says shall be incorruptible, glorious, spiritual, and immortal, where your loved ones are, and now gaze upon you from hence, nor 'judge the Lord by your feeble sense'; for He will provide. Edmund (Sandile) who is now very ill at Izeli joins with us in our expressions of

sympathy to you and your family upon your sad bereavement.

Your sorrowing sons,

N. C. UMHALA.

H. E. TSATSU.

G. H. NOZWANE."

In the end of the year 1889, his two daughters were married, the eldest to the Rev. J. D. Don, his dear pastor, and minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in King William's Town, the youngest to Mr. R. W. Rose-Innes of the same town. Both marriages gave him great satisfaction, and his last days were soothed by the knowledge that his daughters were in such good keeping.

Fifty years bring changes to a country as well as to the individual.

Mr. Brownlee's first appearance in public was on the day peace was made, after the War of 1846.

Thousands of Kaffirs have assembled on the occasion, each party headed by its chief. The hill side is *red* with them. Those dressed in European clothing are a mere handful compared with the Reds. All have come to meet Sir Harry Smith. In the group forming the Governor's party, Mr. Brownlee is conspicuous from his height, a specimen of a young South African in the pride of opening manhood, full of health and vigour. This is a glimpse of one picture.

Many years have come and gone, and again, in February, 1890, there is a vast assemblage of Natives in King William's Town. But mark the change. This time the Reds

are the handful, and the hill side is covered with well-dressed native men and women, carrying beautiful flags and banners with appropriate mottoes. These people have gathered, not in fear, but joyfully, to welcome the representative of the Queen, Sir Henry Loch, under whose reign they were enjoying peace and prosperity. On the outskirts of the throng a carriage is seen driving slowly round. In it, wrapped in a grey dressing gown sits a man sick unto death. It is Charles Brownlee, but changed, oh, how changed! his countenance marred by disease, his figure shrunk and bowed, the only things untouched being the thick, flowing, brown beard, and the beautiful hands lying listless on the rug over his knees. He has made a last effort to see the people he had been interested in all his life. From that last meeting he gat him home "to gather his feet into his bed," though not yet to die for six months longer.

The hand of God, oh, not in vain,
Still touched him with the fire of pain.

In June, his sickness increased so greatly that his son, the Magistrate of Qumbu, was telegraphed for, and for six weeks was a great solace and comfort to his dying father. He was very weak and needed a man's strength to help him to move. His third son, Dr. Brownlee, of Umzimkulu, Griqualand East, was also able to visit him for a few days at this time. When the hour of leave-taking came, the scene was too touching to be described.

A fourth son came to take their place, and for five months was his ministering angel. This son, called Alexander Duff, after Dr. Duff who visited Africa at the time of his

birth, and between whom and Mr. Brownlee a great friendship sprang up, was not long in following his father. He had, in company with Mr. John Don, been employed by the Chartered Company to explore the Gazaland plateau beyond the Sabi valley. This work they accomplished and were ready to return, when he was struck with the fever of the country, and after an illness of eight days, tenderly nursed by his friend, who was himself sickening of fever, he died. When his father lay a-dying, he put his hand on his mother's shoulder and said, "Don't cry, mother, he is going to the others." In that dark hour, when tidings came to her of her boy's death, she seemed to hear a voice from the far-off, unknown Sabi valley—"Dont cry, mother, I have gone to the others."

This is a digression. In August 1890, his weakness was so great it was evident his sufferings would soon end. He said to his wife, "I will be leaving you soon; I don't feel anxious about you; I leave you in the hands of good children; but for myself I am afraid of death, the agony of it." To hear this from one who had so often fearlessly faced danger and death was heart-rending. She said, "Oh, no! You have suffered so much, God will not permit suffering in the end." He then said, "I am afraid of the future. My life has been so unworthy. I have lived all my life only for myself." She said, "You will get no one else to endorse that. All your life long, you have ever stretched out a helping hand, and done all you could for the good of others; and here is a comforting text for you, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.'" During this time of soul-darkness, his dear pastor was much with him, and greatly comforted

him by his conversation and prayers. About a week before death came, all the shadows fled away. He said, "I am very happy. I can now trust my Lord. All his promises are faithful and true. He will not reject me, unworthy though I am." He spoke much at this time of God's goodness. "My sufferings have been great, but oh, my mercies have been far greater! Among my richest blessings, I count my dear children; tell them," naming the three young absent boys, "not to neglect their Bibles, but to read them, and commit portions to memory. They will find it a great comfort when they come to such a time as this."

Some days before the end he seemed much better; took nourishment freely; spoke cheerfully; and took an interest in outside things.

On the 14th of August he awoke from a long sleep and took a cup of cocoa with relish. A cricket match was being played on the Victoria grounds not far from his house. He said, "What noise is that?" His wife said, "It is the cricketers cheering, does it disturb you?" Oh, no!" he said, "open the window that I may hear it better." His wife said, "You seem much better the last few days." "Yes," he said, "all pain has left me." He then fell into a quiet sleep, when suddenly a severe convulsive fit terrified his watching wife. After it he became unconscious, and we thought we should hear his loving voice no more; but on Saturday 16th he awoke to perfect consciousness, and his wife asked, "Do you know me?" For answer, he took her arm and drew it round his neck. He was asked, "Are you still happy?" "Oh, yes! very;" was the ready answer.

"Have you any fear?" "None whatever." He was all through his illness soothed by music, and that day very much enjoyed the singing of his favourite hymns. At mid-day restlessness came on; he had taken no nourishment, not being able to swallow. His attentive and skilful doctor thought it advisable to feed him artificially, which he did with a tube. This quite removed the distressing restlessness. That night he slept as quietly as any one in perfect health, but towards morning the shadow of death was on his face, he could not speak, but looked lovingly on all gathered round his bed.

His son repeated those beautiful lines of Bonar :

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon.

He could not speak but returned the pressure of his hand and made a sound of deep content. There was no suffering or distress of any kind in that last hour, and so in great quietness he passed away.

"Knowledge by suffering entered in, and life was perfected in death." He was buried in the King William's Town cemetery on the 18th of August amid affecting demonstrations of the esteem in which the deceased was held, and of sympathy with the bereaved family on the part of the whole community. On the following Sunday the funeral sermon was preached in St. Andrew's Church by his life-long friend Dr. Bryce Ross, to whom he was related by marriage, his fourth sister being the wife of the veteran of the Transkei Free Church Mission, Richard Ross. The text was Acts 13 : 36—"David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

THE OLD PEACH TREE STUMP.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR OF 1835.

It is wonderful how oftentimes an incident, small and insignificant in itself, recalls to memory scenes long past and almost forgotten, bringing them before the imagination with the distinctness of the present; or, as in the visions of a dream, with a momentary flash portraying distinctly and vividly to the mind the events of a life time. And thus some months since, while walking in the Government garden at King William's Town, the sight of an old peach tree stump reflected upon my mind the events of a memorable night, now nearly forty years past, clearly and plainly, as if they had happened but the day before.

It is not now my intention to give an account of the war of 1835. My object is simply to describe an incident of that war; and with a few prefatory remarks I shall proceed to my narrative.

Towards the close of 1834 matters on the Eastern frontier of the Colony assumed a most unsettled and critical aspect. The Kaffirs had taken possession of what was termed the Neutral Territory, a strip of land between the Kat and Fish Rivers and the Keiskama, which in 1820, by an arrangement between the Colonial Government and Gaika, in order to prevent robberies, had been agreed should remain unoccupied by either party. In consequence of the occupation of this land by the Kaffirs, robberies became of daily occurrence, and in order to put a stop to them, it was

deemed necessary to clear the Neutral Territory of the Kaffirs who had settled there. Amongst those who thus occupied this land was the petty Chief Xoxo, a minor son of the late Gaika. Having come into collision with a colonial patrol in the neutral territory, he was fired upon by the officer in command, and a pellet of buckshot struck him on the forehead, penetrating the skin, but beyond this doing no injury. The thing, notwithstanding, caused great excitement among the Kaffirs.

Such was the state of affairs when the Salem School broke up for the Christmas holidays of 1835, and my brother, myself, and another son of a missionary, who were being educated at Salem had to proceed to Kaffraria, where our parents then resided. Our journey was performed in an ox-waggon, as spring carts drawn by horses were not then known on the Frontier. Under the care of Mr. McDiarmid, the missionary from Burnshill, we travelled along quietly and pleasantly enough till we arrived at the Koonap River, where Mr. Tomlinson, who then kept the Koonap Hotel, gave us most alarming accounts of the Kaffirs, who, he informed us, gave him no rest either by day or by night, compelling him to keep armed herdsmen with his stock to prevent them from being driven off. From Tomlinson's we proceeded to the farm of Mr. Adam Raubenheimer, on the Kat River, where we arrived on Saturday evening, staying over Sunday at this place, and resuming our journey at one o'clock on Monday morning. The accounts received from Mr. Raubenheimer were quite as alarming as those we had heard at Tomlinson's and it appeared quite clear that matters could not remain long as they were. Shortly

after we had left, Raubenheimer's farm was attacked by the Kaffirs, and all the stock swept off.

The Chumie River was reached shortly after sunrise. Here a trader came to our waggon in a state of great alarm, inquiring anxiously for the news. We could only give him such information as we had gathered by the way. He said that there was something going on among the Kaffirs, but what it meant he could not say. He wished to leave, but did not like to abandon his employer's property. Poor fellow, the next day he was murdered.

Our first halt from the Kat River was at the Yellowwoods, beside a trader's station. On going to the place we found it had recently been abandoned, and we discovered a number of household articles and merchandise hid in the bush along the river. The trader had received warning of danger from a Kaffir, and had that morning fled with his wife and children to the Burnshill Mission Station, not a day too soon. We arrived at Burnshill in the evening, and here, for the first time, we learned the true state of affairs. It appeared that war had been decided upon, and we found a number of traders assembled at Burnshill under the protection of Sutu, the mother of Sandile, who was then a boy thirteen or fourteen years of age. I afterwards learned that Xoxo's wound had been made the cause of war. The matter had been discussed in a council of Gaika chiefs and leading men. Tyali, Xoxo's half-brother and immediate superior, decided that the case was not one for war, and sent off messengers to Captain Warden, then commanding at the Chumie Post, with the design of arranging the matter amicably. Maqoma, also a half-brother of Xoxo, dis-

sented from Tyali's arrangement, saying, "Shall the blood of a Gaika chief be shed, and shall we not avenge it? There must be war." In the meanwhile, Maqoma had employed Plaatje Onci, a Gonah Kaffir, to tamper with the Cape Corps who formed part of the garrison at Fort Wilshire. Old Plaatje was a well-known character in Fort Beaufort, having resided for many years on the Barouka stream, near to Fort Beaufort. The message of Plaatje to Fort Wilshire appeared to succeed according to Maqoma's wishes. Some of the Cape Corps men expressed their willingness to join Maqoma, and told Plaatje that if the Kaffirs would come to Fort Wilshire by night, they would deliver the post into their hands. Maqoma accordingly went to the fort with a large body of Kaffirs. The post was not delivered into their hands, and as daylight discovered the Kaffirs to the garrison, fire was opened upon them, and thus the war began.

My father having come to Burnshill to meet my brother and myself, we resumed our journey to the Buffalo the following morning on horseback. Along the way we met numerous bands of armed men hurrying towards the Colony. They in no way molested us, as my father was well known to them. Hastily asking for the news, and inquiring where Somerset was, they again hurried on. On being asked why they were going to make war on the Colony, they replied by asking, "Have you not heard a chief has been shot? and is that not cause for war?"

No incident worthy of notice occurred on the way, except that we met a party of about fifty women armed with assegais and kerries, and who had come out to cheer and

urge on the warriors. The women seeing our loose oxen which had gone to Salem for us, and which were being driven by a native, made a rush at them, and were driving them off. The driver in vain tried to stop them, saying he was Tsatsu's brother and that the oxen belonged to a missionary. The only reply was, the oxen belonged to a white man, and there was war with the white man. The women were too many for poor Manquindi.* While he was held back by some, the others drove off the oxen at a trot. This was too much for me. I said to my brother, "Let us charge and recover the oxen, and won't it be glorious fun!" So off we set at full gallop, riding straight at the women; as we approached them they turned, striking at the horses with their kerries. The horses swerved, and we had not the satisfaction of riding over any of them as we wickedly and most ungallantly intended doing. However, we got the oxen into a gallop, soon distanced the enemy and returned in triumph with the oxen, thinking we had performed a wonderful exploit. Readers may smile at the mention of this incident, but I think it not unworthy of record, as illustrating a phase of native character. It must also be remembered that I was then a boy of fourteen, and my brother two years younger. Since then I have read Don Quixote; his charge upon the flock of sheep always brings to my recollection the charge upon the Kaffir Amazons.

On our arrival at the Buffalo (now King William's Town) we found about a dozen traders assembled at the

* A well-known headman in the neighbourhood of King William's Town.

station ; they had been brought out from various parts of the country by Kaffirs who had received kindnesses from them, and who had thus become attached to them. Others who had made no friends at their stations were ruthlessly murdered before they became aware of their danger, and one unfortunate man had, at the Keiskama, been dragged out of the missionary's house, and despite the prayers and entreaties of the missionary, was murdered before his eyes.

Jan Tsatsu's tribe, among whom my father was labouring, had determined to take no part in the war, and for some months after the breaking out of the hostilities, we continued to live in peace and quietness, though, with the exception of Wesleyville, all the other mission stations had been abandoned, and the missionaries had retired into the Colony for safety. As Mr. Dugmore, who was then in charge of Wesleyville, found he could no longer remain there in safety, he sent to my father, intimating his intention to remove to the Beka, into the midst of Pato's tribe, and sent up waggons to remove us ; but as the Kaffir chiefs had decided that the missionaries were not to be molested, requesting them to remain on their stations ; moreover as Tsatsu's people had taken no part in the war, and as natives from other stations had taken refuge with him, my father considered that he would be abandoning his post without cause, and would be disregarding his duty should he leave. He therefore resolved to remain at his post. The waggons returned to Wesleyville, taking with them the traders who had thus far found an asylum at the station.

Amongst the traders who had taken refuge here, was a good old man named Kirkman, a genuine Christian, and as he had lived near the station, he and my father had become attached to each other in the bonds of Christian fellowship. When the other traders decided on leaving, Kirkman, finding the resolution his friend had taken, resolved to remain with him and share his lot, although my father advised him to leave, pointing out to him that their cases differed, with the one to remain being matter of duty, warranting his encountering risks and dangers, but that the duty of Mr. Kirkman was to accept a place of safety when he had the opportunity. The good old man was as resolute and determined as his missionary friend, and nothing could induce him to go. The waggons left, and then all prospect of our retreat was cut off. The only waggon we had was standing on three wheels, the fourth was smashed, and there was no possibility of repairing it. After the departure of the traders all went on very quietly for a few days, except that Tsatsu was constantly receiving messages from the Gaika chiefs, urging him to take part in the war, and threatening to attack him as an enemy if he did not turn out with his tribe to assist in repelling the Colonial forces which were then entering Kaffraria; but Tsatsu remained resolute. The approach of the Colonial forces was indicated by the large droves of cattle which daily passed the station on their way towards the Kei, whither they were being driven for security. Among them I noticed many splendid animals, not of Kaffir breed, which had been taken from the Frontier farmers. One day, while the cattle

were passing, we heard heavy firing in the direction of the Keiskama. On the following morning the war-cry resounded on the hills around the station, and it was said that the Gaikas were about to attack the Tindes (Tsatsu's tribe). Then followed a scene of awful confusion. Soka, Tsatsu's brother, declared his determination of joining the Gaikas ; a portion of the tribe followed him, and turning out with shields, assegais, and war-plumes, threatened to attack those who adhered to Tsatsu. Flocks of cattle were being driven furiously in different directions, women and children running about, hardly knowing to which party they belonged ; Tsatsu's adherents concentrating on the station, while Soka's party, who had previously been mixed up with the others, were flying in the opposite direction. In the midst of all this confusion and excitement, Tsatsu came to my father and told him he could no longer hold his ground, but must leave and join Pato, and if my father would go, his family could be carried in Tsatsu's waggon. But he had formed his resolution, and was now as decided against going as he was when Mr. Dugmore sent the waggons for him. Tsatsu's entreaties were in vain ; the missionary had taken his stand ; he considered he was in the path of duty, and nothing could induce him to turn from it. He wished my mother and the children to go with Tsatsu but she refused to leave him. My father then told Tsatsu that if he considered himself in danger he might leave ; for his own part, he was in his Master's service, and He could and would protect him, though left quite alone on the station. With a sad heart Tsatsu left,

and the people with him, three men only remaining on the station with us.

At this time, my father was possessed of more stock than would at present be regarded as necessary for a missionary to have. The stock consisted of 300 or 400 sheep and goats, 60 or 70 head of cattle, and about 20 first-class horses and mares, the progeny of two mares and a horse obtained from his old friend Robert Hart, of Glen Avon, and descended from stock imported by Lord Charles Somerset. It must, however, be remembered that at that time a cow was not worth more than fifteen shillings, an ox thirty shillings, a sheep from one shilling and six pence to two shillings, and that in those days, when Kaffraria was but thinly inhabited and not over-stocked, the number in possession was not an extraordinary increase in fifteen years on what had originally been brought into Kaffraria. My father himself did not know what he possessed until the day on which Tsatsu fled, as his stock was entrusted to the care of natives away from the station. The men in charge came on this day, and suggested that they should flee with the stock to a place of safety. They were positively prohibited from taking one head away with them, and were directed to bring them to the station, which was done, and the animals given in charge to the three men who remained after the tribe had fled.

All was now changed. The natives had left the station and neighbourhood. This seemed strange, but to my brother and myself it was glorious. We appeared to be monarchs of all we surveyed; we had no idea how rich we were until that day, and, like boys, we wished that the

three men who had remained with us had also fled, so that we might have the sole control of the cattle, sheep, and horses. We would ride these to-morrow, those the next day, and so we would look after the stock. Our plans were short-lived and doomed to sad disappointment.

In the evening the stock was brought to the kraal, and we of course were amongst them, admiring the horses and arranging which we would ride on the following day, when a party of armed Kaffirs came to the kraal gate, saying they were in search of a red-and-white ox and a grey horse, and wished to go into the kraal to see if they were there. The men in charge replied that it was not usual for strangers to enter a kraal, except in presence of the owner; they would go and call him. My father accordingly came, and told the Kaffirs he did not know that he had any strange stock, but they might go and see. They went in, and brought to the gate a grey gelding and a red-and-white ox. The gelding was a powerful animal, with a dash of Arab blood, and such a horse for power and endurance as is now seldom seen in the Colony. He had once been stolen by Kaffirs, and became so noted for his performances in the hunting fields, that his fame led to his discovery and ultimate recovery. The ox claimed was a first-rate leader, and the Kaffir who had him in charge used him for racing, and no ox which ever ran with him could come near him. Offers had been made from far and near for the purchase of the horse and ox at four times their value, but as my father had most scrupulously abstained from trade or barter, he had refused every offer that had been made; and no wonder that now, being helpless and

defenceless, the animals which had so long been coveted by many, were taken possession of by the Kaffirs. When brought to the gate my father said that the horse and ox were his property, and was answered, "They are no longer yours." A rush was then made into the kraal and all the stock driven away, and with them, to my grief and mortification, went all my plans for riding and herding. It was now dusk, and we returned to the house, my father remarking that as the stock was taken away, we were relieved of care, and would now be free from further annoyance.

Darkness closed upon us. Heretofore at this hour there had always been evening service in the chapel. Now, no bell was rung, and no one came to evening prayers. Instead of the merry laugh and shouts of children at the close of day, all was silent. No voice was heard. We were alone. Our family and good old Mr. Kirkman's (they had come to the mission-house when the station was deserted) were now the only inhabitants. I began to think, after all, it is not so very pleasant to be "monarch of all I survey." My mother looked anxious and sad, and little was spoken. No change was on my father's face; he calmly said that he feared nothing; all would be well; and excepting the few words of comfort and encouragement uttered by him, our evening meal was eaten in silence.

Just as we had finished, the sound of voices was heard approaching the front door, then an altercation and the sound of feet as of men running. We afterwards learnt that the three men who had remained on the station, seeing a party of armed men approaching the mission-house,

had gone to endeavour to take them away ; the armed men turned on them and chased them off the station, and we saw no more of them. In a few minutes more, admittance was loudly demanded. My father replied that he would admit no one, and ordered the unwelcome visitors to be off. Again all was silent, and the speakers appeared to leave. It was now time for family worship, and as usual the Bibles were laid on the table, and the 46th Psalm was selected, but it was hardly begun when a loud knocking was heard at the back door, and then the thundering sound of great stones thrown against it. The door for a while resisted every effort, but at last a deafening crash informed us that it had yielded. Still amid all the din my father read through the Psalm as calmly and composedly as he had read on any other occasion, and when the Psalm was ended he said "Let us pray." We all knelt; and yet, though nearly forty years have passed, I still wonder at the calmness and serenity of the prayer while fierce men were battering at our doors. It was most incomprehensible to me, when I heard such sentences as these uttered in the prayer, "All things shall work together for the good of those who love Thee;" "The wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain," and this while men were effecting a violent entrance into our dwelling, and in all probability thirsting for our blood. This wonderful prayer was not so much a supplication for protection, as an expression of trust and assurance that we would be safe and unharmed. By the time the prayer was ended the ruffians had effected their entrance into the kitchen, and my mother and the younger children retired into the

adjoining bed-room. My father, Mr. Kirkman, and myself continued sitting at the table, while I was listening to the rattling among the pots and pans. After all had been cleared out of the kitchen I heard the Kaffirs coming slowly along the passage towards the room in which we were sitting. I then thought it time to be off. I accordingly went to join those who had gone into the bed-room, and had hardly entered when a frightful crash sounded against the door opening on the passage, and then a fearful shout, and then the sound of struggling. I involuntarily cried out, "My father! oh, my father!" My mother opened the window, saying "Your father is killed! now fly for your lives!" With one bound I cleared the window and rushed frantically in the direction of where the Military Reserve now is, then turned towards the deep pool on the Buffalo situated below the present Engineers' brick-yard. I literally flew, and seemed hardly to touch the earth in my flight, and as I write I almost realize the sensation of that dreadful flight. Arrived at the pool, my first impulse was to plunge into the water, submerge my body, and hide my head in the sedge and bush which then fringed the river's banks. Just as I was about to take the leap the thought flashed through my mind, "Listen whether you are pursued." I checked my headlong course, and stood to listen. I heard no sound. I was not pursued. I hid myself along the bank, ready to dive into the water in case of need. Here I lay concealed for about half-an-hour, but the agony and suspense made the time appear an age. My parents, brother, and sisters murdered, and I in all likelihood soon to share their fate. These thoughts filled

my mind, and for a while no other could find entrance. Becoming a little calmer I saw it was useless to remain where I was. The fate of my parents must be ascertained, and when I knew the worst, I must make my way either to Wesleyville or in the direction of the firing that had been heard the day before. I rose and went towards the house, having to pass over what had generally been supposed an impassable thorn fence. I went over or through, but don't know how. I crept softly through the garden, keeping myself concealed from tree to tree, till the last tree in the garden was reached—a large peach tree, from which there was an open space to the house, and which prevented nearer approach under cover. I saw lights moving about in the house, and heard a sound as of something being thrown out—my heart sickened as I thought all is over, and the Kaffirs are now plundering the house. I climbed into the tree, so that concealed by its foliage I might watch among its branches, and ascertain what was passing in the house, and, if possible, learn the fate of my friends. Shortly, all was silent, and the lights disappeared. Slowly and sadly I descended from the tree (the tree now dead, and whose stump brought to my mind some months since these sad recollections); I crept cautiously around the house expecting to find the mangled remains of those dearest to me, but saw nothing and heard nothing. I dared not enter the house lest I should encounter the murderers. The only course now open to me was to make my escape to Wesleyville. Before doing this I would go to the hut behind the kraal where our old faithful servant stayed, and ask him to accompany me. I half entered

the hut, and in a low voice called "Telo"—no answer. I called a little louder, when I heard some one in the hut say, "Answer," and another replied, "Where are all the station people?" At the same time I cut my hand on a bundle of assegais: here was what I had feared in going to the house, I had come upon the murderers! As I leaped from the hut one of the men emerged from the door. I bounded round the kraal fence, and was soon shrouded in the darkness of a misty and starless night. Finding I was not pursued I stood to reflect on what was now to be done. I did not know the road to Wesleyville, and how should I find it without a guide? However, there was no help; I must try; it was better than remaining on the station to be murdered, as poor Telo doubtless was by the men who now occupied his hut.

Going in what I thought the right direction a new difficulty met me. In consequence of the sudden flight of the station people in the morning, their dogs had been left behind, and having to pass by the deserted huts on the way, a host of dogs came out barking furiously at me, disputing my further progress, and bringing me to a stand-still. I did not like the idea of being torn to pieces by dogs any more than being killed by Kaffirs. I could not stand where I was for the barking would discover me to the Kaffirs, and should I be pursued by them and the dogs at the same time there would be no possibility of escape. There was nothing to be done but to return to my place of concealment by the river side, and there to wait till morning should disclose the true state of things. I again crept round the house on hands and knees, but heard no sound.

I whistled for our dog, but he did not come, and then retired through the garden, again concealing myself by the river. It appeared as if morning would never dawn, and I resolved again to go to the house to learn the worst, and had for the third time to go over the thorn fence. This time I took a different direction through the garden with a view of approaching the house from the front instead of the back, as had at first been done. Again I crept from tree to tree, till half way up the garden, beside some pomegranate bushes I saw a black object ; looking steadfastly at it for a few seconds, and seeing it move as if coming towards me, I was turning for a third flight, when I heard my mother's voice saying, "My son, is that you?" Excited as I had already been, the sound well nigh overpowered me. I staggered to the pomegranate bush and tried to ask of my father's fate, but could utter no word ; I stood speechless beside my mother till she said "Go to the house ; your father and Mr. Kirkman are there ; the others are all here ; we have sought everywhere for you, and thought you had been killed." This intelligence revived my failing strength and enabled me now to walk boldly to the house, where the two good men were sitting calmly together, and soon after, those left in the garden joined us ; we retired to our beds, but not to sleep.

After my return to the house I learnt that the crash at the passage door which I had mistaken for the report of a gun, was caused by a stone thrown against it, and my father thinking that the savages should have been content with what they had got at the kraal and in the kitchen, could not sit passively and permit them to come into the

room where his family were. He therefore walked quickly to the door that the Kaffirs were attempting to force, and opened it with a shout. The apparition of a powerful man over six feet high so suddenly in the midst of the Kaffirs greatly disconcerted them.

There is a tradition in our family that the Kaffirs were thrown one over the other out of the door, also that an after-ox sjambok was used to accelerate their exit from the house; but of this I cannot speak with certainty, never having ventured to enquire into the particulars of this part of the business, as my father was always very reticent upon it, and did not like to mention it. All that I know is, that after the shout, I heard the sound of struggling in the passage, and heard no more. My brother who had jumped out of the window immediately after me, encountered the seven cowardly ruffians as they were running round the corner of the house. They took hold of him, but at once let him go and fled as they heard the dreaded apparition say "What are you doing to the child? Leave him alone."

The following morning, shortly after sunrise, on looking over the flat where New Town now stands, we saw about 400 Kaffirs approaching the station. Our troubles were not ended. Though seven cowardly ruffians could be frightened and driven out of the house, what could be done against 400? My father went out to meet them, taking me with him, with the injunction that I was not again to quit his side. I thought it hard to be taken to certain destruction with a prohibition again to attempt to fly for my life; nevertheless, I obeyed without reply or remonstrance.

When we came up to this armed party they inquired why Tsatzoe and his tribe had abandoned the station. Their question was answered, and an account was given to them of the previous night's adventure. They were then moving off to the house, but were requested not to do so, as the females and children were greatly terrified, and had not yet recovered the shock already sustained. The chief replied, "You have Kirkman in your house ; we want him. We have nothing to do with you ; you are a missionary, Kirkman is a trader." My father replied, "Kirkman is my friend. When the traders left, Kirkman remained with me, and in doing violence to him you do violence to the missionary." This, however, the chief did not see, and insisted that Kirkman and his property should be handed over to him. No exception, he said, had been made in behalf of any trader. Missionaries only were to be unmolested. They wanted Kirkman alone, and would not harm the missionary or his family. After further parley my father said, "Kirkman is my friend. When he could have made his escape with the other traders he decided on remaining with me, and sharing any dangers with me. He has thus identified himself with your missionary, and his life must, therefore, be as sacred as that of your missionary. I cannot deliver him over to you, and you shall not harm him except you first take my life."

Fortunately, the party were under the control of a chief well known to my father, and were not an armed rabble unwilling to listen to reason or argument. The chief said to his followers, "The missionary is right ; we will return." This decision was received with a little grumblug

and dissatisfaction, but was eventually agreed to. The place of meeting was beside a little workshop; the tools were coveted. One Kaffir asked for a chisel, as he worked in brass wire, and wanted it to cut the trinkets manufactured by him. Another was a smith, and would like a smith file. These two articles were given to them, and the party returned as they came.

We returned to the house and had breakfast, but had hardly concluded the meal when a rabble of natives came to the front door, and amongst them was a man who some time before appeared to have been under religious impression, and had attended regularly at the station for instruction, but had for some time past discontinued his attendance. As this man stood before the door my mother said to him, "Well, Nyanyi, has it come to this? You were once inquiring after the truth, and now you are come to do violence to your teacher; is this good?" Nyanyi did not speak, but retired from the house, and was not again seen by us. The crowd for a while stood irresolute before the open door, undecided whether to enter or to follow Nyanyi, when an old hag, a witch-doctor, whose craft had been endangered by the teaching of the missionary, called out, "Cowards! are you to be frightened by the words of a woman? Follow me." Her hour of vengeance had now come. She was about to triumph over her enemy. Rushing into the house the first thing that took her attention was the table-cloth; this she snatched off the table, scattering the plates and cups upon the floor. The cloth was thrown out to the still hesitating crowd; one article after another followed, and then the house was filled by excited and furious savages,

men and women, each trying to secure as much spoil as possible.

When the crowd first came to the door it had been arranged that Mr. Kirkman and his family and our younger children should retire to the bed-room, and I was placed at the door to prevent any one from entering.

The crowd was not long in taking everything out of the house, though altogether there was considerable spoil, Mr. Kirkman's stock-in-trade having been brought over on the previous day. Every room having been cleared, an attempt was made to enter the bed-room. I resisted with all my might, and as I was being dragged from my post, my father came to the rescue, saying to the assailants, "Every room in my house has been open to you, and you have taken everything; in this room are my children, and no one shall enter it;" and he stood before the door. This had the desired effect. The object of the savages was plunder. They were not prepared to do violence to the missionary, and the room they could not enter without violence. They left the door. I was again placed in charge; and though other attempts were made to enter, my resistance was sufficient to keep all intruders out.

The house being now cleared, brass door-knobs were knocked off, and such things as had escaped notice when articles of more value were to be had, were now being gathered. Among other things, the gilt buttons on my waistcoat attracted the notice of one of the savages, and he must have them. The shortest way to get them was to cut them off with his assegai. I must admit that I did not feel very comfortable with the sharp broad blade about my

throat and breast ; nevertheless, I submitted quietly. My mother having caught sight of the operation, and not knowing its object, but dreading the worst, interfered between me and the Kaffir.

About midday there was a lull. The demoniac yells and shouts had ceased ; there was no more plunder, and only about four or five armed Kaffirs were prowling about the house to pick up anything which might have been overlooked, and I had left my post at the bed-room door, thinking that all danger was now past. One or two of the children had peeped out to see what had been done, all were getting tired of their confinement, when most injudiciously Mr. Kirkman walked out of the room. I heard a shout, "Here is Kirkman !" A rush was made at him by the Kaffirs still in the house. One of them seized him by the throat, raised his arm to plunge an assegai into the good old man's heart ; the blow was arrested ; my mother had seized the uplifted weapon, and rushing between Kirkman and his assailant, pushed him away. Kirkman, who stood paralyzed, was thrust back into the room, and the door again closed upon him, and the Kaffir retired, growling at his disappointment. After a while all the Kaffirs left. We were again alone, and nothing occurred till evening, when it was decided that we should leave the station and proceed to Wesleyville. Our way lay for some distance through a hostile tribe, and it was deemed necessary to wait till darkness should favour our flight.

Preparations were now made for our departure ; packets containing change of clothing were made up, and as soon as it was dark, we again kneeled down together, thanks-

givings were offered up for spared lives, with expressions of confidence that the Providence which had thus far preserved us would protect us to our journey's end. The prayer ended, we rose and left the mission-house.

The sad party consisted of my parents and six children, the youngest of whom was three years old, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman and two children. We had not proceeded far when we found that the bundles of clothing we carried were too much for us. The previous night's excitement and want of sleep, the fast during the day, for we had tasted nothing since breakfast, and the reaction after all the excitement, had so far weakened and exhausted us, that it was deemed necessary to cast away all encumbrances. All that we retained, and which we were not permitted to leave, were our Bibles—these we carried with us, and though now old and worn, are still preserved as mementos of the to us memorable scenes I have endeavoured to describe.

We had now a journey of thirty miles before us. Mr. Kirkman was weak and frail. Mrs. Kirkman had long suffered from ill health, and their youngest child was not more than four or five years of age. Under such circumstances our progress was slow and tedious, for it must be remembered that in those days there were no roads; and we had to travel across the country. Night seemed well advanced, and we were already weary, when we reached the Buffalo Drift, at the present site of Fort Murray, and were greatly refreshed by wading through the water. Here we passed by a large Kaffir encampment. The camp-fires were burning brightly, and we heard the barking of their dogs.

I may here mention one of our party, whom I have not yet referred to, named Cadet, a black Newfoundland dog. This animal appeared quite to have appreciated and understood our position. As we moved along during the night, he kept the most vigilant watch—now in advance, then in the rear or on the sides—carefully inspecting every bush or place where a foe might lie concealed, never barking, but examining every suspicious object, often standing on his hind legs to get a better view. We feared he might betray us as we passed the Kaffir camp, and bark in response to the Kaffir dogs, but no sound came from him; and so for the whole night. On the previous night he had fought furiously with the robbers, sustaining severe blows from sticks and stones.

After getting well up the hill between Fort Murray and Mount Coke we lay down to rest for an hour under shelter of some bushes, Cadet meanwhile sitting at a short distance from us keeping watch. Proceeding on our journey we had got to the top of the hill near Mount Coke as the sun was rising. We had thus been the whole night in accomplishing a journey of nine or ten miles. Looking back from high ground, we saw clouds of smoke arising from the station. The work of destruction was now complete—the station had been set on fire. In that fire perished a collection of information which my father had carefully gathered from every available source, and which at this period I deem a much greater loss than all the others then sustained.

The sun rose red and hazy with a fearful and insufferable blaze; the day was like one which is sometimes ex-

perienced when the heat at eight o'clock in the morning appears to have attained the oppressiveness of noon. We had felt the cravings of hunger during the cool of night, and the children cried for food ; but now hunger was superseded by thirst ; we were on the high land, and not a drop of water was to be had. My brother and I examined the kloofs to the right and left of the road ; they were quite dry. As the sun ascended, the heat increased, and with it our thirst. The children cried for water. We had to take our turns in carrying the younger ones, and all were ready to drop with thirst. One after another wished to be left, as they could go no further. At first they were cheered by the promise that they would soon be at the Chalumna, and then they would get water ; but as we crept wearily along the road, making little apparent progress, it seemed that the Chalumna would never be reached, and the prospect of getting water there was no longer able to stimulate exhausted nature to further efforts, and we sat down beneath the shade of some trees to rest. I need not follow our slow and weary course to the river ; it was reached late in the afternoon, our burning thirst was quenched, and our troubles were forgotten for a while.

At the Chalumna we met some of the women who had fled two days before from the Buffalo. They hastily prepared us some food, and shortly before sunset we resumed our journey, greatly refreshed though still very weary. Soon after starting we fell in with a party of Tzatzoe's men, who had come to meet us. When they came up to us, my father said, "Let us kneel down and give thanks for our deliverance." Tzatzoe's men replied,

“You can pray when you get to your journey’s end ; there is no time now for prayer ; do you not see the enemy ? ” (pointing out a large party of armed Kaffirs coming towards us). However, the sacrifice of thanksgiving was offered up and joined in by full and grateful hearts, our escort meanwhile holding their assegais, listening to the prayer, and watching the enemy, who, before we rose from our knees, took a different direction. From this point, in the cool of the evening, the children being carried, and the weary each supported by two stalwart natives, our journey was performed expeditiously, and at nine o’clock we halted at a Kaffir village about a mile from Wesleyville. Here our wants were liberally and fully supplied with such food as the natives had. We all lay down in our clothes on the bare floor of the hut, and most of us did not awaken till the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning. All except myself appeared well and hearty the next morning, but I felt sore and stiff and feverish from the effects of thorns which I had got into my legs and feet in my flight and in crossing the high thorn fence—in the excitement of the two previous days I had not noticed the pain which must even then have been considerable.

Our next stage was a short one to Wesleyville. Here we were joyfully and kindly received by Mr. Dugmore, who was then packing up preparatory to leaving his station. The following day we left, now not on foot, but in a cart drawn by two oxen, which had been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. R. Walker. The journey first to the Beka and then on to Grahamstown, has incidents of its own, interesting enough to me but of no interest to others ; it is

therefore not necessary to detail them ; and I would only add, that Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman died shortly after the events I have narrated. My brother fell during last war in the defence of his country. My parents, at a good old age, a short while since, within a year of each other, entered on their rest and their reward. I am now getting stiff and old, and am lame from a wound received in war twenty-two years since, and I feel that I would now have little hope of escape from an enemy, if escape depended on activity and fleetness of foot. The old house, repaired in 1837, was again burnt down in the war of 1846, after which it was found necessary to break down the walls which had twice been exposed to fire, and on the foundation stands the present Government-house in King William's Town. The peach tree into which I climbed to endeavour to ascertain the fate of my family is now no longer there, and its dry stump alone remains to mark the spot. The pomegranate bushes have now been trimmed into trees, and when my children last year gathered the ripe fruit from them, I told them that there I had found their grandmother and others who I had thought were dead. The deep pool along the river remains as of old, but the trees and shrubs which gave beauty to its margins and which afforded me a hiding place have disappeared, leaving now not even cover for a partridge. The old garden still remains with its pear, orange, and other trees, now nearly fifty years since they were planted there by my father's hand. The bush through which I fled has given place to the military reserve ; and where thirty-eight years since on the banks of the Buffalo, in the midst of gross darkness, lived a solitary missionary,

now stands King William's Town, the third town in the Colony, with seven European churches and two Native chapels. What will the next thirty-eight years do? My children may perhaps live to say.

SCENES OF OTHER DAYS.

BY AN OLD COLONIST.

The venerable John Brownlee has gone to his rest. But it will be long ere he is forgotten in King William's Town, where nearly the whole of his long missionary life was spent. I have his figure before me :—almost gigantic in height, but losing an inch or two in his latter years, as age bowed his herculean frame ; with breadth of chest and shoulders proportionate, and an arm and hand, the sinewy power of which it would have been dangerous for most men to rest, if occasion had ever called it forth. Grave in deportment, as became a Scotch minister, but hiding under his gravity a vast amount of blended information and intelligence. With the one drawback of his indistinct utterance, it was a treat to converse with him. When past personal travel, he showed himself abreast of the times on almost all subjects, political, literary, scientific, and religious. Some branches of science, such as geology and botany, he had studied *con amore*. On great social questions, he seemed quite at home. But his favourite theme was the

relation of the world's progress to Christianity. On this I had the pleasure of hearing him dilate with an amount of information and a degree of animation that surprised and delighted me, only a few weeks before the fatal stroke of paralysis which was the "beginning of the end" of his long and honourable career. I felt as though I had lost a *father*, when I heard he was gone.

For we had been companions in tribulation many years before ; and such companionship is a strong bond of union. In the year 1834, as I have mentioned in a former sketch, he was stationed only a few miles from my own residence. On the banks of the Buffalo, where King William's Town now stands with its formidable military fortifications, its noble Grey Hospital, and its energetic commercial population, stimulated anew by railway progress,—there stood in those days only the unpretending mission village and church, with the missionary's house and garden,—which, by the way, had, I believe, a subsequent history not quite creditable to the sense of remunerative justice possessed by the "authorities" of the period.

The mission station stood, as the town now stands, at the edge of the woodlands through which the Buffalo makes its way seawards after visiting various mountain tributaries ; the scenery, as every visitor knows, growing more and more picturesque all the way up to the rich dark forests that clothe the Pirie range. Around it dwelt the sub-tribe of the Amantinde, a branch of the Gaikas, and the professed sustainers of the mission. Thomes Pringle found poetry enough in the "situation" to make it the occasion of a sketch in which there figure—

■ "Brownlee and old Tsatsoe, side by side."

Jan Tshatshu, the son of the old man (by a Hottentot mother, I think), was the real head of the clan in 1834, or at any rate its most conspicuous representative. Jan afterwards acquired by his visit to England a rather dubious renown in the politico-religious excitement consequent on the war.

Surrounded by the people, who avowed their resolution to "sit still," though their feudal superiors, the sons of Gaika, were the leaders and soul of the war, the missionary resolved to stand his ground. As in the case of *our* chief, however, Jan at length became alarmed for his own safety, and feeling himself unable to defy the resentment of the "great chiefs," resolved to move, like Umkye, out of the track of war into a neutral territory. One section of his little tribe announced their intention not to follow Jan, and this, we understood, determined Mr. Brownlee not to accompany him. The sinister object of those who remained began to appear when Jan and the main body of his people were out of the way. They wished to enjoy themselves the plunder of their teacher's property, and then join their head chiefs in the war. What took place, as the result, has been graphically described by the Hon. C. Brownlee himself.

We meanwhile had taken up our quarters at Wesley Ville; increasing the distance between us and Mr. Brownlee to some two and twenty miles. We bitterly lamented this. We had sent waggons once from Mount Coke to help him; but he had then made up his mind to remain; generously giving others the opportunity he declined to use for himself. The waggons with their escort returned

at some risk, bringing with them an English trader and his wife and several Hottentot women who were glad to escape. The Englishman had to be hidden under the clothes of the women to avoid discovery as the waggon crossed a part of the country belonging to the hostile tribes.

Days passed away wearily at Wesley Ville. It was no impregnable fortress ; nor did we sleep on beds of roses. Major Cox had indeed started Kaffirland by his night surprise of old Eno's kraal on the Fish river heights ; and the tens of thousands of colonial cattle had been driven frantically from the front deeper into Kaffirland. But the blow had not been followed up, and had come to be regarded as a spasmodic effort of the colonists, which they could not sustain. The Port Elizabeth Yeomanry, a small party of volunteers under the command of Captain Harris, who had exchanged the auctioneer's hammer for the officer's sword, had been sent by way of Kaffir Drift to demand Pato's son as a hostage for his fidelity to the Colony. The energy of Colonel Smith was more conspicuous than his wisdom in this demand, and might have done mischief but for the tact of shrewd old Kobi, Pato's brother, who offered himself in his nephew's place. The Yeomanry returned by the roundabout way they had come, taking their hostage, and accompanied by Pato's missionary (Rev. W. Shepstone), who went to give explanations.

The rest of us remained, and the days wore wearily on. Vague alarming rumours through the day, and "watch and ward" at night was our unenviable experience. Kaffir experts cut our half dozen horses loose from under our very noses one pitchy dark night, and carried them off,

though English sentinels were pacing to and fro just beyond them. An attempt on the cattle kraal called forth a volley from its defenders which killed one of the marauders, and terrified the women and children into shrieks that sounded like a massacre. The army of the Eastern Slambies from the Gonubi passed Wesley Ville at eight or ten miles distance on their way to the Fish River Bush. When opposite the station they halted, (so we were afterwards told), and deliberated as to whether or not they should "grease their heels" with the plunder of the mission before passing on. Providentially for *us*, the "noes" carried the day.

In the midst of these cares, we were one morning astounded by the intelligence that Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee and the family were within a few miles, making their way on foot to Wesley Ville. Plundered of their property, and in danger of their lives from the traitorous scoundrels who had remained behind when Jan Tshatshu left them, they had set off after nightfall, crossing the hostile neighbourhood under cover of the darkness. Their noble watchdog, usually a noisy animal, seemed instinctively to feel the urgency of the situation, and gave no response to the barking that filled the fugitives with anxiety as they passed kraals inhabited by enemies. We dispatched in all haste such help as we could render, and brought in the fugitives, weary and footsore, to share our own fortunes for weal or for woe.

At length our ears were gladdened with the intelligence that the Colonial forces had made their first advance, and had fought their way through the Fish River Bush to the

neighbourhood of where Fort Peddie now stands. And ere long our eyes were rejoiced with the sight of a messenger from the commander (Col. Somerset), bringing us word that he was about to "move with a force" to our help, but bidding us abandon Wesley Ville, and cross to the Western side of the Keiskama, where he would meet us on a certain day.

Instant preparations were made for departure, and a strange scene of excitement Wesley Ville presented during the process. The Colonel had directed me to "press the waggons for the use of the women and children;" and as property of various kinds from different stations had been brought together to this last place of refuge our means of removing it any further were utterly inadequate. We were encumbered with the halt and helpless of various kinds. Not only our own feeble and aged ones had to be cared for, but even parties on their way to the war had "thrown away" their old women at the station as they passed in the night. Make-shift conveyances, carts, sledges, &c., had to be "rigged up." Cripples and children and old women, black, brown, and gray, were crammed together into whatever shape of vehicles could be found or made. All I could save of the missionary property was the bedding and the minister's library.

And now, in the midst of our preparations the war cry is sounded! A party of "Free Lances" hovering near had pounced upon the cattle and swept them off. Away started the able-bodied men in pursuit over hill and dale, through thicket and defile, leaving the rest to help themselves as best they could. Women and old men toiled in

packing and loading ; and late in the afternoon (our warriors still away) the motley "caravan" made a movement towards the Keiskama. Providentially the draught oxen had been kept close by, and escaped the swoop of the vultures. But now we had to thread our way down the *Umkalana*, and it was like "going down from Jerusalem to Jericho,"—a difficult path to travel at the best of times, and under the most favourable circumstances. This afternoon the sun was shining, and a furious rain-storm broke upon us in the worst part of the road. We had the intricate Keiskama "drift" to cross ere we could venture to halt, and the darkness was rapidly coming on. Our young men had rejoined us, with the comforting tidings that they had not been able to recapture their own cattle, but had taken others in reprisal, the owners of which would of course muster in force to retake them. Our plight must be *imagined*—a waggon "sticking fast" here, another full of helpless people upset there,—footing kept with the utmost difficulty down the steep bush paths. The darkness had settled thick and black upon us, and *crawling* through it as we could, our "retreat of the *three hundred*" was arrested at the river, for we could not cross.

It was a night much to be remembered. Soaked through with rain, shivering groups clustered together under the dripping trees by the river side, trying to kindle fires. Few had tasted food since morning. Rest was out of the question. Watchers kept guard on the outskirts of our bivouac. When the incessant barking of the dogs made us apprehend a sudden onslaught, fears that the river would fill during the night, and cut us off from all help

only added to the unenviableness of our position. Eagerly did we "watch for the morning," and thankfully did we find as it dawned that the mountain waters had not yet come down to make the river impassable. No time was to be lost, however. With the first gleam of daylight we began to struggle through; and after sundry accidents, but none of serious consequences, we were all safely landed on the *right* side, and in a right good humour for breakfast. How and where to find one for the whole motley company was, however, the question. The people were ravenous with hunger. In the exigency my eyes fell on my little flock of goats (some thirty) which I had directed the herd the day before to abandon in the thicket, but which he had guarded through light and darkness. "Make a breakfast of those." The words had scarcely passed my lips when with a shout and a rush like a troop of wild dogs, black and white were upon them, and it seemed but in the waving of a wand that they were caught, killed, skinned and frizzling in fragments on a dozen fires, while the river precipices around us echoed back the sounds of new-born merriment on every side.

Wonderful was the effect of goat's flesh on men's spirits that morning, and joyfully did we emerge from the defiles of the Keiskama on to the high open ridges, where, surrounded by the friendly tribe of Pato, all fears of attack vanished. We reached our permanent resting place without meeting the relieving force of Col. Somerset, who had been delayed in his movements. He came, however, with his "powers" next day, and passed on to "scour" the course of the Keiskama. He supplied Mr. Brownlee with

an escort to headquarters in Graham's Town; the able-bodied men of our refugees were enlisted into the "Native levies;" and the European families guarded into the Colony.

Meanwhile, the flames of Wesley Ville had emulated those of Mount Coke in lighting up the sky. The "commando" had passed on; and myself, unembarrassed if *uncheered* by the company of wife or child, remained, *alone* at the earnest request of the chiefs,—a virtual "hostage," solitary but not sad, in the midst of thousands of Kaffirs.

MY FIRST DIPLOMATIC MISSION.

In 1838, while I was living in Zululand, considerable dissatisfaction prevailed amongst the European settlers in Natal in consequence of their being excluded from trading in Zululand, as they had been in the habit of doing previously. The Zulu chief Dingaan sent for me and wished me to go to Natal to explain matters to the Europeans, and to inform them that his feelings of friendship regarding them remained unchanged; but in consequence of an arrangement come to with Captain Gardiner, he had prohibited any Europeans from coming into Zululand to trade while Captain Gardiner was away in England, but that, if the Europeans considered it a hardship, he would remove the restriction, and they might come in and trade as usual;

and he wished me generally to assure Europeans as to his friendly disposition towards them.

Dingaan ordered one of his leading men, named Gambushe, and twenty soldiers to accompany me as an escort, Gambushe and the men being told that they were placed directly under my orders and were in every way to obey me. After we had got about four miles on our journey we met about twelve young women carrying beer and provisions for their brothers and sweethearts who were on duty at the capital. The girls appeared weary, having travelled probably fifty or sixty miles with the heavy loads upon their heads. Gambushe commanded them to put down their loads. The girls hesitated and the order was repeated with the addition: "We are on the king's service and require food." The girls were then ordered by their escort, two or three young men, to obey the order, and slowly they proceeded to obey, while the soldiers of my escort squatted round the beer pots and food. I asked Gambushe what he was going to do, and he told me he was going to supply the escort with food and beer. I said, "You are going to do nothing of the kind." "But why?" he asked, "We are on the king's service, and can take food whenever we require it and wherever we find it." I repeated, "You shall take nothing from these girls, and if you or the escort touch a single thing belonging to them, I shall report the matter to the king. You know that the last orders he gave were that you were to be entirely under my orders." This was too much for Gambushe and he said no more. I then directed the girls to take up their loads and go on their way. They appeared bewildered

and I had to repeat the order, telling them I was head of the party and none of their food would be taken from them. Then one slowly took up her load and the rest cautiously followed her example. No words were spoken by the poor girls, but their looks shewed their gratitude more eloquently than words.

I proceeded on my journey feeling myself at least two or three inches taller and two or three years older. I was then sixteen years of age. We proceeded on to the Tugela without difficulty, having an abundance of food wherever we stayed. On the third day after crossing the Tugela we found the villages belonging to Mambaembe, where we intended to stay for the night, deserted. We were at a loss to know what to do for food. I directed the men to proceed to the old gardens and see if they could find anything there, but all they could find was a few heads of Indian corn. There was just a sufficient number to give the men one head of corn each for supper, and leave one for each for the morning. I was better off, having brought on food for my supper as well as for my breakfast next morning. We started early next day and came as far as Tongat. There I had my one head of Indian corn left; my escort had nothing. In the night I felt thirsty and told Gambushe, and he directed some of the soldiers to gather some long grass, growing about. This bundle of grass was about four feet long and nearly eighteen inches in diameter, and terminated in a fine point at one end. Then he directed two of the men to take the grass to the river which was half a mile off, dip it in the water and after it was thoroughly saturated

to keep the bundle rotating so as to prevent the water escaping at the point. The grass was brought to me and on being held up with the point downwards quite a strong stream of water came out, enabling me and others as well to quench our thirst. The following morning we started without tasting anything, but we had not been gone long when I saw a python, six or eight feet long, coiled up on the road side, and I directed the soldiers to despatch him, but Gambushe strictly prohibited any interference with the reptile. I then asked for an assegai intending myself to kill the python, but this also Gambushe would not allow. I afterwards ascertained that the reason of this was that it was thought the snake might have been the spirit of one of the original inhabitants of the country and some evil might have befallen us had we destroyed it, for which Gambushe would have been held responsible by the King.

A little farther on we startled a bird of the Trogon species. This bird went into the long grass, and Gambushe directed the escort to go to the place and kill it with their sticks. This was done, and at the halting place shortly afterwards a fire was lighted and a man was appointed to grill the bird for me. Gambushe refused to take any part of it, neither would he allow me to give to any of the rest, not even to the cook. I was beginning to feel rather uneasy and hungry, but this bird set me up again. At a little distance farther on a honey bird came to invite us to a bees' nest. Two of the men were sent on to bring the honey if they found it, and about two hours afterwards they overtook us carrying a number of honey combs upon some branches.

That evening we arrived at the Umgeni and our wants were liberally supplied by the Natal natives, who claimed Robert Biggar as their chief. In a day or two more I had a meeting with the white inhabitants of Natal. Everything passed off very satisfactorily, and they wished me to convey to the King their gratification at his consideration for their wishes.

On our return to the Capital we called at the mission station where I lived, and the missionaries killed an ox to supply the wants of our party. On arriving at the Capital I narrated my part of the business greatly to the satisfaction of the King. Gambushe was then called upon to give an account of the journey. Everything was minutely detailed except the meeting with the girls, and on speaking of the ox killed at the mission station the King asked if it were a draught ox, Gambushe replied—"Yes; Terrible One! it was a draught ox." The King then asked, "Was it striped with the whip?"—"Yes; Great as the Heavens, it was." "And did you eat of the ox?" "Yes; Terrible One! I did." "When was it ever heard that a Zulu noble had eaten of an ox, flogged with the whip: you are no longer Gambushe, you are now Nkomo Yeswepu (ox of the whip)." "I hear, mighty one," was the reply, and from that day to the present Gambushe continued to be called Nkomo Yeswepu.

In reading an account of Dingaan's death, I found that one of the deputation sent to the Natal Government to announce the event was called Nkomo Yeswepu, and I ascertained from Cetewayo that this was my old friend Gambushe, who was no longer known by his original name.

Before sending me on the embassy, Dingaan had tried very hard to induce me to take up my abode finally with him, offering me great wealth, and a large extent of country to rule over; but I told him that in two years time I would return to him again. He asked if my father was a wealthy man, and I replied that he was only a poor missionary, and had no property. This astonished the King, and he said he could not understand how a man could choose poverty, when wealth, honour and authority, were offered to him. He continued to urge me to remain with him, and eventually said, that if after going home I felt inclined to return, I could do so, but I could not decide then. He then made me a present of ten cows, which were my first live stock.

I did not see Dingaan again after leaving Zululand to return to the Colony.

MEETING AT TEMBANI TO SAY FAREWELL TO THE GAIKA COMMISSIONER.

At the time appointed, about 11 o'clock a.m., the Kaffirs in full native costume might have been seen in great numbers assembling at The Residency. There was little noise and no confusion; all seemed bent on serious business.

There was also a considerable gathering of missionaries of various societies, of farmers, and personal friends of

Mr. Brownlee, many of whom had come from a great distance in order to bid farewell to a man whom they honoured as a magistrate, and esteemed and loved as a man.

The proceedings were commenced by an address from the German emigrants delivered by Baron De Fin. Then followed an address from the German missionaries, read by Rev. A. Kropf, inspector of German missions; after that an address from the British residents was read by R. Impey, Esq.

No speeches were delivered by the Europeans present, but it must not be supposed that they were not deeply interested.

Each asked—"Why is this? It seems to us that Brownlee, as Gaika Commissioner, was placed just in the niche he was designed to fill. There are many men as well fitted for the Commissioner-ship of Somerset as he, but certainly no one so well suited, we may say at all suited, for the Gaika Commissioner-ship; or, to speak more generally, as the medium of communication between the Government and the natives; and why?—Because both sides have unbounded confidence in his judgment, and both know him to be an upright, honest man. Add to this that he thoroughly understands the Kaffir language and customs; that he possesses that rare quality—perfect command of temper* and no one can feel surprised that Mr.

* That he had a temper is certain. I saw it twice displayed. The first occasion was when a band of half tipsy Gaikas came on to attack a band of Gcalekas. The other was at a Literary Society meeting. The subject of discussion was foreign missions, and one of the members

Brownlee's removal from his proper sphere has cast a gloom over this district."

About 1 o'clock p.m. the natives to the number of between two and three thousand assembled in the avenue at Tembani, and a dead silence prevailed when Mr. Brownlee rose and read his farewell address. It was listened to with great seriousness; no European audience could have behaved with greater decorum than did the Gaikas on this occasion. At the close of the address the chiefs and councillors replied. There seemed to be no attempt at oratorical display; all the speeches were short and decisive.

After dinner the Kaffirs again assembled to give their final reply to Mr. Brownlee's address.

SANDILE'S SPEECH.

My words say—"The son of Soga, the teacher of our tribe, must carry our words on his shoulders to our father the Governor, and ask for me what is the reason of Brownlee being taken from us. Did I say I had any complaint against him? I have often erred, he never. The wars of the axe and Umlanjani must ever testify to my obstinacy. At the close of the war of Umlanjani I said to Government I will have no man but Brownlee for my chief. I know only him. He and I have since then lived together fifteen years, and during that time there has been no war. Even

got up and said he thought the reason why missions were not more successful was because the missionaries were common uneducated men. I could see by the way the usually mild blue eyes played, and the heavy moustache worked, that a storm was brewing. When his turn came to speak, he poured out such a vial and string of names of eminent people as silenced his opponent.

at the time of the cattle killing, there was no war though there was some confusion. I only wounded myself; Brownlee settled everything. For example, there was a man at the Cenyu killed because he would not kill his cattle. Acting on Brownlee's advice we punished the murderers. Also at the Thomas river we did the same. We wished to keep peace, because Brownlee was advising us to hide the assegai. Ever since Brownlee has watched over me and my tribe, evil has been prevented because of him. You, Governor, made McKinnon great; he was only a small chief among my people. You also promoted McLean. Promote Brownlee here before my people; there is nothing too difficult for you, you are all powerful—let Brownlee be great here. This white man whom you wish to take from us has been our helper in everything. Where now, father, are you driving me to, that you are taking my life blood from me? This person removed, let me tell you war will happen. Kaffirs will steal more than ever; the white man will not submit to this; the result will be war. There are settlers and farmers all round us now. Hitherto he has been a mediator between us. But remember, thou Governor, if you take away this son of Brownlee, if any blood is spilled, you will be answerable for it. You will have brought misery upon us. The son of Brownlee is the mark of our loyalty to you. I do not want any other magistrate either great or small; I do not despise any child of the Government, but I will not have any man to come to me in the place of Brownlee, because I know no other.

We do not wish an untried and inexperienced man.

This is not my word alone ; I am the spokesman of the tribe of Gaika. The tribe refuses to let you go. Our words are hard, but we must speak. We are a people who love sleep ; we are tired of crying out from the pain of the wounds of war. If Brownlee is removed we will not sleep, neither will we have peace. This is our word : we will not bend. Son of Soga ! send this word to our father the Governor."

TYALA.

"What we want to know is—Is there an instance in which a man of your position was promoted in the manner in which you state you are promoted ? Who was ever sent to the Colony to be a magistrate from being a Gaika chief ?"

FYNN.

"Bear with me, although my words are sharp, bear with them. I have two things to say.—First, I give no thanks, I have nothing to give thanks for. This thing is a mystery. Let us trace Brownlee's history among us. His father came to Gaika as a teacher, and after his arrival among the Gaikas his son was born. From that day he became a Gaika. We are a people that do things by precedent. You must remain a Gaika. Our first white chief was Stretch ; after him you were appointed. Ever since your appointment you have been a wise counsellor. Wars have occurred, but all the while you were warning. For example, at the war of Mlanjeni you warned Sandile. You told him that the English army would make a demonstration, but that Sandile was not to throw the assegai. Professing to act on his advice, Sandile went and hid him-

F

self. The army came out, Sandile attacked it, and war was the result. We had three years of war. When peace was about to be restored, and the terms of peace to be agreed upon, five Englishmen were proposed as magistrates to our tribe, but Sandile would have none of these. Brownlee had to be sent for from Peddie where he was a Fingo chief. Why was this? It was because we wished to be governed by a man we knew, and who knew us. After this was the Nongqause delusion. We were told that we must kill our cattle, but you became a wall of partition—you divided us as a tribe and you saved a part of us. We were thus not embroiled in war. After this there was a panic in the Colony. A few years ago it was rumoured that we were about to wage war with the English. The panic spread, so that many of the English fled from their homes. You, Brownlee, were taking your ease at East London; you were sent for, you knew us; you inquired of us if there was war. We told you that there was no war, and all became quiet at once. Now that the Governor says Brownlee must go, does he wish war? This is not a right thing of the Governor to speak.

“The second point I wish to speak about is this. Only a few days ago Brownlee sent for us to get from him certificates of citizenship. We took them. Why? Because they were given by Brownlee. Brownlee’s hand is ever a hand of peace. We never would have taken them from another. We took them, but we asked no questions at all because Brownlee’s hand gave them. We Kaffirs trust a man who knows us. Brownlee knows us and we took these certificates from him. But there is something

underlying these certificates which we cannot fathom. There is something behind them, and this is it to-day. We are told Brownlee is leaving. We wish to be loyal; we wish to serve the Governor; but he will not let us. He always takes us by surprise. We wish that these things would be told us before they happen, so that we may understand them. What more does the Governor wish? He promoted McKinnon and McLean and they were great men amongst us. Why cannot he promote Brownlee and let him be a great man amongst us? What is this Somerset? What is the chieftainship of it? Is it such a great place that the Governor should take Brownlee from us to place him there? Is it only white people that are people? Are we no people? We will not submit to this."

Soga, the son of Jotelo, one of the chief councillors of Sandile: "It seems to me that all this talk is never coming to a point. I begin to see my way now. Let us adjourn and meet privately for consultation as a tribe."



FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE GAIKAS.

“MY CHILDREN,

“I have to-day called you together to announce to you that it has pleased the Governor to promote me to the Magistracy of Somerset, and that in a few days I shall leave you to enter on my new duties. I have also to-day to introduce my successor to you.

“The whole of my public life has been spent among you, and since I came among you twenty-two years ago great events have taken place. Wisdom is learned from the past. Let me then, in taking leave of you, briefly refer to what we have seen together, and if I should say hard things, bear with me, and look only at my intention.

“At the close of the war of 1846, I was appointed over the Gaikas. You were then in all your pride and power. Four years after you submitted and swore allegiance to the Queen, you became dissatisfied with our rule. My admonitions then given to you are doubtless still fresh in your memories. I told you that though all the tribes in Southern Africa were arrayed against the Government they would fight in vain, and that, in case of war, you Gaikas would be driven from your country. This admonition of mine was often repeated, yet you disregarded it, and pursued a course which brought on a bloody war; and after a three years' conflict, you were driven out of your country poor and broken.

“After the war I was again appointed over you. Four years of plenty and prosperity were too much for you, and

you began to destroy both your cattle and other means of subsistence which God had so bountifully given you, with the ultimate object of falling on the white man. What I did to frustrate this you all well know. Day and night for six months I was constantly among you, restraining you by my presence, and, while other tribes were starving and dispersed, you still had food. I saved you and other tribes from the horrors of a war united to the horrors of starvation; and in the time of your distress, the Government fed you, and you obtained service from the men whose destruction you had contemplated. This is past. But has it taught you wisdom? For years after your attempted self-destruction, robberies were almost unknown in British Kaffraria. How has it been for the last three years? And have all your Chiefs and Councillors clean hands? Could the enormous robberies which took place two years since, have happened without the knowledge and consent of at least a portion of you? And where is this leading you? Do you not yet dread the pit into which you have so often fallen? These robberies have night after night driven sleep from my eyes. At times every letter which came to me has caused me to tremble; and the face of a white man has terrified me, lest he should be the messenger to report another robbery. For the last few months thefts have been less frequent. But how long will this last? Will it be so in the coming winter? You can check thefts if you will. If every chief and headman would set his face against robberies, they would cease. Then why shall they not cease?

“In sadness I leave you today. I am sad because I have

accomplished nothing. I am sad because I leave you as I found you. Your customs are unchanged, so is your practice. Long since have I told you that as British subjects you could not prosper while you lived in antagonism to British customs and laws. And here in a British possession, and under British protection, you still live as if you had never heard of a better way, nor seen a better example. Let me ask again, where is this leading you? Long since have I told you; it leads to ruin.

“The desire of my heart is to see every policeman removed from your neighbourhood, and to see each man of influence the upholder of the law; to see you restrained from robbing your neighbours, not because you dread the consequence, but because you dread the sin. And until this is the case, your prospects as a people are dark.

“Long has light been in your midst; long have you opposed it. Open your eyes before it is too late, and the judgments of God again fall on you. Once have you been permitted to be the instruments of your own destruction through your disregard of the truth. Beware lest a heavier calamity overtake you.

“These are my parting words to you, and these are what I specially leave with you. Receive them. They are an inheritance of peace and prosperity. Reject them, and misery and degradation await you.

“But there are still other points on which I must now say a word. You are now British subjects, and that you should have all the advantages of British subjects, the Governor and Colonial legislature have decided that you shall receive certificates of citizenship. My voice has been

against this ; for it will give the evil-disposed greater facilities for doing evil. I desired that the certificates should be given only to those who, by their habits and improvement, clearly shewed that they were truly the children of Government. But our laws recognize no distinction of colour or rank, and therefore to you is granted the same liberty which I enjoy. Will you disappoint the fatherly Government under which you live ? Will you cause your Governor to regret that he has extended to you this great privilege. You understand me. I need not say more. I shall greatly rejoice if I have erred in opposing the extension of this privilege to you.

“ Let me in ending ask you another question. Why are so many of you without property and dependent on others for subsistence ? Why do so many prefer stealing to work ? Can you point to any family and say,—‘ That family was raised to wealth and distinction by thefts and robberies from the Colony ? ’ Has not robbery sooner or later brought its own punishment, and is not property, thus obtained, lightly esteemed and wasted ? Where are the noted robbers of former times ? Where is Dukumbana ? Where are Hlinca and his sons ? Where is the son of Maduma ? What are they now ? Have they wealth and position with the hundreds of cattle they have stolen from the Colony ? What was the son of Mkutukana, when foremost among the robbers, and what is he now that I have tamed him, and he sees the error of his ways,—the wealthiest man among you, and one to whom more than one chief has in vain offered his daughter ? Would it be thus, were he still a robber ?

“Who are the men among you who have property and position? Are they not those who have been in service with the white man? Then why should old men want and young men steal, when the farmers require labour, and when by five or six years’ service any man may earn what to you is a competence? Want need not to exist, and who shall say he cannot pay his taxes, when thousands who might be employed are living in idleness? You have no excuse. Remember that three years since, when Government offered you the country across the Kei, with your independence and exemption from taxes, you chose to remain under British rule and to pay your taxes.

“I have ended. My words may be hard. I bequeath them to you, because I love you. If I now spoke pleasing words, I would not be your friend. Those words are to all. Now a word to those whom it concerns. To you who have been the evil counsellors of your chief, and have led him to ruin, to you my word is, “Now is your day. Strive to undo what you have done, and let not your names descend to posterity as the destroyers of your nation.”

“To you, Sandile, changing as the wind, I say: To-day your heart rejoices, and tells you that the tree which has long overshadowed you, will now be removed, and that you will again sit in the sunshine of chieftainship. Banish this thought from your mind, and let it be like the chieftainship which you have long since destroyed. Let me ask once again, and for the last time, as I have many times done—where is the house built for your father, and how often have you entered the house at Umgwali, built for you and your people, and where is your pastor to-day?

Have you nourished and supported him, and what have you done to retain him among your people? The son of Hintsa has taken up the rag cast off by the son of Gaika, and truly the head of the Jotelo python returns to the house of Gcaleka. These matters you have not to answer to me. The day is coming when you must answer them at a higher tribunal. For any support I have received from you I give you thanks; and if in any matter I have unnecessarily given you offence I ask your pardon. Son of Gaika, farewell! To all the chiefs and councillors of this people who have been the supporters of peace and good order, thanks.

“To you, Anta and Oba, I say: Many men will look to you for counsel and guidance. Do not abuse your influence.

“To you, son of Tyali, of the house of Kweleshe, who have not yet fallen into the love of wine, the destroyer of your countrymen, I say: Avoid this monster who has bound your fallen chiefs. At one time you appeared to be not far from the truth. You seem to be farther now. This is a grief to me, it is a source of sorrow to your missionary. Consider your ways. Will you obey your councillors rather than the word of God? He who cannot lie has said, ‘Then that honour me I will honour.’

“To you, son of Maqoma, I say: You have gathered the scattered remnants of your father’s people. Let it not be for evil. Be a faithful servant of Government, and you and your people will not regret it. I am satisfied with your conduct. My children, the orphans of your brother, entrusted by him to me, I leave in your hands. Be a father to them.

“To you, sons of Botman, whose father I yesterday buried, I say: My eye was upon you. I looked for good, but was not satisfied.

“To you, son of Soga, my pastor and friend, thanks. When I look on you, I see a ray of light for your countrymen, and all is not dark. The God who raised you to be a light to your people, is able to raise up others. May you prosper to your heart's fullest desire. And when your time comes to be removed from your post as ambassador for Christ, may it be yours to see others of your countrymen taking your position, and carrying the glorious gospel to yet farther darkness. Thanks for your Christian counsel and friendship.

“To you, son of Teyi, your people owe an unpaid debt of thanks. You and Neku were doomed to death for opposing the last war, for you opposed Umlanjeni. It was said you were traitor to your chief, and weakened the hands of warriors. You opposed war, not because you feared to fight. Did I not meet you foremost in battle in the day of Songabe? Had your voice been heard, would you to-day have been on the Debe, and your chief on the Keiskama? To you I give thanks, for side by side we fought the battle of Umhlakaza. First councillor of your tribe, like your father before you, your opposition to the evil courses of your chiefs is regarded as treason against him. It should have been enough for the Gaiikas to know, that your father offered up his life as a sacrifice for the good of his chief and people, and that the son of Teyi is not degenerate.

“To you, son of Jotelo, thanks. Nobly you supported

me in the last calamity which came over your countrymen. Had your warning been heeded, many of your countrymen, whose bones lie bleaching in the sun, would have been here to-day. You have not lived in vain. Though you are still a heathen, you have bequeathed a noble inheritance to your countrymen, and while a Kaffir lives, the name of Soga shall not die.

“To you, son of Qamba, grandson of Hlambi, thanks. For eleven years have you stood at my side, disregarding your chieftainship, and aiding me by your counsel and influence.

“To you, son of Qakwana, thanks. Allied to chiefs, your eloquence and influence in supporting the Government have not been found wanting.

“To you, son of Umkutukana, robber of robbers, and noble in your robbery, lion-tamed by my hand, and ever grateful, thanks. When outlawed, your life and liberty voluntarily relinquishing to me, your property sacrificing for me, and facing death on my account,—would that I could repay you all your due. I leave you in greater wealth and prosperity than you could have attained in your former life. You have had the honour to reject the alliance of chiefs. You have just become liable to me for £150 without bond or security, and the owner of yonder shop has authorized his agent to trust you with £1,000 or more, whenever you require it. Could these things have existed in your case at the Wolf river? Were you but a Christian, I should desire nothing more for you. Again I say, thanks.

“To you son of Neku, I say double thanks. Last year

I buried your father beneath yonder pile under the giant yellow-wood. When you and I are gone, that tree will point out Neku's grave. Sacred be that tree, and though of all its kind it is the last, let no axe be raised to hew it down. But Neku needs no monument to mark his grave, and say who he was. For thirty years he was his country's firmest friend, fearless of the wrath of chiefs, regardless of their smiles. His fame and memory are dear to thousands of his countrymen, and like Ntlukwana his father, his name will not perish with his death. The thanks, which today I would have given to your father, are your inheritance. May you be like him.

"To you, son of Gqetyelwa, thanks. When in the rebellion of 1850, your friends and comrades turned against Government, the arms placed in their hands, you stood firm to your engagement, and have ever been true and faithful. I owe you much. May you never have cause to regret the course you have taken. Your older brothers bow before you; you are served by those you served, and the name of Qotyana is greater than the name of Gqetyelwa his father.

"To you, son of Magibisela, thanks. Your brother lost his life in endeavouring to arrest a robber and a murderer. Many times have you recovered and brought stolen property to me before its loss was known to me. For this the displeasure of some of your countrymen rests on you. If all would follow your example, robbery would cease, and prosperity be the inheritance of your land. Persevere in this course. By it you show your love to your country.

"To you, son of Nqinileyo, thanks. Well have you

earned your Government stipend. I have brought your good conduct to the notice of Government, and the Governor has ordered that henceforth your pay shall be doubled.

“To you, servants of the Most High, thanks. For more than twenty years has it been my privilege to enjoy your communion and friendship. Let me, before these witnesses, bear testimony to your life of self-denial and fortitude, hoping against hope, because you are assured that the Gospel must regenerate the world; and, acting under the Commission of your Divine Master, you have His promise that He will be with you to the end. It may be that you will lay your bodies in the breach, and not see the victory for which you have long fought. But be not discouraged. You have already pierced the bulwarks of error and superstition. You have many living witnesses around you, and many have gone before you, though the battle is not over.

“I sympathize with you in your work. I know how hard and trying it is, and, when you have reclaimed the heathen from his error, how hard it is to raise him to the level of his more favoured brother, who has had Christian influence and example to guide him from his earliest infancy. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without mentioning one result of your labours. During the war of 1850 to 1853, one thousand five hundred of your converts, who refused to take any part in the war, fled with you to King William’s Town. They were of great service to Government and to private individuals in many ways, and the records of the Magistrate’s Office in King William’s Town will be searched in vain for any case against these

people. During the twenty-two years in which I have held office, I have never had to commit to prison a Native professor of Christianity, neither has any case of theft to my knowledge been traced to any Mission Station, or to any Christian Native Village. These results, though they do not realize the desire of your hearts, are still results, and you have your reward. May the time not be far distant, when, instead of snatching one here and there, you may see the whole of this people embracing the Gospel, which they have so long rejected. Farewell. And to all I say—**FAREWELL.**”



THANKS.

[After the death of his son in 1889, Mr. Brownlee received numerous letters of condolence from native friends: a specimen of which has been given in the memoir. Unable to write separate acknowledgments, he embraced all in a general letter in the form of a Kaffir poem, of which the following is a translation. It appeared originally in the '*Imvo.*']

*I thank you, Makaula, chief of the Bacas,
The deliverer who has rescued
Flame in the hearth of Madikana,
Being quenched by the borders of Ngqungqushe.
The deliverer who rescues till succour is accomplished.
Who delivers repeatedly :
Who delivers and wearies not.
There is the dragon gloating over the children. !*

*To you, Albert White Makaula, I give thanks.
Grandson of Ncapayi,
Who takes the path that leads up the mountain slope.
Upon whom gaze many eyes.
Disappoint them not !*

*To you, Qebeyi, I give thanks :
Son of a mighty one,
Whose horns they would blunt,
Yet whose horns they have sharpened :
Who runnest foremost in the race of man,
Who lettest fall words that strengthen men of honour.
Who upholdest the truth with thy substance.
Who upholdest and waverest not,
Stand thou in the foot-print of thy father :
Of Mekenì of the Embo country.*

*To you, N. C. Umhala ; and to you, H. E. Tshatshu ; and to you ,
son of Nozwane :*

*Sons of the great ones
Of the city of Palo,
I give thanks,*

To you, Rev. W. Philip; and you, offspring of Nkoru.—To you also, son of Fabavu, and to you of Xiniwe.—To you also, son and grandsons of him of Fotelo.—To you also, Nana, son of Ganya, and to the great wealth of names that stand with you—I give thanks.

*Ye awakeners and leaders of the nation,
Seed that fell upon good ground,
Grain that has produced a tree great as the world,
Leaven that has stirred up the ignorance of the
dusky races,
To you all I give thanks.*

I thank you for your letters in which you give me your sympathies in the bereavements which have befallen me, and have let fall your tears upon the graves of my children, and have come to visit my sorrow and my sufferings. They have brought me words of consolation and sympathy.

This was the day of farewells to me, but I have said my farewells two years ago in two letters which appeared in the "Native Opinion," and one which appeared in the "Christian Express." There is my farewell; I have no other word to leave. It is only left for me to say in conclusion—Farewell my children. May the Almighty be with you and bless you. May He establish the work of your hands upon you and give you peace. Let me now depart, and in departing let me say, I am still that same that I was in past years—I am still

*Yours in truth,
C. BROWNLEE.*

P.S.—There is a matter in which I have made a great omission in my letter of thanks. I omitted the name of Edmund the great one of Sandile. His name should have stood beside that of N. C. Umhala. Let my son pardon me for that omission, and accept my thanks.

Another matter which I should mention, is that there are some who constantly visited me in my bereavement, such as him of Tyali—Feni.—Also the great one of Anta, and Maiutu that was sent by the assembly of Mgrwali. Also the blind Tsengirwe that sent his younger brother to visit me, and also others. I did not mention these, as they received my thanks by word of mouth. Let them not chide me, even if I again repeat my thanks. As for me, I have now no more.

C. BROWNLEE.

NATAL AND ZULULAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Fifty years ago I accompanied the first American missionaries to Natal and Zululand. At that time the country from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu was a solitude, occupied only by wild beasts ; and the only sounds to be heard were the roar of the lion, the howl of the hyena, or the grunts and snorts of the hippopotamus. This magnificent country, two hundred miles long, and extending from the Drakensberg to the sea, a distance of a hundred miles, was unoccupied, with the exception of twenty Europeans, about five hundred Natives settled round the port of Durban, and the Pondos, with small wrecks of other tribes, cowering for shelter and safety in the rugged and broken country. South-east of the Umzimvubu, had been depopulated. In the beginning of the present century, the country from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu was occupied by over ninety different tribes or clans, living in peace and prosperity, and rich in flocks and herds ; but about twenty years before the time of my visit—the Zulus being then numerically an insignificant tribe, but powerful under the leadership of Chaka their king—the peace and quiet which had prevailed beyond the memory of man was broken, and the most ruthless system of conquest, devastation, and finally of extermination was adopted, until within the country described, no trace of man or human habitation was to be seen, with the exceptions already stated. When the first settlers under Lieutenant Farewell, of the Royal Navy, arrived in Natal in 1823, they formed friendly relationships with Chaka, king of the Zulus, and acknowledged

his supremacy. He permitted them to settle at Durban, gave them the country he had devastated, and allowed them to collect as their own subjects the few survivors of the scattered tribes, who were concealed in caves and forests, gaunt and emaciated, sustaining a miserable existence on roots, shell-fish, and such animals as they could trap; and they were in many cases driven to the horrible necessity of even feeding on each other. These people, the melancholy remnants of a population estimated at one million, with some accessions from Zululand and other parts, numbered about five hundred at the time of my visit in 1836. The Pondos had not been so completely stripped and broken up as the tribes living in the open country and nearer to Zululand, and they were enabled to cultivate their fields, but the Zulus had made such a clean sweep of their cattle that they had not even skins for cloaks. The men went entirely naked, and women covered themselves with husks of Indian corn strung together. Their distance from Zululand, their poverty, the rugged country they occupied, and the subsequent intervention of the colony of Natal proved their salvation.

At the time of my visit to Natal, the European settlers had adopted Native customs and had become polygamists; and, when rebuked by the missionaries for their manner of life, pleaded that as chiefs of Natives they had, as a matter of necessity, in order to secure their respect, to adopt polygamy, as chiefs always had a plurality of wives, and that they would otherwise be regarded with disrespect.

The system of military organization adopted by Chaka was as complete and rigid a system as can well be imagin-

ed. According to Sir T. Shepstone, it was learnt by Dingiswayo, chief of the Umtetwas, while he was an exile in the Cape Colony, and was introduced by him into his own tribe. It is said that Chaka, who afterwards became king of the Zulus, and who served as a private in Dingiswayo's army, introduced the system among the Zulus when he came to power, and this enabled him, with his standing and well-disciplined army, with himself at its head, to make an easy conquest of the adjoining tribes. In the first instance, the conquered tribes were incorporated under the Zulu government, others from fear of destruction submitted to the inevitable and became Zulu subjects. But as the incorporated tribes soon began to out-number the Zulus themselves, and as their numbers appeared to be an element of weakness and danger to the Zulu government, future conquests were carried on with the view of extermination, and, with the exception of young women and children, neither sex nor age was spared. Thousands fell under the Zulu spear, and tens of thousands perished from starvation, while thousands more found their way across the Drakensberg into Basutoland, and the parts to the north of the Drakensberg; others fled towards the Zambesi, or wandering westward became the bond-slaves of the Tembus and Amaxosa, while many of them found homes, service, and wealth in the Cape Colony.

FIRST APPEARANCES OF THE FINGOES.

These are the Fingoes, who, by their labour in years past have contributed largely to the prosperity of the eastern and midland districts of the Cape Colony, and who in three wars have rendered important service to the Colonial

Government. The Fingoes first made their appearance in the Cape Colony about 1829. In 1835, Sir B. Durban located some thousands of them in the Peddie district. After the war of 1846, large locations were granted to them in Victoria East. After the war of 1850 they obtained large grants of land in the King William's Town division; and finally, in 1878, the country from which Kreli was expelled, east of the Kei, was granted to them, and the descendants of the wretched wanderers who were driven from their homes by the Zulus, now constitute the largest, most loyal and most progressive section of our Native subjects. This little digression regarding the Fingoes, I have made to show the bearing upon us of the conquests begun by Chaka about 1812. As a further result of Chaka's conquests, other tribes were set in motion, and, in escaping from Chaka, in their turn became conquerors, and the wave set in motion by the Zulus threatened to extend to our frontier and to sweep the Kaffirs upon us. The Tembus had been driven across the Bashee, and about 1822, Bawana, the grandfather of Gungubele, settled in the country at the western sources of the Kei. The Gcinas, Dungwanas, and other Tembu clans also settled in this country which was then a wilderness covered with game, and occupied only by small wandering groups of Bushmen. The Amangwana or, as they are better known by the name of Fecane, under their chief Matiwana, were the tribe that had displaced the Tembus and were spreading terror among the Gcalekas, until a Colonial expedition, in 1828, dispersed the dreaded tribe at the Mawana mountains, a short distance above where the town-

ship of Umtata now stands. Matiwana and his tribe then fled to Zululand and became tributary to the Zulus, but, as it was the policy of the Zulus to put to death the chiefs of their tributaries, Matiwana was not exempted from the rule, and met his end on a small hill opposite the Zulu capital, which during my visit to Zululand was still the place of execution. The hill was named after Matiwana and I found it strewn with skulls and skeletons, many quite recently picked by vultures and hyenas. So accustomed had the vultures become to be fed upon this hill that they sat upon the euphorbia trees surrounding the capital patiently awaiting the next victim. In 1828, Dingaan assassinated his brother Chaka and inaugurated his reign by the murder of all his brothers except Mpande, the father of Cetywayo, and two lads named Gqugqu and Ngobo. Mpande was spared as he was deemed weak and harmless; the others were spared in consequence of their youth, and it was left to Cetywayo when he came to power to execute his uncle Gqugqu and an aunt, for a trivial offence supposed to have been committed by her.

SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.

The system of government which was introduced by Chaka, and which I found in operation under his brother Dingaan was most cruel and arbitrary. Death was the penalty for all offences real or imaginary; the offence of a head of a family might involve the death of the whole family, and that of a headman might involve in his death that of his adherents; and any one cognisant of an offence who did not report it, suffered the same penalty as the offender. This dreadful system of despotism was carried

out through the instrumentality of the army, which during the reign of Dingaan was estimated at 30,000 or 40,000, all eager to be employed in military operations, in order that promotion for bravery might be obtained, or a share in the captured spoils; and, what was not of less consequence, that the younger soldiers might imitate their seniors in being able to narrate their exploits and boast of their performances.

Distinguished bravery was always brought to the notice of the king on the return of any expedition, and as a rule was at once rewarded either by promotion, or a share of the spoil; whilst cowardice or incapacity was as summarily punished.

I was informed, while in Zululand, of three generals under Chaka who were deprived of their eyesight and left to starve, no one daring to feed them, because the divisions under their command, in an expedition towards Delagoa Bay, had lost their way, and many of the soldiers had died of fever. The fiat of the ruthless sovereign was, "Your eyes have been of no use to you in my service; they are therefore of no use whatever;" and the unfortunate generals then and there had their eyes dug out with pointed stakes.

THE STORY OF AN EXPEDITION.

I witnessed in 1837 a circumstance somewhat of the same nature, though not attended with a like atrocity. At this time, the Zulu army had, in three divisions, made what was intended to be an exterminating expedition against the Swazies, then under Sobuza, father of Bandini, the present king. The army moved in three divisions, the

first under Ndlela, commander-in-chief and prime minister, the second under Dambuza, and the third under Mongo, colonel of the Kangela regiment, and viceroy over the country surrounding the royal residence at Kangela, near the Umhlatusi. The instructions to the army were that on a given day each division was to be at certain points from which they could so combine as to cut off the Swazies from their famous caves and strongholds on the Pongolo river. Ndlela and Dambuza were up to time, but Mongo was two days late, owing to the fact that his line of march lay along the coast, and his progress was impeded by extensive swamps and impenetrable jungle. The consequence of this delay was that the Swazi king with the bulk of his people was enabled to escape into his impregnable fastnesses. Ndlela and Dambuza, having swept the country of cattle and having destroyed all Swazies who fell into their hands, returned to Zululand with immense droves of cattle. Mongo being left alone, the Swazies rallied, and he had several engagements with them at their fastnesses. I was told by an eye-witness that one soldier who was heading a party along the narrow path to the mountain summit was met with an avalanche of stones from above, women as well as men being engaged in hurling them down. The scaling party was swept down before the descending rocks, the leader himself having both legs smashed, and while wriggling helplessly amidst the falling torrent, he exclaimed to his retiring companions "Tell my king this is how a soldier can die for him."

RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION.

On a lovely Sunday morning in June, Mongo's division

appeared in sight of the capital. As it approached, short strains of war songs were heard, but died away almost as soon as they were begun. Mongo and his army felt they were in disgrace. No herald had been sent by the king to welcome Mongo or to congratulate him on his exploits and his return; and as he approached the royal residence, no women came out to dance before the returning army, and no mother came to kiss the general and welcome home her child. The army filed through the great gate in silence, up to the royal residence, Mongo at its head in plumes and shield and costly war dress, the gift of the king. Dingaan sat in his great state chair, before an aromatic tomboti-wood fire, surrounded by Ndlela, Dambuzza, and many Zulu nobles. Mongo led the way, filed past before the king, and took his position to the right, but his salutation was not returned by either king or nobles. So as detachment after detachment of the army came they fell into position in regiments under their several officers. It was sad to see these weary and worn warriors falling into their position, and standing in silence for the dreary hour while the division in detachments, with 6,000 cattle, came filing past, and it was sadder still to see the gleanings of the Swazi cattle, after the harvest of Ndlela and Dambuzza. Their numbers had no charm for the Zulu despot; he had failed in exterminating a tribe which might in time be rivals to the Zulus, and all was gall and wormwood to him. I imagined that the wounded soldiers, who, weak and suffering, were supported by their comrades as the detachments passed before the king, would have softened his relentless heart, and, if for no one else, at least for them,

one kind word would be uttered, but none was heard. When the last man had taken his place, when the last cow and tottering calf had been consigned to the general herd, when the proud, plumed and shielded soldiers had in silence taken their places with downcast looks, like so many condemned criminals, Mongo was ordered to stand forward, and stepping forward three or four paces stood before the king, erect and tall, a magnificent savage, with shield reaching to his chin, and grasping a spear which had laid many a foeman low, at the behest of his sovereign. The scene to my boyish mind was awful, and when the king spoke it became terrible, for his words were the fierce explosion of pent-up rage. I remember the words as if they had been uttered only yesterday. "Now, Jojo," (this was Mongo's military title, 'Jojo, bird of the mountain, thorny-backed python')—"Now, Jojo, I have made you great, I have raised you to rank and wealth. You are in charge of my royal home at Kangela. All this you owe to me. I have given you an order. You have not performed it. You are therefore degraded. Your wives, children, and all your property are taken from you, and you are reduced to the lowest rank." Then addressing the division, Dingaan said in the same fierce tone, in which he had addressed their general.—"You soldiers of Kangela are disgraced. You may have another opportunity of wiping out your disgrace. You are now at liberty to return to your homes." Jojo remained standing, erect and silent. He uttered no word of explanation, he pleaded no past services, well-knowing the inexorable will of his tyrant master. No voice was heard to say "Pardon, oh!

king of kings, high as the heavens, sun of the whole earth, have mercy on your dog! He has served you well. He was only unable to prevail against impossibilities." Instead of such an appeal, the decision was received with applause, and immediately a herald was prancing about singing the praises of the king and applauding his wisdom. Jojo and his division then filed away in silence, as they came, and dispersed to their homes. Poor Jojo! it was a sad home-coming for him. Only one month before, he had gone forth as the proud commander of an army; now he returned a wretched outcast with neither wife, child, nor property, and from being viceroy of Kangelala, he was reduced to the lowest rank. How sadly had his dream of glory, power, wealth, and renown been blasted, and how unjustly, when instead of disgrace he was entitled to honour and reward. Whether or not the nobles and generals who had been companions-in-arms with Mongo (Jojo) who was a very popular man, had only remained silent while the king raged, and had taken a more fitting time to speak on behalf of Mongo, I cannot say; but about three months afterwards he was re-instated, the order being that his wives, children, and all his property were to be restored to him, and if any one kept back even as much as a spoon or a needle, he should die the death.

ZULU INFORMATION DEPARTMENT.

Another military incident came under my notice in 1837. On this occasion, the Matebele under Moselikatsi were the objects of attack. The Zulus were out in their calculations as to the whereabouts of the Matebele, they having re-

cently fled from their old country to where they now are. The consequence was that the Zulu army suffered great privations in marching through an unoccupied country. The system adopted by the commander-in-chief was to despatch messengers at very short intervals to report progress to the king, but as the distance increased these messengers were intercepted and put to death by the scattered Natives, cannibals and others, who were in hiding in caves and rocks, and, for nearly a month, Dingaan received no intelligence from his army. This naturally greatly alarmed him and he sent for the most famous of his magicians and priests, who advised him to leave his capital, Ungungundlovu, on the Umkumbana, and to proceed to Nobamba on the Imfolozi, where his father was buried, and there, at the grave, to offer up prayers and sacrifices to his father's spirit for the success of the Zulu army. The suggestion was complied with. The King who was then obese, and had, in consequence, long ceased to visit the royal residence at Kangel, was carried most of the way to Nobamba in his great chair of state, by four stalwart bearers, and was at length deposited in safety at the grave and capital of his father. Sacrifices on a great scale, and prayers, night and day, were offered up by the magicians, and in about ten days thereafter, Umtweni, the chief of the military department, (or as he might be termed military secretary, if he could write) appeared with representatives from each regiment, and with two large black oxen, two bulls, and two cows, to report the successful issue of the campaign. The king sat in state and at his ease, surrounded by his nobles, while the military head and his

attendants stood and recounted the whole history of the expedition, and now and then, as the narration proceeded, a bard who had accompanied the expedition ran backwards and forwards before the audience as briskly as if he had not been half a mile from home, reciting, in beautiful poetry, the exploits of the army. One incident in the narration dispelled the sunshine from the monarch's face, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. Kokela, the son of Umcumbata, colonel of the Njanduna regiment, and brother of Dambuza, second minister and second-in-command had been killed in the first encounter with the Matbele warriors who, under the same discipline as the Zulu soldiers, met them hand to hand.

Kokela, whom I knew intimately, lived near to our mission station. He was of noble birth and one of the finest men I have ever seen. Conscious of rank, and of grand physique, he was affable and courteous, and in every way a gentleman. He was adored by his regiment, highly respected by the people under his civil government, and a great favourite with the king. While on his way to join the army he passed by our station. One of his attendants carried a large bundle of sugar-cane, and I, boy-like, expressed a wish for one cane. The colonel generously gave me the whole bundle, but I never tasted one of them, for the missionary was so annoyed that I should have begged from Kokela that he took all from me, and kept them in a loft till they were as dry as chips. On the day after Umtweni's arrival, the king and court returned to Ungundlovu, and I, with the missionaries, followed. Two days thereafter, the army arrived with great demonstra-

tions of joy. When the army had formed up before the king, Ndlela gave a short resume of what had already been reported by Umtweni. The Njanduna regiment was then ordered to stand forward, and heralds were directed to summon the officers' servants with their staves. In a few moments, were to be seen hundreds of naked boys rushing, out of breath, to the royal presence, each armed with a stick. The king then addressed the Njanduna regiment asking how it was that their colonel, an older man than they, was at the head of his regiment and the first to fall? Why were not the soldiers around him and before him to protect him? He said no more to the soldiers, but ordered the boys to thrash the cowards of Njanduna. An onslaught was at once made with staves on the armed warriors, who dared not resist. They were driven over the Umkumbana river, and over a hill till out of sight, guarding themselves from the blows of the boys with their shields. The Njanduna regiment had an opportunity of retrieving their disgrace, for, a few months later, they exterminated a force sent from Natal against the Zulus, after the treacherous murder of Retief and his party. Dingaan, however, had no opportunity of reinstating them in their lost honour, for he himself was assassinated shortly afterwards. I shall now cite two cases illustrative of the civil organization and government of the Zulus.

GODASE: A ZULU LADY.

Near our mission station was Nodunga, the residence of Sigwebana, the son of Umdli, a near relation of Dingaan. Sigwebana was headman of the district, held the position

of general in the Zulu army, and from his great valour, was known in his district by the epithet of *Qawe*, that is, the hero. Godase, the mother of Sigwebana was a dignified old lady, highly respected by her son, and held in high honour by the whole district for her benevolence. She was still hale and hearty, but was afflicted by an inversion of the eyelashes, causing irritation to the pupils, and bringing on blindness. The old lady, who was a frequent visitor at the mission station, and who very regularly attended divine service with marked interest and attention, put herself under the treatment of Dr. Adams, one of the missionaries, and no Spartan matron could have endured the painful operation to which she was subjected with greater fortitude and heroism. She knelt before Dr. Adams, while, with a pair of scissors, he pared away the edges of the upper eyelids, and this she bore without a groan or any indication of the pain she was suffering. The operation proved successful, the irritation ceased, and her eyesight was completely restored. After this she attended the religious services at the station even more regularly than before, and she lost no opportunity of shewing little attentions to us by sending presents of vegetables, grain, milk, and flesh; and though she made no profession of Christianity, she was evidently under the influence of the truth.

About this time, one evening, a young Zulu soldier came to the mission house in great distress. He informed the missionaries, Messrs. Champion and Grout, that a few days previously he and a companion were travelling to head-quarters to join their regiment; that at one village

where they stayed they went to the *ilawu* (the travellers' hut) ; that he there took a mat, and on unrolling it found that it contained bead ornaments and articles of female dress, such as are used only by the royal family. Seeing this, he again rolled up the mat and put it aside. It belonged to a girl of the king's harem, on her way to the capital, who had stayed there with other girls and attendants on the previous night. She had forgotten her mat and ornaments. On arriving at head-quarters he was at once detailed for cattle-guard but on his return, in the evening, he was met by a young man of his regiment, who told him that his companion had been put to death for touching the mat and ornaments of the king's children, and that he himself was to be put to death. He had therefore fled for his life, and as he feared that the pursuers were close after him, he begged the missionaries to conceal him in their house. They informed him that concealment in the house could be of no possible avail, and could afford him no safety, and that, besides, the missionaries would, by this act, be compromising themselves. It was however suggested that he should cross the Tugela, and make his escape into Natal. His reply was "I have already been to the Tugela. It is flooded. I cannot swim, and, if I could, escape is impossible for the river is full of crocodiles. Hide me even in one of your boxes till the river is passable."

Here is a sad and perplexing case, but our perplexity was soon ended by three men taking off the unfortunate youth, for a girl named Mbikicane, who was at the mission house, having overheard the story of the poor soldier, went

at once, and told her father Uxam, who arrested the man. The matter being reported to Dingaan, he sent orders for the execution of the poor fellow, and three or four days after, I heard some boys with great glee describing the manner of the execution, which appeared to afford them infinite amusement.

NOBLER VICTIMS.

The peace and quiet of the station on the Umsunduzi was however soon to be broken by a much greater trouble than that of the young soldier, whose name I did not ascertain. At the death of Mdli, he left a little boy, a smart, manly fellow, Mapopoma, son of Godase, and own brother to Sigwebana. The boy was, soon after, taken by Sigwebana, and introduced to king Dingaan, who took him as page in the royal household, and soon after gave him a commission in the Dlambedlu Regiment, in which he was a major when I was at the Umsunduzi. Though often at Umgungundlovu, the capital, Mapopoma was more frequently at the military town of Enqikini on the Inyenzane, where a detachment of his regiment was always stationed. During the period in question, I saw a beautiful young woman at Nodunga, Sigwebana's residence, and on enquiry found that she was of the king's household, and had gone home to Sigwebana's for medical treatment, though to all appearance she was the picture of perfect health and vigour. I further ascertained that this was the second occasion on which she had visited Nodunga for medical treatment. It appears that Dingaan was not satisfied as to the cause of the home visit of the young woman, and consulted one of his magicians, whose oracular response was "Is Sigwebana greater

than the king? Why then do the king's children prefer Sigwebana to the king?" This was enough, and it was decided that Sigwebana, and his family, and the young woman were to be put to death, the execution being entrusted to Sigwebana's own brother, Mapopoma. Sigwebana being a general favourite, he received private information of his impending fate, and, at once, made arrangements for flight to Natal, under cover of night; but on arriving at the Tugela, he found his brother Mapopoma already there with a small detachment of his regiment. Sigwebana, his brother Timni, a gigantic fellow named Bububu, and a few other adherents, covered by their shields which before the introduction of fire arms reached up to the chin, standing shoulder to shoulder as they had often done before in many a hard fought engagement, cut their way through the opposing force. While this hand to hand conflict was proceeding, some of the men, women, and children, got across the Tugela, while Godase and others, in the darkness, returned to their homes which were about eight miles from the Tugela, where men, women, and children of Sigwebana's party were left dead, together with some soldiers of Mapopoma's party. Mapopoma then sent to the capital to report what he had done, and to ask for instructions regarding the sympathizers with and adherents of Sigwebana. The order was "All must die." Manekwana, the son of Magunuse, and cousin of Sigwebana and Mapopoma, was one of those who had fled with Sigwebana and returned, and, for the purpose of hearing the decision regarding Sigwebana's adherents, had, after his return, attached himself to Mapopoma. He knew that messengers had been despatched to Umgungundlovu,

and saw them return one evening after dark. Creeping close up to the door of Mapopoma's hut, he heard the decision given, and at once went off to Nodunga to warn his aunt, Godase, of her danger. She fled with two female attendants to the mission house, to seek shelter there, which was given to her. Early next morning six of Mapopoma's soldiers came to the station saying that Godase was hidden there. They had heard this at Nodunga where all the women and children had been put to death, and they had come for her, and the missionaries were to bring her out. This they refused to do, and the soldiers rushed into the house and dragged out the unfortunate women, the two attendants of the old lady having infants at their backs. No female wails were heard, no supplications for mercy, no prayer for life. Godase said no word. She stepped out as calmly as when she voluntarily submitted to the operation by Dr. Adams. Godase's dignity did not forsake her. She saw that her hour was come, and she calmly faced her fate. She knew she might as well try to calm the raging wind, as to appeal to the feelings of Zulu soldiers, albeit all well known to her, and the only manifestation of feeling was on the part of the missionaries, who in helpless agony, saw their best friend being led away to execution.

THE SEQUEL.

At a little distance from the house, and, still in sight, the soldiers felled the passive, helpless women with clubs, remarking that it was not necessary to kill the infants as the wolves would do that. As soon as the soldiers had left, an American carpenter named Hopkins, (who from the

Zulus had obtained the sobriquet of Silosehlati, that is 'terrible one of the forest,' from the extraordinary rapidity with which he used to fell forest-trees) went to the prostrate women, and applied ammonia to their nostrils. Poor old Godase was quite dead, her troubles were ended, and no doubt the most bitter drop in her last bitter cup of sorrows, was that the son whom she had borne, and nourished, was made the instrument of her death. On the application of the restoratives to the other two women, they shewed signs of life, and were carried to a thicket of reeds, on the Umsunduzi river, where they were concealed and fed for two days. When Manekwana, and two others came to the station, they were in like manner concealed, and as there appeared no likelihood of any more coming, the American carpenter shouldered the axe which had made him famous, now ready to brave death in the cause of the helpless, and considering himself in a hand to hand conflict quite equal to at least twelve Zulus, succeeded in taking the fugitives across the Tugela without being discovered. Some days afterwards, they reached Natal. I had not the means of ascertaining how many were killed at the Tugela, or how many were killed at their homes, though the number cannot have been less than fifty. Poor Sigwebana arrived friendless and destitute in Natal, and had not long been there, when one of the Natal Natives claimed relationship with the girl who had been the innocent cause of all this trouble and took her from Sigwebana, though she remonstrated and Sigwebana protested. He was but a homeless and friendless fugitive, there was no law in Natal to protect him, and might was right. Shortly after this he joined the

unfortunate expedition under John Cane from Natal against the Zulus. Cane's little army was encountered by the Njanduna regiment and almost exterminated, and thus the regiment retrieved its lost honour. Sigwebana being recognized was singled out, overwhelmed and killed. Poor fellow! he deserved a better fate. He died the death of a brave soldier, having slain several of his opponents before he fell. Timni is at present living near the Tugela, in the Colony of Natal. Manekwana returned to Zululand and I believe was received into favour by Mpande. Mapopoma fell in one of the attacks upon the Boers, shortly after he had acted as the executioner of his mother's adherents.

Such was Zulu life until Sir Bartle Frere broke the power of Cetywayo, and this is the state to which those who have advocated Cetywayo's cause, would, though perhaps unintentionally, bring back the Zulus.

RECENT ZULU HISTORY.

The wave which had desolated the country from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu had been broken and thrown back by the emigrant Boers in 1838. A milder form of Government had been instituted by Mpande, the brother and successor of Dingaan, and father of the late Cetywayo, but as time moved on a return was gradually being made to the despotic and arbitrary government of Chaka and Dingaan. The military organization had been established, in full force and vigour, by Cetywayo,. The young warriors were thirsting to distinguish themselves and to emulate the deeds of their fathers, and in the absence of more suitable occupation had had several bloody battles amongst

themselves. The wave had gradually recovered strength, and, in 1878, was at high flood. The first ripples had already overleaped the barrier, while the dark tide surged impatiently behind, when the sons of Sihayo violated the Natal border and with an armed party took from the hitherto recognised sanctuary of Natal two defenceless refugee women, who were murdered immediately after crossing into Zululand. About the same time, two British officers who were peacefully surveying on the Natal border were seized and ill-treated by the Zulus, while a Zulu army marched in the most threatening attitude along the borders of Zululand in sight of Natal territory. Matters were intensely critical; the least collision would have opened the flood gates of the long pent up desire of the Zulu warriors to distinguish themselves. Natal would have been swept with the besom of destruction, from end to end, unprepared to offer the slightest resistance. The Pondos had recently before received an embassy to cement an alliance with the Zulus, and would have joined them, while 300,000 Natal Natives who had, for the last thirty years, with two solitary exceptions, been loyal and faithful to their white rulers, would, to purchase present safety and to escape immediate destruction, have joined the Zulus and risen against the 30,000 European settlers. But it would not have ended here. The tide would have rolled on to the frontiers of the Cape Colony, and we would have been involved in the ruin of Natal. Sir Bartle Frere's clear judgment foresaw the evil, and he determined on his own responsibility to deal with it. He demanded satisfaction for the violation of Natal territory and the insult to British

officers, and that the Zulu army should be disbanded. The demands were treated with contempt, and Sir Bartle Frere was necessitated to enforce satisfaction. The cause may appear small, but the principle involved was the same whether two or twenty women had been forcibly taken from the sanctuary of Natal; and had the thing been permitted to pass over unnoticed, repetitions of the same offences would soon have followed on a large scale, collisions would have taken place, Natal would have been over-run, and all unprepared we would have been compelled to face the danger.

SIR BARTLE FRERE'S SETTLEMENT.

The Zulu power has been broken at an enormous cost of life and treasure. The military organization was destroyed, and for the future rendered impracticable by the breaking up of the Zulu power and placing each of the incorporated clans under the descendants of its own hereditary chiefs.

This arrangement, purchased at so great sacrifice, was unfortunately changed, through the instrumentality of well-meaning though misguided men. Cetywayo was liberated from his exile, and at once put in operation a scheme for the restoration of his former power, and called to his aid English, Dutch, and German mercenaries, who after aiding him in the subversion of the settlement made by Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Henry Bulwer, turned upon their employer and took possession of the greater part of his country, establishing a new republic there. Dinizulu, successor of Cetywayo, now repents the error he committed, and appeals to us for protection from his friends. What the outcome of this movement may be, it is hard to say, but Dinizulu,

by his own and his father's act has now more finally crushed the Zulu clan than even Sir Bartle Frere had done. He at least left them on their own lands, under their own rulers, with mitigations of their cruel and bloody laws. Now they have forfeited their land and are in the position of serfs to their friends, with at least the prospect that the proud Zulus will never again be in a position to re-establish their supremacy or attempt to subvert the arrangements made by Sir Garnet Wolesley and Sir Henry Bulwer for the future government of Zululand.

CONCLUSION.

Had time and your patience permitted I would have taken a brief view of Zululand as it was in 1878 and gone more into detail on the events which led up to the Zulu war. This at present is out of the question. I may hereafter prepare another paper. In conclusion, I would only say that, fifty years since, where Durban now stands was a jungle, one small store only having been erected at the Point. The Berea hill, now covered with princely villas, had only one small, two-roomed, wattle and daub hut erected on it by Captain Allan Gardiner. Another hut of the same kind was erected by Mr. Berkin, a Polish gentleman, and occupied by the agents of Mr. B. Norden, of Graham's Town, as a trading station at Sea View or Claremont. Beyond these there was nothing in Natal of the shape or appearance of a square building, all the Europeans occupying round huts ; and, as stated in the beginning of this paper, with the exception of the small population around Durban, the country from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu was a solitude. Fifty years have wrought great changes.

PONDOS, XESIBES,
AND
THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

CHAPTER I.

While this subject has no thrilling or exciting incident, and to many will prove dull and uninteresting, nevertheless, as it is one exercising an important bearing on our native policy, and is in fact the native question of the day, I have selected it as the subject for this evening in the hope and desire of throwing a little light upon it; for all that we have on this important subject is piecemeal and fragmentary, and with statements on one side or other of the question so conflicting and diametrically opposed that it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to arrive at a fair and true conclusion on the merits of the case. Most questions have two well defined sides, but this Pondo question may be said to be almost circular, at any rate it is triangular, having a Colonial side, a Natal side, and a Pondo side, if not quadrangular with an Imperial side, hence the difficulty in arriving at the happy medium.

My endeavour in this paper will be to trace events from our first intercourse with the Pondos to the present time, and to endeavour to prove what I believe to be the fact that our dealings with them have in every respect been honourable and just. Many honestly hold an opposite view, but

this I apprehend is the result of imperfect information, arising from being able to see only one side of the triangle or quadrangle.

Ten or twelve generations back, the Pondos under their chief Tahle were settled near the coast on both banks of the Umzimvubu, and about this time, judging genealogically, the Xesibes under Di, the ancestor of Jojo, migrating from the Impafane, a tributary of the Tugela, settled on the Umtavuna which now forms the boundary between the Colony of Natal and Pondoland.

During Chaka's career of conquest, referred to in the paper recently submitted to this Society, the Pondos under Faku were driven across the Umzimvubu, and settled on the West Bank about the Umgazi, occupying the country to the Umtata; while the Xesibes, driven from the Umtavuna, occupied the country from which the Pondos had been expelled east of the Umzimvubu. This may have been in 1819 or 1820. Four or five years later, in a second Zulu invasion, the Pondos were driven across the Umtata and took shelter in the rugged coast country. During the same invasion the Xesibes under Sinama, the grandfather of Jojo the present Xesibe chief, were driven across the Umzimvubu and joined the Tembus on the Umtata, Umjoli, the father of Jojo, being then dead.

On the flight of the Xesibes into Tembuland, it was arranged that Bangxisa, the chief wife of Sinama, should seek an asylum with her brother Faku, chief of the Pondos, and take her grandson Jojo with her; for, in addition to the natural claim of sisterhood, she had the legal and national claim for support and protection from her

brother for herself and children, from the fact that he had received the dowry paid for her by the Xesibes. Bangxisa, a woman of great strength of character, considered that her grandson the heir to the Xesibe chieftainship was safer with her brother than with strangers; but she was not long of this opinion, for having suspected a design upon her life and that of her grandson by the Pondos, she left Pondoland and rejoined her husband, who died shortly afterwards in Tembuland. I am doubtful whether Faku himself entertained any designs against the life of Jojo, but it is a fact that for a long period the Xesibes and Bacas, who were neighbours, had been in close alliance with each other, and were constantly at war with the Pondos. and it is a matter of history that about 1828, when the Pondos and their neighbours, in consequence of their poverty, had a respite from Zulu attacks, the Xesibes, while returning to their own country under Nogula, an uncle of Jojo, were attacked at the Umzimvubu by the Pondos under Pangazita, a son of Faku, but as the Xesibes had taken the precaution of seeking the aid of the Bacas on their homeward journey, the Pondos were beaten off, and the Xesibes then occupied that part of Eastern Pondoland about the Umsikaba and the Zalo. The object of the Pondos' attack was to prevent the union of Xesibes and Bacas and to destroy the cub (Jojo), who might grow into a lion, and trouble the Pondos as his fathers had done.

We know very little of the Pondos and surrounding tribes, until the first missionaries of the Wesleyan Society settled among them about 1828, when they were in the

most abject poverty. In the war of 1835, some Europeans from Gcalekaland obtained an asylum in Pondoland, and were kindly treated by Faku, and his friendly disposition towards the Government and Europeans, became known to the Colonial Government.

The country from the Umvoti to the Umzimvubu, which had been depopulated by Chaka, as stated in my paper on Zululand, was granted by Chaka to Lieutenant Farewell and his party about 1823, and when Dingaan, after the assassination of his brother in 1828, returned across the Tugela with the Zulus, the cession to the white settlers of Natal was extended to the Tugela. This cession the white settlers had repeatedly offered to the Colonial Government, and in 1837 as an inducement to the Colonial Government to accept the cession which had been refused, the European settlers marked out the site of a town at the head of the Natal Bay near to where the Umbilo falls into it. The township was named Durban after the Governor of the Cape Colony, who was invited to take possession, but the offer was again declined.

About this time began the exodus of Dutch farmers to the north of the Orange River. In their onward march they were attacked by Mzilikazi, the king of the Matebele, who, invincible as they had been against all native foes, were no match in the open with their shields and stabbing assegais against mounted men armed with firearms. To the north of the Drakensberg, the Matebele were the only tribe who attempted to try conclusions with the emigrant Boers, who having finally settled the Matebele looked for a port for themselves. With this object, Peter Retief

crossed over the Drakensberg with a large section of the emigrant Boers; a deputation was sent to inspect the Natal harbour, and as it was considered desirable to secure the Bay and the depopulated country between the Tugela and the Umzimvubu, Retief, accompanied by seventy-four of the emigrant Boers, proceeded to the capital of Dingaan, the Zulu king, with the view of obtaining a cession of this country. Retief and party were received with every outward mark of friendship and hospitality; but before Dingaan would consent to a cession of the country, he stipulated that the emigrants should first shew their friendship to him by recovering a number of cattle taken by Sikonyela, chief of the Batlokwas. This stipulation having been accomplished to the apparent satisfaction of Dingaan, a formal cession was then made to Retief and his party of all the depopulated country from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu, which to the south-west had been the limit of the Zulu conquests. This included the most of Eastern Pondoland and the Xesibe country, and thus the country which by the conqueror Chaka had been originally ceded to Farewell and his companions—the cession being subsequently ratified and extended by Dingaan, Chaka's brother and successor—and which had been refused by the Colonial Government,—was formally and publicly ceded to the emigrant Boers, who, as they were about to return to their families and after every demonstration of friendship on the part of the Zulu king, were butchered before his eyes, not one escaping. Time will not permit me to enlarge on this part of the subject, or to dwell on the saddest episode of our history, when, after the murder

of Retief and his party, the Zulus made a night attack on the emigrant camps with true Zulu ferocity, slaying men, women and children. Such a scene, I apprehend, would before now have been re-enacted in the Colony of Natal, but for the breaking up of the Zulu power by Sir B. Frere.

The Boers, fighting for existence, in time conquered the Zulus, and obtained by conquest a double right to the country so treacherously ceded to them, and were taking steps for its occupation; but the Colonial Government, either jealous or alarmed at the extension of the Emigrant Boers, determined to place the depopulated country between the Umzimvubu and the Umzimkulu beyond the control of the new Dutch Republic; only as its original occupants had either been slain or scattered to the four winds of heaven, it was difficult to find an owner for it; but, in casting about, the eyes of the Government fell upon Faku, who had been favourably spoken of by missionaries. An expedition was sent up to Pondoland in 1842, and was encamped at the Umgazi near to Faku's residence, with the view of strengthening Faku and supporting him against all enemies.

A good understanding having been arrived at with Faku, a treaty was entered into with him in 1844, which, among other conditions, recognized him as paramount chief in all the country between the Umzimkulu and Umzimvubu from the sea coast to the Drakensberg, stipulating however that the tribal and territorial rights of all tribes within the described area should be respected by the Pondos, and in case of any dispute their differences were to be submitted for adjustment to the Colonial Government.

The prestige gained by Faku, through his recognition by the Colonial Government, and the presence of our troops in his country, induced many small clans and small remnants of scattered clans, to become subject to Faku, and thus the Pondos became next to the Zulus the largest tribe in South Africa—the Basutos, under the genius of Moshesh, not then having attained to the powerful position they subsequently held.

Within the territory assigned by us to the Pondos were three clans which would not in any way recognize Faku's supremacy, and these were the Bacas, Xesibes, and Pondomise, who continued in constant feud with the Pondos and always maintained their independence.

A further stipulation was, that the Pondos should give no shelter or countenance to our enemies, and that they should surrender to justice any criminals who escaped into Pondoland. Upon this stipulation I will presently have a good deal to say, as it was mainly owing to Umqikela's refusal to comply with it, that our troubles arose with the Pondos.

Another stipulation was, that our postal communication with Natal was to be left free and unobstructed; and that travellers on the line between the Colony and Natal, with their wagons and property, were to have free use of way without impediment or obstruction. This stipulation has been broken by the Pondos.

In consideration of Faku's past friendship to the Government, and on condition of a continuance of this friendship and an observance of his treaty obligation, the Government agreed to pay an annual subsidy to Faku of

£75. It was regularly paid to him, and after his death to Umqikela his successor, while a subsidy of £50 or £60 was granted to Damas, Faku's eldest son, and chief of the Pondos west of the Umzimkulu. The subsidy to Umqikela was raised to £100, and he continued to draw it till 1878, when, in consequence of his unfriendly actions and clear violations of his treaty obligations, the subsidy was discontinued.

Encouraged by the security afforded by our troops on the Umgazi, the Pondos gradually came out of their hiding places along the coast, and occupied the more favourable uplands, on which their cattle increased and multiplied rapidly. As the Zulus had been conquered by the Boers, and as our Colony of Natal afterwards intervened between the Zulus and Pondos, they no longer feared invasion from that side. The tribes however had not been taught forbearance towards each other by all the sufferings which had been inflicted on them by the Zulus. As the Pondos multiplied and their cattle increased, the Bacas, Xesibes, and Pandomise were pushed out of the lands they occupied before the Zulu invasion, which however, was no special hardship as there was ample room, while the vacant land was much more suited for stock than the land previously occupied.

But as time rolled on, the strife became more intensified and bloody, till the Government, desiring to put an end to devastation and bloodshed which were in one part or another of almost daily occurrence, sent up Sir W. Currie to endeavour to arrange terms of peace between the contending parties. After much trouble, he appeared to have succeeded

in his object, and induced the various parties—Pondos, Bacas, and Pandomise—to agree to certain boundaries which for the future were to be respected. The Xesibes were included within the limits assigned to Faku, and protested without avail against this arrangement.

Another object contemplated in Sir W. Currie's Mission to No Man's Land, as the still vacant depopulated country between the Natal border and the Umzimvubu was then named, was to obtain from Faku a cession of this country for the purpose of locating the Griquas and others on it. Faku had sometime previously offered this country to the Natal Government, but as the High Commissioner, Sir G. Grey, disallowed the grant, Faku subsequently agreed to cede it to Moshesh. This was also disallowed, and eventually it was arranged that a portion of it should be given to the Griquas, while in the remainder we located the clans of Sehana, Sebenga, and Zibi.

These arrangements being made, we hoped for peace and quietness, but were disappointed. The clans located by us were at strife with each other, and were forming alliances with Pondo and Pandomise for mutual destruction; and the Griquas, having fallen foul of the Bacas under Makaula expelled them from the Rode, and took possession of this piece of land, which has since been a prolific source of trouble to us.

The deadly feud between Mditshwa and Umhlonhlo, chiefs of the Pandomise, which had been inherited from their fathers, remained unchecked. Sehana formed an alliance with Umhlonhlo and fell upon Zibi; and further to strengthen himself Sehana was negotiating an alliance with

Umqikela, with whom Umhlonhlo had been allied against Damas, father of Nqwiliso, chief of Western Pondoland. Whilst Umditshwa had formed an alliance with Damas against Umhlonhlo and Umqikela, the Bacas were in alliance with the Xesibes against Faku; the Xesibes, after the death of Umjoli and during Jojo's minority, to secure the aid of the Bacas against the Pondos, having been for a short period tributary to the Bacas.

In 1872 the Government appointed a Commission, consisting of Messrs Griffith and Ayliff, and Major Grant, to endeavour to restore order, and if possible to make such arrangements as would finally put an end to the bloodshed. The Commission succeeded in bringing about an apparent reconciliation between the various tribes, and all, with the exception of the Pondos, applied through the Commission to be taken over as British subjects. The Government however was not disposed to undertake the responsibility of complying with the application; but being bound to interpose for the government and protection of the tribes of Lehana, Lebenya, and Zibi, they appointed Mr. Orpen to take charge of them. Umditshwa and Umhlonhlo, by their bitter and unending civil war, having rendered themselves an easy prey to the Pondos, and having been brought to the last extremity, with their people scattered among the neighbouring tribes, and being reduced to the alternative of submitting to the Pondos, or becoming British subjects, chose the latter alternative, and renewed their request to be taken over, and were finally accepted as British subjects in October 1873.

Makaula also renewed his request, but as he appeared

to be in no danger, the Government declined to take him over at that time. Ten years before this the Pondos in great force had made an inroad into the Baca country, and were routed with great slaughter, it being estimated that fully 500 Pondos fell by the hands of the Bacas.

To leave for a little the direct line of historical narration, it may be remarked that since then, till very recently the Pondos have not in any way molested the Bacas; but within the last five years, and since the Bacas became British subjects, the Pondos, having forgotten the lesson taught them by the Bacas fifteen years before, began an irritating system of thefts upon the Bacas, who could obtain no redress from the Pondos even in the clearest cases, and who were always severely punished by their magistrate whenever they attempted to redress their own wrongs. The Bacas were at last wrought up to such a pitch of exasperation, that about five months ago they made an irruption into Pondoland, destroying the Pondo villages within a radius of fifteen miles from the Baca border, killing, as is variously stated, from fifty to eighty Pondos.

The Pondos have been greatly astonished and somewhat cowed by the Baca inroad, for as no retribution had followed on their many and serious inroads into the Xesibe country since the Xesibes came under Government, they naturally concluded that the same course would follow in regard to the Bacas. They have had a rude awakening from their delusion, and since then have been more amenable to reason, and professedly inclined to come to an understanding with us. Umqikela has issued an order pro-

hibiting thefts, and has directed that thieves should be put to death ; but that is an old story and means nothing, and the Pondos understand it. Umqikela and other Pondo chiefs have shared in the property taken from Xesibes, Bacas, and others, and no thief has ever been punished for theft. The worst that could befall him would be the surrender of his ill-gotten gains or a portion of them, while the owners always had to pay a heavy charge to the Pondos for its restoration ; and in the case of stolen horses, they were always ridden almost to death and seriously damaged before restoration, but even such cases of partial restoration were comparatively rare. Under such circumstances, we cannot be surprised that thefts by the Pondos from their neighbours should be of constant occurrence. I had often pointed out to Umqikela that unless he punished these thieves he could not expect to stop stock thefts ; but it was not the policy of the Pondos to stop stock thefts, their object was to goad the Xesibes on to retaliation, that the Pondos might have a plausible pretext for driving the Xesibes out of their country.

But to return. Notwithstanding the wars already referred to, our direct relationships with Faku, which were rather of a negative than positive character, were not unsatisfactory. He and his son Damas, the chief of Western Pondoland, appeared to be desirous of living on friendly terms with the Government, though the need for protection which had in the first instance taken us to Pondoland, had long since passed. The first indications of an unfriendly spirit were, when in order to save from destruction the tribes who had treaty claims upon us, we insisted,

in order to prevent further Pondo encroachments, that boundaries should be fixed between them, and that wars should cease. The Pondos regarded the whole land to the Drakensberg as theirs, and all its inhabitants as subordinate to the authority conferred on Faku by the treaty of 1844, without any regard to the wishes of those who had thus, *against their own will*, been made nominally subordinate to the Pondos, but who *by force of arms* had *maintained their independence*.

But what are the facts? Fifty years ago the Pondos gained adherents and numbers in consequence of the recognition by us of Faku's paramountcy, and the troops sent to Pondoland for Faku's protection. In his wars with the Xesibes, Bacas, and Pondomise, he claimed authority over them and their land by *virtue of the treaty of 1844, regardless of its conditions, and the rights reserved to these tribes*.

The tune is now changed, and the Pondos ignoring the treaty, and the fact that the land was ours and bestowed by us on the Pondos, assert that the land is theirs, and that they received it direct from the hands of the Creator. At least such is the assertion recently made in the *Imvo* or "*Native Opinion*" by the chief Umhlangazo who is the mouth-piece of the Pondos. Take the following illustration of the difficulty in negotiating with the Pondos. According to the boundary fixed by Sir W. Currie, the Shawbury Mission Station, which belonged to the Pondomise, was thrown into Pondoland. Mr. Griffith, Commissioner in 1872, adjusted the line so as to bring the station and Sotana valley into Umhlonhlo's country,

giving the Pondos a full equivalent in a fine tract of country from the Gungululu hill to the Umtata. This modification was approved of by Government as fair and just to all parties; nevertheless, the Pondos protested to Government against this change, and it was made a never ending ground of complaint. After the Basuto war, in which the Pondomise took a notoriously prominent part, the land which had been given to the Pondomise, having now become vacant, I suggested to the Government that we could now return to Sir. W. Currie's boundary and thus remove the alleged grievance. The Government concurred in my suggestion, and as the land which had been given to the Pondos in exchange adjoined the Umtata village, which had been established since the change, and as it was of the utmost importance to secure this land for the village, I suggested that in addition to the land taken from the Pondos at Shawbury and now to be returned to them, we should add an equal extent along the Ncolona valley—land forfeited by the rebellion of the Pondomise—for I felt assured that the oft repeated grievance was merely sentimental, and that the land which Mr. Griffith's commission had given in exchange for the Shawbury lands was the most valuable, and that in point of fact the Pondos would not accept an even exchange, and revert to Sir W. Currie's boundary. In this I proved to be right, as even the large extension on the Ncolona valley did not tempt the Pondos to give up the land below the Gungululu. They expected to retain it, and get back the Sotana and Shawbury. Had the offer not been made and refused, no doubt the adjustment of Sir W. Currie's boundary made in 1872 would to this day be held up as a grievance.

We resume the narrative. Matters in East Griqualand progressed on the whole in a most satisfactory manner, from the taking over of the several tribes by us—the Bacas under Makaula being the last taken over—till the outbreak of the Basuto war. But as the Pondos who had claimed supremacy over the annexed tribes, and were by their weight of numbers pushing them out of their land, found further advance checked by our presence and authority, the friendly disposition which they had manifested since 1842 became greatly changed.

Now we come to the events of the last few years. In 1877 a deputation from Cetewayo visited the Pondos with the view of establishing friendly relationships with them; and about this time a rumour became prevalent among the Gcalekas and Gaikas, which was generally believed, that the Pondos and Zulus would assist the Kaffirs in case of war with us. Whether or not Umqikela was responsible for this I cannot say, but the belief by the Kaffirs in this rumour induced the Gcalekas to assume the position which brought about the Gcaleka war and Gaika rebellion of 1877. Shortly before this, that is in March 1877, ten men, British subjects, who had in East Griqualand murdered Sontuba, his brother, and son, escaped into Pondoland. Captain Blyth the chief magistrate sent to Umqikela and demanded their surrender. Umqikela from time to time evaded, and, without absolutely refusing their surrender, eventually referred the matter to Government intimating his willingness to abide by the decision of Government. I sent a reply to Umqikela's letter on 25th October. Meanwhile the Zulu emissaries had visited him, and to this

circumstance I attribute his change and refusal to surrender the murderers. These letters throw such light on this part of the subject that they are inserted here.

The Office of the Secretary for
Native Affairs.

Capetown, 25th October, 1877.

TO UMQIKELA, CHIEF OF THE PONDOS.

GREETING—

His Excellency the Governor has, from various sources, learned that for two months past a deputation from the Zulu king has been at your residence with important proposals to the Pondos. These proposals have been variously represented, and from some sources it appears that they are by no means of a friendly nature to the Government and authority of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen.

His Excellency has hesitated to take up an unfavourable view against you and the Pondos ; and believing that you will be faithful to the engagements of your father, remembering with gratitude that, under the care and protection of the British Government, the Pondos have become a great, prosperous, and wealthy people ; and that, whereas, in former days, they were destroyed, plundered, and scattered by the Zulus, being safe only in poverty, and seeking security by hiding themselves in the strongholds of the Umzimvubu, being so impoverished by ravages of the Zulus that the missionaries found them miserable wanderers, clothed in the husks of the Indian corn ; that, remembering these things ; remembering also well the cause of all these sufferings, remembering,

moreover, that under the shadow and by the intervention of the Government the Pondos are now what they are,—a fact which Faku to the day of his death never ceased to recognise and acknowledge,—the Governor is surprised to find that messengers from your former destroyers should for two months be at your residence without your reporting this matter to him, and seeking his counsel and advice regarding it.

The Governor does not at present wish to express any judgment on this matter, but only remarks that, to all appearance, the Pondos are forgetting what they were, and through whom they have become what they now are ; but he trusts that, without delay, he will have from you a full and faithful account of the proposals of the Zulu king, and of the reply of the Pondos thereto ; and that the reply will be such as is to be expected from a people who owe their very existence as a people to the protection and friendship of the British Government.

Another point on which His Excellency wishes me to write to you is that you have not yet surrendered the murderers who fled into your country for safety.

In regard to this matter I have to remind you that you wrote to the Governor, stating that you would abide by his decision on it. By his direction I referred you to the clause in the treaty of 1844, by which the Pondos stipulated to hand over to Government any offenders who fled into the Pondo country. Notwithstanding your promise, and notwithstanding the treaty obligation, you have thus far not acted up to your promise, and failed in your duty.

His Excellency trusts that you will no longer seek to

evade your obligation, and act in opposition to your promise. He desires to act toward you in a friendly manner. At the same time, he cannot permit you to bring our laws and authority into contempt by offering an asylum to British subjects, who, in British territory, have committed the greatest offence which men can commit. His Excellency trusts that it will not be necessary again to write to you on this subject, but that you will, without delay, hand over the murderers to Captain Blyth.

(Signed) C. BROWNLEE,
Secretary for Native Affairs.

Office of the Chief Magistrate,
East Griqualand,
November 20th, 1877.

THE SECRETARY FOR NATIVE AFFAIRS,
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

SIR—

I have the honour to state, for the information of the Government, that I yesterday received an official reply from the Chief Umqikela to the message sent by the Government, and dated 25th ultimo, directing that the Chief Umqikela should hand over to the Government the ten men who ran into Pondoland after being concerned in the murder of three men in this district in March last. The Government will see by the message of Umqikela's that he distinctly refuses to hand over these men, and also gives not a very satisfactory account respecting the presence of messengers from Cetewayo in his country.

I have repeatedly brought to the notice of the Government the evil effects that will result if criminals from this district can obtain refuge and protection in Pondoland ; and Umqikela is distinctly breaking his treaty obligations with the Government, as clearly laid down in the Treaty of 1844, made between the Government and the Chief Faku.

I have, &c.
(Signed) MATT. BLYTH,
Chief Magistrate,
East Griqualand.

Pondoland,
November 15th, 1877.

TO CAPTAIN BLYTH, CHIEF MAGISTRATE,
EAST GRIQUALAND.

GREETING—

In answer to the message from the Government, dated 25th, I beg to send the following reply, which you will please forward to His Excellency the Governor. With regard to the deputation from the Zulu king, I have much pleasure in informing you that the reported rumours of proposals from him of an unfriendly nature to the Government and authority of Her Majesty the Queen, are wholly without foundation ; and I deeply regret that His Excellency the Governor should have been so erroneously misinformed as to the purport of the visit of the men from the Zulu country to me. I never can forget the debt of gratitude I owe to the British Government for its rescuing me in a time of great peril from the perils of

my enemies, and establishing my country and people in peace and prosperity, and would therefore never listen to any such proposals as are reported to have been made to me by the Zulu king. The object of his sending to me was to encourage a friendly interest between the Pondo and Zulu people; that whereas formerly our fathers, Chaka and Faku, were at variance with each other, we might be on more amicable terms. He also begged cattle, cat-skins, and English dogs from me. My reply was that although our fathers died fighting, I saw no reason why we should not be on friendly terms, and should be glad to establish a permanent feeling of good-will between the two tribes. The cattle, cat-skins, and dogs I promised to have ready for him by next winter, when he might send for them. In the meantime, I should send messengers to him for a doctor to heal me of a physical disorder with which I am troubled. This is all that passed between us, and I hope will be accepted as a satisfactory reply to His Excellency's enquiries on the subject.

The second matter about which His Excellency writes for information, is the surrender of the murderers who have fled to my country for protection; in answer to which I beg to say that it is with regret I am unable to comply with His Excellency's request and surrender the men. My main reason for refusing is, as I have stated before, that it is an unusual demand, having never been made in Faku's reign, and I fail to see why it should be made now; therefore, I cannot consent to send the men out of my country. At the same time, I hope that His Excellency will not regard my refusal in an unfavourable light, as I

do not bear any ill-will to the British Government, but am as anxious as ever to perpetuate the peaceful and loyal relations that have for so long existed between us.

The boundary line is also still a matter of sore grievance to me, and I hope that His Excellency will see his way clear, before long, so as to rectify it that my rights may be secured to me.

I am, your friend,
pro UMQIKELA,
Paramount Chief of the Pondos,
(Signed) H. ROEK.

While this matter still remained unsettled a Griqua named Adam Kok, alias Adam Muis, having committed an offence fled into Pondoland. Captain Blyth sent to demand his surrender, and Umqikela sent him to East Griqualand with eighty armed Pondos. On the way to East Griqualand the Pondos were met by Smith Pommer, leader of the Griqua rebels, with a party of armed Griquas who had already organized a plan of rebellion against the Government. The party encamped at Mr. Watkinson's farm about five miles from Kokstad, and took possession of Mr. Watkinson's property. They also sent to an adjoining farm and made prisoners of two Europeans, one named Harold Acutt; the name of the other I do not remember just now. Acutt's stock was also seized, but during the night Acutt and his companion managed to effect their escape. On the following morning the Pondos and Griquas with Adam Muis passed within sight of Kokstad, and proceeded to the camp where the Griquas were mustering

with the design of attacking Kokstad. Captain Blyth, having received timely warning of the movement, was enabled to concert measures for counteracting it, and having been joined by Mr. Strachan with Sidoi's men from the Umzimkulu, on whose co-operation the Griquas had counted, Captain Blyth sent to order the Griquas to lay down their arms and to disperse. He also directed the Pondos to come out from among the Griquas, but as neither order was obeyed, and as the Griquas were still gathering strength, he proceeded to the rebel camp, and again summoned the Pondos to come out from among the Griquas. The Pondos, seeing the force opposed to them, now obeyed the order and were at once disarmed. The Griquas after a short and sharp engagement were dispersed, Smith Pommer and Adam Muis being killed. Herman James one of the leaders in the rebellion, and others of the Griqua rebels retreated into Pondoland where they were made welcome, and where they at present are, though repeated applications without avail were made to Umqikela for their surrender.

War with the Pondos now appeared to be inevitable. Umqikela had in the first instance openly countenanced the rebels, and then gave them an asylum in his country. The temptation to send a force against the Pondos and make short work with them was great. The Bacas, Pondomise, Xesibe, and other native clans, were eager for an opportunity, supported by the Government, to go against their hereditary enemies; while General Wood with a large force was in their neighbourhood on their way to Natal. Our course appeared to be plain, and easy of accomplishment, but Sir B. Frere despite all that has been said against

him to the contrary, wished if possible to uphold law and order without resorting to bloodshed by *weakening Umqikela*, and thus in the future to bring him to an observance of his obligations and deprive him of the large territorial power which he exercised only for evil ; for good government in Pondoland there was none. In accordance with these views Nqwiliso was *proclaimed to be independent* of Umqikela as he and his father Damas had always manifested a friendly feeling towards us. In point of fact Damas' section of the Pondos had for the last half century been virtually independent, and they distinctly state the time and circumstances under which Faku had given his son Damas independent rule over the Western Pondos ; while on the other hand Umqikela as distinctly points to the time and place when his father informed Damas that he was to be subject to Umqikela his younger and superior brother. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Faku never exercised any control or jurisdiction over Damas' section of the tribe and that though after the death of Faku Umqikela asserted his paramountcy over Damas, he has never in any way been able to exert any authority over him ; and well knowing their relative positions, he has never attempted any interference.

After many years of unavailing application to be taken over as a British subject, Jojo in furtherance of Sir. B. Frere's policy of weakening the Pondos, was now taken over. His tribal and territorial rights have been admitted by us all along, but as he fell within the boundary assigned to Faku by Sir. W. Currie, we had objected to take him over when the other clans came under our rule.

Notwithstanding this, Jojo had maintained his independence of the Pondos, while they on their part determined to subjugate or expel him, and this had led to constant wars in which the Xesibes, now deprived of the alliance of the Bacas since they became British subjects, were constantly getting the worst, and were gradually losing their country which the Pondos occupied. In 1874, Jojo had appealed direct to Sir. H. Barkly to be taken over and was again refused, and was told that the only course open to him was to recognise the supremacy of Umqikela, who agreed to receive Jojo as a subject on condition of his giving twenty head of cattle. Jojo paid eight head of cattle and two horses, stipulating that there should now be peace with the Xesibes, and that their rights should be respected. The action of Jojo however was condemned by the tribe who preferred their former position to being subject to the Pondos; and indeed they were not far wrong, for the Pondos while abstaining from hostile expeditions, began peacefully to occupy land within the Xesibe border as fellow-subjects with the Xesibes, and thus without risk to themselves to take possession, which formerly would have been resisted by force of arms. In addition to this, Umqikela and Umhlangazo without reference to Jojo and the Xesibes, made a grant of 15,000 acres in the heart of the Xesibe country to a trader named Boshoff. What the *quid pro quo* for this may have been remains only a matter for conjecture. Such were the circumstances under which the Xesibes were taken over by us. Umqikela appeared to be disposed to let the matter pass, but it met with the most bitter opposition from Umhlangazo and

his section, for as they bordered on the Xesibes, they were specially benefited by encroachments on the Xesibe lands, and Umhlangazo had declared his determination to drive out the Xesibes, and to have as his residence the site now occupied by the Resident Magistrate at Mount Ayliff.

This is the great outstanding grievance of the Pondos, and I now give some account of the way they have acted since. Mr. Read, the first magistrate with the Xesibes, had no easy time of it as he was harassed day after day by thefts by Pondos from Xesibes, for which he could obtain no redress. He did all in his power to obtain a settlement, and endeavoured to establish friendly relationships with the border Pondo chiefs, but all to no purpose. The Pondos had determined not to recognise the magistrate and were resolved on driving out the Xesibes either by wearying them out by constant raids on their stock, or by bringing about a collision. No collision took place, and no reprisals were made, and in every case in which it was found that Xesibes had stolen from the Pondos, they were summarily punished and satisfaction made to the Pondos.

In August 1879 the Pondos in five divisions made an attack on the Xesibes, but as they were forewarned they escaped with small loss, only eleven being killed and about seventeen wounded. Few cattle fell into the hands of the Pondos, but they burnt forty Xesibe villages, asserting that they intended to drive out the Xesibes.

Having had notice through Mr. Read of the intended Pondo move, I at once ordered men to the Pondo-Xesibe border, and as this force in the course of ten days amount-

ed to about 4,000, ready to move into Pondoland, Umqikela took alarm, declared he knew nothing of the Pondo move ; that he would punish the actors in it, and would make satisfaction to the Xesibes for their losses by the Pondos. This intelligence was wired to the Government. The Pondo version of the affair was sent to Natal, and Sir G. Wolseley and Sir H. Bulwer wrote to the High Commissioner, protesting against any warlike move against Pondos, as their action was only a police affair, and could be adjusted without the arbitration of force. Our force was disbanded, and the Pondos made no satisfaction notwithstanding Umqikela's promise.

The Pondos for the information of Government made a statement of the cause and origin of this raid into the Xesibe country, throwing the whole blame on the Xesibes, whereas it was known for several days beforehand that they were preparing for the attack ; and two days before it, Mr. Read having been informed that a body of Pondos had crossed the Xesibe line, rode down to ascertain the truth of the statement, and in a parley with them was informed that the Pondos wanted the land, and during the parley two Pondos under cover of some trees fired upon Mr. Read. They stated that they would return in two days. The Pondos accordingly in five divisions turned out and attacked the Xesibes along the whole of the Pondo border with the result already stated, and this is what in Natal was called a matter of police, and Earl Kimberley, in writing to the Colonial Government on the subject says : " That these should be treated only as police matters, and that the Government will not allow these border disputes

to lead to serious hostilities with the Native tribes." Quite so, if the Pondos made reparation, but they did not.

I have had forty years' experience with natives in the Government service and have found that though truth is highly estimated in others, it is a commodity very commonly disregarded. I have always found that in tribal or national statements, where it is to the interest of parties to misrepresent, it is done without hesitation, but the misrepresentation always contains a foundation of truth, though highly coloured and distorted. It has been with the Pondos alone that I have found pure and unadulterated lies uttered from beginning to end in a public and national assembly; and for falsehood, duplicity, and mean shuffling, the Pondos bear the palm over all native tribes with whom I have had to do.

Maqoma who took the lead in the war of 1850, and who did more damage to us than all the chiefs together, may serve as an illustration. I once heard him ask Sir G. Cathcart, why he had been driven out of his country seeing he had not made war on the Colony. Sir George replied, "It is of no use to ask that question, Maqoma. I know what damage you inflicted on the Colony from the Waterkloof, and what trouble we had to drive you out." Maqoma quite unabashed and without hesitation replied, "I am not chief of the Gaikas. Sandile is chief; he made the war and he alone is responsible. When the war broke out, I went to hide in the Amatola; and the troops attacked me there. As I did not wish to fight, I fled to the Kat River; I was again pursued, and I went to hide in the Waterkloof; there again I was surrounded and attacked, and fought

only in self defence." Sir George replied that it was of no use to discuss the matter, as he was quite well aware of the active part Maqoma had taken in the war.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. J. J. Irvine of King William's Town has expressed his dissent from a good deal of what has been stated in this paper. He said that the Pondos had always the reputation of being a well-disposed, or duty and law abiding people, and it was only of late that we had heard of their giving us any trouble. He could not conceive that the habits and customs of the people could be changed in so short a time; and besides, the Western Pondos under Mqiliso still continued to give satisfaction, and to live peaceably and quietly, though they were the same people as the Eastern Pondos. Now it seemed very strange that this difference should subsist, between the same people, separated by the Umzimvubu river. As a proof of the honesty of the Pondos, when they first came into contact with Europeans, Mr. Irvine stated, that when the first missionary was travelling through the country, a rail from one of his chairs dropped from the waggon, when two Pondos finding it on the road, followed up the waggon and delivered the rail to the missionary, who, good soul, imagined this was a proof of the honesty of the Pondos. No doubt the missionary gave the Pondos two or three buttons or a string of beads for their trouble, and the Pondos would have

continued to bring chair rails, without limit, for the same reward.

Upon the whole Mr. Irvine considered that the Pundos had been harshly treated by us, and that Sir Bartle Frere had said "The Pundos must be crushed."

I replied that I had not propounded any theories, or endeavoured to prove any theory, but had simply stated facts. The state of matters in Eastern Pondoland was very easily accounted for. In late years the chief Umqikela had inflicted no punishment on his people for thefts from Bacas, Xesibes and other British subjects, and the worst that could befall a man, for stealing stock, was to restore the same to the owner. In almost all cases thieves were permitted to retain their stolen property. Under such circumstances, it was no wonder that matters were as they are, in Eastern Pondoland; in fact the cause for surprise was, that they were not very much worse. In Western Pondoland, on the contrary, the chief Mqiliso punished his people for thefts from British subjects, or from other Pundos, and made restitution to the owners of the stolen property. This checked stock thefts and there really was no reason to complain of the Pundos under Mqiliso.

The story about the chair rail was a very pretty and interesting one, but proved nothing. I could tell one of an opposite tendency, which happened the very last time I travelled along the border. While descending the Umnceba hill my driver dropped his cap, but being near the bottom of the hill, he did not stop to pick it up, but intended to unharness his horses, and then go back for his cap. On his way back he met two Pundos, who had just

passed the spot where he had dropped his cap. They denied having seen it. The driver on going to the spot and not finding his cap, went after the Pondos and charged them with having it in their possession. They denied it most strenuously, but as he insisted that no one else had passed it, and it could only be they that had it, they then admitted having it, but insisted on his paying a shilling, before they would give it up. I might have added that the chair rail incident did not prove honesty on the part of the Pondos, for in order to prove honesty it was necessary that there should be some temptation for dishonesty, but there was none whatever in the case of the chair rail, as it was of no use to the Pondos, and therefore there was no temptation to appropriate it to their own use.

But Mr. Irvine was not singular in endeavouring to establish an important theory on very slender foundations. When Sir George Cathcart was governor of this Colony he had a great idea of the nobleness of character of the barbarians, until they came into contact with civilization, when they became contaminated and lost their rectitude and uprightness. Upon several occasions I discussed the point with him, intimating that the natives of this country in their barbarous state, were about as bad as they could be. It was true that some of them in coming into contact with civilization, adopted its vices without accepting its virtues, but this was not so in every case. These conversations left each of us where we were at the beginning with our opinions unchanged, but it happened that after the conclusion of the war of 1853, I was travelling with Sir George

Cathcart and a large staff to the Windvogelberg, when one evening the subject of barbarian honesty again cropped up. On this occasion Sir George stated that three natives were arrested by Colonel Maclean on a charge of horse stealing, and were brought to trial before a court-martial. There was not, Sir George said, a tittle of evidence against the prisoners, but they disdained, even to save their lives, to tell a lie, and manfully pleaded guilty, throwing themselves upon the mercy of the court. Sir George imagined that he had now found a fact, in addition to those he might have had, sufficiently strong to clench the theory he had formed, of the honesty and truthfulness of the barbarians.

I replied that the men had been arrested by me, and not by Colonel Maclean; that they had originally been arrested on suspicion and had protected their innocence in the strongest terms, but eventually I discovered conclusive evidence against them, and on their being confronted with the witnesses, they considered it was aggravating their offence if they continued their denial, and so they admitted the theft of five horses.

Sir George looked at me with no friendly glance, and after I had finished, he said—"Are you aware, Sir, that Colonel Maclean says he arrested those prisoners? Are you aware, Sir, that they were brought before a court of officers, holding Her Majesty's commission, and what I have stated was reported by those officers acting under their oath?"

I replied that I was Colonel Maclean's subordinate, and that it often happened that a chief, in speaking of the action of his subordinate, said he himself did it. I further

stated that the officers of the court-martial had nothing to do with the evidence, because none was adduced before them. They only recorded what passed before them namely—the charge against the prisoners, and the prisoners admitting the offence. They knew nothing of the offence.

This little scene stopped all further conversation, and it was suggested that we should go outside to the camp fire—a suggestion which was carried out.

THE CATTLE-KILLING DELUSION.*

CHAPTER I.

THESE papers would be incomplete without an account of cattle-killing. The following are extracts from Mr. Chalmers' Life of the Rev. Tiyo Soga. No other record of that time has been preserved :

In March 1856, the most renowned of Kaffir seers arose, Mhlakaza by name, assisted by his daughter Nonqausa, a prophesying *medium* (Mr. Brownlee thinks she may have been a ventriloquist). He preached to the Kaffirs a new

* Contributed by Mrs. Brownlee. The paper is our abridgment of the account in the Life of Tiyo Soga, which was supplied by Mrs. Brownlee.

gospel, which was none other than a resurrection from the dead. She professed to have held converse with the spirits of the old Kaffir heroes—who had witnessed with sorrow the ruin of their race from the oppression of their conquerors; and as they would no longer be silent spectators of the wrongs and insults, it was their intention to come to the rescue and save their progeny from destruction. They would appear once more in the flesh among their people, but they would not do so unless the Kaffir nation would exterminate all cattle both great and small, with the exception of horses and dogs. All grain was to be thrown away, neither was there to be cultivation. The advent of the resurrection would be preceded by a frightful whirlwind which would sweep off all Kaffirs who refused to obey the orders of the spirits. At first the Kaffir nation was stunned. The sacrifice seemed too great. Tidings of the marvellous sights witnessed near Mhlakaza's village filled the country. The horns of oxen were said to be seen peeping from beneath the rushes which grew round a swampy pool near the village of the seer; and from a subterranean cave were heard the bellowing and knocking of the horns of cattle impatient to rise. Kreli declared he had seen a celebrated horse of Mhlakaza's long since dead but now alive. A child of the prophet had also come back from the dead. There were those who said they had actually seen the risen heroes emerge from the Indian Ocean, some on foot, some on horse-back, passing in silent parade before them, then sinking again among the tossings of the restless waves. Sometimes they were seen rushing through the air in the wild chase

as of old. Then again they were seen marshalled in battle array. The horrors to befall the unbelievers were enlarged upon. White men would be turned into frogs, mice, and ants.

One can imagine the effect of all this upon an intensely superstitious people.

The Gaika commissioner, Mr. Charles Brownlee, used every effort to arrest the progress of the mania. For months he was out among them reasoning, pleading, warning. He reminded them of the falsehood of their former prophets, who had brought war and death on the Kaffir race. To all their statements of the wonders that were to come to pass, he answered "Napakade" (never) and from this often repeated word he has ever since been called Napakade.

Mrs. Brownlee finishes the story of this delusion as follows:—The first thing I remember about the matter, was copying an official letter for my husband. He had been to Queenstown late at night. His clerk was away, superintending the construction of roads; I had often to assist in copying work. As I wrote, I wondered, and at last went to my husband, and said: "What is all this nonsense? Surely you are not going to send such a report to Government." "This is no foolish story," he replied," and if you read a little further, you will see that these people are beginning to destroy their property as ordered by the prophet. All this, I fear, is a deeply laid plot to bring about war. "And will they all kill their cattle do you think?" "I fear so," said he," and not only that, but they have been told also to empty their corn pits, as the

prophet promises that they will be miraculously filled. They have been told also not to cultivate. They will most likely obey in every respect, as there are threats of destruction to the unbelieving, and boundless prosperity to those who obey." "And then?" I said—"Then there will either be war or you will see men, women, and children dying like dogs about your door. We must prevent either contingency." I felt incredulous, but never was any prediction more literally fulfilled. The following letter is the one referred to, and it will give you a better idea of the state of matters at the time than I can :

Dohne,

June 28th, 1856.

COLONEL MACLEAN, CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

SIR—

I have the honour to report for your information that I have just received the following statement from two trustworthy sources. That it is currently believed and circulated in Kreli's country, that last moon a girl, the daughter of Mhlakaza, a councillor of Kreli saw some strange people and cattle at the mouth of the Gxara river; that she reported this to her father who went to see what they were. He was directed by these strangers to return to his kraal, to purify himself for three days, and on the fourth to offer an ox in sacrifice and then return to them. Mhlakaza, having complied with the directions of the strangers, returned on the fourth day, and saw a number of black people among whom he recognised his brother some years dead. He was told by these people that they had come from across the water; that they were the people—

the Russians—* who had been fighting against the English with whom they would wage perpetual warfare; that they had now come to aid the Kaffirs, but before anything could be done for them, they were to put away witchcraft, and as they would have abundance of cattle at the coming resurrection, those now in their possession were to be destroyed. Mhlakaza was then appointed as the only medium of communication with these people, and he has sent to the Kaffir chiefs to acquaint them with what he had seen. My informant states that this story is firmly believed among the Gcalekas, and one who has only returned to-day from Kreli's country informs me, that on arriving at the kraal of Qwabe, one of Buku's † sons, he found two oxen killed on the same day. On enquiring the cause from Qwabe, he was informed that it was done in compliance with the order given by Mhlakaza and that it was Qwabe's intention to continue killing his cattle. Qwabe further told my informant that Xoseni, Buku's chief son, who was then at Qwabe's kraal had sent directions that cattle should be sacrificed for all his wives who had small children, and that on his return home, he would kill cattle according to the order given by Mhlakaza. My informant was further told by Qwabe that Kreli had sent his brother Dema to make enquiries about the strange people; that Dema had gone to Mhlakaza who assured him

* They were very much surprised when told by Mr. Brownlee that the Russians were not black but white like the English.

† Buku was Kreli's uncle, second to Kreli in the tribe; Buku and his sons having direct control under Kreli of a large section of the Gcalekas.

of the truth of the report, but stating that at that time the strangers were absent on an expedition against the Colony. Xoxo a brother of Kreli is said also to be convinced of the truth of the report and is killing his cattle. Kreli's views on the matter are not known, but Mhlakaza's statements are generally believed by the Gcalekas who are slaughtering their cattle, encouraged by the example of Mhlakaza who is killing his cattle and who is looked upon very much as Mlanjeni was. Mhala's people, a branch of the Gaika tribe, from the Nahoon to the sea and from thence to the Kei are represented as being in a very unsettled state. They are said to have visited the prophet in great numbers and are killing their cattle.

What gives the case a more serious aspect is the fact that Kreli has within the last few days sent to inform Sandile that while you were across the Kei you demanded from him the Cape Corps deserters and six of the leaders of the rebel Hottentots, among whom you named William Uithalder and Rhenardus Paarl. This Kreli professes to believe to be seeking a cause of quarrel, and this misrepresentation of your demand for the delivery of the late deserters has been generally circulated among the Gaikas and Gcalekas. The effect of this report together with the belief in the statements of Mhlakaza has been to cause great excitement among the Gcalekas; under these circumstances we may expect to hear of violence and robbery committed on British subjects. The reports of April and May caused me no uneasiness; but these are of a more serious nature from the fact of their being received by so many chiefs and influential people. Evil-disposed

persons will perpetrate outrages though not authorized by the chiefs, and a collision may end in serious results. Should a collision be avoided the storm may soon blow over.

The utmost precaution will be necessary by travellers under present circumstances. I do not think any solitary or unprotected traveller is safe, and it would be well for traders and others who cross the Kei, to travel under the protection of some influential Kaffir. I cannot say that the sons of Buku and other chiefs really believe what they profess to believe. If not, it is evident they are only adding weight to the statements of Mhlakaza and are bent upon evil. If they are deceived, the imposture will soon be discovered and the discovery will work its own cure.

The chief cause of fear is, that acts of violence by private and unauthorized persons may bring on a crisis.

It would not be advisable on the part of Government to take any direct steps in putting down this state of things; any active measure would only tend to strengthen the influence of the evil-disposed.

All that I think necessary would be distinctly to intimate to the chiefs that we are aware of what is going on, and that so long as it is confined to words we would not interfere, but that the lives and property of British subjects must be protected and that we would be prepared to meet any aggressive movement on the part of the Kaffirs. I feel strongly persuaded that the murder of Mr. Rainer, the robbery and assault at the Gonubie, and the robbery at the Kobongo church mission station may be ascribed to the causes above assigned. I do not think it advisable to

use any haste or show of force in the settlement of these cases, but a decided message to the chiefs to whom these might be traced, and an assurance that they will not be passed over unpunished, may have the effect of putting a stop to further violence, and the cases may be effectually worked out when this excitement is somewhat abated or has passed over.

I have sent to the chiefs in my district to inform them of the late robbery and murder, and have directed them to be more vigilant than ever in suppressing crime, and to beware of the danger into which they may fall by listening to false reports. I have not thought it advisable yet to refer pointedly to the statements of Mhlakaza, and I am glad to say that up to this time they have not been favourably received by the Gaikas, who have not yet begun to slaughter their cattle. I will be among them and at Sandile's kraal for the most of next week, and will use every endeavour to counteract the false reports now so industriously circulated. With regard to Kreli's statement respecting your demand for the delivery of the rebel Hottentots, I have sent to Sandile to say that I have heard from yourself that you made no such demand, that the demand was simply for men who had deserted during peace, and who are known to be in Kreli's country, in just the same manner as Kreli and other chiefs have often sent to you and to me for the recovery of stolen horses and for the thieves, which had always been complied with when in our power, and that the statement that you had demanded the rebel leaders was either a mistake or a wilful misrepresentation. I have also sent to Kreli to give him the

same information. On the return of my messenger from Kreli, and on my ascertaining his temper and the state of affairs, I will with your consent, pay him a friendly visit.

I do not think it would be necessary for me to be the bearer of any message, but I could explain matters to him in a friendly manner, which would perhaps have a better effect than taking a direct communication either from His Excellency, or yourself. (Consent to this proposed friendly visit was not granted.)

Mr. Brownlee had to content himself with going among his own people. This he did week after week, coming home on Saturday to be off again on Monday. This he did to strengthen by his presence and advice those who resisted the delusion, and to hold back the timid and the wavering, among whom were Sandile, his turbulent half brother Dondas, and many others who waited on his word. Mr. Brownlee's object was if possible to prevent the Gaikas from obeying the prophet at all, and if this failed, to retard the destruction of cattle and so avert unity of action with the Gcalekas.

Sandile, his brother Anta, and one or two others of the Gaika chiefs were thus detached from the influence of Kreli, but the rest of the Gaikas and other tribes in British Kaffraria were destroying their cattle and corn. Wonderful reports were constantly in circulation. Armies were seen reviewing on the sea, others sailing in umbrellas; thousands of cattle were heard knocking their horns together and bellowing in caverns, impatient to rise, only waiting until all their fellows who still walked the earth were slain; dead men, years in the grave, had been seen,

who sent pathetic appeals to their kindred not to delay their coming back to life by refusing to obey the prophet. Cattle were then killed, feasting was the order of the day, but it was impossible to consume all. Dogs were gorged on fat beef, vultures were surfeited, whole carcasses were left to putrefy, the air became tainted with corruption. Alas! later on it was the carcasses of men and women, young men and maidens, children and infants, that strewed the wayside. Oh! the sadness of it all.

At the beginning of the delusion, Mr. Brownlee, foreseeing that a starving people would soon be on our hands, made arrangements for purchasing as much grain as could be obtained. Much was cast away. It was difficult to induce the deluded people to carry to market what they were wantonly destroying. He succeeded in purchasing for Government about 1000 bags of grain at about 5/ per bag. How deeply grateful we were in after days for this store, as corn during the famine rose to £2 and £3 per bag. Even at these prices it was difficult to get.

The chief Anta, half-brother to Sandile, made a firm stand against the delusion. Other leading men of the Gaikas also resisted it. Among these were Go, Old Soga, Nxowana, and Tyala. With the assistance of these five men Mr. Brownlee for months kept Sandile back. As long as they were by his side Sandile had courage, but whenever they left, he was surrounded by evil councillors among whom were his mother and his brother Dondas. They worked upon his feelings and fears, and generally succeeded in inducing him to kill some cattle.

His mother said—"It is all very well for you Sandile.

You have your wives and children, but I am solitary. I am longing to see my husband; you are keeping him from rising by your disobedience to the command of the spirits."

After the delusion had been at work for ten months, an order came from the prophetess that within eight days all cattle must be killed. It was a week of painful anxiety. I feared for my husband's life, as many of the evil-disposed were very bitter against him, and they believed it was his influence that kept Sandile from obeying the prophet.

The eighth day came on which the heaven and earth were to come together amid darkness, thunder, lightning, rain, and a mighty wind, by which the Amagogotya (unbelievers) together with the white man would be driven into the sea.

What preparations were made during those eight days! Cattle kraals and corn pits were enlarged and cleaned and huts re-thatched to resist the storm.

At the dawn of the great day a nation, many of whom had doubtless not slept, rose joyfully, decked themselves with paint, beads, and rings, to welcome their long lost friends. One of the saddest sights was that of an old woman wizened with age, and doubly wrinkled by starvation, decked out with brass rings jingling on her withered arms and legs. They had kept on their ornaments hoping against hope, till too weak to remove them. The sun rose and made the circuit of the heavens closely watched by expectant hosts in vain. He set in silent majesty in the west, leaving the usual darkness over the earth, and the black darkness of a bitter disappointment in the hearts of thousands.

The crafty prophet placed the whole blame of the failure on those Gaikas who had not killed their cattle.

Mr. Brownlee felt the crisis had passed, for those tribes who first destroyed their property were already hungry and dispirited. The back of the plot was broken, simultaneous action of the tribe had been thwarted, war was no longer imminent.

I should have mentioned that Mr Brownlee had removed Sandile from his own kraal to one a few miles from our residence, so as to have him among the well-disposed and away from evil councillors.

Soon after the disappointing eighth day, Mr. Brownlee visited Sandile, and found a change in his behaviour. Instead of being frank and communicative as heretofore, he was reserved and sullen.

Mr. Brownlee felt something was wrong. On being questioned, Sandile said he wanted to go back to his own place, his wives were not comfortable, the huts were cold and small. Mr. Brownlee's answer was: I cannot prevent your going, but if you take my advice you will remain where you are.

That night Sandile fled in the rain with his wives and children to his former abode, killed all his cattle, and ordered his tribe to do likewise. Mr. Brownlee found afterwards that the cause of Sandile's flight was a message he had received from Maqoma to the effect that he had seen Senya and Bazia, two councillors who had died seven years before, who had told him to send and warn Sandile to rise from the dust and save himself.

Several leading men in the tribe remained firm and dis-

obeyed Sandile's order. There was unrest and fierce dispute at almost every kraal between the Amagogotya and the Tambas, the latter trying to take the cattle of the former by force to destroy them.

I remember well that day. It was a quiet Sunday morning, crowds of natives flying past anxious to put the residency and military post between them and those who would destroy them. They had their herds with them, and as much grain as they could carry away; even the children had each their little bundle or sack of corn on their heads.

And now that the final step was taken, a dreadful pause ensued. All intercourse between the two sets of people ceased, the believers being afraid of mixing with the unbelievers and exposing themselves to being swept into the sea. Those who had destroyed their property, sat at their villages with the silence of a desperate hope, waiting the fulfilment of the prophecy. Every morning the kraals and corn-pits were eagerly inspected, and hope sickened, but was not quenched. The moon was anxiously watched by night and the sun by day by hunger-stricken hosts. The bones they had cast away in the days of feasting were gathered and gnawed. Women and children wandered through the fields to dig for roots. So extensively was this done that riding through the grass was unsafe, so many holes were there.

One would have thought all hope would now be extinguished, but still they clung to it. Messengers were sent to tell them that they would obtain food at farms and towns, but it was not till many deaths had taken

place that they began to move. By this delay they were so reduced that many died by the way. One poor old man was found dead with his head over-hanging his corn pit. He had gone with his last breath to look if it had not yet been filled, and falling, never rose again. Those who reached us were most pitiable figures, breathing skeletons, with hollow eyes and parched lips. The innocent children looked like old men and women in miniature, some only a few days old. Oh! the pity, the heart-breaking grief, the sad horror of it all. Day after day, day after day, as these spectres came in crowds and crawled along, one might have imagined that the prophet's prediction had come to pass, and that the dead had indeed risen from their graves. I shall never forget the first corpse I saw. It was that of an old woman who had come within a few yards of our house and dropped down in sight of help. It made one's blood run cold that a fellow-creature should thus die. How common that sight became.

Burying parties had to be organized, and besides this Government gave a half-crown to any one who finding a body buried it. One day eight corpses were carried out from our premises. The same day eighteen out of a party of thirty-six on their way to King William's Town died, a very great many across the Cumakala Stream. My brother was sitting on a boulder noting the number of the dead. He had counted these, and looking down he saw the corpse of a little child lying at his feet in the long grass. What a tale of suffering that little one could have told of its wandering in the rain, crying for food, no mother to supply its need, or with gentle hand to close its eyes in death.

All that day my brother superintended the burial of the dead. One girl was being carried to a hastily dug grave when he discovered that life was not quite extinct, her pulse beating feebly. He had her carried to our house, remedies were applied; she revived and lived to go to the Colony. The recollection of that fearful time after the lapse of well nigh twenty years makes me sick. The first sound in the morning and the last at night was the pitiful endless cry for food. Among the dying multitude there were the deformed, the maimed and those afflicted with dire diseases, such as I had never seen before.

We had instructions to get on account of Government whatever was required. Corn and meat were daily distributed to all comers; soup, sago, etc. were prepared for the sick and little ones. Hundreds came too late only to get one meal and die; others were too far gone to relish the daintiest fare; others again were so voracious that they went about picking up anything and everything, so bringing on disease after they had been rescued from famine. Hunger made them exceedingly selfish. Mothers snatched bread from their children, the strong taking the portion of the helpless, unless they were watched. Private charity was largely exercised everywhere; soup kitchens were established in various towns, and willing workers were ready to lend a helping hand. The black man found that the white man had a kind heart. One lady near us took three children, one of them an infant a few days old. It was charming to see this lady's little daughters nursing and fondling the small dark object. The little black baby and its pretty English nurses are now in heaven.

I might multiply incidents of this sad weary time. Mr. Brownlee estimates that 30,000 Kaffirs entered the colony and obtained work, about 20,000 died and at least 150,000 cattle were killed.

On the 20th October 1857, Mr. Brownlee writes :—From the Butterworth drift to the Thomas River all the country for fifteen miles on either side of the Kei is now uninhabited, with the exception of a kraal here and there containing a few individuals who cannot long continue to drag out the miserable existence they now lead. My tour on the Kei was shortened by the failure of provisions caused by sharing with the people I found by the way.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Mr. Kropf (now D.D.) of Berlin, does not say one word too much in praise of Mrs. Brownlee.

The Colony owes very much to the position which she took up in this cattle killing movement. In the life of Tiyo Soga, page 125,* my first Report dated 28th June, 1856, will be found to be in Mrs. Brownlee's handwriting (from page 107 to 111), and by reference to my letter-book of the period, also to the records of the Kaffrarian Govern-

* "If any one in those days was the good Samaritan and fulfilled to the letter the language of Mat. 6, 25-35, it was the wife of the Gaika Commissioner, who did everything in her power, until her own health at last failed, for these poor starvelings, who were reaping the fruits of their own infatuation."—See *Tiyo Soga* p. 125.

ment, it will be found that many of my Reports, much longer than the one referred to, are in her handwriting. During the twelve months that I was constantly travelling about amongst the people, to counteract the cattle killing delusion, Mrs. Brownlee never complained of loneliness, neither did she express any misgivings about me, or state that the anxiety and suspense she was suffering were undermining her constitution, but encouraged me to proceed in the work in which I was engaged ; and when matters came to a crisis, when the Kaffirs were wrought up to the highest pitch of fanaticism, she never even suggested that it would be unsafe for me to go out, and that I had better remain at home, though she felt it as well as I did. And many a time when I took leave of my wife and two little boys, I felt that the probabilities were that I would never return. And even when the crisis was past and the danger was over, my wife had no rest, for she had, day and night, as stated by Dr. Kropf, to attend the helpless and dying, and this continued for several months, the result being that her health was entirely destroyed. Until this day, she has never enjoyed good health again.

I will not, I think, be deemed egotistical, if I claim to have succeeded in detaching the Gaikas from the delusion ; at least until such time as their joining it could no longer be of any consequence to us, and this success I must attribute to the noble and heroic conduct of my wife, who encouraged me in the path of duty though surrounded by danger.

The Fingoes, soon after the prediction was made, sent a deputation to the prophet, and were told that there was

no message to them ; they, therefore, were like the white men left out in the cold, and were to be swept away at the last day.

In a matter of such great importance as this revelation, which was opposed to all doctrines and theories of the Kaffirs, it would in the ordinary course, in coming to the knowledge of the chief, be made a subject for a tribal meeting and discussion, or the magicians would be consulted to hear their views in regard to it, but in this case instead of following the constitutional course, Kreli went headlong into the thing and insisted on all killing their cattle, refusing to listen to the advice of his uncle Buku, and his chief councillor Gxabagxaba.

At times the delusion flagged and very little was done in the destruction of cattle, but Kreli always revived it, and stirred up the dying enthusiasm of the people, and sent messengers round to the various chiefs to order them to destroy their cattle.

From the beginning I had urged upon the Government the necessity of avoiding a possible collision,* and that we should wait our time, in dealing with the matter, to punish those who had taken a leading part in the movement ; but Colonel Maclean, like the dashing soldier that he was, thought it better to take the bull by the horns, and put a stop to the thing at once. He therefore sent to Kreli to say that he must put a stop to the cattle killing, and if he did not do so, he would send a force across the Kei to compel him to do so.

* See letter from to Col. Maclean, of Aug. 1856, appended.

This appeared to be exactly what Kreli wanted, for he gathered, immediately afterwards, a large meeting of his tribe; told them of the message he had received from Col. Maclean, and said this was only seeking an occasion for war; that the Colonial Government had no right to interfere with his affairs, and that he might kill his cattle, or do what he liked without any reference to the Government; but if the Colonial Government sent troops across the Kei, they would find that he had dogs which could bite, and that it would not be as it had been in previous wars, where men, instead of fighting, ran about looking after their cattle, for everyone would fight now.

This was the closest and only approach to showing that it was a *plot* to kill the cattle, still the action taken by Kreli, Umhala, Maqoma, and some other leading chiefs—clever, astute men—would lead to the conclusion that there was actually a plot; but naturally, the plot having failed those concerned in it would not be inclined to admit it, but would assert, as they have done, that they killed their cattle, in the full belief that the predictions of the prophet would be fulfilled.

A good deal has been written and said about the cattle killing delusion of 1856 and 1857, and almost all who have written on the subject concur in believing that it was a deep plot to enable the chiefs to force their people on the Colony, in a state of desperation. I, like others, was quite of this view while the thing was being enacted, but since then, and after thirty years, I do not feel quite so certain that there was this plot. Had there been a plot it must have been known to at least eight or ten persons,

and already the lips of most of those who took a leading part in it have been sealed in death.

No one, who took an active part in the cattle killing, except Umhlakaza, has admitted that there was a plot. All assert that the cattle killing was made in a full belief in the predictions of Umhlakaza; but it was said that when Umhlakaza was dying, he accused Kveli of having led him to make these predictions, with a view to the destruction of the white men. This however has not been sufficiently substantiated, so as to enable me to come to the conclusion that there was a plot. It seems hardly likely that a matter which must have been known to so many persons could after thirty years be still buried in mystery. Thus therefore there is a little doubt on the preconceived opinion of the cattle killing and the intention on the part of Kveli to drive his people to the destruction of their cattle and thus to force them on the Colony.

On the other hand, it may be said that the predictions all along contained a plain though indirect prediction of destruction to the white man. In the first instance, it was said that the spirits were fighting against the English across the sea,—that was during the Crimean war,—and after they had finished the English there, they would come and finish the English in this country. Shortly after the beginning of the prediction, a boat, sent by a man-of-war to the Kei mouth, was upset; the gold-laced cap, and some other things belonging to the officer and crew of the boat, were washed ashore, and these were exhibited from place to place, showing that the spirits had already destroyed some of the English.

CHAPTER III.

After having reported to the Government, I considered it of the most vital importance to disconcert the arrangements of Kreli and the other chiefs in reference to the cattle-killing. I sent for Maqoma, the second chief in rank among the Gaikas, and told him that he had now an opportunity of gaining what he had long desired—a high position among the Gaikas—and that Kreli had sent word to the Gaikas and other tribes to destroy their cattle. The Government had prohibited its subjects from doing so. If Sandile and other chiefs went into the movement and obeyed Kreli's order while Maqoma stood out on the side of the Government, he would be rewarded, and would obtain a position in the tribe corresponding to the service he might render. He would thus obtain legally and through the Government, what he had long been seeking. Maqoma replied that whatever he might do would be of no avail, as Sandile was the principal chief and would do what he thought fit in spite of him.

I replied that as second in rank, Maqoma had a right to appear in the Council, and be heard on any matter affecting the tribe generally; and I felt sure that if he raised his voice against this cattle-killing delusion, many would be induced to follow him. The interview with Maqoma was very unsatisfactory, and when he left, I felt he would throw his weight and influence into the cattle-killing movement; rather counting upon promotion from Kreli, for seconding his efforts than from us for opposing Kreli.

After Maqoma's departure I sent for Sandile. I reminded him that during his minority Maqoma as joint chief with his mother had endeavoured to undermine his authority, and that on the illness of Tyali, their half brother, Maqoma had called a great witch-dance to which he brought Umdlankomo, a celebrated Fingo witch-doctor, at which Sandile's mother Sutu, was accused of bewitching * Tyala. I also reminded Sandile that at the close of the war of 1853, in an interview with Sir George Cathcart, Maqoma had thrown the whole blame of the war of that year on Sandile, whereas Sandile was inclined to submit to Sir Harry Smith, but Maqoma, urged him to resist. I told Sandile he must beware of Maqoma who would endeavour to lead him into trouble, and then abandon him to his fate, with the view of obtaining what he had long desired, viz :—Sandile's position in the tribe.

Shortly after this interview, Sandile came back and told me that Maqoma had sent one of his (Sandile's) councillors

* In order to make this affair clear it may be stated that this witch-doctor no doubt at the instigation of Maqoma accused Sutu of having bewitched Tyala by a packet of sugar which she presented to him in King William's Town. Sutu admitted having presented Tyala with this packet of sugar, but denied any witch-craft. The assembled multitude at the dance considered the case clearly proved, and waited to see what steps would be taken against Sutu for having bewitched this popular chief. Sandile (who a short time previous to this occurrence had attained his majority) was still quite a lad and said that nobody should touch his mother. He ordered her son-in-law to take her home and treat her kindly, as she had always been treated before. The chief Tyala died, and Sandile went home, but made no change in his conduct to his mother. But the evil had been done. Sutu was believed to be guilty of a dreadful crime, and Sandile an accomplice in not having punished her, or sent her to Tembuland whence she originally came.

named Dlinca to ask whether he was the chief or not, and why he was permitting people to disobey the order sent by Kreli, to kill their cattle. Why, Maqoma asked, had he not assumed the position as chief and compelled the people to obey the orders of their paramount chief? Why did he not put to death Nxokwana, Tyala, Neku, and other headmen who opposed the cattle-killing? I said to Sandile that this proved exactly what I had told him. Maqoma wished him to commit himself, and if he put to death Tyala or any of the other headmen, he would be arrested as a murderer and executed; Maqoma no doubt thinking that if Sandile followed his advice he would be able to manage things in his own way. I told Sandile that he might direct Dlinca to tell Maqoma that Kona, Maqoma's son, and Tolwana, his brother-in-law, who lived near to him had not killed their cattle, and if those who refused to do this were to be put to death, Maqoma must begin by putting these men to death. This established a suspicion between the two chiefs, and no other messages passed between them for many months. But Maqoma after all proved too crafty for us, as will be presently shown. In the meanwhile I had formed an organisation of many of the leading men in my district to oppose this order of Kreli's with all their might, and to carry out my plans I was constantly among them, to encourage them and prevent as far as possible the destruction of cattle by those who were inclined to fall into the delusion. The order from the prophet was that people should kill their cattle, and at a certain time those that had not been killed would be swept away. Afterwards, the order was that all cattle should be killed.

Sandile was in constant communication with me on these matters. He had gone into the movement at the beginning and had killed a portion of his cattle. He had received messages from Kreli telling him how matters were progressing, and also of the second order that all cattle must be killed. This rather perplexed him, and he sought my advice on the matter. I advised him to tell Kreli that he had already complied with the order by killing a portion of his cattle; and if the rest were to be swept away he would abide the result; that he did not understand how conflicting orders should be given out by the spirits of their ancestors. Further that he considered himself and those who had killed a portion of their cattle perfectly safe. In the meanwhile Kreli was using every effort to induce a general destruction of cattle among the various tribes. On the colonial side of the Kei Maqoma and Umhala supported Kreli most energetically, and the tribes of these two chiefs had, with a few exceptions, destroyed all their cattle, and there were very few left in Gcalekaland. People were beginning to starve. In order that I might see Sandile very frequently I directed him to move to the village opposite the present site of Waterford on the Kabusie.

On a cold and drizzly winter's day, I went to see him. Immediately on my arrival I saw that something was wrong, for instead of the friendly reception I had hitherto invariably met with, all was silence as if some great calamity had come over the people. I asked Sandile what was wrong; and he replied that his mother and his wives would no longer stay at the village, and were determined to

return home because the huts they occupied were uncomfortable and small, and there was a scarcity of firewood. I told Sandile that I would not absolutely prohibit his leaving, but if he left it would be very much against my wish. I would, however, see him in the morning when we could arrange what was to be done. I then returned to Stutterheim.

On the following morning, according to arrangement, I set out for Sandile's kraal and found it deserted. On proceeding a little farther I ascertained that immediately after I left on the previous evening, Sandile decamped, having gone to his old location on the lower Kabusie. I followed and when within two or three miles of the place met a man named Sakela who was a great favourite of Sandile. He told me that all who were opposed to the cattle killing had been expelled from Sandile's kraal, and that the chief and such of the Gaikas as had gone into the delusion, were destroying their cattle. On arriving at the kraal I found between four and five hundred people assembled, all armed, under the leadership of Umlunguzi and Baba, two councillors. I was received in solemn silence and scarcely saluted. On the hill just above Sandile's village, Tyala and his party were assembled and joined me immediately on my arrival, taking up their position about twenty paces from Umlunguzi and Baba's party.

After I had spoken to Sandile, reproaching him for having brought this trouble upon his country against my advice, Soga arose and pointing to Umlunguzi and Baba said :—"There are the men who have brought this trouble into the country. Sandile is not to blame; he has been misled by them."

Tyala then, in a stentorian voice shouted: "No! Soga, you are wrong. There is the offender (pointing to Sandile.) Put the rope round his neck. He is no longer a child to be led by Baba and Umlunguzi. He is responsible for the troubles which are over the land."

At this Umlunguzi jumped up and approached brandishing his assegai, exclaiming, "Traitor! Dare you accuse our chief in our hearing?" Tyala replied: "Yes, I do! and I repeat that he is the guilty person."

As the two men were about to fall upon one another, I rushed between them; took Tyala by the arm and told him to sit down, as he had nothing to do that day; that I had only a few more words to say and the meeting would be ended. Turning to Baba and Umlunguzi I said: "This is your work. How have you discharged the trust committed to you by Sandile's father, who left Sandile an infant in your care, directing you never to go against the Government? You have thrice led him into war, and now you have brought destruction upon the Gaikas. Have you fulfilled the trust laid upon you by the dying chieftain, Sandile's father? I have done. I came to save Sandile, and those who had gone into the cattle-killing movement. I have failed. Your counsels have prevailed against mine. You have led Sandile into trouble. I leave you to get him out of it as best you can. I can do nothing more for him." Baba then arose and said: "Why do you trouble with us? You tell us that hunger will destroy us—we will see,—and if it does it will be your testimony against us. Leave us alone and do not trouble any more with us." I replied: "Baba, I will record your words in my book, and the day

will come when I shall remind you of them. It is not for you that I now feel, but for the helpless women and children, who in a few days will be starving all over the country." At this point my feelings were too strong for me, and I sat down and covered my face with my hands and wept. This greatly encouraged those who were killing their cattle, as they considered that I saw destruction before me and therefore wept. On recovering myself, I said:—

"I now leave you Sandile with those whose advice you have taken in preference to mine. The duty devolving upon me is now to protect those who have listened to me, and resisted the cattle-killing movement. And should any of you who have destroyed all your own cattle attempt to steal from those who have preserved theirs, you will see that I shall pursue you to the utmost, and the liability which you will incur by theft of cattle will descend upon your children." *

I then left Sandile with his evil councillors and returned home.

A few days after this meeting, some of those who had killed their cattle, feeling the pangs of hunger, made an attack on the village of a headman named Pitzi, but were beaten off, Pitzi, however, being killed in the attack.

Upon this Tyala, Soga, and other leading headmen in the neighbourhood, moved with their cattle to the Kabusie a short distance above the present district of Stutterheim. Others fled for security to the Location of Anta, a chief who had not killed his cattle. I reported the arrival of

* This was native law at the time.

Tyala and the others to Colonel Maclean, Chief Commissioner, but to my astonishment I received an order to move them back again into the Gaika district, as it had been declared by Sir George Cathcart in 1853 that no Gaika should ever be permitted to cross the great northern road; and this movement, I was told, was an infringement of the Governor's positive order.

I wrote back to say that these men had committed themselves with their countrymen; that there would be no security for them at their homes; that all I asked was permission for them to remain behind the Stutterheim post for a short time and as soon as matters were a little settled in the Gaika country they would return.

I received another letter to the effect that this might only be part of the great plot the Kaffirs had been carrying out in the cattle-killing movement, and that the people must be removed back to their old locations.

In the meanwhile parties of highway robbers were infesting the country, taking oxen from waggons in broad day-light, carrying them off to the fastnesses of the Kei and there killing them.

About the time of the attack upon Pitzi's location, Tyala and some others of the leading men brought Sandile to my office. They begged that I would not cast him off, but that I would continue his Government subsidy of £8 per month, otherwise he would starve. Sandile, himself, was exceedingly humble.

He said he had destroyed himself and his people: that there was now no hope for him except through the Government; and he was willing to serve as a policeman if the

Government would pardon his offence and continue his subsidy. He further went on to say that before my last visit to him on the Kabusie, he had just received a message from Maqoma, conveyed through his son Namba to the effect that on the previous night Senga and Raziya, two of Sandile's father's councillors, who had been dead for some years, had appeared to him saying they had been sent by the spirits to Maqoma, to go and warn the child (Sandile) to rise out of the dust, and flee for his life, and return to his home, and destroy the remainder of his cattle for the predictions were now about to be accomplished; that the spirits had already been greatly displeased with him for having by his trifling and hesitation delayed the resurrection; and that if he wished to save himself, he must now comply with the orders. This, Sandile said, was what caused the sudden flight from the Kabusie, and induced him to destroy the remainder of his cattle, and that matters appeared to be so serious when I was at the Kabusie that he feared to tell me of Maqoma's message. Sandile, poor fellow, probably thought it was all up with me and those who had opposed the cattle killing movement, and that that night or the next would hurl us to destruction. Maqoma had played a desperate game. He had lost, and was determined not to go alone into destruction. Hence the message to Sandile.

I told Sandile that he had committed no overt act. He had taken nobody's cattle, and had induced nobody to kill. He was therefore very different from many of those who had not only killed their own cattle, but insisted on other people doing the same. I could not, however, on my own

responsibility promise an amnesty for the past, for it had been decided that all who killed their cattle should forfeit their Government subsidy, but I would take Sandile to Fort Murray to see Colonel Maclean, the chief Commissioner, to whom he could represent his own case.

The chief commissioner received us very kindly, and promised that in case of future good conduct Sandile's subsidy would not be taken from him.

Meanwhile my end had been gained in reference to Tyala and his party. Communication between Colonel Maclean and myself on the subject had gone on for about six weeks, when I received a letter asking why I had not removed the people, and ordering me at once to do so. Fortunately a few days before this I had sent for the people and told them that as we had now driven the robbers out of the country, as rain had fallen, and as it was time for sowing, they should now return to their own location.

This, of course, they considered quite right, and moved accordingly; but they never knew that an order to drive them from their asylum had been sent to me.

CHAPTER IV.

After Maqoma had sent this message (the message to Sandile recorded in the account of the cattle killing) to Sandile, he himself got into trouble. Some of his people had stolen some cattle from the people of Izeli. The cattle were traced past the kraal of a petty chief named Vusani, who had refused to destroy his own cattle, and he told the Fingoes where their cattle were. On proceeding to the place and endeavouring to arrest the thieves one of them was killed. On the matter being reported to Maqoma, he professed to be in a great rage with Vusani as being the cause of the death of one of his people, and at once sent off a party to arrest him and to take away his property. Vusani was killed in the encounter and his cattle and gun were brought to Maqoma, who kept the gun and a portion of the cattle, giving the remainder to his followers. For this outrage Maqoma was arrested, tried, and sentenced to banishment for life. After six or eight years Maqoma was liberated on the understanding that if he misbehaved himself again, the sentence of banishment, which was then suspended, would be carried out.

Maqoma had not long returned to Kaffraria when he began to agitate amongst the Gaikas, saying that the Governor had given him back his country, for he told him to return home to his people. But Maqoma said his country was what he occupied previous to 1846 at the Kat River, in the neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort, whither he invited the Kaffirs to accompany him and to occupy it.

The Rev. Mr. Chalmers in one of his itinerating tours found Oba's tribe packing up, as if preparing for a long journey, and prepared to follow Maqoma. Upon being told by Mr. Chalmers that there was no truth in Maqoma's statement, the people remained at home, otherwise they would have gone into the Colony and great trouble would have ensued.

Maqoma having gone to the neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort, with the view of settling, was arrested and sent back to King William's Town. He was then told his offence would be overlooked this time, but if he attempted it again he would be arrested and sent back to Robben Island. The old man however had become quite reckless, and soon after made another expedition to Fort Beaufort. This time he endeavoured to obtain the lease of a farm, whereon to settle with his people. He was again arrested and sent to Robben Island, but was eventually liberated, shortly after which he died.

CHAPTER V.

As a rule in famine the poorer classes are those who suffer most, but in this case there was no difference between highest and lowest. Buku, Kreli's uncle, and second in rank to him in the Gcaleka tribe, after opposing the cattle-killing movement, died of starvation with his favourite wife in the hut of the latter. The rest of his wives and children were scattered about the country, and many of them died. Three grand-uncles of Sandile, and cousins

of Buku, men advanced in years but well and hearty, who, humanly speaking, might have lived eight or ten years longer, also died of starvation. Amongst those who died was a petty chief named Qola. He, along with others, came to me at Dohne for relief. After being there for eight or ten days I told him he must leave in the morning with a draft I was sending for service in the Colony. He replied he was a chief, and had never been in service; that if he went to service he might be beaten, and he would rather die of starvation than go into service and be beaten. I told him I would write to the Magistrate to whom the party were sent, to try and get a good master for him, who would employ him in herding cattle and sheep, and in this way he would have an easy time of it. He proposed to enter my service and offered to do everything for me without remuneration. He said he knew I would treat him kindly, and as I was a chief, there was no disgrace in entering my service.

In the morning the draft was sent off but Qola was nowhere to be found, and no one knew what had become of him, until four days afterwards when he re-appeared at Dohne, weak and emaciated as he had been when he first came there. He informed me that he had been to his home to see whether the corn-pits had been filled. After he had been fed eight or ten days, and as he was strong enough to travel, I again told him he would have to leave in the morning for service in the Colony. In the morning Qola was again missing. I thought he would return in a day or two, but ten or twelve days passed without any sign of him. One day as I was riding out I saw an object by

the road-side, and upon examination, found it to be the body of Qola, rolled up in his blanket with his face covered. The poor fellow, it appeared, had gone home again, and stayed too long. When within three miles of my station his strength failed him, and he lay down by the road-side and died.

Another death worthy of note was that of Gxabagxaba, Kreli's chief councillor. This man opposed the order for the cattle-killing most strenuously, and through the high regard in which he was held by the tribe for his wisdom and integrity, his opposing the design would likely have thwarted the whole movement whatever its aim may have been.

Kreli sent to him and ordered him at once to begin destroying his cattle, as the order from the spirits was most peremptory, and Gxabagxaba was not to set a bad example to the people, by disobeying the order. The old man, in reply to his chief, said that the wealth and cattle which he possessed, were obtained from Kreli and his father, Hintsä, but as they were now determined to deprive him of all he had, he could do nothing but yield. He would kill his cattle in compliance with the order of his chief, and not because he believed in the announcement made by the prophets.

The cattle-killing then commenced, and continued till all the large flocks of the old man were destroyed, and he himself was bereft of reason in consequence. His sons took him to St. Mark's Mission and placed him under the care of the Ven. Archdeacon Waters, where he died soon after, a raving maniac.

About forty years previous to this, Kreli, then a boy of eight or nine years of age, was weak, mentally and physically. The magicians and wise men were consulted as to what should be done to give him strength of mind and vigour of body. A great many suggestions were made and adopted without avail. Finally it was decided by the magicians that a man, most famous for bravery and wisdom among the Gcalekas, should be selected and put to death, and his skull used as a basin to contain the charms, with which the boy was to be washed, in order that the vigour and wisdom which had existed in that skull might be transferred to him. After considerable deliberation the choice fell upon Gxabagxaba, but as he did not approve of the plan, and probably did not believe in its efficacy, he fled across the Kei and took up his abode at the Gulungi, near to the present site of the Mission station of Wartburg.

In the course of a few years Kreli grew out of his weakness, and mentally as well as physically became all that his father and the Gcalekas could desire. It was therefore considered no longer necessary to use Gxabagxaba's skull as a basin to strengthen the weakling, and it was arranged that an influential deputation should be sent to bring home Gxabagxaba. He was again received into high favour, in which he continued during the whole of Hintsä's lifetime, as well as during that of Kreli, until the time of his death as already described.

In the work recently published by Mr. Moodie, at pages sixty-one and sixty-two, he quotes from General Bisset's work, "Sport and War," a most disgusting process with

the human skull. This process I may state was simply imaginary. Skulls when used at all, were used in the way proposed in Gxabagxaba's case, and served as basins for holding charms, to strengthen individuals or to charm an army.

HOW SCARES CAME ABOUT.

About 1862 or 1863, the Government had a proposal to take away the certificates of citizenship granted to the Fingoes and grant new ones, with different conditions. The Fingoes very strongly objected to the proposed change and expressed a determination not to submit to it. At Fort Beaufort the Fingo chief *Zazela* spoke very strongly against the measure, but the magistrate, being a determined and decided man, fixed a time for *Zazela* and his clan to appear before him and surrender the old certificates, and receive the new, but *Zazela* did not appear. Exciting rumours were at once set afloat as to the course contemplated by the Fingoes, who, it was said, were determined to go to war with the Government; that they had been having friendly communications with the Kaffirs, and that *Zazela* was ready to send away his cattle to Kaffirland.

The same reports were circulated in regard to Fingo locations in the Peddie district and others, and altogether the European inhabitants of the frontier were thrown into

considerable alarm. The smallest incidents, which otherwise would not have been taken any notice of, were magnified into affairs of the greatest importance. At one farm between Peddie and Fort Beaufort the native sheep shearers having taken too much "Cape Smoke," were hacking and cutting the sheep in a fearful manner. The master remonstrated with the shearers, when one of them jumped up, and brandishing the shears over his head, said that if the master did not take care, that would be the way he would be served himself. The old saw "*In vino veritas*," was at once applied, and the conclusion arrived at was, that the man, under the influence of liquor, had revealed more of the plans of the natives than he would otherwise have done. The owner of the farm, as soon as the shearing was finished, moved to a place of safety, and so did his neighbours.

In consequence of the great objection the Fingoes had to the change, the Government abandoned their original design, and all excitement among the Fingoes disappeared, but evil-disposed persons continued to circulate reports which kept the country in a ferment.

The Kaffirs meanwhile were looking on most eagerly, and longing for the Fingoes to make a move against the Colony, in order that they might pounce upon them and clear off old scores. This the Fingoes knew quite well, and nothing would have induced them to take up arms against the Government, even though the surrender of their arms had been made compulsory.

I was not in the habit of employing detectives; I generally got my information in a much more satisfactory

manner, but upon this occasion, I employed a great rascal named Cekwana to get information for me among the Fingoes. I told him what was reported about Zazela and his people, and that I wanted to obtain the truth regarding their intentions. He told me that there were some Fingoes, who formerly belonged to his father, living between Fort Beaufort and Alice, and that from them he would obtain every information.

In the course of a few days Cekwana returned and brought me a well connected and complete statement of all the Fingoes intended to do. It was so detailed and circumstantial, that I saw at once it was all a fabrication, and said so to my informant. This then further convinced me that there was nothing to be apprehended from the Fingoes.

About this time my wife had been suffering seriously from ill health and a change was indispensable for her, and I arranged for her to go down to East London. I applied for leave to the Hon. Mr. Graham who was then acting as Lieutenant-Governor of British Kaffraria, in succession to Colonel Maclean, but as Mr. Graham was new to the frontier, and did not understand much of native matters he was infected with the scare which was then prevailing. He considered that it was necessary that I should be at my post during the time of danger. I assured him there was no danger at all; that I had made arrangements with my leading men to watch the course of events very closely, and if anything happened, it was to be reported to me by sending an express at once to East London. Mr. Graham at last reluctantly consented

to let me go on condition that I should return on the shortest notice.

After being down at East London about a week, Mr. Graham sent down asking me to return immediately to my post. On my way up I called on Mr. Graham in King William's Town, but could ascertain nothing from what he told me, necessitating any alarm. On arriving at my station at Tembani, I called on the late Mr. J. J. Irvine, who was then trading there, and asked him if there were anything new. I at once perceived from the expression of his countenance, that there was something seriously wrong. He told me that he had very serious news to give me; that the Kaffirs were determined to go to war against the Government; and that Qotyana the head of my police was in league with them; that a few days since Dondas, brother of Sandile, had been to the shop, and while sitting outside in conversation with Qotyana, Mr. Irvine's little brother, Thomas, had overheard their conversation; that Qotyana had said to Dondas, that though he was in the service of Government, Dondas was his chief, and that he must stand by Dondas, rather than by the Government, in case of war. Perceiving that the little boy was listening to them, they changed their conversation, and in speaking of cattle they called them tails, so that the boy might not understand what they were talking about. Qotyana spoke of police going about the country and people talking of them, and he said a good deal more, in this disguised way, which the little boy could not understand.

I told Mr. Irvine that he might make himself perfectly

easy; that the conversation between Qotyana and Dondas had reference to a case against Dondas, which I had left with Qotyana to carry out. No doubt it would be reported to me in the morning. Next morning on going to my office, I found Qotyana there together with my four headmen, Neku, Go, Vutu and Xokwana. Qotyana reported that he had had a good deal of difficulty with Dondas, in settling the case which I had left in his hands; that Dondas at first appeared disposed not to comply with my judgment, and that he (Qotyana) told him that there was now an, "Umsila" * "a tail" appointed by the magistrate to carry out the case, and that although Dondas was his chief, they were both under the Government, and he must do his duty against Dondas, and if he refused to pay he would be punished for his disobedience. He knew that when the tail was sent out by the chief and was disregarded the punishment was very much more severe than it would otherwise have been. So he advised Dondas at once to comply with the order, which Dondas accordingly did and then the case was satisfactorily settled.

The headmen informed me that matters were all very quiet, and that the Kaffirs were very much disappointed that the Fingoes had not made a rising, in order that they might have made short work with them.

When Mr. Irvine had mentioned the matter of Qotyana to me, he said he was really anxious about the case, but

* Umsila, a tail. The emblem of authority, carried by any person commissioned by a chief, with the execution of any duty, such as levying a fine, was an assegai, the shaft of which was covered with the skin of a tiger's tail.

had mentioned it to nobody till he had seen me, as he was afraid he might have caused unnecessary alarm ; and no doubt if Mr. Irvine had not exercised this discretion, very great harm would have been done. This ended the scare, and since then no scare of any consequence has taken place on the frontier.



PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS
OF
THE KAFFIRS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS, WRITTEN IN 1867.

CHAPTER I.

IN attempting to furnish such information as would enable those not personally acquainted with the Kaffir race to form definite conceptions of their present state and future prospects, I have found it necessary to cast a brief retrospective glance at the past history of the Kaffir tribes on our immediate border, in order that by a comparison of their past with their present condition it may be seen what progress has already been attained and what are the prospects of still further progress in the future ; and in doing so I have been unable to confine my remarks to those under my immediate charge, namely, the Gaika tribe, from the fact that they have sprung from the same stock as the other border tribes, and that for the last two hundred years the history of all has been inseparably intertwined.

The Gaikas are subdivided into the tribes of Anta, Gonyama, Maqoma, Feni, and Xoxo, over whom Sandile is

paramount. Besides these, the remnants of the tribes of Botman, Stock, and Umhala have recently come into the district, and the total number is about 30,000.

The first Kaffir tribe that crossed the Kei from the East was that of Tinde, the progenitor of the present Chief Tsatsu. Tinde appears to have separated from the main tribe and to have crossed the Kei about 1650.

The Tindes have never been a large tribe. They were greatly reduced in 1856 and 1857 in consequence of the cattle-killing, and from various causes have not since recovered. Many of the tribe have embraced Christianity, and are improving and respectable members of the community; those who are still in heathenism are becoming daily more degraded and impoverished from their almost universal indulgence in ardent spirits.

The tribe of Umdange crossed the Kei about 1720. This tribe was very much broken up at the cattle-killing, when many of the Imidange went into the Colony, and are at present* living on Government land in the district of Uitenhage under Jena, the son of Botman. Peelton, one of the most prosperous stations in Kaffraria, is composed of converts from this tribe. Botman, its late chief, died last month,† at about one hundred years of age. He was famous in Kaffraria for his extraordinary power in debate and for his diplomatic tact. Botman is succeeded by his son Fandala, a man of low character, and who does not inherit his father's ability.

The Amambalu were the next to cross the Kei. Langa,

* 1867. † October, 1867.

their first chief, left the main line in the generation after Umdange. Stock is the present chief of this tribe.

The last great migration of the Kaffirs across the Kei took place about 1740, when Kahabe, the son of Palo, crossed with what now constitutes the Gaikas and Dhlambis, and established his independence of his brother Gcaleka, who gave his name to the tribes over whom Krelli is now chief. The tribes which had previously crossed acknowledged Kahabe as paramount.

Umlau, the heir-apparent to Kahabe, died during his father's life-time, and Kahabe was killed in an expedition against the Tambookies, with most of his councillors and leading warriors, who refused to save themselves by flight, and who fell defending their chief after he was wounded. Gaika, his grandson and successor, was then still a child, and Dhlambi, the right-hand son of Kahabe, became regent.

During the long minority Dhlambi so far established his own power and influence, that when Gaika assumed the Government Dhlambi rebelled, and obtaining the support of many of the tribe as well as the assistance of the Gcalekas, who wished to recover their supremacy over the Gaikas, he succeeded in driving Gaika over the Keiskama as far as the Koonap River, established independence, and gave his name to the Dhlambis, of whom Umhala is now the chief.

In 1819, Dhlambi, with the Amagunakwebi tribe, under the prophet Lynx, attacked Graham's Town, where they were repulsed with great loss and driven across the Keiskama, and Gaika was recognized by the Colonial Government as paramount west of the Kei, but Dhlambi never

became actually subject to his nephew Gaika, though nominally acknowledging his supremacy.

In 1819 the Rev. J. Brownlee settled as a missionary with Gaika. Others followed and laboured among the various Kaffir tribes ; and though they have succeeded in reclaiming numbers from heathenism, the Kaffirs as a people have not yet embraced Christianity.

Gaika died in 1829, and was succeeded by his son, the present chief Sandile, then eight years of age. Sutu the mother of Sandile, became regent, and Maqoma and Tyala, the sons of Gaika, were appointed to assist her.

Shortly before the death of Gaika his right-hand son Maqoma was expelled from the Kat River in consequence of repeated acts of robbery by his people on the colonial farmers.

During the life of Gaika it had been arranged that the Kaffirs should vacate the country lying between the Fish River and Keiskama in order to prevent thefts of stock from the Colony, but this country was frequently reoccupied by Kaffirs, who were from time to time ejected by colonial patrols when stock robberies became unusually numerous.

At the end of 1834 the chief Xoxo, a minor son of Gaika, was, in the neutral territory, slightly wounded by a Colonial patrol, and Maqoma made this a cause of war ; but Tyala to whom Xoxo was subordinate, objected to this course. Maqoma, however, called out the Kaffirs with the intention of attacking Fort Wilshire, our advanced military post on the Keiskama, expecting that the Cape Corps soldiers would mutiny and deliver the post into his hands ; but as no

mutiny took place, and as Maqoma's force was fired on from the post when morning light disclosed it to the garrison, the Kaffirs dispersed themselves into the Colony on the 24th December, 1834, carrying desolation through the frontier districts.

At the close of the war of 1835 Kaffraria to the Kei was proclaimed British territory, and was occupied by us, but was soon after restored to the Kaffirs, who were also permitted to occupy the neutral territory. From 1837 to 1846 was the most disastrous period to frontier settlers in the history of the Colony. Stock was swept off in droves by Kaffirs, herds were murdered, and the owners when going in pursuit were fired on by the robbers, and in some instances were killed. The Government endeavoured by various means to check this fearful state of things, without effect, and finally in 1846 Sir P. Maitland, the then Governor, was constrained to proclaim war against the Kaffirs. At the close of this war, Kaffraria was again proclaimed British territory to the Kei, five hundred Kaffirs were enrolled and organized under European officers as a native police, and the military greatly reduced. During the three years of peace, robberies from the Colony were almost unheard of, and the power of the chiefs was greatly circumscribed. All their acts and decisions were liable to review, and, if found inconsistent with justice, to be reversed by Colonel Maclean and myself, the two commissioners placed over them.

The chiefs finding their power fast falling from them, and that to a great degree through the instrumentality of their subjects, took advantage of the rising influence of a

man named Umlanjeni, who professed to be inspired and to have a message from God to the Kaffirs. Umlanjeni being supported and countenanced by the chiefs far and near, and having received deputations from Faku and Moshesh, the two most powerful chiefs beyond our borders, gradually enlarged the scope of his communications to the people. The first announcement was that witchcraft was to be abandoned in order to secure a blessing on the Kaffirs, and gradually success and invincibility in war were promised to the people who conformed to his instructions.

Sandile was the chief supporter of Umlanjeni, and having been called by the Governor to appear before him and answer for his conduct, he refused to do so; he was therefore deposed from his authority. I was directed no longer to recognize him, but to transact business through his mother, Sutú. It was acknowledged by the tribe that this was simply a formal and temporary suspension of Sandile's authority, for if Sutú were acknowledged, Sandile would still virtually be retained in authority. At the same time a demand was made for the surrender of arms which had been used in an attack on the police. Sandile, by the advice of Tyala and others of his chief councillors, would have complied with this demand, for though he had supported Umlanjeni, he became alarmed at the aspect of affairs. Maqoma, however, interposed. He taunted Sandile with cowardice, and urged him to hold out against the Government, saying, "In the last war it was said Maqoma was mad, but in this war it shall be seen that Maqoma is not mad." This led to the war of 1850-53, the longest and most disastrous in the annals of the Colony. Maqoma is

accountable for this war, as he was for the war of 1835.

The reasons for the disaffection which led to this war, were the suppression of the power of the chiefs, the loss of their income and patronage derivable from fines and confiscations, nothing having been substituted as an equivalent for this loss, as has since been done by Sir G. Grey.

In 1853 peace was concluded with the Gaikas, who were permitted to live west of the Kei, in British territory, so long as they conducted themselves peaceably and orderly. To the chiefs was conceded the right of ruling their people according to native laws, and the two British commissioners took the position of political agents, without the magisterial authority held by them previous to the war of 1850.

On the arrival of Sir G. Grey in the Colony, seeing the anomaly of chiefs in a British possession exercising independent powers and jurisdiction in opposition to the laws of the supreme Government, and seeing that this authority was an engine giving the chiefs great power for evil, he entered into a convention with them, by which they agreed to relinquish the authority conceded to them by Sir G. Cathcart, on condition of an annual subsidy being paid to them and their leading men.

In 1856 arose the singular cattle-killing delusion, a full account of which is given in another paper.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the delusion was the earnestness with which most entered into it, regarding those opposed to the movement, with the most deadly animosity. The differences arising in this matter caused estrangement between parents and children,

between husbands and wives, and for the time severed all the ties of kindred and friendship, and in the end the awful tragedy was expiated by the destruction of 200,000 cattle and the death of 25,000 of the native population, chiefly women and children and aged persons. Many of those who survived the delusion were fed by Government and by private charity, and were eventually sent into the Colony for service; others dispersed themselves amongst the Tambookies and Amapondos, and among those of their countrymen who had not killed their cattle. The native locations of British Kaffraria in this way became almost depopulated, and were infested by bands of robbers and murderers. In order to check the evils arising from this state of matters, the vacant parts of Kaffraria were filled up with colonial farmers, while Kreli, as a punishment for the evils he had caused in Kaffraria, and for the evil contemplated against the Government, was, in accordance with warning given him by Sir G. Grey, expelled from his country with the small remnant of his tribe, which had no longer any means of subsistence, except what could be obtained by robbery from the Colony, and from other natives.

The power of the chiefs appeared to have been entirely broken and destroyed; but in the course of three years the scattered Kaffirs began to return to their chiefs, who now again see and feel their strength, and are using every effort to increase their adherents and strengthen their influence over them.

Sandile, Anta, Oba, and Fynn, the present heads of the Gaika tribes, occupy the locations in which they were set-

tled at the peace of 1853. The tribes of Botman and Maqoma were entirely dispersed at the cattle-killing. Maqoma was tried and convicted on a charge of causing the murder of a petty chief named Vusani, and he was banished for life to Robben Island; Botman and the sons of Maqoma have lately returned to the Gaika district with a number of their adherents.

Kreli, who was expelled from the country between the Kei and the Bashee, was permitted to return to it three years since, and a third of it, in extent about 1,000 square miles, was restored to him, while the remainder was allotted to the Fingoes and Tambookies. The wisdom of this measure has been very much doubted, but it has clearly been much better for the Colony that this course has been adopted than that the land in question should have been granted to Europeans, as was originally contemplated. The difficulty in granting the land to Europeans would have been our having Kreli on our borders, and his powerful influence personally, and as a paramount chief of the Kaffir tribes on the frontier, would ever have been exerted to obtain a footing in his forfeited country. Could he have been located in Nomansland, to which he at first assented, the difficulty would have been removed; but as this project failed, and as Kreli then had no country of his own, but had found an asylum in the country of Moni, there is no doubt that sooner or later he would have made war on the Colony, with a view to recover his forfeited country.

It would be absurd to assert that Kreli is satisfied with the concession made to him, but at least he is in an infi-

nately better position than he was, and he has now a stake which he may forfeit by war; then, war could hardly have placed him in a worse position than that he occupied.

A great difficulty has been removed by the location of a large number of Fingoes across the Kei. For some years past the colonial Fingo locations had become greatly overcrowded. The consequence was that the cattle from the locations frequently trespassed on private property, and the application of law to remedy the evil, caused constant irritation, and a chronic state of ill feeling existed in the minds of many, particularly of the young men, who did not regard the good of their position, but looked simply at the evil. Hence there was constant danger of a rising among them against Government, and had they been left as they were, many of them would have been found on Kreli's side whenever he chose to take up arms against us. Now the excessive population has been drawn off from the Fingo locations in the Colony; those who did not relish the restraints of our laws have left; they have now a fine country, and their remaining in possession depends entirely upon their faithfulness and adherence to the Colonial Government. As a rule, the Fingoes who have remained in the Colony are the better class, those who prefer British rule to that of their own chiefs, and many of them have purchased land from the Colonial Government. The Fingoes are now an element of strength to us; formerly they were a source of great weakness and danger.

Having given a brief outline of the past of the frontier tribes up to the present time, it now remains for me to give a short sketch of some of their principal customs, and

conclude with an expression of opinion as to their prospects.

The Kaffirs, strictly speaking, are a pastoral people. When the missionaries first came among them, cultivation was carried on to but a very limited extent, and their only implement of husbandry was a two-bladed wooden spade. In those warlike days it was considered a degradation for a man to cultivate. At present, ploughs are coming into use, and the principal occupation of the women is to hoe their crops, in which they are generally assisted by the men.

The prevalent practice of paying cattle for wives is generally believed by Europeans to amount to a species of sale and slavery; but this idea is far from the truth. While the reception of cattle for women is an evil, and an evil aggravated by polygamy, it is not regarded by the women in the light we view it. A woman often leaves her husband on the ground of his not having paid for her, or his not having paid enough. When a Kaffir has a plurality of wives, he distributes his property in certain proportions among them according to their positions, the property thus distributed forming the inheritance of their sons, and this property the husband does not dispose of, without consulting the wife who has an interest in it. At the death of the husband, should his children be minors, the wives become the chief guardians of their respective families so long as they do not re-marry, but they are removed from their trust should they abuse it, or return to their father's house. The husband having given cattle for his wife, her relatives have no interest in his property, and only the husband's family can be his heirs.

The position of women amongst the Kaffirs is illustrated by the frequency of female regency among them, and those female regencies are usually times of prosperity to the tribes; for though the widow possesses the full power and authority of the chief, she is not so likely to be arbitrary and despotic, and is less likely than a man to do or permit anything which may bring her into collision with her neighbours. Moreover, her deputed authority being brief, and the continuance of her influence after her son comes of age depending upon the wisdom and propriety of her rule, she is rendered doubly careful in the discharge of her duty, and it may be added that two or three of the wisest councillors being appointed to act with her, and advise, she is not so likely to go wrong, as when an irresponsible chief and irresponsible councillors are at the head of affairs.

The Kaffirs are essentially a superstitious race, their superstitions entering into all affairs of life, and forming a part of their laws, customs, and religion. They believe in benevolent and evil spiritual agencies, producing prosperity or adversity, health or sickness. These agencies are generally supposed to be the spirits of their ancestors, pleased or displeased with the acts of their descendants, and are to receive oblations or propitiatory sacrifices. It is believed that men acting often under the agency of evil spirits exercise an adverse influence on the affairs and life of others through witchcraft. There are doctors or priests who explain the various events which any individual may think strange and requiring interpretation, all serious cases of illness, all great calamities of whatever nature, are referred to these doctors, who explain the causes and

suggest remedies. The doctors are women as frequently as men, and the profession is often hereditary. It is supposed that the doctor receives inspiration, and that chiefly from his or her ancestors, and this inspiration is frequently transmitted from father to son, but chiefly from mother to daughters, after the death of the parent. The initiation into the mysteries generally begins with illness or seclusion from society, and sometimes with a peculiarity in regard to food, or in other ways. In these cases the initiated are consulted, and if they think fit, the afflicted person is pronounced to be inspired, and being thus recognized may at will be consulted. Some of these persons rise to great note and influence, others are seldom consulted. When the doctor is called in to give an explanation of any event, a crowd is gathered in a hut, and the doctor dances to time kept by shouting, whistling, and beating on a dry ox-hide, and is, during the dance worked up to a state of frenzy, is sometimes convulsed, at other times falls to the ground in a state of apparent insensibility, and during this state professes to receive a revelation, which is then announced. A few practise ventriloquism, and in this case the deluded crowd believe they hear the conversation between the doctor and the spirits. The doctor's delivery, like the responses of the Delphic oracle, generally has a double or ambiguous meaning, but sometimes the answer is direct and pointed; but whatever the result may be, a way of escape is left open.

Formerly in this country when a chief or person of rank was seriously ill, one or more persons were accused by the doctor of bewitching the invalid; the accused was at once

seized, and all his property confiscated. Should he deny his guilt, he was tortured with heated stones, till an admission of guilt was extorted ; failing the admission, the unfortunate wretch was tortured to death, but as torture was not regarded as any part of the punishment, the accused was, on an admission of guilt, either at once put to death by strangulation, or precipitation over a high cliff, or he was liberated. In the latter case he became an outcast, and generally left the tribe, and wherever he might be, he was ever afterwards an object of horror and suspicion, and was always liable to be again accused.

Now that under British rule torture and confiscation of property cannot be adopted, and as at least in some of the magistracies the accused may enter an action for defamation against the accuser, and obtain damages, the bewitcher is not named, but the doctor says "I could name him if I dared ; but as I fear the Government, there is no help for the sufferer." In some cases the bewitcher, though not named, is referred to in such a manner that there can be no mistake as to his identity, and thus while the accused may have no action at law, he is shunned and despised as if actually named.

Witchcraft, in its various forms, is firmly believed in by all who have not embraced Christianity, and the influence exercised over the people by and through the doctors is almost incredible, and will continue so till the people are Christianized, for those who have been partially civilized are quite as superstitious as those who have never come into contact with us. The chiefs in Kaffraria cling to the customs and superstitions of their race. Herein, and in

the sacredness of their persons lies their strength, and it is yet greater than is generally believed. In the beginning of the present century, Lynx by his prophecies caused Dhlambi to triumph over Gaika his nephew, and superior. In 1850, Umlanjeni stirred up the Kaffirs to fanaticism, and caused a rebellion against the Government by the Kaffirs, only four years after their conquest. Umhlakaza was made the instrument of the delusion of 1856,—a movement unparalleled in the history of the world; and when the immediate actors in this scene have passed away, it will appear to their successors that its failure was due to disobedience to the orders of the prophet.

Besides the doctors already described, there are four other classes, namely, those who profess to extract by manipulation extraneous substances, reptiles included, from the bodies of the diseased. Another class are those who profess to be able to cause rain to fall; these are few; and though they may rise to fame and wealth for a short period, their honour is very precarious. A third class are those who officiate in cases where any person, animal, or thing has been struck by lightning; this is also a small class. The fourth and more numerous class are those who administer simples, and are employed in all cases of sickness, though the witch-doctors may be called in, but their fees and emoluments are not so high, as in the other classes.

Many of the customs of the Kaffirs are to some extent identical with those prescribed to the Jews in the Pentateuch. At the birth of a child the mother is considered unclean, till an animal has been sacrificed. At other

periods women are also considered as unclean, and abstain from milk. Under certain conditions men are unclean,—circumcision is practised—but instead of being performed on the infant, it is carried out on youths, at from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and is the initiatory rite to all the privileges of manhood. Any one touching a corpse is unclean. The immediate relations of the deceased are unclean, and shaving the head is a sign of mourning. Hares are considered as unclean, and so were swine, when we first came into contact with the Kaffirs; the back muscle of the thigh of a cow or ox is not eaten by men, but by uncircumcised boys, to whom nothing is unclean. The wants of the Kaffirs unfortunately are few, and thousands of them live in what they regard as comfort, without labour and without property.

Each tribe in Kaffraria constitutes a great family, with the chief as head. Any member of the tribe may at any time go to reside at the chief's residence. There he is fed, and may receive a share of whatever fines and confiscations are taking place. The tribe is subdivided under petty chiefs and headmen, who have a number of kraals or villages under their care. They exercise rule and decide cases, but without power to confiscate property, or enforce decisions. The residences of these petty chiefs and headmen are the resort of the young men of the district, and here they are fed, and may occasionally receive a cow or goat in any case decided by the headman. A further subdivision consists in kraals, constituted of the chief or head of family, with his immediate relatives and adherents. All in this community who have no property are fed and

supported by the head of the kraal. A Kaffir is thus not necessitated to labour for his food in ordinary seasons ; and the blanket, which is his only covering, and lasts for twelve months, may be obtained by begging from his more industrious or wealthy relatives ; and failing this, his wants are often supplied from the flocks of the colonial farmers, without leave first asked and obtained.

The missionaries who labour among the Kaffirs impress upon them that idleness is sin, and that industry is a part of Christian duty ; but while there are many honourable exceptions, as a rule those who have renounced heathenism are by no means what they should be in regard to industry.

Much more might be said. What has been stated will in some measure illustrate their relative position to us, and the difficulties we have in dealing with them. It has been shown that their normal state, before coming into contact with Europeans, was one of war and bloodshed. These wars were made chiefly for the acquisition of cattle. Now they obtain more stock by thefts from the Colony, without risks of war, than they ever obtained from each other by war ; for one of the frequent wholesale robberies from the Colony, if committed by individuals of one tribe on those of another, would be sufficient cause for war.

The influence of the chiefs, especially when supported by superstition, has been illustrated ; and though that influence has now been greatly reduced, it is still powerful, and beyond our borders large tribes exist in which that influence is still unaffected, except to a small extent by missionary influence.

Thus the great evils with which we have to contend, are

the constant thefts from the Colony, the influence of chiefs, the power of superstition, and the indolent habits of the natives. Great inroads have been made on these evils by missionary influence, but in comparison to the mass of superstition and ignorance little has been done, and the process of elevation and enlightenment is slow and hard. Some thousands have renounced heathenism with all its superstitions and customs, even to the receiving and giving of cattle for wives. These people coming into a sort of antagonism with their chiefs on the matter of superstition and customs, the influence of the chiefs becomes lessened over them; and every war has found this party increased, and on our side. During the last war from December, 1850, to March, 1853, 1,500 of these people, belonging to the stations of the Revs. Brownlee, Ross, Birt, and Kropf, refused to join their chiefs, and assembled at King William's Town, and during the whole of that period, no case was brought before the magistrate against one of the 1,500. This fact is an honourable and indisputable testimony to the influence brought to bear on these people. During the fourteen (now twenty-one) years which have elapsed since the war, this influence has not been dormant, and if another war should now arise, it would be found that the number from these four stations had more than doubled; and the same may be said of the many other stations in Kaffraria. With time and peace their influence will extend, till the whole mass of heathenism is leavened by the beneficial effects of Christianity.

CHAPTER II.

In considering the future of the Kaffirs, especially in regard to the Colonial Government, so many influences are to be taken into account that it is difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this point, for with the exception of the native Christians, we have no bond of common sympathy with the Kaffirs. We possess over the heathen the influence due to our superiority in physical force ; we have also a powerful money influence, through the subsidies paid to chiefs and headmen, which they would be loth to forfeit ; but circumstances may at any time arise in which those influences may prove insufficient to prevent a rising. We possess, further, the personal influence (which may be for evil) which is exercised by those placed over the natives, and, if judiciously exercised, will be very powerful in preventing war, or, in case of a war, of increasing the number of our adherents.

Whatever tends to elevate and christianize the natives, whatever tends to diminish the power of the chiefs, whatever tends to increase the immovable or not readily movable property of the natives, tends to diminish the probabilities of war, and decrease its magnitude should it arise, so that even as a matter of self-interest we should do all in our power to promote these objects. My views on some of these points will be found more in detail in letters, of which the one was published in the Native Commission Blue-book 1865, and the other laid before the Parliament and printed in the same year. Some notes on various points of interest are appended.

HOTTENTOTS AND BUSHMEN.

When the Kaffirs first crossed the Kei, the country from this river westward as far as the Cape was inhabited by Hottentots and Bushmen. The Hottentots appear to have had no paramount head or chief, but were broken up into small clans or families, and the Kaffirs settling among them soon established their supremacy, absorbing into their various tribes the Hottentots with whom they came into contact, and now though many Kaffirs of Hottentot descent are to be found, probably not more than one hundred Hottentots of pure blood exist among them at present. The Kaffirs appear to have lived peaceably with the Hottentots, and through marriages and intermarriages the weaker race disappeared. The Bushmen, who inhabited the more mountainous and rugged parts of the country, are now almost extinct. They appear in this part of the country to have been little molested until the time of Kahabe, but having from time to time killed some of his people, and having stolen and killed his favourite ox, Kahabe commenced a war of extermination against them, the Bushmen retaliating whenever they had opportunity. At Kahabe's death few Bushmen were left in the country, and these having betaken themselves to the uninhabited parts, where game was plentiful, the feud between them and the Kaffirs ceased. In later years the remnants of this degraded race were kindly treated by Hintsä and by his successor, Kreil; but as the game on which they subsisted gradually disappeared as the land became inhabited, the Bushmen also diminished, the in-

crease by births not being equal to the decrease by deaths. Latterly this race in the summer subsisted chiefly on the tender shoots of a tree called by them Gqwharha (and by the Kaffirs Umhlwazi), upon honey, game, eels, ants and reptiles, beetles not coming amiss at a pinch. In winter, when the Umhlwazi lost its tender shoots, and when little honey could be found, they occasionally visited the Kaffir kraals, when they were kindly treated and fed; but in the winter following the famine of 1857, as Kaffirs who survived could spare nothing, the most of the Bushmen perished, and at present not more than twelve or fifteen individuals are to be found in the Gaika district. The Bushmen never cultivated or kept stock, though many attempts had been made by Europeans, as well as Kaffirs, to induce them to do so. They erect no huts or buildings, but live in caves. I have seen them at night near a Kaffir kraal, when they had been gorged with beef during the day, refusing to sleep in the Kafir huts, preferring to take shelter under the first suitable bush or rock they could find; the reason assigned being the existence of a tradition among them that a number of their race had been treacherously murdered at night in a Kaffir hut. The Bushmen appear never to have amalgamated with any other people; all that I have seen are of pure blood; they are of small stature, with high cheek bones, and largely developed posteriors, which with them is the mark of beauty. The Bushmen use poisoned arrows against their enemies and for the destruction of game. The barb, made of iron or bone, is fixed loosely on a shaft of bone, which is inserted into a thin reed or bamboo, and

when any object is struck by the arrow, the poisoned barb remains fixed, while the loose shaft drops from its head. In the Bushmen's caves paintings are to be found giving life-like representations of all the animals of this part of South Africa, as well as of their encounters with the Kaffirs and the South African Boers, but I have never seen any representation of an Englishman. While the Bushmen are perhaps the lowest type of humanity in the world, the aborigines of Australia not excepted, their paintings, their arrows with the deadly poison, and the hard stones perforated by them as weights for the sharp sticks with which they dig roots and reptiles from the earth, manifest an ingenuity and mechanical skill of which the other aborigines of South Africa are ignorant.

GAIKA AND DHLAMBI.

It has been stated that the Regent Dhlambi revolted against his ward and superior. At the period when Gaika assumed the authority over his tribe he formed an illicit connection with Tutula, one of the young wives of Dhlambi, reputed to be the most beautiful woman in Kaffraria. This act was viewed with so much abhorrence by the tribe, being regarded by the Kaffirs as incest, that many deserted Gaika and adhered to Dhlambi. This case was the cause assigned by Dhlambi for going to war against Gaika. While many of Gaika's councillors encouraged him in his evil courses, others who adhered to him strongly opposed his practices; amongst these Tei, the father of the present chief councillor Tyala, Jotelo, the father of old Soga, and grand father of Rev. Tiyo Soga, Hlukwana, and Qukuana,

whose sons also now hold important positions in the tribe. The chief was prejudiced against these men, and it was recommended that they should be put to death as traitors, as it has since been recommended in the case of the sons of Tei and Hlukwana for their opposition to Sandile in the course which brought on war and trouble with the Colony. On the day before the battle of the Debe Nek, Tei, Hlukwana, Jotelo, and Qukuana arranged all their affairs and took a final leave of their families, saying they would not return, but would show on the morrow that though they opposed their chief, they were ready to die for him. When the battle began, true to their resolution, they were in the foremost ranks, where their position as councillors did not require them to be, and they were amongst the first who fell.

RAIN-DOCTORS.

Kaltom, a brother of the chief Anta, has lately set up as a rain-doctor. Last year (1866), during the drought, many meetings had been called to attend on him while he practised his incantations; but as no rain came it was necessary for him to assign a cause, and he intimated that a female high in rank and beloved by her husband had counteracted him. Anta saw that the reference was to one of his wives, and was so overcome that he sat down and wept before his people. He called his wives before him and implored them with tears to surrender their charms. From the hints of the rain-doctor it became plain that Nobedu was the woman referred to, and she fled for safety to an out-station of the Church Missionary Society.

In the meanwhile Kaltom professed to produce Nobedu's charms, and as rain fell soon afterwards she returned to her husband.

A short while since a young man named Desana has risen into note in this neighbourhood, and has been greatly supported and countenanced by Sandile. Last year, during the drought, he intimated that a female of high rank was counteracting him, and if she did not discontinue her evil course he would be necessitated to produce her charms and to expose her. The female indicated is generally believed to be Sutu, Sandile's mother.

WITCHCRAFT.

During the lifetime of Dhlambi he had named no successor, or, rather, had taken no great wife whose son should be legal heir. It therefore happened at Dhlambi's death that two of his sons, Umhala and Jan, claimed the chieftainship, the tribe being equally divided in its adherence to the rivals. Umhala being too crafty to trust his position to the result of a battle, became very ill, and all attempts to cure him were without effect. At length it was resolved to have a gathering of the whole tribe, and to consult the doctors, who declared that Umhala had been bewitched by his brother Jan and his chief councillors. The councillors fled to Gaika for protection; Jan, being deserted, also fled for his life; and Umhala being suddenly restored to health obtained undisputed possession of the tribe.

SOME COMMON ERRORS.

In England a large and influential class believe that the natives of this country are an inoffensive race and oppressed by Europeans. There is also another class, consisting specially of those who have suffered from the natives, who believe that in them nothing but evil is to be found. The opinions of both are equally wide of the truth. The belief of the first class is refuted by the present and past history of the whole continent of Africa.

That great curse of Africa and disgrace of Christian nations, the slave-trade, is not altogether an unmitigated evil. The barbarous nations of Africa are constantly at war with each other, and when they do not come into contact with the slave-dealer, the stronger exterminate the weaker. From Delagoa Bay across the continent, and thence westward to the Cape, the slave-trade cannot be carried on; the consequence has been wars of extermination, till where the white man has arrested them.

In the beginning of the present century Chaka commenced his bloody career about sixty miles to the east of Natal. The country from the Umzimvubu or St. John's River to Delagoa was then thickly peopled, but before the death of Chaka in 1830 he had almost depopulated the whole of this country. In Chaka's first conquests he incorporated the conquered tribes, killing only the chiefs and leading men, and subsequently he waged wars of extermination. Moselekatse was driven northwards, and he in his turn destroyed and desolated all within his reach; and put other tribes in motion, who, fleeing from him, carried

death and destruction before them until arrested by the white man. To the west Chaka destroyed the tribes as far as the Umzimvubu, the Fingoes, who took refuge with the Kaffirs and at last with us, being the remnants of tribes scattered by him. Matiwana, the chief of the Ama-ngwana, or Fitcane, being conquered by Chaka, fled westward, destroying all before him. He drove the Tambookies from the Umtata to the borders of the Colony, when in 1829 his bloody course was stayed by the colonial troops, as he was about to drive the Kaffirs into the Colony.

Amongst our more immediate neighbours the same thing was enacted in a smaller scale. Kahabe perished in Tambookieland with most of his army in going to be avenged for a supposed slight to his daughter. Dhlambi, assisted by the Gcalekas and other tribes, fell on his nephew Gaika, and slew over five hundred of his tribe at the Debe, showing neither mercy nor quarter to his vanquished countrymen, and was still at war with them when he was repulsed from Graham's Town and driven across the Keiskama; and until the Kaffirs came under British rule, petty wars were constantly taking place. We have had four wars with the Kaffirs, but during this period they have suffered more from each other than from us. Mo-shesh, on the north-east border of the Colony, under our influence was enabled to collect the broken remnants of the scattered tribes by their countrymen, and is now the most powerful of the Basuto chiefs. Between this and Natal Faku, who died a few days since (1867), after having his tribe broken, destroyed, and impoverished by Chaka, has

through our intervention enjoyed peace for forty years, and at this moment his tribe is the largest and wealthiest between this and Natal. Now, however, that Faku is dead, the tribe is likely to be torn and distracted by internal dissensions. The Fingoes who forty years since fled from their own land, six hundred miles from this, and who settled as dogs amongst the Kaffirs, are now, through our fostering care, a powerful people.

Those who hold the opinion that the natives are evil, and only evil, are chiefly those who have been ruined by Kaffir wars, and have come into contact with the worst class of natives. In support of this idea many erroneously assert that in the Kaffir language there is no word expressing gratitude; this, as they say, proving that the sentiment of gratitude does not exist among them. It is a common error with this class to judge the barbarous heathen, and Christians reclaimed from them, by the standard applied to the enlightened European Christian. This manifestly is not just; it cannot reasonably be expected that the native should come up to this standard. We can only compare the barbarians of this country with other barbarians throughout the world, and they will not suffer by the comparison. We find that in all their wars with the Colony women and children have been respected, and missionaries have been assisted to a place of safety or have not been injured by those among whom they laboured. Will the highly civilized inhabitants of India bear comparison with this? Many cases can be adduced in which Kaffir servants gave warning to their masters of approaching danger when they might have taken their lives and

stock. There are many cases also in which Kaffirs who had experienced kindness from traders took them to a place of safety on the breaking out of hostilities, and one case I could instance in which the trader thus rescued treated his saviour with the basest ingratitude on the return of peace. I could instance several interesting cases of gratitude by natives at great personal sacrifices, without endeavouring to exalt them to the high and honourable position we are favoured to hold; but as this paper has already exceeded the limits at first contemplated, I conclude it here.



A CHAPTER ON THE BASUTO WAR.

THE events connected with the Basuto war are of recent date, and fresh in the memory of many; but as I may be able to clothe with some experiences, to me at least interesting, the skeleton and disjointed information which from time to time reached us from the seat of war, I trust that this chapter may not be deemed egotistical in narrating facts in which the first personal pronoun will of necessity be largely used.

Before entering upon my narration I must crave your indulgence whilst I take a brief review of the events which led up to the Basuto rebellion, and which may put a somewhat different construction on the action of Government from that which is held by many, and no doubt shared in even by some of my hearers.

EVENTS WHICH LED TO THE BASUTO WAR.

After the close of the war of 1877, the Government, as in duty bound, cast about for some measure to ensure the security of the Colony and to prevent war in the future, and the measure which suggested itself was the Peace Preservation or Disarmament Act of 1879. Had there been any possibility of carrying out the provisions of this enactment, it would have proved for Natives as well Colonists the best measure ever passed by the Colonial Legislature.

Many who were supposed to have experience in Native

matters considered that the Act could be carried out, arguing that as the Natives had no use for their arms, there being no game to kill, they would willingly surrender them in consideration of a money compensation.

Others went farther, and argued that as there was no game to kill, the only use the Natives could apply their guns to was to shoot the white man, and therefore the guns must be taken from them whether they liked it or not, compensation of course to be made.

On the other side, while it was admitted that disarmament would be an effectual preventive of war, and would therefore ensure the best interests of Natives and Europeans alike, it was asserted that the measure could not be carried out, and that any attempt to enforce it would necessarily end in failure, and place us in a worse position than we were in before the attempt. It was said that the sole effect of the attempt would be to weaken ourselves, for the only arms that would be surrendered would be those that had never been, and would never be, used against us, and that those whom it was desirable to disarm would not surrender their arms. In answer to the opinion that the Kaffirs would willingly give up their arms on condition of compensation, it was replied that the bearing of arms was one of the most cherished customs of the Natives, and in fact formed part of their religion ; for when lads were initiated into the privileges of manhood, a tribal gathering took place, the leading men and elders put arms into the hands of their youths, informing them that they were a sign of their manhood, and with these arms they were to defend their chief and country and

themselves, adding : " Hold to your arms." Oration was then delivered by the chief and most eloquent men of the tribe on the duties of the young men, the substance and text of the admonition being that having left the ranks and practices of boyhood, they were for the future to conduct themselves as men ; and it may easily be imagined that an interference with the most interesting ceremony in a man's life would not be lightly estimated.

It was further pointed out that the Native policy then in operation was working well ; that the bulk of the Natives were contented under our Government, and as a rule took their cases to the magistrates in preference to going to their own chiefs ; that the chiefs no doubt would gladly make an attempt to regain their power and influence over the people in opposition to the magistrate, but were powerless for evil : whereas, if disarmament were enforced, each man would have a grievance, and we would thus be working into the hands of evil-disposed chiefs. However desirable disarmament was, it was asserted that it could not be accomplished, for we had neither men nor means for carrying it out ; and in attempting it we would unite against us in one common grievance every man of every tribe from Fish River to Zambezi.

Nevertheless the opposite counsels prevailed. The enormous advantages to be gained by the measure were not to be lightly relinquished, at least not without a trial for its adoption, and it was fully believed that with the offer of compensation and a little judicious pressure, the measure could be carried out without any danger of resistance. But we began at the wrong end. We disarmed Kama's tribe

and the Fingoes, people who had in every war used their arms on our side. We disarmed Siwani's tribe, who in the late rebellion remained faithful to us, and we disarmed those Gaikas who in 1877 abandoned their own chiefs and stood by us. I believe that some of the Government officials, to whom the work was entrusted, found it easier than had been anticipated, and led the Government to believe that the people were not particularly dissatisfied; nevertheless a deep feeling of bitterness was engendered and remains to the present day. Compensation was made to the full value of the arms surrendered, but as a rule it was less than one half of what the purchasers had originally paid for the surrendered guns.

POSITION TAKEN BY THE BASUTOS.

The operation having thus to all appearance been satisfactory and successful, the Government thought it might be extended to the Basutos; but they distinctly objected to surrender their arms, and as they had sent a deputation to Cape Town to protest against the application of the Act to them, the Premier proceeded to Basutoland to endeavour to induce the Basutos to yield. But as they proved inexorable, further action was left in abeyance till the Basutos themselves should see it to be to their interest to yield and voluntarily surrender their arms.

Molapo, son of Moshesh, second to Letsie in rank and power, died shortly after the Premier's visit to Basutoland. His dying injunction to Jonathan, his son and successor, was, that he was to surrender his arms rather than resist Government, and in filial regard for his fathers's injunc-

tion Jonathan with a number of his clan surrendered their arms and were followed by George and Sofonia, minor sons of Moshesh, and by the Hlubi chief, Tokonya, a cousin of Langalibalele, who with his clan had for many years been domiciled in Basutoland. This action having been in direct opposition to the expressed determination of the Basuto chiefs and bulk of the people, steps were at once taken by them to punish those who had yielded. Joel, the second in rank of Molapo's sons, sided with Letsie and Masupha against Jonathan—many of Molapo's clan adhering to Joel—while Masupha and Lerothodi, the chief son of Letsie, declared war against those who had surrendered their arms, attacking them and depriving them of their property and driving them from their homes. An appeal for protection was made to the Government by those who were suffering for a compliance with its wishes, and the Government sent off to Basutoland every available man of the Cape Mounted Rifles for their protection. As the succours entered Basutoland they were attacked by Lerothodi, and thus begun the Basuto war. It will thus be seen that the force sent to Basutoland was not sent to enforce disarmament as many believe, but to protect those who in compliance with our wishes had surrendered their arms.

After the attack on the loyal Basutos, and the subsequent attack on our troops, Letsie, the paramount chief of the Basutos, informed Government that the attacks had been made against his orders, and that he personally was on the side of Government. At the same time he sent to inform the powerful Basuto clans located in East Griqualand under my jurisdiction, that the child (Lerothodi) had

got into conflict with the Government, and that they must support him; but that he as an old man could take no part in the war, and would sit quietly at home. This happened in September 1880. In the previous April, I had obtained information from a reliable source that Letsie had sent messengers to the Basutos in my Division in East Griqualand, urging them to make common cause with the Basutos in Basutoland to resist disarmament, asserting that this was not a question affecting only Basutoland, but that it was one affecting all the tribes in South Africa, and if they stood aloof while the Basutos were being disarmed, their turn would follow. This message was also sent to other tribes, and all intimated their adhesion to the Basuto cause, promising to stand by Letsie in case of need. This I reported at the time to Government, remarking that heretofore in our conflicts with the Natives we were enabled to localize the struggle and bring friendly tribes to our assistance; but that should a rising take place on the disarmament question, we should stand quite alone, and could not count on the assistance of a single tribe, and that even those who might be disposed to side with us would be swept away in the flood of general resistance, and would be compelled to purchase present safety by siding with our opponents.

MEETING AT MATATIELA.

Matters now had assumed a most serious aspect. I had held a meeting of the Basutos at Matatiela, intimating to them that the disarmament policy of the Government had been abandoned, and that disarming would simply be

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voluntary. This announcement had been received with acclamation by the meeting, and I was requested to permit the assembled multitude to celebrate the joyful announcement by a great war dance, but I objected to the performance. My division was after this deuded of troops who were ordered to Basutoland, and a conflict had taken place between these troops and the Basutos. The whole country was thus thrown into the utmost excitement, and the results which in the previous April I had assured Government would follow any attempt at disarmament, were beginning to be realized.

My duty appeared quite plain. I saw that a struggle was inevitable. Recently and publicly, I had made a statement before a large meeting. This statement appeared to be belied by facts; a conflict had already taken place on the disarmament question; and this conflict had been greatly misrepresented and exaggerated. Certain Basuto Chiefs and men of the Hlubi clan in Basutoland had voluntarily, against the decision of the Basutos chiefs and people, surrendered their arms; these people were being attacked by the Basutos, who had decided to resist disarmament, as indicated by my letter of 1st April 1879 already referred to. It was now necessary to place these points clearly before the people, and to shew them that my communication to them in September was honest and true, for in all my dealings with Natives I had always been most scrupulous and exact in the truthfulness and honesty of all statements made to them.

With the view of correcting any misapprehension which might have arisen; to do all in my power to prevent a

rising; to secure as far as possible the safety of the farmers and traders in the division; and in case of a rising to create a diversion, I left for Matatiela on Thursday, 31st September, 1880. I took with me Mr. Strachan, who had great influence with the Natives; Mr. Hawthorn, the Magistrate of Umzimkulu, and an escort of twenty-five armed Natives under Mr. Catherine; having previously arranged with Mr. Liefeldt, Magistrate of Matatiela, to call a general meeting of the people of his district to meet me on Saturday.

INTENDED TREACHERY.

On Friday afternoon as I approached Matatiela, a Hlubi headman named Umgubo came to meet me. He informed me that the Basutos had decided on coming armed to the meeting, and had resolved on assassinating me and the other members of my party, as well as Mr. Liefeldt the Magistrate, and he begged that I would not hold the meeting as arranged. I thanked Umgubo for his information, and told him I would make no change, the meeting must be held.

On the following morning (Saturday) the Basutos began to assemble, and as each armed group filed past the Magistracy to the place of assembly, they sang their war songs, and when all had assembled a war dance with the accompanying leaping and shouting took place, and then a private meeting of the Basuto headmen and chiefs.

A few Hlubis with their chiefs and headmen also assembled. As usual they were unarmed, and kept aloof from the Basutos. It appears that the plan of assassina-

tion had been discussed by the Basutos at this meeting of chiefs and headmen; that Ramhlangwana one of the Lepiane chiefs had objected to the thing, urging that I had come simply in the interests of peace and of the Basutos; that I had ever acted as their friend, therefore to murder me under the circumstances would be too great an atrocity; but it was finally settled that, at a certain stage in the proceedings, Sikaki the principal chief was to rise and make a signal, that the signal was to be repeated by his uncle Pandela, and that the Basutos were to fall on us, and if the Hhlubis made any resistance they were to share our fate. The presence of the Hlubis had been discussed at the diabolical conclave, but it was said "they are unarmed, and we can crush them under our feet." Of this arrangement we were profoundly ignorant as we assembled for the meeting.

In opening the meeting I informed the Basutos that they had broken the law in assembling with arms; that their war dances and shouts I quite understood to be a defiance to the Government through me. It was quite clear that they had decided on casting in their lot with the Basutos of Basutoland with whom, though of the same race, they had nothing to do; that they were not then on Basuto territory, but had been placed on the ground they occupied by the British Government; that they had been impoverished by wars, and came to this country with very little property; that for twelve years under the protection of the Government they had lived in peace and security, and had become rich; and most assuredly if they went into rebellion they would again become wanderers, and

would not be permitted to return to the land they were now, by their folly and rebellion, abandoning. Seeing the position they had taken up, I did not believe that whatever I might say would induce them to change their views. I had even heard that they had planned to assassinate me and my party. This would not in any way help them. I had four sons who would arise to avenge my death, and even their best friends, those who had opposed the disarmament of the Basutos, would rise as one man to avenge the contemplated atrocity. I had come among them seeing that they were going to destruction. It was my duty. I would not only perform a duty when all was smooth and pleasant, but even when danger surrounded my path I must go where duty called. I had now come to warn them. I could not have their blood upon my hands, and no Basuto should say his brother died because I had not done my duty, and done my utmost to save him. They were now on the brink of a fearful abyss; they had not yet taken the last fatal step; but should they do so, nothing on earth would save them. They had as yet done nothing but offer a public insult to me; they had committed no overt act, such as murder and robbery; and if they would return to their homes, lay down their arms, and follow their peaceful occupations all would be well, and the demonstration of that day would be pardoned. In conclusion, I told them that they believed that all the races in South Africa were on their side, but in this they were mistaken. There were many who looked with envious eyes on the country in which the Matatiela Basutos had so rapidly become wealthy; they loved the Basuto

cattle and Basuto lands more than they loved the Basutos, and these men would rather fight against the Basutos than against us. Whatever might be said for the Basutos in Basutoland, nothing whatever could be said for the Matatiela people should they go into rebellion. Having finished my address, I directed Stamper, a young Mosuto, to go to the Magistrate's house for my pipe. He ran through the crowd, shouting as he went, "Make way!" This was misunderstood by the Basutos as the signal agreed upon, and a rush was made to the horses, standing saddled close by, for battle-axes, guns and assegais; but as Sikaki continued sitting, and as Pandela made no sign, the Basutos gradually returned unarmed to the place of meeting, and as they returned I remarked, "I see your move and understand it." The end appeared to have come, and the intense feeling of the last few moments may be more easily imagined than described. The remarks I had made, and the fact that Sikaki knew that I was cognizant of the plot to assassinate us, had for the moment disconcerted and paralyzed him, and the danger passed for the time.

WARNING TO RESIDENTS.

Mr. Strachan then, at my request, made a most telling address. He pointed out the state in which the Basutos were when they first came to Matatiela, and what he under the Griqua Government had done for them, comparing the past with the present. The usual protestations of loyalty followed, and after I had given most of the leading men an opportunity of speaking, I told them they

had said exactly what I expected they would say. Arguments were now of no avail; I had discharged my duty; I wished the meeting now to break up; I would wait that day and the following at Matatiela to give them time for reflection, and if they saw the error of their ways they might again meet me. After what had taken place, I felt it my duty to stay for over two days at Matatiela, at whatever risk to myself, in order that I might give the scattered farmers and traders with their families an opportunity of reaching a place of safety, for I was convinced that I should be attacked immediately I left, and this would be a signal for the slaughter of the farmers and traders. Immediately therefore, after the close of the meeting, I sent off messengers in various directions, ordering all Europeans, without the least delay, to move towards Kokstad,—Cedarville Drift Hotel, on the Umzimvubu, being the first place of meeting for them.

As the Basutos retired from the meeting, a part of them went to Sikaki's village, about a mile and a half from and in sight of the Magistracy. Here they remained for the night, the main body going to the residence of Makwai, (the father of Sikaki) which is on the way from Matatiela to Kokstad. Sikaki himself was not idle, for we could see mounted men riding furiously in all directions from his camp. These were despatched to the neighbouring chiefs who had not attended the meeting, and with whom an understanding had already been entered into, to inform them that I and my party had been cut off, and that every tribe, the Griquas included, were in arms against the Government; and when this announcement came to any

chief or clan that was still on the side of Government they imagined they stood alone and that their only safety was to join in the rebellion, for it had been arranged that all who were on the side of Government were to be attacked, as had been the case in Basutoland. It was well that I had lost no time in reporting the state of affairs to Government and warning the traders and farmers, for on the following day the way was closed to us.

BESIEGED.

As it was not improbable that a night attack might be made upon us, men were sent at night to watch Sikaki's village and the fords on the Kinigha on the way to Makwai's, but the night passed without any disturbance. On the following day Marthinus Lepiane, a worthy Christian Basuto headman, came to me. He freely admitted that there could be no doubt that the Basutos had gone into rebellion. He was anxious to come out and join the Government side, but it was difficult to say where the Government side might be found, and besides this, it would have been certain destruction for Marthinus then to attempt to leave the Basutos. Poor fellow! he left me with a sad heart. I have not since seen him; he was a very wealthy man when we parted, he is now living in the Quithing District in Basutoland in great poverty. During the day (Sunday, 3rd October) I sent a messenger to Sikaki's camp to say that I had as yet received no word from the Basutos on the proceedings of the previous day, and that as I should leave on the Monday I desired to see Sikaki before my departure. Sikaki sent to say that as

he had already done wrong by appearing armed at the meeting, he was afraid to come and see me. I directed my messenger to return and inform Sikaki that I had told the meeting that what had taken place might be overlooked, but that now Sikaki was committing another offence by disobeying my direction for him to come to me. In a short while after this, Sikaki sent Ramrooba, one of his leading men, and one who was taking an active part in the rebellion, to say that since I insisted on his coming to me, he would come when his uncle Pandela arrived, and that they would come armed. Ramhlangwana, who had been with me most of the day, and who appeared to be in great distress, had left me before Ramrooba brought Sikaki's message. I had arranged with Ramhlangwana that he and Sibi, his brother, were to come to me in the morning, with as many armed mounted men as they could raise in their clan for the purpose of accompanying me, for we had been besieged since the previous day, from which time it was quite clear that we could not get back to Kokstad without cutting our way through over one thousand Basutos. About sunset, and an hour or two after Ramhlangwana's departure, he returned and from his sad, grave aspect, it was quite plain he had bad news to communicate.

On enquiry why he had returned, he said "When I sent my son Stamper with fifteen men of my clan to form part of the guard for the Magistracy, it was my intention and expectation that they would serve Government faithfully to the last. One of these men followed me with the information that Ramrooba, when he came to you this after-

noon, went to Stamper with a message from Sikaki saying that you were to be attacked to-night, and that Stamper was to be ready to act with the attacking party against you, to which he has agreed. This treachery has made me sad." I directed Ramhlangwana to take Stamper and his fifteen men home with him, but that he need assign no reason for this action. I then enquired what he thought of his brother Musi who with twenty-five men formed part of the guard for the Magistracy:—"I know nothing of Musi; I wish to bring no charge against him; he is quite independent of me; I have only to do with my son whom I sent to join the guard." I then asked "But do you not think that as Musi belongs to the same clan as your son, Sikaki would have sent the same message to him?" "I cannot say," was the reply. "What do you think regarding Musi and his men? Do you not think they also should be sent away?" "I wish to offer no opinion on a matter that does not concern me—that is a point for you yourself to decide." I repeated the direction for Ramhlangwana to meet me in the morning, and he left with his son and his fifteen men. Having asked Mr. Strachan to make all necessary arrangements for defence, he moved from the old Cape Mounted Rifles Camp the twenty-five men of my Kokstad escort, with sixty Hlubis on whom we could rely. These he placed inside a stone wall about four feet high, surrounding the Magistrate's huts. Ammunition was served out to each man, a couple of boxes of spare ammunition were opened and placed in the centre of the enclosure, ready for use in case of need. Each man was directed to lie on his gun, to keep

his position during the night, and to hold it to the last. Every man except myself was armed, and, as I could get neither revolver nor rifle, I looked about and found an American axe, which I placed beside my bed, thinking that in the dark and at close quarters, this axe would be as effective as the best weapon of war. Little was said about our position; we all felt that it was critical, and fully expected that many of us would not see another dawn, but there was no misgiving, each man determined to do his duty. After dark Musi came to me to ask permission to visit Sikaki. Musi with his twenty-five men had been placed outside the enclosure to guard the stables, where he could have done no more harm to the little garrison than any other of Sikaki's men; and men had also been appointed to watch his movements. "And why, Musi, do you wish to see Sikaki?" "That I may hear his plans and let you know them," was the reply. "Am I a child, Musi, and do you think me blind? I do not require you or any one else to tell me what Sakaki's plans are. He is going to attack us to-night, and we are ready to resist and defend ourselves. Do not leave your post."

Having been worn out by the strain and anxiety of two days and two sleepless nights, I retired early to my room leaving the younger members of my staff to keep watch by turns. The weary hours of the night wore slowly on, the death-like silence broken only by the footfall of Strachan and the others, who at short intervals passed my door to visit the sentinels and to see that all was in order. The only other sound was the occasional deep baying of Mr. Liefeldt's great St. Bernard dog, as he lay on the wall

beside our wakeful guardians while I lay listening for the first shout of conflict and for the first volley from our assailants.

The night passed quietly on until three o'clock in the morning, when Messrs. Strachan, Liefeldt, and Hawthorn came into my room to ask what my plans were. I informed them that I saw no reason to change the plans already decided upon. We would breakfast at the usual time, and then start for Kokstad. Mr. Strachan asked if it were my intention to return by the waggon road, and I replied in the affirmative. He suggested that, as a large force under Makwai was already occupying this way, we should make a detour to avoid it. To this I at once assented. Mr. Liefeldt, the Magistrate of Matatiela, then suggested that, instead of accompanying us to Kokstad, he and his clerk, with one or two native police-men, should make a dash across country to the loyal Hlubi clans and there organize a defensive force. I told Mr. Liefeldt that as I considered the risk to him of this arrangement would be too great I could not accept it, but instead of moving out with the whole of our little garrison, would leave at the appointed time with the escort of twenty-five, and five European traders who had come to Matatiela for safety; that we would be pursued and attacked; and that when the attention of the enemy was thus drawn to us he could leave the Magistracy with the sixty loyal Hlubis, take them to their clans and organise a defence among them, and encourage them to hold hard, with the assurance that whatever might happen

to us, they would soon receive sufficient aid to act on the offensive.

ESCAPE.

Breakfast finished, we saddled, and slowly descended the hill below the Magistracy. Our movements had been watched from Makwai's camp, for no sooner had we turned to make our detour than we saw a body of over two hundred horsemen riding to head us. This however did not induce us to quicken our pace, lest it should be said we had run away. Having attained the crest of the first hill, after leaving the residency, we saw a party of fifty horsemen under Ramhlangwana and Sibi coming to meet us; Makwai's detachment seeing these men ride peacefully along with us, returned to their camp, for though even with the additional fifty men we could not have expected to cope successfully with the men that Makwai could have brought against us, he did not consider it politic to break with Ramhlangwana and Sibi by attacking us while they were our escort.

Having taken us on for about ten miles to the open country overlooking the Umzimvubu, our escort returned, and at about fifteen miles from the Matatiela Magistracy we halted at the store of a worthy trader, named Bramwell, and to my astonishment, I found him surrounded by a crowd of Basutos buying his wares as fast as he could serve them. "Why are you here, Bramwell," I asked, "did you not receive notice the day before yesterday to leave for a place of safety?" "Oh, yes, I received notice, but I see no occasion to leave, the Basutos are very civil,

I am doing a better business now than I have ever before done, and the Basutos pay cash for everything.

“Send at once for your horses, you have no time to lose.” The horses were sent for, but they were gone; so were the sheep and the cattle; and for the first time the truth dawned upon poor Bramwell and Goldsworthy his assistant. I told Bramwell that it was necessary for me to push on to the camp at the Umzimvubu, but would from there send off a party at once, with horses for him and Goldsworthy.

Just as we were mounting, another difficulty arose. I saw a farmer named De Bruin arrive at Bramwell's with a troop of cattle. “What is the meaning of this, De Bruin? Why are you here? Where are your wife and children? Did you not receive my order to leave?”

“Oh yes, I received the order, and yesterday I packed up everything in my waggon, intending to leave this morning, but two rascally Basutos drove off my cattle. I pursued them, and have just returned with the cattle which the Basutos abandoned when they saw me.” I gave De Bruin two men to assist and protect him in moving, and told him to be as expeditious as possible as he had not a moment's time to lose.

We had not proceeded far on our way when we met a clever Mosuto, named Tautoona, travelling with his family and a large drove of sheep and cattle. This Tautoona had been concerned in the Griqualand rebellion in 1878, when he was wounded, but as he appeared to be very penitent, and as he gave me important information, he was pardoned.

“Well, Tautoona, you are travelling in the wrong direction to-day,” I remarked.

"Oh! no," he replied, "the Basutos are going to fight against the Government. I have told you I would never do such a thing again; I am going to join Sibi and Ramlangwana, who are on the Government side. I am very sorry to have to leave my master, Mr. Grierson. He was very good to me, he gave me land to cultivate, and I got good crops, and he gave me his cattle to milk, but these rascals of Basuto rebels have taken all his property away, and now I am obliged to leave." Mr. Strachan asked Tautoona when they would meet again, and on what side he would then be, "On your side of course," replied Tautoona, "and where you die, there I will die." This rascal had his master's sheep and cattle with him at this time, and an express rifle with ammunition, and an hour or two afterwards was busy plundering De Bruin and Bramwell. He was killed in the Basuto rebellion.

PURSUED BY REBELS.

Shortly after parting from Tautoona, we saw a party of Basuto horsemen trying to head us, and far on the flats beyond them could be seen a cloud of dust raised by a large body, following what turned out to be the advanced guard of Makwai's men. After a short skirmish, without loss on either side, we drove back this advanced guard, and proceeded to Cedarville Drift, where we found all the farmers of the neighbourhood assembled, and the wildest confusion prevailing. All apprehended an immediate attack; no one took the management of anything, and each one had to shift for himself.

LAAGER FORMED.

I directed Mr. Catherine, the officer in command of my escort, to form the waggons into laager, taking the hotel as one side and the outbuildings as the other side of the camp, and closing up the two ends with the waggons.

Mr. Wylde, the Magistrate of Kokstad, had during the period of our stay at Matatiela raised a party of thirty European Volunteers for our relief. These we found at Cedarville Drift, together with one hundred Umzimkulu Natives, whom he had withdrawn from Fort Donald, and as they had brought a small quantity of spare arms and ammunition with them, I directed a distribution among such of the farmers as had none, and in a short while order and confidence were established.

My first care on arriving in camp was to send a party of twenty men for the rescue of De Bruin and his family, and Bramwell and Goldsworthy. During the night the party returned, reporting that they could not find De Bruin and his family, and that the waggon which had been laden was found empty; and that on going to Bramwell's they found the place in the occupation of the Basutos, who were in such numbers that the party considered it inadvisable to attack them. A larger party was now sent off to make further search. Before daylight in the morning De Bruin with his wife and little children, and his aged parents, came into camp weary and worn out. Shortly after we had left De Bruin, a party of Basutos, amongst whom was Tautoona, came to the homestead, firing on De Bruin who, with his parents and family,

fled for safety into the rocks on the mountain, while the Basutos plundered the house and drove off the stock. The second relief party returned after daylight without finding Bramwell and Goldsworthy, but they also turned up during the day safe and sound.

As my presence was required in Kokstad, I left Mr. Strachan in charge of the camp, directing him to hold the position if he could, but if not, to bring the refugees on to Kokstad, which he did on the following day, and my troubles were only now to begin in earnest.

At Kokstad we had neither military nor supplies of any kind. An army had to be created, supplies collected, and defensive works constructed, in which the women and children might take refuge in case of an attack which was threatened, and by no means improbable, but which was averted by the heavy rains which immediately afterwards followed, flooding the Umzimvubu and preventing the crossing of the Basutos. Meanwhile no one was idle. A commissariat staff had to be organized, a defence committee established, and officers nominated to take command of the Natives, who were now coming in from the Umzimkulu.

MR. LIEFELDT.

Mr. Liefeldt, whom I left at the Matatiela Magistracy, instead of adopting the arrangement I had made for him, left the post with his clerk and two policemen, according to his original suggestion, when he saw the Basutos in pursuit of us. The sixty Hlubis, who he thought would not at this stage be molested by the Basutos, were directed

by Mr. Liefeldt to make their own terms with the rebels, and to follow him to their homes.

As soon as Mr. Liefeldt left the Magistracy, Musi with his twenty-five men saddled and pursued at a break-neck pace down the mountain and across the Kenigha River, and were fast gaining on the magistrate when, passing a deserted shop and seeing liquor on the counter, they stopped to drink and breathe their horses, thus giving Mr. Liefeldt time to make good his escape into the Hlubi country. There he found the people in the utmost consternation, one headman, named Sibanda, having already joined the rebels, and the remainder of the tribe apprehending an attack from an overwhelming force of Basutos, and not knowing which way to turn for safety. Here for a weary month, in rain, without arms and ammunition, Mr. Liefeldt had his work cut out. He saw no near prospect of aid; despondent yet hoping against hope, he did all in his power to instil courage into the hearts of a disheartened population who saw danger on every side, and were daily being attacked and threatened with destruction unless they joined in the rebellion.

I know of no position more heartbreaking and trying than that in which Mr. Liefeldt was placed. To feel oneself helpless, to be surrounded by danger without means at your disposal to meet it, and yet to have to keep up the confidence of doubting men, when confidence in oneself is dead and gone, and the last gleam of hope is well-nigh extinguished, is more trying and depressing than to be shut up to the dire necessity of a manly and fair fight as the only way of escape. Poor Liefeldt's faith sometimes al-

most failed. I received most desponding reports from him, and did my best to encourage him, though I was myself quite as disheartened as he, but he stuck to his post till help came and manfully did his duty.

THE HLUBIS.

Shortly after Liefeldt left the Magistracy, as already narrated, Sikaki and his men surrounded the place, believing that his father had already settled me and my small party. The sixty loyal Hlubis, left in garrison by Mr. Liefeldt, were informed as the Basutos were not at war with them but with the Government that they might leave with their arms and horses and return to their homes. The Hlubis accordingly left, but on winding their way down the steep descent from the Magistracy, and coming to a narrow part of the road, obstructed by large masses of rock fallen from the cliffs above, they found the way occupied by Sikaki's Basutos. There was nothing for it but to cut their way through. This they did after a hard struggle, leaving eleven of their number dead in the pass.

Makwai, the father of Sikaki, had in like manner on the previous day attempted to throw me off my guard, by protesting against my order for the flight of farmers and traders, who he assured me were perfectly safe, at the same time apologizing for the armed demonstration which had taken place on the day of the meeting. Makwai might have saved himself the trouble.

The unfortunate slaughter of the Hlubis at the pass below the Magistracy I sadly regretted, not only on account of the men who had fallen, but also on account of the

feeling which I feared might prevail in the minds of the survivors, and because they might imagine that I had sought safety in flight, and had in a cruel and cowardly way left them to their fate; but in the end it proved most fortunate, as it showed the Hlubis that their only safety was in adherence to us.

SPREAD OF THE REBELLION.

As I had foretold the Government, the rebellion spread like wildfire. The Tembu clan, bordering on Fingoland, were up in arms and threatened the Fingoes, who a short while before had been disarmed, and were in consequence helpless and discontented. It has been said that many of them contemplated joining the Tembus, and that overtures to this effect passed between them. Yet whatever the feelings of individuals may have been, the bulk of the Fingoes determined to stand by the Government, and I am inclined to think that the overtures to the Tembus were made simply to gain time to receive aid from Government, which was soon forthcoming. But be this as it may, and even though the Fingoes may have been inclined to rebel, the news of the slaughter of the Hlubis, their clansmen, and the attack of Umhlontlo upon the Fingoes, finally set all doubts at rest, and the Fingoes openly declared for the Government.

KOKSTAD.

I must now return to Kokstad, and as this paper has already wearied your patience by its length, I crave your further indulgence while I as briefly as possible narrate the events of the few following days.

I had received *carte blanche* from Government to do all that I considered necessary; for, as already indicated, we had neither men, arms, ammunition, nor supplies: the latter had to be obtained from Natal, and the Government of that Colony kindly supplied me with five hundred rifles and ammunition; while traders did all in their power, induced both by present necessity and the prospect of good prices, to bring up supplies. Still men were the great want and I could not, like Glendower with his spirits, conjure up soldiers from the vasty deep.

To add to my troubles defections were going on on every side. A number of Griquas had joined the rebellion. My good friend Ramhlangwana was abandoned by his whole clan, even his sons having gone against him. Zibi, a powerful Hlubi chief and a Christian, was said to have cast in his lot with the Basutos. He seems, however, to have only temporized for present safety. He never actually went into rebellion, and afterwards did good service on the side of Government. Lebenya and Lehana, chiefs of Basuto clans, on whom I depended, personally kept out of the rebellion, but were abandoned by many of their clansmen. And further to add to my perplexity, the Pondos had made raids on the Xesibes, burning fifteen of their villages and carrying off their grain and other property. My position was by no means an enviable one, but my greatest trials were yet to come.

THE MURDER OF MR. HOPE.

Three or four days after my return from Matatiela, Mr. Hope, the Magistrate with Umhlontlo, informed me by

letter that Umhlontlo had volunteered to raise men for my relief while I was besieged, and had proposed that Hope should accompany the force, but having heard of my escape he sent 'to congratulate me, his father, for my escape from Basuto treachery.' Hope considered this sympathy and congratulation genuine and spontaneous, inasmuch as many of the headmen, apparently without Umhlontlo's knowledge, had sent similar messages of congratulation; but I was doubtful at least of Umhlontlo's sincerity, for I knew that he was one of the chiefs who had given their adhesion to the Basuto proposal in April. Moreover, I well knew his treacherous and unreliable disposition.

A day or two afterwards Hope proposed to take the field with Umhlontlo and his clan against the rebels. I replied that I could neither suggest nor recommend such a course, for the risk to Hope was too great as he might fall by Umhlontlo's treachery. Nevertheless, if he himself wished it, I would not object, for if he succeeded he would detach Umditshwa and the Tembu clans from the rebellion, and to accomplish such an object he was justified in incurring serious risks. In writing thus to Hope, I felt that I myself would have incurred serious risks to secure so great an end.

Mr. Hope then immediately took the field and from Sulinkama, his last resting place, he wrote me a most characteristic note, comparing his position to a game of whist when one may be confident of the game, but finds that his opponent holds the ace of trumps. He added that he was sure of success, for he held the ace of trumps in his hand. He proceeded to say that Umhlontlo had dined with him, and that he was then quietly sleeping beneath the ammunition waggon.

Two hundred rifles with ammunition had been supplied to Hope without my knowledge, and had I known in time I should have objected ; but having heard of the receipt, I directed him to send half the supply to Mr. Thomson who had reliable men in whose hands he could have placed the arms, which would have been of incalculable value to him in his subsequent struggle with the rebels ; but Hope kept all, and the following morning they fell into Umhlontlo's hands.

Mr. Hope's bright vision was but for one night ; the following morning ushered in the darkest tragedy of this dark period. After breakfasting with Hope, Umhlontlo went to muster his men, forming them into a circle and appointing six men who, when Hope and his staff came into the circle, were to stand behind Hope, Warren, and Henman, and at a given signal were to assassinate them from behind. This having being arranged, Umhlontlo went to Hope's tent and told him that all was now ready, and that he was prepared to hand over his people to the Magistrate for his final orders. The two walked arm-in-arm into the fatal circle, the staff following. Calmly and coolly addressing the people, Umhlontlo told them that he had now relinquished them into Mr. Hope's hands, that he would now issue his instructions to them, and they were to obey them. Having said this he took Davis, Mr. Hope's clerk, by the hand, saying he wished to speak to him. This being the appointed signal, the six men stabbed their unsuspecting victims and despatched them. Three Pondos, who had accompanied Umhlontlo, were then directed to proceed to Umqikela to tell him what they had seen—Umhlontlo adding that Umqikela would now no longer doubt

him. The messengers were further entrusted with Hope's gun and horse, which they were directed to take as a present to Ndabankulu, Umqikela's brother. Ten of the Government rifles were subsequently sent as a present to Umqikela.

ATTACK ON MR. THOMSON.

The murder accomplished, Umhlontlo, now armed with the Government rifles, proceeded to attack Mr. Thomson the magistrate of Maclear, having previously done all in his power to induce Mr. Thomson and Mr. Welsh, the magistrate of Tsolo, to meet Mr. Hope to arrange plans of operations; but as neither of them trusted Umhlontlo, they escaped the snare and Hope's fate.

At this time Mr. Thomson was out at a trader's station with forty men of the Barkly Border Guard under Captain Muhlenbeck, together with the Batlokwa Chief, Lehana, and one hundred and twenty of his clan watching the the course of events. Umhlontlo, without warning, and before Thomson knew of Hope's end, came down on our little force; but he had to do with a wary and experienced general, and, after a short and severe conflict, was beaten off; but being re-inforced from his own tribe, and by Basutos from Lehana's clan, under Lindingwana, Lehana's superior, the conflict was renewed from day to day, every effort being used to crush the gallant little party, but they bravely held their own till a month later, when I was enabled to send them relief from Kokstad.

Though breaking the chronology of my narrative, I will, for the sake of making the case more clear, proceed with

Mr. Thomson, and though Blue Books are dry and uninteresting, I will by way of change give you a treat from one of them.—

“On Mr. Thomson’s return to the Residency he found matters in the most disorganized condition. The Fingo clans of his division, seeing no prospect of aid, and seeing only destruction before them, had temporized in order to save themselves, and had promised to give in their adhesion to the rebels, and some of them as well as a portion of the Bastards had actually joined the rebels ; but on Mr. Thomson’s return to the Residency he established confidence, and those who during the time he was besieged at Chevy Chase had been doubtful, were rallied by him.

“The whole force of the Pandomise, Basutos, and Tembus, was now directed against Mr. Thomson, and having heard that he was short of ammunition and bread, I arranged to send him a supply ; but Commandant Usher, having heard that Mr. Thomson was relieved from Dordrecht, and was carrying on offensive operations, the supplies despatched for Mr. Thomson were handed over to Commandant Usher, who was stationed at Mount Fletcher, between the Basutos, Pandomise, and Tembus, and who himself was short of supplies.

“For a month all communication was cut off between me and Mr. Thomson, till in the beginning of December I heard that no relief had been obtained from Dordrecht, and that Mr. Thomson, attacked by overwhelming odds, and surrounded on all sides was reduced to the last extremity in regard to food as well as ammunition. I then again gave orders for supplies to be sent to Mr. Thomson ;

but before they reached Gatberg, Mr. Thomson was relieved from Dordrecht, and he, with those who still adhered to Government, were removed to Dordrecht. This was much against his will; all that he required was a supply of arms and ammunition, and with this he would have held his post.

“The highest praise is due to Mr. Thomson for the gallant stand he made at Chevy Chase supported by Captain Muhlenbeck and forty of the Barkly Volunteers, and Lehana with his one hundred and twenty men, and for subsequently rallying and gaining men, who to all intents and purposes appeared, as a matter of self-defence, to have cast in their lot with the rebels.

“On the day on which Mr. Hope and his companions were murdered, Stephen Adonis, a Native missionary, labouring among Umhlontlo’s people, made his escape and brought the tidings to Mr. Welsh, who at once with his family and that of the Rev. Mr. Stuart and Mrs. Stuart, and the family of Mr. Leary, took refuge in the gaol, a small stone building with an iron roof, the only defensible one on the Residency, the others being roofed with thatch.

“In this small space the three families with other Europeans, and three or four Native policemen, were shut up for fourteen days under the most distressing circumstances. I repeatedly endeavoured to open communication with Mr. Welsh without effect, and when matters appeared hopeless and the death of the party either by starvation or violence appeared certain, Major Elliot, the Chief Magistrate of Umtata, arranged for their rescue, through Nqwiliso, whose men were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Morris, Wesleyan missionary with Nqwiliso, and a small band of

European volunteers from Umtata, whose names, if I had them, I would gladly record in the report. *

“For a few days after the outbreak our position at Kokstad appeared to be desperate. Twenty-eight Griquas, either by choice or from compulsion, joined the rebels. The Mapiyanes, on whose fidelity I had counted, deserted their chiefs, Zibi and Ramhlangwana, and were in arms against us. Desertions took place from among the Hlubis, and a small clan from the Umzinkulu district joined the rebels. Lebenya was left almost alone on the side of the Government, his people having abandoned and robbed him while Makaula's and Jojo's appeared to be the only clans standing by us ; but instead of being a source of strength to us they earnestly solicited aid in men and arms, which we could not supply, to protect them from attack which they feared from the Pondos. The only side from which we could except aid was the Umzinkulu, and as soon as the people of this division heard that their chief, Strachan, was in danger they poured into Kokstad night and day, during the most inclement weather, and by their advance on Matatiela, and dispersing the Basutos, who were assembling on the Umzinvubu, twenty-five miles from this, for an attack on Kokstad, they restored confidence not only to Kokstad but to the Hlubis and other clans, who, before they saw any prospect of aid were prepared to cast in their

* The names of the party who went to rescue Mr. Welsh, were Rev. J. S. Morris, Messrs. Alexander K. Granville, John J. Vice, Charles Loder, Reuben James Cowie, Thomas William Matthews and Joseph Vice.

lot with the rebels. Sidoi, whose action during the Griqua rebellion and on other occasions was at the best doubtful, came out with his sons at the very first, and with his clan did excellent service."

Men were now fast coming in, but everything seemed to be moving at a snail's pace, while the fate of men, women and children hung in the balance. One day a report came in that Welsh and all his party had been slaughtered. Then again that report was contradicted. Then came a small scrap of paper, sent out by a Native woman, saying, "We are in the last extremity, and cannot hold out much longer." And when all hope of saving them from Kokstad had failed, and the gloom and darkness were at their darkest, relief came from an unexpected quarter. Major Elliot, Chief Magistrate at Umtata, effected the rescue. He brought good out of evil. Nqwiliso's Pondos had at the outbreak of the rebellion looted some shops. Nqwiliso sent to express his regret to the gallant Major, and he at once told Nqwiliso that the only way he could manifest his regret, and shew that he had no part in the rebellion, was immediately to send a force for Mr. Welsh's rescue. This was done as you have already heard.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have finished. My story has been long ; it might have been much longer. I might have told you about Usher, a gallant young fellow, who fell bravely leading his men to attack some rebel caves, and of others ; and of the noble fidelity of Natives, who, in spite of all temptations and persuasions, stood nobly to their duty ; but when I write a book I may make up the omission. One minute more and I have done.

Bear with me while I read a notice I sent to the *Watchman* announcing the death of Hope. Thomson also is now dead. He never recovered the strain of the three weary months' siege. His eldest daughter died shortly after the relief; and this, added to his broken health, brought on the death of a man, who in the late rebellion and in two previous wars, bravely faced death and danger at his country's call.—

“Hamilton Hope is dead !

“When the Basuto rebellion broke out, animated by a desire to serve his country, he volunteered to take the field with Umhlontlo and his men in order to check the rebels, and to support such of the Basutos as desired to remain of the side on Government. For this purpose he went out for a few days, and to all appearance succeeded in what he had undertaken to do. Being desirous of committing Umhlontlo still further to our side, Mr. Hope proposed to go a step further, and take Umhlontlo out against the rebels.

“Warnings of treachery came in from all sides. The Chief Magistrate, in telegraphing to Government, used these expressive words, “Hope has heroically gone out with his life in his hand, alone with a treacherous devil.”

“This message was communicated to Mr. Hope, who was further informed by the Chief Magistrate, that in what he was doing he was incurring a serious risk and danger to himself; but as the move was originally proposed by Umhlontlo himself, and as Mr. Hope had gone into the thing, true to the chivalrous traditions of his family and name, he stood to his purpose. He believed he could perform an important service to his country, and was prepared to in-

cur any risk in accomplishing this end. Mr. Davis, Mr. Hope's clerk, volunteered to accompany his chief in this dangerous duty, also two young men, named Henman and Warren, from the Chief Magistrate's office at Umtata; but when the intended treachery of Umhlontlo came to Mr. Hope's knowledge, he mentioned it to the young men, and advised them to stay at home, saying that he was prepared to meet the risk and danger alone; but, with generous British hearts, which clime and change do not degenerate, they expressed their determination to stand by Mr. Hope at all hazards.

"Henman and Warren fell with Hope. Of Davis, it is said that as his father was for many years Umhlontlo's missionary, and as his brother now occupies the same position, Umhlontlo saved Davis.

"Hamilton Hope is dead! These words will be read with a thrill by thousands in the Cape Colony who had the privilege of his acquaintance, and by whom his sterling qualities and upright manly character were known.

"Such calm courage and fortitude as Mr. Hope displayed are virtues of the highest kind. A man may storm a battery or lay his body in the breach, animated by enthusiasm or inspired by the stirring cheers of applauding comrades; but to be exposed to danger for days and nights, with shattered health, in rain and cold, and bear constantly before one the idea of treachery without flinching, requires an amount of fortitude which few men possess; and when the history of the present rebellion is recorded, the names of Hope, Warren, and Henman should be exhibited in bold relief; for though they fell by the hands of treacher-

ous assassins, they fell foremost in their country's cause."

"Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy foot put into fetters. As a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept over him."



SUPERSTITIONS
AND
CUSTOMS AMONG THE NATIVE RACES

WITCHCRAFT.

CHAPTER I.

DURING my first appointment with judicial authority over the Gaikas, I had a good many cases of witchcraft before me, especially of people complaining of having been accused of bewitching others. In all these cases I instituted an enquiry as to whether witchcraft really existed; and the *onus probandi* was laid upon the accusers. Of course they failed in every instance to prove their case, and the accused received substantial damages. By and bye charges of witch-craft ceased to be heard of. It may be mentioned that it is a belief among the natives, that witch-craft may be practised in a great variety of ways. A person may be bewitched by a lock of hair being taken from his head; or by a rag of an old blanket which he has worn. In short any conceivable thing which has belonged to a man may be made use of to bewitch him.

There are many charms besides, which are said to be used. Amongst the most potent is the flesh from a corpse.

In a case that came before me, one of my headmen was

implicated. On going to his cattle-fold one morning, he had found a quantity of blood under the manure. He at once concluded that some evil-disposed persons had brought it there for the purpose of witch-craft, and sent off a party of men to a celebrated Fingo witch-doctor named Ngwana, to make enquiry, but with strict injunctions not to mention to any one the object of their visit to the "doctor." The men on arriving at the witch-doctor's place sat, as usual, at a distance from him, and were joined by two or three of his people, who, as is customary, had a dry ox-hide on which to drum.

Business was then commenced. Ngwana at first said their children were sick, but meeting with no response from the ox-hide he said :—

"No! the children are not sick; the headman is ill."

There was still no response, and after making a number of futile guesses the performance ceased. Ngwana then went up to his visitors and told them they might mention the object of their visit to the men sitting near them; that he would have no communication with them, and would then tell them what they wanted to know. He added that what had already taken place was simply by-play, and meant nothing.

But the doctor again began his guesses, and he could now ascertain from the beating on the hide whether he was near the mark or not. After a number of guesses he at last said :—

"It is about cattle you came," and from the beating on the hide he found he was getting nearer the truth. He made several more guesses and then said :—

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"The thing is in the cattle-fold," and his guess was very strongly confirmed. At last he added :—

"Blood and flesh have been found in the cattle-fold."

The beating on the hide showed he had guessed the whole affair.*

Now, it remained for him to give the explanation and it was this : "The man who has sent you to me is wealthy : near him lives a very old man who is poor. That man wishes that your headman should become poor like himself. He has a familiar spirit in the shape of a baboon, and on the night before the blood was found in the cattle-fold, the baboon had gone to Thomas River by command of his master, and had taken from there the blood of a cow belonging to Tyindyolo which had died of lung-sickness the same day. This blood was deposited in Nxokwana's cattle-fold, in order that his cattle might die, and that he might become poor like the other."

One of the party present, named Joe, said :

"Why, that is my father he is speaking of. My father is very old, but he does not practise witch-craft, and he has no baboon. I want to question Ngwana upon this matter : I am not satisfied."

The party refused to allow Joe to question the magician,

* Note. Account of procedure of deputation of Ngwana.

The course pursued in this case was unusual, the usual course being that the parties should state the whole case to the magician, who then gave an explanation of the causes of the trouble, and suggested what should be done. But Ngwana professed to be a grade or two above the ordinary magician, and thus dealt with the case brought to him.

In the case as recorded there were two adjournments. There were really three,

as he had not mentioned his (Joe's) father's name. On arriving at home Joe came to me and stated what had happened, and said he wished to institute an action against the magician, for defamation of his father's character.

The parties accordingly appeared before me. Ngwana admitted everything, for he could not well deny what had been witnessed by so many; but he asserted that there was no case against him, inasmuch as he had not named any one.

I said it was quite unnecessary that he should name any one; that the indication was distinct and plain, and that nobody else could be meant but old Kente: therefore I entertained the action, and Ngwana had now to prove what he had alleged against the old man.

On being questioned, he stated that the baboon which had brought the blood to Nxokwana's kraal lived at the Kei and Bolo junction; that it had gone and taken the blood from Tyindyolo's cow and deposited it in Nxokwana's cattle-fold; and that this operation was performed in the night, the baboon having started from the Bolo, gone on to Thomas River, round by Nxokwana's kraal, and down again to Bolo. This would represent a distance of about seventy miles—a very good feat for a baboon to accomplish in one night.

At this stage I adjourned the enquiry for three days, as I wished the case to attract attention. I had ascertained that Tyindyolo's cow had died a month before the blood was found in Nxokwana's kraal, so here was a point upon which the Magician could have been stumped at once, but it did not suit me at the time to take advantage of this.

By the time the case came on again, Ngwana, doubtless, had also learned that Tyindyolo's old cow had died a month before the blood was found ; he therefore stated when the case was resumed, that the baboon had deposited the blood in a cave, where it had remained till the night before the headman had discovered it in his kraal.

I said : " Now, Ngwana, you told us first that the blood was brought to the kraal on the same night that Tyindyolo's cow died. But you tell us now that the blood was kept for some time in a cave—which of the two statements is true ? It is quite immaterial to me which you choose, for I am prepared to examine you upon either of them."

Ngwana replied that he could not tell. When speaking at his own village he had been acting under the inspiration of the spirits, but he could not now get any response from them.

I told him that his ancestors' spirits would not abandon him in the day of his trouble. He was to go home, and to offer sacrifices and prayers to them, and they would, no doubt, come to his help, as they had in times past ; but he declared that they were now deaf to his prayers and would not come.

I then adjourned the case again for a week, in order that Ngwana might consult the spirits. Meanwhile the case was attracting very great attention, and people from all quarters were coming to hear the result. Ngwana pleaded illness as a reason why there should be no further postponement.

I told him I would give him as much time as necessary, and if he was sick, I would even lend him my waggon to

take him home, and bring him back again at the final settlement of the case.

He then exclaimed: "Give judgment! Give judgment!"

I replied that it was not my custom to give judgment in a case I had but half investigated. There were a number of questions I still wished to put to him, when he decided on which occasion the baboon had brought the blood to Nxokwana's Kraal.

Another week's suspense, and another exhibition before the crowds who came to listen, were too much for Ngwana. Moreover, he saw quite plainly that the case was going against him, and that there was not the shadow of a probability of his acquittal. In an agony such as, but for me, he would have caused to Kente,—to my astonishment he cried out: "I have lied! I have lied! Give judgment!"

"Of course," I replied, "if that is the case I have nothing more to say, although I was prepared to prove to every one that you had lied—whether the blood came on the night the cow died, or whether it was deposited in the cave for a month. The judgment is that you pay a fine of £25 to Kente for having accused him of witch-craft."

I may state that Ngwana was a leading man among the Fingoes, and stood very high among the Kaffirs as a witch-doctor, but this case of Kente's baboon completely destroyed his reputation, and, so far as I know, he was not consulted afterwards in cases of witch-craft.

The case had thus far gone on most satisfactorily for Kente who was exonerated by the accuser himself, still the matter was most unsatisfactory to me. The mystery of

the blood had not been solved ; and on the night after the judgment I lay sleepless trying to solve the mystery, but without success. Kente had evidently not brought the blood there, but the guilty party had not yet been discovered. I had heard of several cases in which men had been put to death on the charge made by the witch-doctor of having brought diseased flesh into their neighbour's cattle-folds. In these cases malice had been asserted or proven. But in the case of Nxokwana no one appeared to to bear any ill-will. Towards morning I fell asleep, and then I distinctly saw a brown dog greatly gorged enter Nxokwana's cattle-fold, and scratch a hollow in the manure, into which he disgorged the contents of his distended stomach, which consisted of blood and lumps of flesh. I considered this dream so remarkable that I immediately rose and went to tell my headman, Neku, that the mystery of the blood in Nxokwana's cattle-fold had been solved, and that I had just seen a dog depositing the blood there. The headman appeared to be amused that I should have made so much of a dream, and thought it was quite time enough to mention it in the morning. Shortly after sun-rise, Qotyana, my sergeant of police, came to report to Neku that at dawn he had seen a black dog depositing blood and flesh in Nxokwana's cattle-fold ; adding that a horse had died in the neighbourhood the previous day, and the dog had doubtless gorged himself on the carcase.

Neku replied : " You are too late with your information. The Chief saw the dog deposit the blood and told me at the time." The dog was afterwards destroyed, and no more blood was found in Nxokwana's cattle-fold.

CHAPTER II.

About four years previous to the occurrence of the events just narrated I was residing at what was called the Dohne Station, now the village of Stutterheim. I had with me there twenty-five natives as police. Qotyana, the sergeant, a man in whom I had every confidence, repeatedly complained to me that a baboon had been seen at night amongst the police huts, and at the cattle-folds. It came, he declared, to suck the cows, and was believed to belong to one of the police. I told Qotyana not to come with such nonsense to me; that none of the police had a baboon; that there was no baboon, and that the women and children who thought they had seen one had only seen a dog. The police were not satisfied, and suspicion fell upon a native named Matisa who was pretty well boycotted by his companions though in utter ignorance of the cause. Matters went on in much the same way for a few months, when one bright moonlight night about eleven o'clock I heard a tremendous commotion amongst the police huts, men shouting, women shrieking, and dogs barking. Presently Qotyana came marching down in great triumph to my house, and deposited at my feet an enormous grey cat. He said: "This is what we have mistaken for a baboon. You would not believe us, but a little while ago, when one of our men happened to go out, he saw this thing sitting on an ant-hill near one of the huts, and thinking it was the baboon, he set the dogs on it; the thing at once ran in the direction of Ma-

tisa's hut, shewing the connection between it and Matisa. And just look at his neck ! See the beautiful bead collar round it, showing how his master loved him." I told Qotyana that the less said about the matter the better ; that the cat belonged to the soldiers at the barracks, with whom it was a great favourite, and if they found out what killed it, they would make it unpleasant for the police and their dogs for some time to come. Poor "Tom" was therefore carefully concealed, (ornaments and all), and it was not till some time after that the soldiers learned his fate. By this time the loss had been somewhat forgotten, and was passed over without any violence being shown to my police or their dogs. After this no more baboons were seen amongst my police huts or in the cattle-folds, and Matisa's soiled and bankrupt reputation was entirely rehabilitated.

Soon after this three of my policemen, brothers, came to me desiring my permission to employ a female Native witch-doctor to attend one of them who had long been ill with consumption. I told them that all that was possible had been done for the invalid ; that the disease was incurable at the stage it had reached, and that the employment of a witch-doctor would only entail expense and pain upon him ; therefore, I could not accede to their request.

The sick man replied that the "doctor" he had consulted knew all about his case without having been told. When he had appeared before her, she had said to him : " You served against your own country on the side of the Government during last war. You were ill during the

war; you were taken to the hospital, and treated there by a white doctor who did not understand your disease. You have thus displeased the spirits of your ancestors by going against their customs and employing those who were endeavouring to bring ruin upon the customs of your forefathers."

These points seemed so conclusive to the poor man, and he appeared so earnest in his desire to obtain the assistance of the witch-doctor, as though it were his only chance of life and health, that I considered it would be cruelty to refuse him my permission. I therefore replied :

"As it is your earnest desire to employ the "doctor," I consent, but I must assure you that you will derive no benefit."

I told the brother that imposture would be used. The doctor was to extract some substance from the body of Totshe, as it was said to be this substance that was causing the illness. I warned them that if the doctor were carefully watched in all her movements and operations, imposture might be discovered.

The doctor was then sent for, and at the first audience she declared that there was a reptile in the man's breast, and that she would extract it.

The following day a number of people were gathered in the sick man's hut, and the woman, as is the custom in extracting extraneous substances from the body, brought a large lump of cow-dung which she placed upon Totshe's breast. Totshe feeling something grating on his breast when the cow-dung was placed upon it, at once laid hold

of the witch-doctor's hands and called upon his brothers for assistance, stating that he felt the reptile in the dung. In the struggle that ensued for the possession of the dung, a large rough rock-lizard dropped out! This the doctor tried to crush under her heel but was stopped.

In this case the woman belonged to another magistracy—I could therefore impose no fine upon her. I however considered that the public exposure and the loss of fees which she had insisted on being paid in advance, was sufficient punishment.

I once witnessed the pretended extraction of a reptile from the body of a sick man. This was at the end of the cattle-killing delusion. I happened to go into a hut where I heard a sick man was lying, and I found the poor fellow emaciated and suffering from dysentery caused by the famine. An old hag, apparently as near death as himself, was bending over him, manipulating a lump of cow-dung over the poor man's stomach. The dung was pressed on and twisted about till the air was exhausted, and a vacuum created close to the skin. The suction caused by this operation induced the patient to believe that something was being drawn from his stomach.

The woman had a strip of mimosa bark concealed in the dung, which she said was the reptile she was dragging forth. Every now and then, scratching upon the bark she said: "Do you hear me scratching upon the thing? I am only tickling him, to make him come out. It is an awful business and my arms are becoming paralysed with the work, but it is almost out." And then, apparently with great effort, the dung was withdrawn from the

man's stomach with a click as the air forced its way into the vacuum. The poor fellow died that night, and the woman who had received one shilling for her work, died the following day.

But there were other cases in which I did not score so well. It happened about 1859 when there was a good deal of sickness and fever in a village not far from my residence, that a famous witch-doctor named Umgxate was employed to clear the village of what was causing sickness. He sent to me to ask for permission to remove the charms, which were the cause of the illness in the village, but he said he would do so without accusing any one of having brought them there.

I accordingly went down to see the performance. I found Umgxate dancing about the country with close on two dozen attendants, and taking the bewitching matter from underneath stones near the village. This was easy enough; any one might have done the same, for no doubt the charms had been placed there either by himself or an accomplice. Finally however it was announced that there was one charm the most potent of all buried in the floor of one of the huts.

Umgxate and his attendants approached the hut quite naked, he himself carrying an assegai in his right hand. I asked him what he was going to do, when he replied that he was going to take out the charm from the floor of the hut, but he would not say who had deposited it there.

I told him that he was not to take out the charm, but when he came upon it he was to let me know and I would take it out. I also ordered two of my men—Mayi

Neku, and Qotyana—to carefully watch Umgxate in his operations.

After digging awhile in the floor with the point of the assegai, I saw the “doctor” drop a small packet out of his hand into the hole. Mayi Neku also saw this and immediately caught hold of Umgxate and dragged him out of the hut. He denied that he had dropped the charm, but said that in digging, he had accidentally caught it with the point of his assegai and had thus thrown it up.

I told him I could not be mistaken and Mayi Neku was just as decided. In order however to give the doctor another trial I said I would conceal the charm, and he could come in the morning and unearth it; otherwise I would punish him as an impostor.

I cut open the little bag containing the charm, and found it consisted of charred leaves. I took a portion of the leaves and ate them, much to the horror of the spectators.

Umgxate said that as the charm was in my hands he was powerless, for my hands were clean. It was only when it was in the hands of evil-doers, and used for bewitching others that he had power over it. If I concealed the charm it was not with any evil design, therefore he could not discover it.

I fined Umgxate five pounds for his imposture, but the matter did not end there. Three or four weeks afterwards I had a very severe attack of gastric fever, and for some time was in a critical state. This was attributed to my having eaten of the charm of Tyolweni’s village—and Umgxate thus scored one against me.

CHAPTER III.

Shortly after the occurrence with Umgxate, Sandile sent a mounted messenger to me to say that they had now discovered a case of witchcraft which would convince me, and asked me to come and see it. I accordingly rode to the place indicated, about twelve miles down the Gulungi river, where I found a large gathering. Sandile was there with a number of his leading men, and a man named Lobi sat alone near the crowd. In this case it appeared that a son of a petty chief named Umcoyana had been suffering for some time from consumption, and being now very low, his father had called in the services of a female witch-doctor. After the dance and incantations, she said the cause was with the young man himself, and he must divulge it. The woman called in the assistance of two others. The young man for a time denied all knowledge of the cause of his illness, but as his father from day to day insisted on his making a confession, and even threatened him with violence if he did not, the young man at last said he had obtained some charms from Lobi; that he had asked him for something to make him find favour with the chiefs, and to be liked by the people; and that Lobi had given him five packets of charms, which he told him must not be brought to the house or to the village, but must be concealed in the fields. But fearing to lose the charms in the fields, he had taken them away and buried them in his hut, and since that time he had become ill. He said that he had given Lobi an ivory arm-ring in payment for the charms.

Upon this confession, the witch gathering was called, and this accounted for the presence of Sandile and the large number of people in the village. When the witch-doctors came to take out the charms, the young man pointed out a place in the middle of the floor, where he said he had buried them. After digging for some time the doctors said there were no charms there—they must be hidden elsewhere. This spot in the middle of the floor did not suit the plans of the doctors, as their movements could be too well seen by the spectators. Upon urging the young man to point out the actual place where the charms were concealed, he pointed to a dark corner near the head of his bed, and under there the doctors proceeded to dig. After a while they exclaimed :—" We have come upon the charms. Take care ! they are very potent and if their fumes should fall on any of you, you will be like this young man." This had the effect of causing Sandile and the rest of the people to rush out of the hut in a very short time. The doctors were thus enabled to perform the rest of their operations without any inquisitive eyes to watch them. Coming out of the hut they exhibited five packets to the crowd, and told the people not to approach lest they should become ill. A young man, one of their attendants, was sent to a deep pool in the Gulungi, with instructions to cut the packets open, to scatter the contents upon the water, and to submerge them.

When I arrived on the scene, all this had been done. After some questions, I directed Sandile to describe exactly the appearance of the packets in which the charms were contained. He told me they were five small calico pack-

ets of various patterns, tied with various kinds of thread.

After hearing all he had to say I took him into the sick man's hut, together with the witch-doctors and some of the leading men.

The young man related all the particulars of his transaction with Lobi and told me there was no evil intention on Lobi's part or his own, and that he himself was to blame for disregarding Lobi's instructions. I then asked him to describe the packets in which the charms were contained. His description differed entirely from Sandile's. I then said to him, "Supposing that some one were to bring packets of a different kind from those you have described what would you say?" He replied, "I would say they were not mine."

I told the women they had now an opportunity of exhuming the charms in my presence, as what they had brought out were neither the young man's nor Lobi's, but their own.

The women insisted that the charms were those which were concealed in the hut, and did not belong to them.

I was unable to question the young man any further, as he was very low; and it was with much difficulty I obtained the information recorded. I then went out and told Lobi that at present there was no charge against him; that the charms produced were not his but belonged to the witch-doctors, who had now the opportunity of extracting those which were said to have been given by him to the dying man. I told the women that if they did not produce the charms I should punish them.

However in this case the public sympathy was almost en-

tirely on the side of the witch-doctors. They had blamed nobody. All they had acted upon was the statement of the dying man, therefore the public believed what they had done and said they were quite correct. I was thus unable to punish the doctors, and more especially as Lobi himself had brought no complaint against them, neither indeed could he as he had not been blamed by the women, and I did not desire to make martyrs of them, and thus enhance their importance in the public estimation.

In this case also the witch-doctors scored against me, but upon the whole, they found that their work was a losing game, and before I left the Gaika Location one seldom heard of any charge of witchcraft against any one.

In a former part of this article I referred to human flesh as being regarded as a most potent charm in witchcraft. I had heard of several cases in which it was said human flesh had been taken for the purposes of witchcraft, but I considered none of them sufficiently authenticated to found a belief upon.

In 1859 a man died in Toise's Location in the neighbourhood of this town. He was buried, and on the following morning a man passing by the grave found the body had been exhumed, and without going to make any investigation he reported to the headman, who immediately called a witch-dance to ascertain who had exhumed the body. A man present at the dance was indicated as a guilty one, though not named. He went to the chief to complain that he had been falsely accused of exhuming the body for the purpose of witchcraft, and that he was perfectly innocent. He demanded that satisfaction should be given him against

the witchdoctor. The chief, whose sympathies appeared to be with the doctor, told the man he had not been named, and he had no action against the doctor, and he was to go away.

The man then came to King William's Town to complain to the magistrate. The magistrate appears not to have seen the point of the case, and said to the man, "How often shall I have to tell you there is no such thing as witchcraft, and you come and trouble me with cases of witchcraft. I tell you that no man can bewitch another, and if a man is accused of bewitching another he is accused of nothing, for witchcraft does not exist. Neither you nor any other person can bewitch another, if you try; so go home and don't bother me with your nonsense."

The poor fellow had to return. The stigma remained upon him, although the chief did not dare to punish him, being under British law. The magistrate did not seem to see that although witchcraft did not exist, still it was a thing which the people really believed in, and the man accused was considered to be as guilty as if he had committed witchcraft; and therefore he should have obtained redress against the doctor for false accusation. Moreover the exhumation of the body apart from witchcraft was a criminal offence, and upon that ground also the magistrate might have given the man redress.

About thirty years before the occurrence of the circumstance just narrated, a man of position died on the present site of King William's Town. He was buried and the following morning it was reported to the chief that the body had been exhumed. A witch-dance was accordingly

called, and as in the case that occurred at Toise's location, no investigation had been made at the grave before the gathering. A man in the crowd was named by the witch-doctor as the person who had exhumed the body for the purposes of witchcraft, and a rope was at once put round his neck, either preparatory to torture or execution, as he stoutly denied having committed the offence. My father who was living near the place, hearing what was going on, went to the gathering and asked the chief if he might take the accused, together with the witchdoctors and some of the leading men, to the grave, and inspect it, in order that the doctors' statement might be corroborated.

The chief at once gave his consent. On going to the grave the loose earth round it was examined, but no trace of a man's footprints could be found, although there were the footprints of a hyena by the dead body. My father asked the witch-doctor to point out the traces of a man's foot at the grave, but the doctor seemed to be quite indifferent and regardless of what was said to him. The question was repeated two or three times, but still no notice was taken of it. My father who was a powerful man, and then in the vigour of manhood, took hold of the doctor by the shoulders and placed his face within three or four inches of the ground, and asked him, "What traces are these? Are they the traces of a man?" Upon further examination it was found that on the bushes which had covered the grave a quantity of hyena hair was left. My father asked the doctor what hair was that, but he again assumed indifference, and eventually my father took him and squeezed his head among the bushes saying, "Tell me what hair is that on the bushes!"

The party then returned to the chief and related to him what they had seen and done. The chief directed that the rope be taken from the neck of the accused, and placed round the neck of the doctor, who, he said, was the guilty party. It ended however in nothing more serious to the doctor than the confiscation of his property, and the complete exoneration of the man who had been accused.

I had been sceptical until quite recently of human flesh being used for the purposes of witchcraft, no clear and well authenticated case ever having come to my knowledge, but during the time that I was Chief Magistrate in East Griqualand a case occurred which dispelled all doubts on the subject. Several children had disappeared, and it was firmly believed that they had been stolen and killed for purposes of witchcraft, but nothing conclusive could be ascertained. Upon one occasion a little girl had disappeared very mysteriously from her home. The people had all gone out to work in the fields, leaving the children under the charge of an old woman. Late in the afternoon it was found that the little girl had disappeared from among the other children. Search was made in all directions but without avail. The old woman learned however, from one of the children, that her husband, the grandfather of the missing child had been seen close to the village on the afternoon of the day in question. At dusk the same evening this old man came home and sat in front of his hut, quite wet, apparently having just had a bath. The old woman, inferring that he had taken the child and killed it, and that he had taken a bath for purification,

set up a wailing. The old man told her to be quiet or else he would "do" for her. As nothing could be found of the child, suspicion fell on the old woman and she was arrested and put into prison. While there she mentioned what had been told her by one of the children; also the circumstance of her husband having come home wet after dark, and his threat to kill her if she said anything about it.

Search was meanwhile made for the missing child. Every nook and corner where it might be concealed was searched, and the body was at last found in a deep gorge, concealed among some high grass. It was still perfect except in two or three places where small portions of flesh had been cut out. The old man was arrested on the strength of his wife's statements. He admitted that he had taken away the child and given it to an accomplice, who had come to him some days before and told him he was making a potent charm; that he had obtained a male *Swelaboya* (hairless) and he required a female *Swelaboya*, to complete the charm, and if the old man would obtain one for him he would give him a cow. The prisoner further stated that he went to the village on the day the child was lost. She came to meet him. He put her under his blanket and took her off to the man who had asked him to provide a female *Swelaboya* for him. He said he did not kill the child himself, but he was guilty of its death, because he gave it to the other man who placed his hand over the child's mouth and nostrils and thus suffocated it. This was the statement made on the arrest of the old man, also at the trial.

As there was no evidence against his accomplice, except that of the prisoner, he was acquitted. The old man was sentenced to death but died in prison before the sentence could be carried out.

This is the only well authenticated case that has come under my own notice in which human flesh was used as a charm for witchcraft.



SUPERSTITIONS AMONG THE NATIVE RACES.

THIS is a matter which has perplexed missionaries as well as Government officials. All regard the influence of superstition as an evil, and one of great magnitude, and the question has, times without number, been asked how the evil is to be dealt with and eradicated.

One says, prohibit superstitious customs by law, and punish those who practise them; another says, convince the natives of their folly and absurdity; while a third says, unless you give the barbarian something better it is absurd to think of removing his erroneous faith by legal enactments or by simply proving its absurdity.

It is not my object at present to express any opinion as to what should or should not be done, and I will therefore content myself by selecting two or three cases illustrating

the power of superstition over the native mind, and how it may be used as an instrument for evil, socially as well as politically.

Many men believe that most barbarous tribes have no religion at all, and that they do not recognize a Supreme Being, but this opinion, in most if not in all cases, on due inquiry, will be found to be incorrect, and it is quite easy to account for this erroneous impression. Ask a barbarian about his religious belief, or what is generally termed superstition, and why he does this or that, and he will say he does not know, or that it is the custom. In many cases this answer is an honest one; the man really does not know why he does certain things, exactly as in Christian churches, where forms and ceremonies are adopted, the great body of worshippers may be in utter ignorance of the import of the forms used either by themselves or the celebrant. There are some, however, among the natives who would regard any question respecting their religious belief as impertinent curiosity into matters on which only the doctors or magicians should speak, and would either give an evasive answer, or one which would lead to the conviction that they had no religious belief whatever.

Many years since, while travelling across the Kei, the views just expressed were very distinctly illustrated.

It happened that, at the time referred to, I stayed for a night at the kraal of one of Kreli's chief councillors, named Tena, a fine specimen in every respect of a wild barbarian. One of Tena's huts had been cleaned and put at my disposal, and on entering the hut I found that the old man had recently been engaged in a religious ceremony, for in

the roof of the hut I saw suspended the horns and part of the face of a calf.

In the evening Tena came in to pay his respects to me, and in course of conversation, among other matters, the following dialogue took place between us :—

“ Now Tena, can you tell me what will become of you after death ? ”

“ When I die, I die ; there is an end to me, and I am no more.”

“ But you do not believe this ? ”

“ I do, most decidedly.”

“ What is the meaning of those horns I see fixed in the roof of the hut ? ”

“ They are the horns of a young ox that I recently offered in sacrifice for my wife and child.”

“ To whom did you offer the sacrifice ? ”

“ To the spirits of my departed ancestors.”

“ Why ? ”

“ To express my gratitude to them for the birth of my child, and in order that they should be propitious to him and protect him.”

“ Can they do this, and do they know that you have offered this sacrifice to them ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! and had I not done so, some calamity might have befallen me or my child.”

“ Then your ancestors are not dead ; but take an interest in your affairs ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then they are alive, and know what is going on ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Will it not be so with you ? ”

“ I don't know, but I suppose it will.”

“ If the spirits of your ancestors live, and take an interest (and as, you admit, it may be so with you), in the affairs of their descendants, how can you say that when man dies, he dies, and there is an end to him ? ”

“ Well, this is wonderful, I have always acknowledged the immortality of the soul, but I never *knew* it.”

While no retribution, either now or hereafter, is supposed to follow acts of immorality, however gross they may be, the Native believes that the displeasure of the spirits will be manifested for any breach or non-observance of Native custom. Hence we find their conservatism and decided objection to change and advancement in those tribes that have not been dispersed or broken up, but which have all along had their doctors and priests among them to perform their religious and superstitious rights at births, sickness, and deaths, and in all other circumstances, of whatever nature. When an army proceeds to war it has to be charmed, propitious and unpropitious omens have to be observed and made known by the magicians, and even thieves going out to steal often go out under these auspices.

A most extraordinary effect of superstitious belief happened in the war of 1850. Several thousands of Kaffirs had assembled to carry off the Fingo cattle at Alice, shortly after the breaking out of the war. The magicians had done all that was necessary, and the army moved on from the Chumie before the dawn, in high spirits and confident of success. When the expedition had reached the high land between the Gaga and Chumie, a crested hawk-eagle

came hovering over the Kaffir hosts uttering its shrill and piercing shrieks. The wise men told Oba, the Chief who commanded the expedition, that this was a bad omen and boded disaster; they therefore entreated him to countermand the expedition for that day, but Oba, a young chief, who afterwards earned the soubriquet of "The Lion," considered it a bad omen that he should show fear and retreat, without striking a blow on this his first command. Oba's second in command was Quarana, the man who commanded the Kaffirs and drove back General Somerset when endeavouring to open communication with Sir Harry Smith at Fort Cox, when Gordon and Melvin, and twenty-nine men of the 91st were sacrificed.

The Fingo scouts, six in number, were driven in by the advancing column of Kaffirs, but continued to fire as they retreated, till they were joined by six others, when Quarana was mortally wounded and sent to the rear. The sight of the dying councillor, and his horse covered with blood, struck a panic on the hesitating Kaffirs. The omen was being fulfilled; they turned and fled. It was in vain that the Chief and his few supporters entreated, threatened, and used violence. Nothing could rally the panic-stricken host, for many of whom had not advanced beyond the spot where the crested eagle-hawk had warned them—and they never stopped till again sheltered in their forest retreat. This ignominious flight is attributable solely to the inauspicious omen, for the Kaffirs are not wanting in courage, as the same men had shown a few days previously, when they had driven General Somerset and 600 men before them into Fort Hare.

The superstition, however, which is the most troublesome and inconvenient is the belief in witchcraft, and every heathen native is a firm believer in it. Every man, woman, and child believes that he or she is liable to disaster, sickness, or death through the art and machinations of wizards and witches, whose most potent spell is the flesh, bones, hair, and, in short, anything which may have belonged to some deceased person. In order that the bodies of chiefs, at least, should not be violated their graves are watched night and day for at least a year, when little of them is left for the arts of the sorcerers.

When the missionaries first came among the Kaffirs—whenever any chief or person of influence was sick or died—one or more persons were accused of bewitching him. The accused were sometimes put to death; more frequently they were tortured to extort confessions of guilt, and their property was always confiscated. The person charged with the offence was generally some wretched outcast, but it almost invariably happened that he had wealthy accomplices, of whose forfeited property the witch doctor got a share. These accusations of witchcraft were frequently used for political purposes by chiefs or by aspirants for political power and position, to rid themselves of the influence of powerful rivals. Numerous cases might be cited in illustration, but I will mention one only.

In the early days of the Kaffrarian Mission an unfortunate man was accused of having opened the grave of a person of rank, and taking some flesh from the corpse. This happened within a half a mile of a mission station,

and the missionary hearing of it at once went to the residence of the chief, with whom he had much influence. There he found a large concourse of people calling for vengeance upon the accused, who stood before the chief with a riem round his neck. The matter having been explained to the missionary, he asked the chief to permit him to go to the grave with the witch doctor and the accused, that he might satisfy himself as to what had taken place. The request being granted, the chief, doctor, missionary, accused, and the crowd went to the grave, which was securely covered with bushes. After a careful inspection of the grave the missionary took hold of the doctor and drew him to the grave.

“What do you see?” he asked.

“Nothing,” was the reply, and an attempt to escape, but the doctor was held in an iron grasp, in which he was as helpless as a child.

“What is this?” said the missionary, pressing the wretched doctor to the loose soil by the opened grave.

“It looks like the foot-print of a wolf,” replied the doctor sullenly. After pointing out the wolf’s hair on the bushes over the grave, “One thing more,” said the missionary, “show me the foot-print of the prisoner.”

But none could be found. On an appeal to the chief the prisoner was liberated, and his accuser’s property confiscated for his false charge; and, what was of more consequence to him, his reputation was gone as a magician.

While it is believed that there are people who exercise evil influence upon others, it is also held that there are those who by charms can make men successful in what-

ever they undertake, even though the undertaking should be theft. The following is a case in point :—

After the cattle killing in 1856, thefts and robberies were of frequent occurrence, and in one locality in Kaffra-ria the magistrate was at his wits' end with all these undiscovered robberies. Amongst the thefts which had taken place was one of three cows, which had been stolen out of a German officer's stable. The theft was reported without delay, and the magistrate sent two of the smartest men out, saying that if they did not bring back either the cows or thieves he did not wish to see them again. After great trouble and perseverance the cattle were traced to a forest near the Keiskama, where one of the cows was found killed and the others tied up in the forest, but the thieves had made their escape, and were seen by the policemen on the top of the mountain watching them as they approached.

Shortly after this a store was broken into, and a large quantity of Indian corn stolen. The same men, with the same message, were sent to trace the storebreakers. This was difficult, as a great many persons had travelled over the road the thieves had taken during the night ; but they were eventually run to earth in a large Kaffir kraal. The huts were searched, and a quantity of mealies found. In the search pieces of cattle skin were found carefully concealed about the huts, and this raising the suspicion of the policemen they questioned and cross-questioned the women and children of the kraal, whom they had separated for this purpose, when it came out that the people of this kraal had committed most of the robberies which had recently

taken place. Their plan was to drive the stolen cattle in an opposite direction from their home, there to kill them, and send the women for the flesh during the night. Five of the thieves having been arrested and brought before the magistrate, he observed that they all wore the same kind of charms round their necks. These, upon inquiry, he found had been given to them for a consideration by a little one-eyed doctor, named Umprempushe, or the Great Gun. These charms were to make the wearers successful, and whenever they committed a theft they were to chew the charms and spit over their shoulders in the direction from which they had stolen, and this would render their traces invisible to their pursuers. Umprempushe was therefore arrested, and being found guilty as an accomplice, he got three years' imprisonment with his dupes.

Six of the gang were still at large, when about two months after the capture of the first lot, a policeman came to the magistrate, saying if he would give him ten or fifteen men he would go that night and arrest six men still at large, for as there was a cold winter rain the men who had hitherto been hiding in the forests would go to their huts to sleep. The suggestion was acted upon and the men arrested.

Umprempushe has returned from his captivity, but his occupation in the charmer line is gone; as from last accounts he was said to be in indigent circumstances. At any rate, it is not likely that any of the twelve would be disposed to patronize him again, though it was long before they were bowled out.

A KAFFIR BETROTHAL CEREMONY.

BY MRS. BROWNLEE.

HEARING that Sandile was determined, in accordance with the wishes of the tribe, to send off his daughter Victoria in Kaffir fashion, to be married to one of the grandsons * of Faku, chief paramount of the Pondos, and taking an interest in the girl, we went to witness the manner of dispatching her.

After a long pretty drive over a smooth grassy valley, mostly innocent of bush (the natives have a propensity for cutting down the finest trees), we arrived at the "great place," where a goodly number of people had already assembled. Mrs. S. and I went to where the women were sitting, among whom were ten beauties who graced Sandile's harem.

I addressed myself to the second in rank, a fine tall woman, with frank, intelligent, and rather commanding

* The Amapondo Chief Umhlangazo, *Vide* Native Affairs Blue-Book for 1875, p. 111 :—" One of the young men, Umhlangazo, is one of the principal Pondo Chiefs. He is married to Sandile's daughter, Victoria, and they live in a neat house, and live an honourable and useful life. He left his wife and children, and went to study at Lovedale for two years. Government at once undertook to pay for his and his companion's education. She kept up school, and services and cleanliness around her, alone in her village, during her husband's absence. He is acquiring much influence, and is a patriotic man, and at the same time very loyal and grateful to Government and England."

face. She extended to me a hand soft as velvet, and beautifully shaped; and seeing that we felt the heat, she and the chief wife took us to a grain hut, as being free of red clay, they thought we would prefer it to those they inhabit. We found soft seats among the bunches of corn. After talking a while we were joined by the Gaika Commissioner and the chief, who seated himself between his two wives, giving to one of them a handful of tobacco, and her of the velvet hand he pleased by fondling her children, a girl and a boy, round limbed, smooth skinned things. It was pleasant to see this savage lavish kisses and caresses on his children. Sandile has many grave faults, but indifference to his offspring is not one of them.

Now came a message about the dress of the bride to the father; the mother is not supposed to take any concern in the matter. The messenger went backwards and forwards, I daresay half-a-dozen times on the same subject. The dress usual on such occasions consists of beads, clay, and a girdle of oribi skin, but, out of deference to his European visitors, Sandile ordered that she should be cloaked, and no paint used. After a great deal of palaver all was ready, and we repaired to the kraal where the ceremony of betrothal was to take place. All the men and councillors assembled there, but as women may not enter their husband's kraal, or indeed any save a father or brother, so here again the mother of the girl was excluded.

Our cart was drawn close up, the pole resting on the kraal fence, that from it we might hear and see; and a ludicrous incident occurred, which I mention to show the

decorum and good breeding of the Kaffir. Mrs. S. and I both stepped into the back seat, and, as a consequence, up went the pole, placing us in a very undignified position. Not one laughed or screamed, nor did any move except our own attendants, who speedily let down the tent and released us.

The bride and her chief female attendant or bridesmaid were now seen slowly approaching, both draped in cloaks of ox-hide, reaching from the throat to the ground, so cut that they hung in graceful folds. Over the face and head a veil was thrown, as is the custom among us, only that the material was rather an unsuitable one according to our notions—to wit, black silk. Behind each walked an attendant holding the veils, and other two preceded, one acting as guide to the blindfolded pair, the other carrying a mat to be spread in the middle of the kraal. The mat having been spread, the two girls seated themselves upon it, tailor fashion, facing the assembly, and the followers in quite a courtly manner removed the veils. The poor bride was a touching picture to look at. An artist wishing to portray resignation might have taken her for his model. She was a pretty girl, with large languid eyes, oval face, European features, and pensive cast of countenance. After being unveiled for about a minute, the veils were replaced, speeches being then made to the girl by her father and others as to her duties in the new sphere she was about to occupy. Sandile broke down in his, and covering his head with his blanket wept. The feast consisted of boiled beef and sour milk, of which a portion was sent to us in nice clean dishes. This ended

the day's proceedings, and the bride started immediately on her journey, conducted by sixteen men (among whom were eight very old ones), as it is not deemed expedient to keep her at home after the betrothal ceremony is gone through. Several Christian women joined her at the first halting place, which was but a short distance off, and accompanied her the whole way in the waggon of the Rev. Tiyo Soga.

Out of deference to the wishes of her future husband, Sandile consented to his daughter casting aside the garb of heathenism and assuming European clothing as soon as she joined Mr. Soga's waggon; and for this purpose he had provided her with a very neat and substantial outfit.

Victoria may be called the Princess Royal of the Gaikas, being the daughter of Sandile's great wife. She was brought up at the kraal of Sandile's chief councillor till she was about twelve years of age, when she was placed under the charge of Mr. Soga, in whose house she remained some years, and was treated as one of the family. She proved remarkably docile and of gentle disposition, and showed very decided leanings towards Christianity, although she did not make an open profession. Shortly after the failure of the proposed marriage of her elder sister Emma * with Qeya, the chief of the Tambookies, owing to the very strong opposition of the Tambookies to their chief marrying in Christian fashion, and being therefore restricted to one wife, Sandile, fearing a similar failure in the case of Victoria, and that if she openly pro-

* Since married to the minor Tembu Chief Stokwe.

fessed Christianity, he would lose the hundred head of cattle he might fairly expect to obtain for her, according to Kaffir custom, removed her from Mr. Soga's charge to his own kraal, and compelled her to smear herself with red clay and wear a blanket. This was a cause of great grief to the poor girl, but as she was a minor she had no recourse but to submit to her father's authority.

From that time until this suitor, who is in a manner civilized and Christianized, proposed for her, she has remained with her father, where, save for being compelled to conform to heathen dress and customs, she has been kindly treated. It was manifest, however, that she was not happy; she longed to return to Umgwali, and though she did not complain, it was painful to those who felt an interest in her to see her expression of settled melancholy.

Sandile addressed his daughter as follows—"Young maiden! daughter of a fallen people, child of two miserable people who have seen great trouble, and have been wanderers, you are about to leave them; may your lot be happier than theirs! This is no longer your home. You leave the house of your fathers as your mother left the house of her fathers, and you are no longer ours. On this the day of parting, hear the words of your father. To this day you have had no duties. Now your position is about to change. We have surrendered you to one who is to be in the place of a father to you, and I now relinquish all claim to you, and authority over you. You will have to perform household duties: do not despise them because you are the daughter of Sandile. Councillors and others

will assemble at your new home ; their wants must be cared for by you. Live not in plenty while they are in want. This is the custom of your country ; leave it behind. Should scarcity come over the land, and your pot is small, prepare it not in private to eat in secret. This is the custom of your land ; leave it behind. In want let all see what you have ; seeing, they will be satisfied and not deprive you. Be liberal and generous with your substance. Your husband's people are your children. They look for food and clothing to their mother. Be not selfish. Selfishness is the custom of your land ; leave it here. Should you be asked to give away what you would keep, say not it is not yours. This is the custom of your land ; leave it here. Give liberally and retain what you require ; saying you will not part with it. Say not you are daughter of Sandile ; it will bring you no honour. Your honour must come from your husband. Honour whom he honours. Seek for friendship from his friends and councillors. So doing you will obtain favour from your husband, and secure the love of his people ; and thus you may be an asylum and refuge to the wanderers of your father's people. A reproach is upon us, in that our daughters, who are married to chiefs of other tribes, have left their husbands and returned to us. That was in my father's time ; in mine it shall not be. Let me not see your face coming to me secretly and alone. When you visit me, come as the wife of a chief, as the daughter of a chief. Come attended. Come by day. Send to me when in need, and you shall not want, if I have wherewith to supply your need. Your father (*i.e.* Mr. Brownlee) has told you to

follow the example of your mother, and to hold fast to the teachings of the son of Soga (Rev. Tiyo Soga). This is right, and embraces all. God created me. You are His gift to me. He has preserved you to this day, and cannot deny it. Do not imagine that to-day I wish you to cast away the teachings of the son of Soga. I cannot commit so great a sin. I gave up my eldest daughter, my first-born child. I consented to let her be married against the custom of my fathers, and now she is lost to me. You have to-day put off the European dress ; it is but for to-day, in order that we may conform to the customs of our fathers. I have performed my duty towards you ; hereafter you are to conform to the wishes and customs of your husband. He has desired that you will come to him according to the customs of the English. I have, therefore, at great cost, provided you to meet his wish. You are to take with you your native dress ; if your husband approves it not, destroy it and cast it from you. I am a sinner and not a Christian ; nevertheless, I testify again the truth of what our father has said, ‘Cast not away the teachings of the son of Soga,’ and if you love and serve God He may comfort and help you in this land of strangers.”

Sandile, being at this point overcome by his feelings, covered his head with his blanket and wept.



“GO;”

OR,

IS GRATITUDE TO BE FOUND AMONG NATIVES?

THIS question has frequently and emphatically been answered in the negative, and in proof of this conclusion it has been asserted that no word is to be found in the Kaffir language expressive of the sentiment of gratitude. Both answer and proof are equally erroneous.

In two of my papers a dark picture is drawn of the perfidy, falsehood, and treachery of the Natives. As this may confirm the erroneous conclusion just stated, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of exhibiting the opposite and more pleasing face of the picture and I will endeavour to illustrate it by some cases which have come under my observation.

After the close of the Kaffir war of 1846, the Cape Colonial Government, while I was Commissioner for the Gaika tribes, raised a force of five hundred Kaffirs as a Police for purposes of defence, and for the repression of stock thefts. Half of those men, who were placed under me, I stationed at various points on the frontier of the Colony, along the Keiskama and Chumie Rivers; their work being, every morning, to examine each ford leading from the Colony, and if they found that horses or cattle had passed through during the night, to follow them up. This system worked admirably, but at one point, namely, at the sources

of the Chumie, and along the mountains and forests, it was by no means easy to hit off the traces of the stolen stock, and with all my efforts, I could not effectually put down stock thefts in this quarter.

The forests and fastnesses in this region, commonly known as the Amatola, had, up to the war of 1846, been most jealously guarded by the Gaikas, and though the bulk of the tribe lived in that neighbourhood, no missionary or trader had been permitted to settle there, and all attempts to enter the country, or to make roads, with the view of settlement, had been strictly prohibited by the chiefs.

About 1848, a party of Kaffirs of Tyala's tribe, under the headman Masebeni—a great rascal,—came to report to me that twelve oxen had been stolen from a farmer named Edwards, residing at Winterberg, and as the country was then wet with rain, the oxen had been clearly traced by their owner across the Chumie, through Tyala's tribe, into the Amatola fastnesses, to the village of a man named Go,—that the oxen were found there, and on the party in pursuit attempting to recover them, Go had turned out armed to resist, but that eventually, after much trouble, they had succeeded in obtaining possession of the stolen oxen, and four head of cattle, the property of Go, which they informed me were all he possessed,—and that he had said he knew where he could get more.

I told the men they might leave Go to be dealt with by me, and that they might give two of Go's cattle to Edwards, for his trouble and expenses; and that they might retain for themselves the other two, as a reward for their exertions in tracing and recovering the stolen animals. On leaving

the Residency, the men fell in with Go, who stated he was coming to me to complain of the injustice they had done him, and they informed him that it was of no use, as I had already erected a gallows to hang him ; he replied, " You have taken my cattle unjustly, and I if cannot obtain redress from the Commissioner, I know where I can get more." This, however, I did not learn till some time after.

As it was useless to attempt an arrest while Go might be on the alert, I delayed for four days, when I directed the Commandant of Police to send men to arrest him. The policemen returned without him, saying he had made his escape into the forest beside his village ; but they brought twelve head of cattle, which he had just stolen from the Colony.

A few days later I ordered another party to be sent for his arrest. They again returned without Go, but brought back six horses, which he had also stolen from the Colony. The horses and twelve head of cattle were soon claimed and restored to their owners. Parties of police were now constantly after the robber, but without succeeding in arresting him, and reported that he always had some one on the watch, and on their approach that he retired into the forest. My directions to the Commandant then were, that he was to send out his most reliable men, who were to go to the vicinity of the robber's village during the night, there to conceal themselves until daylight, and watch for him, and not shew themselves till they saw him, and if they could not otherwise secure his person, to shoot him like a wolf. This hunting after Go continued for a

month or more, and his capture seemed hopeless as he appeared to be altogether too clever for the police. Still, I directed the Commandant of police to redouble his efforts, when, to my astonishment, one Sunday evening, as I was sitting down to dinner, my servant informed me that Go was outside and wished to see me. I told the man to enquire again who wished to see me, as I did not believe it could be Go. As on enquiry he asserted that it was verily he, I directed him to bring him to the door, and as I sat in the light with this desperate robber standing in the darkness at the open door, the thought occurred to me, that the tables were turned, and he might now shoot me, in return for my kindness in ordering him to be shot. Having never seen the man before, I asked: "Are you Go?" He replied, "Yes, I am." "Then why have you come here? Do you not know that I have directed that you should be shot down as a wolf?" "Yes, I know it" he replied. "Here I am, do what you like to me; all I ask is, that my wives and children shall be left unmolested. They have done no wrong, but your police ill-treat and plunder them every day. I only plead for them; for myself, I could go where you would never find me."

There appeared to be something so generous in the man's statement, and it was withal so manfully and honestly uttered, that my course of action was at once decided on. I saw that I could make something of the robber, and informed him that as he had been clearly guilty of three robberies, and how many more I did not know, he must be punished, but as he had freely surrendered himself to me, I would not place him in confinement, but would allow him

to remain with my servants until the Governor's decision was known as to what was to be done to him. Would he promise me not to leave until the decision was known? "I promise," was the reply.

On the following morning, Go informed me that he had not stolen Edwards' cattle, but that two young men of his village had stolen them, that he surrendered the thieves with the stolen cattle to the pursuers, that they refused to take the thieves, but said that as head of the village he was responsible, and they would take his cattle, forty-six in number; whereupon he rushed into his hut, and seized his assegais, declaring that they should not take his cattle until they had killed him, and he would fight to the last for them; but, as his father and uncle held him, his cattle were taken off, four being sent to me, the remainder being divided between Edwards and Masebeni's party; that on coming to complain to me, he was informed by Masebeni that everything had been told me, that I approved of what had been done, and had erected a gallows to hang him, and that this act of injustice had compelled him to make the two subsequent robberies.

I reported the case to Cape Town, suggesting that, as I thought I might be able hereafter to make use of the man, and as he had made restitution, so far as I knew, for all he had stolen, a free pardon should be granted to him, and in about a month's time, the Governor, Sir H. Smith, sent what I desired.

I informed Go that he was now pardoned, and to enable him for the future to live as an honest man, I would cause all his cattle to be restored to him, and as the Government

had been merciful to him, and had not punished him for his thefts, I trusted that he would assist me in discovering thefts of stock which I suspected went to his neighbourhood. Would he promise this? His reply was, "I will make no promise, but the future will shew that I am not ungrateful for your kindness to me." I expressed myself as fully satisfied, and wished for nothing more. In a few days Go's cattle were restored to him, Masebeni and party having to make good those that had, through their rascality, been given to Edwards.

Shortly after this, Go reported that a notorious robber, whom I had long suspected, but against whom I could get no case, had just returned from the Colony with twenty-five head of cattle. I directed the Commandant of Police to proceed to the robber's village, arrest him, and bring in the stolen cattle. The culprit, an athletic, active fellow, managed, as his village was being surrounded, to make his escape through the police, but after a long chase, was brought to bay and arrested in a deep pool in the Keiskama. He was subsequently tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Again, shortly after this, my friend reported another robbery of twelve head of cattle from the Colony; the Commandant of Police was ordered out as before, and found a large party making merry over one of the stolen cattle, a fat ox, which had been killed; the thieves were arrested, and received their deserts.

Case after case was in this way reported to me, much to the astonishment of the Commandant of Police, and the consternation of the robbers, who, thus far, had had it all

their own way, and before long we had quietness, and robberies ceased along the whole frontier.

The most extraordinary case however was one in which three oxen were stolen from near Fort Beaufort, and killed, the skin of one of them being made into a cloak for the wife of a headman. It happened that these oxen were branded, and sure enough there was a known brand on the woman's cloak. This enabled me to trace the owner of the oxen, to make restitution to him, and have the thieves punished.

Some years later, the events leading up to Go's surrender were detailed by him to me, and are these.

The man always sent in charge of the police to arrest Go was Corporal Matisa, who, though a great bully, and apparently a smart fellow, was an arrant coward, and never dared to lay hands on Go, though frequently finding him in his village. The invariable formula which passed between Go and Matisa was this, "I will never surrender with life. I will not strike the first blow, but, if you attempt to arrest me, I shall not die alone; so, hands off!" As this was enough for Matisa, he returned to camp reporting either that he had not found Go, or that he had escaped into the forest; but whenever he was from home Matisa and party carried off from Go's village whatever utensil was of any value, at the same time ill-treating the women and children. Go then retired to an adjacent cave, and, being short of food for himself and family, went and stole two fat oxen. But as fat beef without grain or vegetables did not agree with the children, he racked his brain to obtain a supplement to this unwholesome diet. Alice was

the nearest place where supplies could be obtained, and thither Go went, though it was more than twenty miles from his cave. As he had no money or stock to purchase supplies, the only alternative was to obtain them without purchase. He accordingly took a survey of Alice, where he was a stranger and having discovered a shop where flour and sugar were to be had, and which did not appear to be very securely guarded, he decided on his plan of operations. When all was quiet at night, he effected an entrance through the window and carried off a bag of flour, which he hid in the bush-covered hill above the Lovedale seminary about two miles from the shop. A second trip was made, and this time a bag of sugar was secured; and eventually a third journey was made and a second bag of flour abstracted. Day dawned before Go could get this to his hiding place, but he was compelled to stick to it, lest by dropping it on the way, it might lead to his discovery. Having secured his booty, his next step was to watch beside it all day, and as no one discovered it, he started off at night for his cave to get women to remove the spoils. This was successfully accomplished, and the robber's party enjoyed themselves, and might have lived comfortably enough, but that the police were always about, and were constantly ill-treating and plundering the women and children. This so infuriated Go, that he determined to take vengeance on Matisa and party, though he should die in the attempt, and the opportunity soon presented itself.

The police had, as usual, been prowling about and after dark were retiring along a narrow pass in the forest. The way lay along a ledge of eight or ten feet wide, with a cliff

above and another below, the whole overshadowed by large forest trees. On this ledge, with his back to the upper cliff, sat Go, as the five policemen came slowly along groping their way in the darkness, his plan being to let two pass him, stab the third man, push him over the cliff, and in the confusion and darkness deal with the other four. The five policemen appear to have apprehended danger, and to have suspected that Go might be near, for they spoke in whispers, as they approached. Two passed almost touching him, and as the third was passing he raised his assegai to strike the fatal blow, but, he says, the thought flashed through his breast, "I cannot be a murderer." The assegai fell harmless beside him, and he allowed the men to pass, unconscious of the danger they had escaped, resolving to surrender himself to me, whatever the consequences might be, for he had no doubt that Matisa had reported all that had passed at their several meetings; and the next night, as already detailed, he surrendered.

Apropos of Matisa's cowardice, I may here, though out of place, state that two years later, in a night attack upon us by Kaffirs, while passing through one of the Fish River defiles, he had taken refuge among the pack-horses, and while crouching down to save his head from bullets, was very nearly crushed to death by the fall of a horse which was shot, and was ignominiously dragged out of his shelter by my servant Fecani, a plucky little Tembu, and taken to his place among the guides in front.

Now to resume my story. Towards the close of 1850, matters among the Kaffirs were assuming a most alarming and critical state. All details of these proceedings were

duly and fully reported to me by Go and others, and will be hereafter narrated. Two or three days before the outbreak, Go came to inform me that the end had now come, war was determined upon, and as I had been more just and kind to him than his own countrymen, he could not fight against me, but wished to come to Fort Cox to join me. I pointed out to him that by this course he would at the outset assuredly lose all he possessed, and that by joining me he would not be of more use than any other man, but that, by remaining among the Gaikas, in case of an outbreak, he might be enabled to render important service to the Government. Admitting the force of this reasoning, he went home, but three days later, namely on the evening of the 24th December, he was the first to bring me intelligence of the disaster to our troops at the Boomah Pass; moreover he informed me that it was determined to massacre the military settlers in the morning. This was the last I saw of Go for some time.

After the war had continued for nine months or a year, Governor Sir H. Smith directed me to open communications with the Gaikas, with the view of arranging terms of peace, the conditions being that they should surrender the deserters from the Cape Corps with their arms, and all the arms which the Kaffir Police had taken over with them to the enemy, and that the Gaikas were to retire across the Kei, after which peace would be made with them. I knew that the conditions of peace would be rejected, but as Sir H. Smith was in King William's Town, and I was at the mountain post of Fort Cox, and as communication was closed with King William's Town, I had no alter-

native but to obey orders, and to arrange for a suspension of hostilities for three days to make known the terms.

I met the Gaikas in the wood at the base of Mount McDonald, taking with me only two men of the Kaffir Police, unarmed. I found about five thousand Gaikas assembled at the place of meeting, with Sandile and all the principal Chiefs. Go was also there. I sat down on the grass, and a circle was formed round me. I felt rather uncomfortable at seeing half a dozen of the Cape Corps deserters standing leaning on their guns, and scowling at me, as they were the men whose surrender was demanded. I felt no anxiety on account of the Kaffirs, but thought it not unlikely as I returned through the wood to the camp unarmed, that some of these deserters, in order to prevent the peace which was to result from their surrender, might take it into their heads to have some ball practice at me. However, I tried to look as composed as possible, and I succeeded; for, years after, in referring to this meeting, Sandile expressed his astonishment that I should have been so calm under the circumstances. Before proceeding to the business of the day, I made enquiry regarding Sutu, Sandile's mother, also regarding his wives and children, and entered into a short conversation with old Botman, the Nestor of the party. After these preliminaries, I stated my message, and Botman was deputed to reply. His answer was, "We desire peace, we have lost many men, and many cattle, you have also lost many men and much property. We are willing to make peace on the principle of letting by-gones be by-gones, and living again together in peace and friendship. We cannot

accept the Governor's conditions, and will not leave our country." I put it to Sandile whether that was the decision of the Gaikas, and he replied that it was. In reply I told the meeting that as hostilities had been suspended for only three days, and as the permanent cessation depended on their acceptance of the Governor's terms, hostilities would be resumed on the day after the morrow. I would however send the reply to the Governor, and if further negotiations were to take place, I should still have time to communicate with them, but if they did not hear from me by the night of the next day, they were to understand that hostilities would be resumed on the morning following, and on this point I desired that there should be no misunderstanding. After a little more private conversation, I returned to camp, which I reached without molestation.

Before leaving the meeting, I arranged with the chiefs, that should they desire at any time to open communications with me, they were to send Bambe, Nxokwana and Go, as their messengers. Very early on the morning of the day after the meeting, the sentries informed me that a Native wished to see me, and to my surprise Go was brought to me. He informed me that the chiefs had directed him, Bambe and Nxokwana to come and invite me to a further conference, the real object being to detain me as a hostage until they could obtain their terms. I directed Go to return as quickly and as secretly as possible, and join his colleagues, and not to let them know that he had seen me. In the course of three or four hours the deputation arrived. "We are sent by the chiefs," said Nxokwana, "to invite

you again to meet them." "Upon what matter do the chiefs wish to see me?" "They wish to discuss the matter on which we spoke yesterday." "Are the chiefs prepared to accept the Governor's terms?" "No, they are not." "Then say to the chiefs I have no authority to discuss the matter, or make any modification. I have sent off the result of the meeting to the Governor; if I receive a reply you shall at once be made acquainted with it; if I do not, hostilities will be resumed to-morrow. My meeting the chiefs can do no good: I therefore cannot accept their invitation." And thus ended the first overtures for peace.

Months again passed away without my seeing Go; the war had been dragging its weary length along, the Kaffirs kept out of our way, and merely carried on a guerilla warfare with small parties. They would not fight, and as the season was good they had abundance of food from their gardens; we had therefore to resort to the extremity of cutting down their crops. At this time twelve hundred oxen, and between three and four hundred horses, which required rest, had been sent to recruit at Fort White, a post on the open, about six miles from Fort Cox, where I was then stationed. Early one morning I was disturbed by a commotion outside the Fort, and on making enquiry found that it was my old friend Go, who stated to me that he had come to redeem his pledge to me; that a combined movement had been planned between the Kaffirs and rebel Hottentots to sweep off the cattle and horses from Fort White, the arrangement being for a large force to collect by night as near as possible to Fort White, remaining out

of sight till the cattle and horses, which were carelessly guarded, went out to graze, then for the mounted men to make a dash between them and the Fort, kill the guards, and drive off the cattle and horses. I at once sent off an express to Major James of the 2nd, (Queen's Regiment), commanding at Fort White, informing him of the contemplated move against him, which, I said, might take place in the course of two or three days. I suggested that he should double his guards, and that before the cattle and horses went out, mounted videttes should be sent in advance to ascertain whether or not the enemy was near. The Kaffirs appeared two mornings after the warning, and notwithstanding the precautions taken, their move was so well carried out that they succeeded in sweeping of a hundred and twenty draught oxen, the remainder, with the horses and guards escaping into the Fort. Had it not been for the warning given by Go, all would have been captured, and most of the guards would undoubtedly have fallen, and as the price of draught oxen was then ten pounds each, and as the horses had cost the Government from twenty to twenty-five pounds each, the loss would have been at least £18,000 instead of only £1,200, and this we owed to Go.

Communication between Head Quarters at King William's Town and Fort Cox being closed, except at great risk to the express riders, Sir Harry Smith asked me to organize Native runners to carry expresses, with payment of twenty shillings for each trip between King William's Town and Fort Cox, and a liberal reward at the end of the war. At this time Go and his family were at Fort Cox, for after having brought me the intelligence of the con-

templated attack on Fort White, he said he did not dare to return home, as he was closely watched, and if he returned he would be put to death. A day or two afterwards his wives and children came to Fort Cox stating that shortly after he had left, an armed party had come to enquire after him, and as no satisfactory account could be given of his absence, all his cattle, then amounting to seventy head, were driven off, and everything in his village taken away by the party. I had therefore to place him and his family on Government rations. Having informed Go of Sir Harry Smith's proposal regarding expresses, I asked him if he were willing to undertake the work. He replied that he was ready to undertake anything I desired. I, however, put it to him, that he was not to consider my desire, but the Governor's proposal, and he expressed his willingness to undertake the duty. I accordingly despatched Go and a man of Tshatshu's tribe, named Nobaxa that night with letters for King William's Town, which is about twenty-seven miles distant from Fort Cox, with directions for the men to return on the following night. The messengers were delayed at King William's Town until twelve at night, when they were despatched, and as it was in the month of February, when the nights are short, it was quite daylight before they reached Fort Cox, and they found that five armed Kaffirs were in pursuit of them. Nobaxa suggested flight. Go replied "We have been running all the way from King William's Town, and cannot now outrun our pursuers, we must stand together, and fight them, and if you attempt to run you shall not escape, for my assegai goes

through your body, and you will die by my hand. You cannot escape." As there was no arguing against this position, Nobaxa was fain to stand by his companion. The pursuers being now close upon them and recognizing my friend shouted out, "We have got you now, you are carrying letters, and you know death is the penalty. Go replied, "You know me of old. I will not die alone. Do not approach for I will resist." He was then told he might go this time, but if ever he should be found again carrying letters, he should die. "Good morning," was the reply, and the letters were brought safely to Fort Cox. On several other occasions he had to run the gauntlet. Once his companion Bitso had his eye shot out, and on another occasion, one of our own patrols, not knowing whether they were friends or foes, fired a volley at them in the dark, before discovering who they were.

The Kaffirs having been pretty well subdued, and communications having been established between the various posts, the services of my express men were no longer required. I therefore took them to King William's Town for a settlement. It happened that, at this time, there were several thousands of captured cattle at King William's Town, which were then selling at an average of thirty shillings each. I applied for six of these for four of my messengers and ten for Go. Colonel Mackinnon, the Chief Commissioner of British Kaffraria, considered my claim too high for the service performed, and Sir George Cathcart, who had succeeded Sir Harry Smith, considering that the love of cattle by the Natives was the source of our troubles with them, and that we should teach them to

value money more than cattle, decided that a money payment should be made, rather than compensation in cattle. On the following morning, Colonel Maclean, the Ndlambe Commissioner, came into King William's Town from Fort Murray. He had arranged with the chief Pato, who had taken no part in the war, to furnish escorts for the waggon convoys with supplies between East London and King William's Town. Colonel Mackinnon asked Colonel Maclean what he paid his men for escort duty. "Sixpence a day and rations" was the reply. Colonel Mackinnon then turned to me, saying that my application was unreasonable seeing that Pato's people received only sixpence per diem. I urged that there was no analogy between the cases, that Pato's escorts being five or six hundred in number, ran little risk of being attacked in their own country, and in point of fact, had never been attacked, whereas my men never moved except at the risk of their lives, and, moreover, I had a private note from Sir Harry Smith, directing and authorizing what I asked for; this did not avail, and eventually it was decided that three of the men were each to receive £4, that Bitso was to receive £5, in consideration of the loss of his eye, and that Go was to receive £6. Nothing was said of the "liberal reward at the end of the war," as peace had not yet been proclaimed. I was so ashamed of the decision arrived at, that I purchased ten of the captured cattle, and made a present of them to Go. Twenty more I purchased for myself, and gave him the free use of them. He purchased six with the £6 given to him. He had thus thirty-seven to begin the world anew with, as he had been presented

with an old polled cow by the chief Toise, which he named *Ntomb'endala* (old maid), and which reared three calves before she died.

At the close of the year Colonel Mackinnon was succeeded by Colonel Maclean, as Chief Commissioner for British Kaffraria. I then applied for a grant of 1,500 acres of land for Go, for his services and the loss sustained by him in our service, as well as in redemption of Sir H. Smith's promise of a liberal reward after the war. Colonel Maclean informed me that my application was unreasonable, and could not be entertained, that Umroxé, Colonel Maclean's head of police, had rendered quite as valuable services as Go, and had received a grant of only 250 or 500 acres, (I now forget which), and if Go received 1,500 acres, Umroxé would be dissatisfied. Having failed in this, it now rested with me to do all I could from my own means to put Go in as good a position as he occupied previous to the war. My first step was to secure for him thirty shillings a month as policeman. I located him on a spot well adapted for cultivation, and very healthy for stock. I lent him a plough and a team of oxen to cultivate his ground, and authorized him, at any time, to draw on me to the extent of a year's pay for the purchase of young cattle, which were then being freely offered for sale at from ten shillings to twelve shillings each, his pay to be left in my hands in repayment of advances; and calls upon me for twenty or thirty shillings became very frequent. In the course of two years the young cattle bought for ten or fifteen shillings, became worth from £2 10 to £3. As the young oxen grew up they were trained to the yoke, a plough was bought,

and I had the pleasure of paying for it, and being shortly after repaid. By the end of the third year I had the happiness of seeing Go a richer and more influential man than when he made his midnight visit to inform me that Fort White was in danger.

Matters having thus far gone on most satisfactorily, I thought it necessary to proceed a step further. I obtained 100 first-class sheep from Mr. Robert Pringle of Glen Thorn, on hire, on condition of my paying two shillings and sixpence a head for them for three years, after which time, sheep of the same quality might be returned, with the option of my purchasing the lot at fifteen shillings a head. When the sheep arrived at my residence, I sent for Go, told him of the conditions under which I had taken them, and that they were for him. He hesitated, saying that 100 half-crowns in the year was a great deal, nearly equal to his year's pay, and that 100 fifteen shillings was too much for him to pay, but if I thought it good, he would take the sheep on the terms arranged, and he took them. The sheep began dropping their lambs a month after their arrival, and Go succeeded in rearing one hundred lambs in the first year. As good wool was then high in price, and as the fleeces from each sheep averaged three pounds, and the lambs were also shorn by the end of the first year, Go came to me with a beaming face, not with one hundred half-crowns, but with two hundred, thus paying the second year's rent in advance. As he now saw how much better it was to keep sheep than cattle, he sold some of his ten and fifteen shilling calves, which had become worth £5 a piece, and thus at the end of the second

year, in order to make sure of the possession of the sheep, he paid me the third year's hundred half-crowns, and the hundred fifteen shillings, which he so much dreaded when I gave the sheep to him,—and after the purchase for him of a second-hand waggon for £30 for which he paid cash, my money transactions ceased with Go. Others of the leading Gaikas, seeing the success attending the rearing of sheep, were very desirous of having them on the same conditions as arranged with Go. Not being in a position to supply the demand, I applied to the Government for £500 for the purchase of sheep for distribution with repayment on easy terms, but the proposal did not meet with favour. I, therefore, on my own responsibility, purchased five hundred for distribution, and these I gave out in lots of from fifteen to fifty, but this experiment proved a failure, and I lost £200 on it. This arose from the fact that the debt was due to me; had it been due to the Government, or to a private individual, I could have pressed for payment, and, if necessary, have enforced it in the ordinary course of law, but as it was, I could not press for a debt due to me, neither could I enforce payment in my own Court. No doubt the debtors intended to pay, but more pressing demands than mine had to be met, and eventually,—sixteen years since,—I left the country, and gave up my claims. I had, however, the satisfaction of introducing the first woolled sheep into the Gaika location, and, though I lost, many others benefited thereby.

I have been anticipating, and must now go back a few years. Peace with the Gaikas was proclaimed in 1853, and until 1856 Go prospered, and nothing unusual took

place except on one occasion in 1855 while I was out on duty in the Gaika District with my clerk, when a messenger came to report that five horses had on the previous night been stolen out of my stable, and that Go was on their track. I directed the messenger to return, saying I would be home on the following day. My clerk thought I was taking so important an affair far too coolly. I remarked that Go was there, that he would do all that was necessary just as well as if I were present. We would finish our work, and return in the morning, and probably we should find the horses at home when we got there. And so it happened, for while we approached Stutterheim on one side, there was Go, with his party coming in on the other side, with the horses. It appeared that the thieves, after stealing the horses, had gone round the cavalry camp at Stutterheim, in order to obliterate the traces among the hoof-prints of the cavalry horses, and had gone in circles, before finally leaving the place. Go, however, had experience in this kind of thing, as he had more than once tried it himself. While, therefore, still trying to follow up the traces, he sent some of his men to examine all the fords on the Cumakala and Kabusi rivers, Stutterheim being situated on the delta just above the junction of the two streams, one of which the thieves must of necessity cross. It was not long before one of the men, imitating the bay of a wild dog—which is heard a long distance off—was joined by the rest of the party. The long-drawn howl, or yell, or shout, whichever it may be called, indicated that the traces were found, and they were followed by the mounted men at a smart pace, though

now and again, the thieves had separated with the horses, going through the grass. At sunset the party being no longer able to see the traces, bivouacked for the night, and early next morning, as they were about to resume the pursuit, they found the stolen horses quietly grazing near their encamping ground, minus their halters. The horses were supposed to have been stolen by a notorious horse thief named Umqhete, whom I had shortly before sentenced to lashes for theft, and who subsequently became too well known to my old friend, George Blaine, who is supposed to have lost more than one sheep by this man. However, he escaped this time.

Troublous times now (1857) came over the country. The Kaffirs had destroyed their cattle and grain, and were stealing in all directions. The German Legion, which had recently come into the country, were most frequently the victims; but they generally reported the theft so long after its occurrence, that I was unable to render them any assistance. Captain Schneider, the officer in command of one of the German villages, reported to me early one morning that three cows had been stolen out of his stable. Here now was a good case. I sent Go to work it out, with instructions not to let me see him again until he had done so. After three days Go returned, stating that he had traced the three cows to a forest at the foot of Mount Kemp, that one had been killed, but that the other two were found tied up in the forest, and had been brought back and restored to their owner, and that as the tracing party approached the forest, they were seen by the thieves, who shewed themselves out of reach, on the top of the

mountain. As it appeared to me that a gang of starving Kaffirs had taken up their abode in this forest from which they seemed to be carrying on their depredations, I arranged to raise a large party of Natives, with the view of scouring the forest, and arresting or rooting out the robbers. But before this arrangement could be carried out, the store of Mr. B. Adkins at Stutterheim was broken into at night, and a large quantity of Indian corn carried off. Go, with a party, was sent to trace out the thieves. This was comparatively easy, for as a large number of them were concerned, and as their bags were defective, the route was marked by the grains which had dropped out of the bags by the way. On searching the huts and the rocks near the village, to which the house-breakers were traced, corn corresponding to what had been dropped by the way was found concealed. But there was more than that, for fresh beef, bones, and pieces of cow-hide were found hidden away. All the people of the village, men, women and children, about sixty in number, were at once arrested by Go. He placed them in a long row, directing his men to prevent any communication between the prisoners; he then went down from one end of the line to the other, questioning each individual regarding the beef, bones, and pieces of hide, and as no concerted story had been agreed upon and it would have been difficult for so many persons to have agreed with each other on a concocted statement, the truth came out. The house-breakers were named, and it further transpired that five men of the village had committed almost all the thefts of cattle from the Germans, which had recently taken place, their plan being to drive

the stolen animals to the forest in the opposite direction from their own village, there to kill them; and under cover of night the women went to the forest, and carried the beef to the village. Two of the five thieves were arrested, together with a hang-dog-looking wall-eyed scoundrel named Umpushe, who had given charms to the thieves to make them successful. He and the thieves were tried and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. This stopped the thefts from the German Immigrants.

There were still, however, three of the thieves at large, and though many attempts had been made to arrest them, all had failed, until three months afterwards, when one cold, wet night, Go asked me for twelve men to go with him to arrest them. I asked his reason, and he said "We have now for some time not been looking after the thieves. They are thrown off their guard, and instead of sleeping in the woods, they will to-night sleep in their huts." The reason being satisfactory, I gave the order for the twelve men, and the following morning, the three thieves were at my office.

I fear I have wearied my readers with this long account, which is really of no historical value, but as Go may be regarded as a typical character, and an illustration of what others have done unknown to the world, and under different circumstances, I feel constrained, at the risk of being prolix, to give a few more of the man's adventures as well as some account of his home life and ideas.

While acting as Gaika Commissioner, I travelled much, believing it necessary to know every nook and corner of my district, to become acquainted as far as possible with all

the men under my care, and to see what they were about. On these journeys which were sometimes attended with great risk and danger, Go was my constant attendant. Another attendant was a smart fellow named Kona, a great wag in his way, and most amusing. At night, beside my camp fire, after a good meal, and as much coffee as each one liked to sip, "Well, old bald-head, where were you in the last war?" might be Kona's question, and this was enough to set Go off. "Well, in the last war I was in the colony. Two other men," naming them, "accompanied me. We went to see what we could pick up from the Fingoes. We went to Alice, but the Fingoes were on the alert; they had their horses and cattle carefully guarded, and we could get nothing. I crept up to their camp fire, when one of their diviners was performing an incantation against the Gaikas. He had the dried fingers of a dead man in his hand, and was shouting and dancing about in the most frantic manner, predicting victory and success to the Fingoes and pronouncing an incantation against Sandile, saying, 'Pungutyana yakwa Ngqika, yiya ngale,' that is 'Little jackal of the Gaikas, get out of this.' The people shouted the refrain "Siyavuma!" *i.e.* "We assent." This was an incantation against Sandile, who was indicated by "Little jackal," and it may be that the Fingo scouts had heard of a contemplated attack upon them by the Gaikas. On the following morning, I fell in with the Gaika army under command of Oba, the son of Tyala, on their way to Alice to capture the Fingo cattle. Two ospreys had, in the morning, flown over the Gaika army, uttering piercing shrieks. This, the older men considered a

bad omen, and they begged Oba to allow the army to return, and be recharmed, as when that kind of bird (ingqanga) flew over an army, it boded defeat, and indicated that the bird was there to feast on the eyes of the slain, but Oba was determined to proceed, and would not be terrified by the shrieks of birds. The chief was young and obstinate and he would listen to no one. This was the first time he was in command, and it should not be said that he was afraid of either Fingoes or birds. The army was, however, disheartened. Many feared that, by disregarding the omen, they were going to destruction, and lagged slowly in the rear. Others moved along the flanks of the army, on the tops of the hills, from whence they could see everything, and join in the pursuit and plunder, in case of success, or make good their retreat, in case of reverse. The order to advance was given, and Qwarana, a brave warrior, was appointed to lead. As we came to the crest of the hill, above the Gaga, on the Chumie side, and in sight of Alice, we saw the Fingo cattle below us. Six Fingo scouts on foot were between the cattle and us, but instead of fleeing with the cattle, they sent them to Alice in charge of the herd boys and advanced towards us, under our fire, shouting "Basoliwe," meaning, "Evil has been said of them," or "They are cursed," referring to the previous night's incantation. When they had come quite near to us, they fired a volley, shooting Qwarana through the body. This checked our advance and Qwarana was led back by two men who supported him on his horse, which was covered with blood from the leader's wounds. This was enough for the waverers. "We have been

warned by the ospreys, our leader is killed," and with this, they turned and fled, and although at this time only the six Fingoes were opposed to us, (though hundreds were now coming from Alice on foot and on horseback), the panic became general. Oba did all in his power to stay the flight. He prayed and begged the Gaikas to act like men; he called them cowards and women; he broke the heads of his flying men; but it was of no avail, he might as well have tried to stop the course of this stream, after a thunderstorm.

"The army melted away, and Oba was left almost alone, declaring he would rather die than flee before a Fingo, but he was at last carried off by his attendants, weeping tears of shame and disappointment. So precipitate was our flight, that the Fingo footmen could not overtake us, and only about fifteen Englishmen came up with us, and although they chased us till we had crossed the Chumie, and shot many of us down, we did not resist or rally; each man now only tried to escape. "We had been warned by the ospreys, we had disregarded the warning, and our leader was shot in the first volley." I myself, was on foot, but kept up with the horsemen, as I had many times done before. You know that my old chief Tyala always sent me, when he had urgent work to be done."

Here, the narrator described the wild confusion that took place, how two or three men got hold of a mounted horse by the tail, others struggling for the possession of the horse, naming many of them, while others, like Richmond, offered to give their all for a horse. He would continue—"During the War of the Axe (1846,) I went on a

foraging expedition into the Colony with two men. We passed by Fort Beaufort, through the Waterkloof, across the Koonap, and on to the Mankazana. The country was unoccupied, and we could get nothing. At the Mankazana, on McMaster's farm, we found an abundance of ripe grapes and some fowls. We feasted on the grapes, ate the fowls, and rested there for a day. We then proceeded to the Baviaan's River, where late in the afternoon, we found nine head of cattle. These we took, and were pursued by the owners, but as it was late, and we got into a wood, the pursuit ceased, and we went on with our cattle till we came to Doorn Kloof, where old Umgolo (Abram Botha) lived. Here we found three knee-haltered horses. One, a large, powerful bay, with a switch tail, a splendid horse with beautiful paces, I kept for myself, the other two, a grey and a bay, I gave to my friends." After listening thus far to Go's story, I replied "You old rascal! I was there. I remember the nine cattle that you took from Carl Marais. The three horses taken at Abram Botha's place were three out of fifteen belonging to a patrol with which I was present, and the large bay horse was Commandant Pringle's favourite horse. We had gone to intercept and shoot robbers like you, but our guards fell asleep, allowed the three horses to stray, and you to pass without shooting you. Had you come a little sooner, you would have found me on the watch, and then probably you would not be here, and Matisa would not have had the pleasure of hunting you." Go would proceed, "I know the country about Umgolo's. Cekwana once told me there was a beautiful black horse there in the stable, which I

might steal. I went off to Umgolo's, and arrived one night. I went creeping up to the door like a dog. I found that the stable door faced the front door of the dwelling house, and old Umgolo was walking up and down the front room, endeavouring to put a crying child to sleep. I saw him through the front window, and watched until I was tired. I then went into the stable, saw the horse, and lay down in the manger till Umgolo should go to sleep. Presently a man opened the stable door, and came in. I thought I was discovered. He, however, went out without seeing me, as I was at the farther end of the stable. When he went out, I thought he had locked me in, but he had only put a wooden bolt into the catch of the door. This is easily removed, and when all was quiet, I saddled the horse, and led him out. I made two or three circuits round the homestead to confuse the owners in tracing the horse, and finally I went into the wood on the high hill facing the house. Here I remained watching all the day, to see if the traces would be found, but the people continued circling along the traces around the house, and finding I was safe, I rode off after dark, and arrived safely at home. But as my chief coveted the horse, he not only took him away from me, but fined me for stealing, and thus I had nothing for my trouble. Very hard lines!" Kona might then say, "You slippery headed rogue, are you not ashamed to be on friendly terms with such a lying, mean thief as Cekwana?" "Oh! Maduna, Cekwana's father was a good man; he and my father were friends and neighbours. Once Cekwana came and told me that he had found three guns at the Kat River. If I would go with him, and steal them, and give him one,

he would show them to me. I agreed, and Cekwana and his brother Mandila and I went together to the Kat River. Cekwana shewed me the hut where the guns were. After dark I crept close up to the open door. I saw three Hottentots sitting round the fire, and the three guns hanging up against the wall at the back of the hut. I watched outside until the Hottentots closed the door, and when I thought they were asleep, and before the fire had quite gone out, I went slowly to the door, cut the thong with which it was fastened, and opened it. I found two of the Hottentots lying asleep on the floor between the door and the fire; the other was asleep next the back wall, and I had to step over all three to get the guns. I first took down two, and handed them to Mandila and Cekwana. I went back for the third gun. I also took down the powder horns and bandoliers, and handing them over to my companions; I beckoned them to be off. I then went to the two men sleeping next the door, took hold of their blankets, jerked them off, and jumped out of the door calling out, 'I have got your guns and blankets, come and fetch them.' The Hottentots came out and shouted and yelled, but did not dare to pursue us so we got clear off with the guns."

Such adventures as these form the staple of conversation at the Native villages. Many others of the same kind, as well as adventures with lions, and hunting scenes, I have heard Go describe in his most graphic and dramatic style, but he always asserted that in all his adventures, he had never used violence.

Go was a shrewd and clever fellow, and appreciated witch-

doctors, rain-makers, and the rest of that genus at their proper worth ; nevertheless he deemed it impolitic to quarrel with them. He called them in on any occasion when circumstances would have induced any other Kaffir to do so. He paid them, and observed their directions. Upon one occasion when he had attended a great gathering for rain-making, called by a rising young impostor named Ndesana, who from his family connexions and cleverness, had great influence, I expressed my displeasure that Go should by his presence give countenance to such imposture. He replied that he believed no more in Ndesana than I did, that his absence from the gathering would be resented, and might be assigned as a reason of the failure of Ndesana to bring rain ; that already it was insinuated that his wealth and prosperity and favour with me were due to witchcraft, and as I might not always be present to protect him, he could not afford to quarrel with men who wielded so great a power.

While I was Gaika Commissioner, Go's wealth induced several chiefs and leading men to make overtures to him to receive their daughters in marriage for himself and his son, but these overtures were always declined, on the ground that, being a man of no rank, the chief's daughter would, by virtue of her rank, assume a superiority over him or his son, and this could not be tolerated in a wife, therefore he would not take a chief's daughter. But I had not been removed a twelvemonth from the Gaika country, when Go, thinking it necessary to secure the favour and protection of some chief, took, as his fourth and great wife, a daughter of Kona, son and successor of

Maqoma, and her half-sister as the great wife of Mantys, his son and heir.

On the Christian religion and on education he also held very decided views. I once asked him why he did not have his sons educated, and why he had not a school at his village. He replied that he would never have any of his children educated, for immediately a boy was educated, he thought himself superior to his father, whom he often treated with disrespect. He must have boots and fine clothes, was not contented to use the food on which his parents lived, and ran up accounts at the shops, which his father had to pay. Go wanted none of this ; but to Christianity, apart from education, he had no objection. Christians were good and honest, submissive to parents and superiors, and instead of mis-spending their parents' property, helped to increase it. This is his testimony to Christianity, which he singularly illustrated in my hearing one day.

Go and four others of my leading men who regularly attended my office, always had their dinner in my kitchen. Shiyiswa our cook, was a buxom young Christian widow. She was very attentive to my headman, and all unconscious of the fact, had made a complete conquest of poor Go, who often spoke of it to his colleagues. One of the headmen, in my hearing, once asked him why he did not make proposals of marriage to her. He replied, "She is a Christian, and would not accept the proposal," "Oh ! replied Vuta, "She would soon forget her Christianity for so good an offer." Go's reply was characteristic ; he understood the difference between a Christian and one who

simply made a profession of Christianity. "She is a true Christian, and nothing will induce her to do what she regards to be wrong."

I once heard him make a characteristic remark on our mode of administering justice. A farmer, residing at the Tangla, had repeatedly reported to me the loss of sheep, and on inquiring, as I suspected his own servants, I sent Go to work out the case. Eventually he brought me April, the farmer's servant, who admitted the theft of about fifty sheep in all, which he had handed to a Kaffir named Qumra, who pleaded that he did not know that they were stolen, but the circumstances under which the stolen sheep had been received, made it fully plain that Qumra was as guilty as April, and I committed both for trial before the circuit judge. Go, of course, appeared to give evidence, and was sworn to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but, in attempting to state the whole truth, he was repeatedly stopped by the advocate for the defence, and told he was simply to answer the questions put to him, and the trial resulted in the acquittal of Qumra. After leaving the Court, I heard Go saying "Well, this is the strangest proceeding I have ever seen. I was compelled to swear that I would speak the whole truth. The consequence is that Qumra is acquitted. I never before saw a thief brought up for trial, with a view to acquittal." Our law of evidence is clearly not adapted to the present position of the Natives.

After my removal from the Gaikas, (as has already been remarked,) Go, finding himself in no favour with my successor, sought to strengthen his position by allying him-

self in marriage with one of the principal Gaika chiefs. He also entered, through the assistance of my friend, Mr. Edward Hughes, then of Waterford, into the purchase of a large farm, away from the Gaika District, where he might live out of the influence of those who might feel envious of his prosperity. The purchase amount of this farm, was over £2,000, and has, I believe, been liquidated. Here Go, resided at the outbreak of the war of 1877, when about one hundred of his horned cattle were swept off by the Kaffirs at the commencement of the war. He then sent for eighty more head of cattle to one of his stations, and to make it easy to identify and recover them, should they follow the others, he had a large branding iron made with the letters GO on it, and branded all the cattle. These were also swept off, and the next day fell into the hands of our troops. I wired the loss to Colonel Glynn, of the 24th Regiment, in command of the division, and he informed me that thirty-three of the cattle fell to the share of the 24th Regiment, and these his men were willing to restore to their owner, and Go subsequently received them. But the remainder, which had fallen to the share of the Volunteers, had been at once sold by order of the Commandant, and could not be recovered. This was rather sharp practice. Go is now living on his farm, near the Impetu, besides which he has purchased and paid for another, and despite his losses by the war, and more serious losses by pleuropneumonia, he is still a wealthy man, more wealthy and influential, at any rate, than he could ever have possibly become in his robber life. His gratitude contrasts strangely with our subsequent treatment of him.

Time only permits me now very briefly to select two or three other cases in illustration of my position.

At the close of the war of 1846, as already stated, 250 Kaffir police had been enrolled for service. Under the fanaticism inspired by the prophet Umlanjeni almost the whole of these men joined their countrymen on the outbreak of the war of 1850, but, to their credit be it said, those on detachment escorted their officers to a place of safety; and, at Fort Cox, their head-quarters, they went off by night leaving Commandant Davis and four or five officers quietly sleeping in their beds. Amongst these deserters was Commandant Davis's orderly, named Fundi, who went off with his commander's charger. To my astonishment, about ten days after the desertion, while the Kaffirs were carrying everything before them, and just after Sir Harry Smith had with difficulty made his escape from Fort Cox, Fundi presented himself with his Government gun and his master's charger, saying that his heart reproached him for his ingratitude to his master, who had trusted him and been kind to him, and that he had returned to the service which he had left without cause. During the whole of the war, from December 1850 to March 1853, Fundi and the twenty-four men of the police force who remained faithful to the Government, rendered valuable service. One of them was killed in action, two others were wounded, while Fundi himself was twice severely wounded, and in consideration of his gallant conduct he was awarded one of twelve medals granted by Sir Harry Smith to men who had distinguished themselves in the field.

After the murder of Mr. Hope during the late Basuto

rebellion, Mr. Welsh, the magistrate with the Pondomise chief, Umditshwa, took refuge in the jail at his Magistracy, where he was besieged by the Pondomise, the five Native Policemen of his establishment casting in their lot with him. Among them was a man of some position among the Pondomise, named Nqubumtwana, whom the magistrate had suspected of being more in the service of his chief Umditshwa, than of the Government, that, in fact, he was a spy upon the Magistrate. This man possessed thirty or forty head of cattle, which, in consequence of his adherence to the magistrate, were confiscated by the chief—who then sent his mother to say that, if he would desert Mr. Welsh, his cattle would be restored to him, and he would again be taken into the chief's favour; but that, if he persisted in staying where he was, he would be slaughtered with the magistrate. It may well be imagined with what earnestness the mother endeavoured to move her son, but her tears and entreaties were of no avail. Nqubumtwana informed her that he had taken service under the Government, that the magistrate had ever treated him justly and kindly, that the Pondomise had, at their own request, been received as British subjects, and without cause had taken up arms against Government; he would have nothing to do with them, and was determined to do his duty and stand by the magistrate to the end.

Another of the voluntary prisoners was a young man named Bam, a favourite with the murderer Umhlontlo. His mother was also sent to him with similar overtures to those made to Nqubumtwana, and with like results. The other three also steadfastly refused to accept the overtures

of their chiefs, and we can hardly imagine more heroic and noble conduct than that manifested by these five 'barbarians,' actuated by gratitude for the kindness and consideration shewn to them by the magistrate and his clerk.

Then, when Mr. Thomson, the magistrate of Maclear, was besieged at Chevy Chase, two Christian Fingo headmen, named * Maneli and Makiwane, with their followers, were left in charge of the Residency and the magistrate's family. The Pondomise meanwhile attacked and scattered the Fingoes, but the two headmen, faithful to their trust, stood at their post during the thirty days that their magistrate was besieged, and only on his return did they move to search, in the mountains and caves, for the survivors of their scattered clan and families.

Other cases might be cited, but I think these will serve to prove that, though there is much treachery, falsehood, and ingratitude among the Natives, gratitude may also be found amongst them.

In conclusion, I may add that, though Nqubumtwana and his companions, and Maneli and Makiwane, were not actuated by any expectation of reward, their conduct and that of others who rendered special service in my division during the Basuto rebellion, received the special acknowledgment of Government, and they were rewarded in the best possible manner, namely by liberal grants of land, which will perpetuate their noble and heroic action from generation to generation, and may serve to stimulate others to strive to do likewise.

* Maneli and Makiwane, two elders of the Free Church of Scotland Mission; the latter father of the Rev. Elijah Makiwane of MacFarlane near Lovedale.

SANDILE.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER SANDILE'S DEATH.

SANDILE, one of the youngest sons of Gaika, was born in 1821, and when his father died was only eight years of age.

At the death of Gaika a regency was appointed, consisting of Sutu, the mother of Sandile, Gaika's chief wife, assisted by his sons Maqoma, Tyala, and Anta, the first then about thirty-five years of age, and the other two four or five years younger.

As the joint guardians with Sutu had the special control of their own sections of Gaika's tribe, then known as the Tsalinos or Rarates, but since called the Gaikas, Sandile was left pretty much to himself, and like boys born to position and without the restraining influence of a father, he was from earliest boyhood surrounded by flatterers and sycophants, and only as he grew up to manhood did he on State occasions meet with rebuke from the chief regent Maqoma, between whom and Sandile a mutual dislike and jealousy existed till the day of Maqoma's death.

Tyala, the father of Oba and Fynn, a most just and popular ruler, always treated his younger brother with the deference and respect which honest age cheerfully yields to superior rank and position.

In December, 1834, broke out the war between the Gaikas and the Colony. Sandile was then a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age, and had therefore no voice or control in the matter, and Maqoma may be regarded as wholly responsible for the war.

By an arrangement with Gaika, it was provided that the country between the Keiskama and Fish rivers should be regarded as neutral ground, and to be occupied by neither Kaffirs nor colonists, though Maqoma with his section of Gaika's tribe was permitted to occupy the Kat River, which fell within the neutral territory.

But in 1828, in consequence of misdeeds by himself and his people, Maqoma was expelled from the country he had been permitted to occupy. For a while he settled in the Gqolonci, a branch of the Kubusi, and finally settled on the Keiskama, a short distance below Middledrift, and here he remained until the breaking out of the war 1834-5.

In December, 1834, Xoxo, a minor son of Gaika, was slightly wounded, in the neutral territory, in a collision between himself and the Cape Corps.

Though Xoxo was attached to his half brother Tyala, who considered the wound as a matter of no importance and one which could be amicably arranged, Maqoma, still resenting his expulsion from the Kat River, determined to make the most of the accident. He declared that the blood of a son of Gaika had been shed and could only be avenged by blood, and having employed a man of Hottentot extraction of Botman's tribe, named Plaatje Okei, to tamper with the Cape Corps, at Fort Wilshire, which had promised to mutiny, and deliver over the garrison to him, he collected a large force of Gaikas to take over the forts from the Cape Corps; but as it was not delivered up to the Kaffirs, and as they were fired upon from the fort at daylight, they at once dispersed themselves into the Colony, and thus began the war of 1835.

About 1841 Sandile was initiated into the rights of manhood, and assumed the government of the Gaikas, but he fell on troublous times.

The abandonment of Kaffraria and the restoration to the Kaffirs of the neutral territory had left them gainers after the war of 1835, and the concession acted most prejudicially upon them. Stock thefts prevailed to a most serious extent, and when traced into Kaffraria the losers of stock seldom obtained compensation for their losses, many of the leading chiefs sharing the stolen property with the thieves.

Sandile himself does not appear to have directly participated in the property stolen from the Colony, but if he saw the evil he had not the decision of character to go against a popular offence in which most of his subordinates were sharers.

In order to check these stock thefts a post, with Sandile's concurrence, was established at Sheshegu, but, water failing there, Sandile gave his sanction through Mr. Hutch, the diplomatic agent, for the removal of Post Victoria from Sheshegu to the Chumie at Block Drift.

When this matter was referred to the council of the Gaikas it was overruled, and when the engineers proceeded to mark out the ground, their flags were removed by the Gaikas.

The Lieut.-Governor shortly afterwards, accompanied by a large cavalry force of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Rifles, called a meeting of the Gaika chiefs at the residency of the diplomatic agent for the Gaika tribes. Sandile came to the meeting with a large following of

mounted and foot men, all armed and ready to resist the Lieut.-Governor. The meeting was most unsatisfactory, and the construction of the post at the Chumie was distinctly objected to.

Matters among the Gaikas had assumed such an unsatisfactory state that it was quite clear that war would not long be averted. About this time a man of Tola's tribe, named Tsili, had stolen an axe and as he was being conducted to Graham's Town for trial, a party of his clansmen rescued him by cutting off the wrist of the man to whom Tsili was handcuffed; the unfortunate man bled to death, and one of the rescuing party was shot dead by the guard.

The murderers, who were well known to the Kaffirs, were demanded, but the reply of Sandile was that there was no case against him; one of his men had been killed, this was an atonement. And he would not surrender the murderers or rescued man.

As Sandile was decided on this point, and as there were a number of unsettled claims of the cattle thefts, in some of which the herds had been murdered by the robbers, Sir P. Maitland declared war against the Gaikas in March, 1846.

Our troops marched into the Gaika country on the 15th April, but were driven back from Burnshill, when we lost our baggage and commissariat wagons.

At the conclusion of this war it was arranged, among other things, that Sandile and other chiefs should be responsible for stock thefts traced into their country; that they should return the stolen stock to the Gaika Commis-

sioner, to whom they were to hand over the thieves, and make compensation to the owner of the stock.

Shortly after this arrangement, Sandile sent in a few goats to the Gaika Commissioner by a councillor named Ningi. It appears that the thief of the goats was known, and that his property was confiscated; but Ningi suggested to Sandile that only the goats should be sent in, with a statement that they had been found wandering, and that the thief's property might be shared by Ningi and his chief. Sandile yielded to this evil advice, and Ningi came with the goats and the proposed story. A few days after this I discovered what had been done, and reported the matter to the Gaika Commissioner, whose clerk I then was; the thief and his property were demanded from Sandile, but he adhered to the statement fabricated by Ningi, persisting that he knew nothing of the thief.

Sir H. Pottinger, who was the Governor and High Commissioner, deeming it necessary at once to deal in a decided manner with this breach of arrangement, gave orders for the arrest of Sandile and the seizure of his property.

Two or three companies of the 45th Regiment with one or two troops of the Cape Corps, and about three hundred Kaffir police who had just been raised, were sent to carry out the orders of the Government.

Sandile escaped out of his hut into an adjoining wood just as our men were closing upon him, but his cattle were captured and brought off.

The Gaikas in large force turned out to re-capture the cattle, but they were brought successfully to Fort Hare, one officer of the Kaffir Police being killed and several of the men wounded.

In consequence of this resistance to authority hostilities against Sandile were resumed, and after being incessantly harassed for several months, a meeting between Sandile and Captain Bisset was arranged, and Sandile was induced to go into the camp of Colonel Buller's Rifle Brigade, when he and his brothers and chief councillors were made prisoners and sent on to Grahamstown.

Sandile and his councillors had no idea that they were surrendering their liberty; they imagined that they were going into camp to treat for peace. Captain, now General, Bisset, asserts that it was clearly understood that they were to surrender, and all that was promised was the life of the prisoners; but there is no doubt that this is not what was understood or intended by Sandile and his party. The only way to account for the misunderstanding is that the interpreter had not interpreted fairly between the parties.

Sandile never ceased to speak of this case as one of gross treachery, and in order to commemorate it gave to a son born during his captivity the name of Bisset. He said that he had never before met Captain Bisset, that he knew nothing of him, and that he had not asked to meet him or to surrender to him.

Sir H. Pottinger, no doubt influenced by the nature of the arrest, did not proceed to try the prisoners, and when Sir Harry Smith succeeded Sir H. Pottinger, he at once liberated Sandile and his party.

At the peace of 1846, the Kaffirs were expelled from the neutral territory, and were placed under two commissioners, who exercised supreme authority, reviewing the deci-

sions of the chiefs, and reversing such as were not consistent with justice.

Numerous appeals came against the decisions of Sandile, and as he was greatly under the influence of young men of his own age, who in many cases looked rather to benefiting themselves and their chief by fines and confiscation than to giving decisions in accordance with justice, their judgments were often arbitrary and unjust, and consequently had frequently to be reversed.

This proved to be very galling to a young chief, who since boyhood had been flattered by sycophants, and who since coming into manhood had been led to believe that between the Kei and the Colony he was supreme, and all must yield to his decision.

Sir Harry Smith believing in the prestige of his name, and not considering the advance the Natives had made between 1835 and 1846, made radical and proper changes in the government of the Natives, but removed the safeguards which would have ensured success to the policy introduced by him, and which was in fact instituted by Sir B. D'Urban in 1836.

The military which were in the country on the establishment of peace were greatly reduced, and a police force of five hundred Kaffirs was raised and equipped.

The organization and working of this force was excellent, and we have never had anything to equal it, either since or before its enrolment, for the detection and putting down of stock thefts and for active and continuous work.

The loss of power by the chiefs, the loss of income by

the suppression of fines and confiscation, without any substitution, naturally raised a spirit of resistance and opposition, and a prophet, by name Umlanjeni, having arisen among the Dhlambis, advantage was taken by the disaffected chief of his revelations to stir up the Kaffirs to fanaticism and revolt.

For the first three years of our government of the Kaffirs, matters had moved on in the most satisfactory manner, but in the fourth year, in connection with the revelations of Umlanjeni, signs of insubordination and resistance to authority manifested themselves.

Sandile went to visit the prophet and countenanced and encouraged him in every way, and for the first time armed resistance was offered to Commandant Davis in the discharge of his duty. Sandile was called to King William's Town to give an explanation of his conduct to Sir Harry Smith; he disobeyed, pleading fear. I was sent to him, and assured him of his personal safety, but he said he had once already been betrayed, and he would not again put himself in the same position, and positively refused to go in to see the Governor, though Tyala and others of his leading men urged him to do so. Sir Harry Smith then went through the form of deposing Sandile, though in point of fact he had not been recognized as chief, but was in all things placed under the control and subordination of the Gaika commissioner.

The deposition did not mend matters; the Governor therefore decided upon meeting the Gaika chiefs at Fort Cox. A large number of them met the Governor with a large body of followers, the most loyal speeches were

made, Maqoma being the chief spokesman and expressing the utmost loyalty.

At the meeting the Governor offered a reward for the arrest of Sandile, and demanded the surrender of the guns used by Tsolekili and his people in resisting Commandant Davis. Sandile himself had been willing to surrender the guns and to agree to anything short of appearing before the Governor, but Maqoma who had been organizing matters for the rebellion, strongly opposed any concession on the part of the Kaffirs, stating that it had been said he was mad in the year 1846, now it would be seen that he was not mad.

I may here remark that Maqoma was strongly opposed to the war of 1846, and at its outbreak he had to be removed almost by force from Fort Beaufort. He appears to have taken no actual part in that war, being mad or feigning madness, and as soon as negotiations for peace were opened, he came to our camp to all appearance out of his mind, and as he persisted in moving about the country he was eventually for safety removed to Port Elizabeth, where he was when Sir Harry Smith first came to the frontier.

Maqoma's counsels prevailed, the guns were not given up, and Sandile was advised not to yield, and was assured of the support of the Gaikas and other tribes.

Sir Harry Smith, having been satisfied with the protestations of loyalty of Maqoma and others, determined to leave Fort Cox where he had assembled about one thousand men ; but before long he decided upon making a demonstration up the Keiskama, and for the purpose he dispatched about five hundred men, who were attacked at a

narrow and intricate defile (the Booma Pass), about eight miles from Fort Cox on the 24th December, 1850, and thus began the war of 1850, which lasted till March, 1853.

During this war the whole of the eastern districts, as far as Somerset, were devastated by the Kaffirs, who inflicted great loss of life, sweeping off stock and destroying property wherever they went.

Sandile was nominally the head of the rebellion, but Maqoma was the general, and all organization and arrangements for operations were planned by him in the Waterkloof, which in defiance of us he held for more than eighteen months.

At the conclusion of this war the Gaikas were expelled from the Chumie and Keiskama country, which includes the Amatola and all the mountain fastnesses; the western boundary was fixed as the great northern road, that is, the road from King William's Town to Queen's Town; they were permitted to occupy the country east of this road, on to the Kei as British subjects, but to the chiefs was conceded the right to govern their people according to Native laws.

Sandile had lost the best part of his country, but the concession made to him was what he had fought for and he continued to govern the Gaikas without any direct interference from Government till 1856, when Sir G. Grey, wishing to remove this anomaly of native chiefs within British territory, governing their people according to native custom, arranged to make an annual allowance to the chiefs and leading men on condition that they gave up the rights conceded to them in 1853.

After long discussion and considerable trouble, the chiefs came to consent to the proposal of Sir G. Grey, and several special magistrates were appointed to hear cases with the chiefs, and sit as assessors with them.

In 1856 began the cattle killing delusion which, from all I have been able to learn, was, if not absolutely the invention of Kreli, at least carried out and enforced by him. Maqoma and Umhala were the chiefs through whom Kreli worked on this side.

I had early detached Sandile and a number of the leading men among the Gaikas from joining in the destruction of their cattle and grain. Whether for this reason, or because Sandile frankly kept me acquainted with all that was passing, Kreli passed by Sandile, and, as already remarked, trusted to Maqoma and Umhala to carry out his orders on the colonial side of the Kei.

Though Sandile at the outset killed a number of his cattle, he did not destroy them all, and, unlike Kreli and the other chiefs, he used neither persuasion nor threats to induce others to kill their cattle, and it was only when the other tribes were broken up and starving that Sandile became frightened by Maqoma into killing the remainder of his cattle, through the assurance that two of Sandile's father's late councillors had appeared to Maqoma.

As a number of Sandile's people who had killed their cattle left the Gaika location, a considerable extent of the location was cut off and given out in farms to Europeans, while the Gaikas who remained, and who afterwards returned were brought more directly under the magistrates than they had formerly been. Thus it was until 1867,

when the Government, in order to reduce expenditure, removed the commissioner who had been for a number of years with the Gaikas, appointing a young and inexperienced lad to take charge of them.

Many of the Gaikas were strongly opposed to this change and predicted trouble, should it be persisted in; and when Sandile was spoken to on the subject by his people, he replied that the commissioner had emasculated him, but that he was now again sitting on his own seat, and was satisfied with what the Government had done.

From this time Sandile rapidly regained most of the authority he had lost. Men who had steadily ignored his authority, and who had all along stood by the magistrate, at once on his removal considered it necessary to make their peace with Sandile by paying court to him, for they remembered that in 1851, almost the first action of Sandile, after the outbreak, was to reverse all decisions which had been given by the Gaika commissioner during the four previous years.

In 1876 the frontier districts were thrown into great alarm by warlike rumours among the native tribes.

I could not then ascertain that Sandile had been in any way implicated, neither does it yet appear that he was concerned in the warlike rumours which then agitated the land. He also appears up to December to have been opposed to the rising of the Gcalekas, but in December there appears to have been a yielding to the war party by accepting a share of the cattle captured by the rebels from colonial farmers and loyal natives, and when Kiva crossed the Kei on the 26th December, as Kreli's representative,

Sandile at once gave in his adhesion to Kreli by sending Gamna, his right hand son, to join Kiva, whom he immediately afterwards joined in one of his raids into Fingoland. Furthermore a number of Sandile's people had joined Mackinnon and Kiva in an attack on a small detachment of the 88th Regiment, under Major Moore at Sangi's shop on the 28th December.

Before proceeding to punish the guilty parties, the Government arranged for a separation between those who had taken up arms against Government and those who wished to remain loyal, and though most of the leading men of Sandile's tribe separated themselves from the rebels, Sandile himself determined on remaining with them.

After operations at the Kubusi he went through the Kei and joined Kreli. After the repulse of the combined army of Gcalekas, Ndlambis, and Gaikas, by Captain Upcher at Quintana, he took up his position at a most inaccessible spot at the sources of the Buffalo. Here, from the strength of the locality, he considered himself safe from attack, as this ground had never in any previous war been penetrated, and those who had taken up their stand there had always escaped. But as his adherents were soon dispersed and shot down, he himself was, after several very narrow escapes from capture, resolved to follow his sons and people who had returned to the Kei; and on the 29th May his party of about thirty men, having been discovered by a patrol of Fingoes from the Keiskama Hoek, were surrounded in a wood, and Sandile, with a Christian Native named Dukwana, and a few of their followers, was shot.

It was not known at the time that Sandile had fallen, but one of Sandile's followers, who was present when his chief fell, having been captured some days after, pointed out the spot where the body lay. It was brought into the camp, identified, and buried by Commandant Schermbrucker.

Weakness and irresolution were the main characteristics of Sandile. He was by nature neither cruel nor unjust, but under the influence of evil advisers he often committed foolish and unjust actions.

While not wanting in ability, he was in this respect far inferior to his brothers Tyala, Maqoma, and Anta. Believing that his power lay in maintaining native customs and ceremonies, he was a great observer of them, and of late years he very seldom appeared in European clothing.

Like almost every native chief, he had given way to drink, and during the last eight or ten years had gone to great excess.

Notwithstanding his defects he was beloved by his people. They clung to him as the father of the Gaika tribe, and many who had most strenuously opposed the rebellion, and predicted death and destruction to those who went into it, nevertheless would not abandon him when he became involved, but went with him to destruction. Two of his brothers have fallen, one has been arrested, another is now fugitive, and many of the leading men among the Gaikas will be long had in honourable remembrance in their tribe as having died with their chief,

XOXO.

[APPENDIX TO 'THE OLD PEACH-TREE STUMP.']

It may be interesting to give a short sketch of Xoxo's life.

On the first establishment of the Kaffrarian Mission at the Chumie, Xoxo, then a boy of about six or seven years of age, happened to be at my father's house. His father, Gaika, was there at the same time, and pointing to Xoxo, said, "Look at that thing! Does that look like a chief's son? My councillors advised me to marry his mother, saying that she was a fine-looking woman, and would bring me fine-looking children; but look at the thing she has brought me!"

The low cunning depicted on the boy's face became a characteristic of the man. As stated in the narrative of the 'Peach-tree Stump' Xoxo's forehead was grazed by a pellet of shot, but in order to make matters appear as bad as possible he had his head bandaged, and lay down in a hut as if seriously wounded.

I first made Xoxo's acquaintance shortly after my appointment as Gaika Commissioner in 1847, and he certainly did not create a favourable impression.

On the 24th of December 1850, the day on which Sir Harry Smith sent out an expedition for the purpose of capturing Sandile, he for some reason or other sent for Xoxo, who lived near the line which the troops had to take,

During the day I had been told by Natives that firing had been heard in the direction of the Booma Pass, and I mentioned this to the Governor. He was very much annoyed, and considered it a false alarm. After this Xoxo arrived, and as he lived near the Booma Pass, Sir Harry Smith asked him if he had heard any firing. Xoxo replied that he had heard two or three shots, but as it was a very windy day he could not tell very well.

“Did you hear any firing?” he then said, turning to one of his councillors. The man replied that he had heard a few shots in the Pass, but he thought it must be officers shooting at birds.

Sir Harry Smith told Xoxo to wait until the evening, when he would give him a couple of cows. Xoxo replied that he had urgent business at home, but would return in the morning for the cows.

Sir Harry Smith was in a great rage, and said that the man reporting hearing the shooting would be brought up and punished for spreading a false alarm.

I told Sir Harry that notwithstanding Xoxo's denial, I still believed that the natives had made an attack on the troops. I subsequently learned that Xoxo had been present at the attack in the Pass, and when the Governor's message reached his village, was just returning from the fight; and had put down his gun and accoutrements to come and see the Governor. This accounted for his not waiting to receive the present of the two cows.

On the following day Xoxo went to the neighbourhood of the Pirie Mission Station to settle scores with a very fine old councillor named Bashe. This man had been very

favourable to the Government, had always entertained my policemen and messengers very hospitably when they were in his neighbourhood, and had strongly opposed the measures which had brought about the war. Xoxo on arriving at the village put a rope round Bashe's neck, and took all his cattle numbering about eighty head. Xoxo's attendants interceded on behalf of Bashe, begging the chief to liberate him, and reminding him that it was not customary in dealing with a great man both to confiscate his property and take away his life.

But Xoxo was determined to put the man to death. Accordingly he drew the rope over a branch of the first tree they came to, and when poor Bashe was almost strangled, loosened him, and asked him how he liked that.

"Where," he asked, "are your friends the English now? Will they come to help you?"

The attendants still begged for the liberation of Bashe, but Xoxo was inexorable, and finally drew him up by the rope till life was extinct.

At the conclusion of the peace in 1853 a general amnesty was proclaimed, so that the murder of Bashe could not be brought against Xoxo.

He remained quietly in his location in the Gaika district, and eventually took part in the cattle-killing, destroying all that belonged to him.

During the time of the starvation I saw Xoxo riding a very fine horse which I did not know. He said the horse belonged to a relation of his, a Tembu, who was at his place on a visit. I directed Xoxo to tell the Tembu to take the horse away, as I believed it had been stolen,

and Xoxo was to have nothing further to do with him.

A few days later I saw Xoxo again riding the horse, and asked him why he had not obeyed my instructions, and sent the horse away. He replied that the owner had been unavoidably detained, but would leave on the following day. Nothing more was heard of the matter till three or four months after, when I received from the magistrate at Stockenstrom, a warrant of apprehension against Xoxo for the theft of five horses, the horse that I had seen being one of them.

I sent a messenger to Xoxo and the people of his neighbourhood to say that I was coming down in the morning to see them on special business, and wished them to be present to meet me. Accordingly in the morning I took four policemen with me and rode over to the place, where I found about 200 Gaikas assembled. I directed Xoxo to send for his horse as I required him to come with me to Dohne. He asked what was the matter, and I said to him it was about the horse I had told him to send away: and that I had a warrant for his arrest for having stolen it, and he was now my prisoner. He denied having stolen the horse, and said he had got it from a man. I then told him that I had not come there to hear the case, but that he must go to King William's Town and stand his trial, and then make his own defence. I directed him to mount. He looked about wistfully at the people there to see if any arm would be raised in his defence, or if any voice would plead on his behalf, but all were silent and motionless. On arriving at Dohne, I said to the men, "Xoxo is your prisoner. I hand him over to you for the night. In the

morning I shall take him out of your hands. Do your duty and see that he does not escape!"

When Xoxo was left with the policemen, he began to cajole them, and make overtures to them; but finding this of no avail he proceeded to threaten them that when he was liberated he would "do for" them.

On the following morning I directed Fundi and two other men to proceed with me to King William's Town in charge of the prisoner. I also told Fundi that he was to offer no indignity to him, only to take care he did not escape. On arriving within sight of King William's Town, Xoxo obtained my permission to dismount. Taking a small bit of wood or root out of his tobacco bag, he began chewing it in order apparently to produce a flow of saliva. This he squirted first in the direction of King William's Town, then of the place we had come from, and finally in every direction. Fundi remarked, "you are troubling yourself for nothing, chief, because what you are doing will have no effect upon our chief, neither will it have any effect upon us while we are with him, and acting under his orders. Save your charms for another occasion."

Xoxo made no reply, but looked at Fundi as if he could have annihilated him.

Xoxo was charged with the theft of the five horses; or receiving them, well knowing them to have been stolen.

He was found guilty of the latter charge, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

My friend Tola, the robber chieftain, happened to be in prison at the same time for having deprived one of his people of his cattle.

One day when the prisoners had gone out for exercise, the two chiefs, being together, concealed some stones in their blankets. When the gaoler came to lock them up at night he, as well as his attendant, was felled with a blow from a stone on the head. The two prisoners then took the key from the gaoler, opened the front gate, and made their escape.

Tola went down to the rugged fastnesses of the Kei,—Tyityaba—where he soon gathered a number of kindred spirits around him, and levied contributions wherever he could from white and black indiscriminately.

Xoxo fled to Tembuland and four or five of his men accompanied him in his exile. He soon quarrelled with all of them except one old man named Ngqazwa, and they left him. Ngqazwa remained faithful to his despicable chief till one day Xoxo told him it was his intention to return home.

His attendant warned him that if he did so he would certainly be arrested by the Gaika Commissioner. The chief in a great rage threw an assegai at the old man. He evaded it, but the weapon passed through his blanket.

This was too much for poor old Gqazwana and he also left Xoxo.

I had meanwhile heard of the fugitive's movements in Tembuland, and believing that it was his intention to return I intimated this to a large gathering assembled at Tembani, declaring that as soon as he came I would arrest him.

In a few days afterwards Xoxo arrived at his old home. Intimation of this was brought to me the same day. I

directed the twelve men to come to me one night mounted, without indicating what duty they were to perform. I took them down to Xoxo's residence where we arrived just at dawn of day. All the huts were searched but he was not to be found. I then sent my men in twos to the neighbouring villages, to search well while I remained at a conspicuous spot from which I could overlook their movements. Shortly afterwards I saw one of my men wave his jacket towards me, and knew at once that Xoxo had been found. I galloped to the spot and found Kona and another policeman—who, despite Xoxo's threats had done their duty and let me know of their discovery—standing guard over him outside the hut. When I reached this hut Xoxo begged me to let him go, and he would go so far away I should never hear of him again.

I told him I had not interfered with him as long as he was beyond my jurisdiction but if I let him go now I would be considered an accomplice in his offence and would be punished by the Government.

I sent him to King William's Town in charge of two Kaffir policemen. He was tried for the assault upon the gaoler and for his escape, and three years were added to his original sentence ; but when he had been kept in prison for five or six years he was pardoned.

In the meanwhile I had left the Gaika district, and did not see Xoxo again till the outbreak of the war of 1877 when I met him at Hangman's Bush near Kei Road.

He told me that Sandile was inclined for war, but that I knew quite well he was not so foolish as again to join any movement against the Government.

"I have not forgotten," I said to him, "your interview with Sir Harry Smith at Fort Cox."

He laughed and said no more on the subject.

The Gaikas went into rebellion soon after this, and Xoxo was foremost amongst them. He and his son were shot in a skirmish with one of our patrols.



TOLA AND ENO.

I HAVE roughly described two Kaffir chiefs—Maqoma and Xoxo—the former a clever and unscrupulous man and the latter a despicable character without any redeeming points. It would be unfair to the Kaffirs were these to be the only specimens given by me of the characters of their chiefs. The robber chieftain Tola, mentioned as having made his escape from prison with Xoxo, deserves more than a passing remark. Tola was chief of the Midange clan and lived at Funah's kloof near to where Post Victoria was established between the wars of 1835 and 1846. Tola and his clan were blamed for most of the stock thefts which took place from the Colony.

Post Victoria was established in Tola's country, with the concurrence of Sandile, with a view to checking the robberies of Tola's clan, but without avail. It was then resolved to make an expedition against the clan, and punish it for the numerous stock thefts, and Sandile agreed to take part in the expedition. But the arrangements for the expedition were well known to Tola and he disposed and concealed his cattle among the various clans, so that when the expedition went out against him, it found nothing but women and children and old men in the villages. After marching and countermarching for eight or ten days, the expedition returned home having accomplished nothing, and stock thefts continued as before. About this time a man of Tola's tribe named Tsili stole an axe at Fort Beaufort, and when being sent to Grahams-

town for trial, handcuffed to another man, a party of Tola's men came to the rescue of Tsili. In order to facilitate the rescue, the party cut off the wrist of the man to whom Tsili was handcuffed, who in consequence bled to death.

A demand was made on Sandile for the surrender of the rescuers and murderers, and he replied that we were quits as one of the rescuing party had been shot dead by the police in charge of the prisoners.

War broke out after this and Tola as usual took the part of the Natives. At the conclusion of the war in 1846, I was appointed Gaika Commissioner and Tola and his clan were placed under my charge.

During this time, from 1846 to 1850, I saw a good deal of Tola, and I took a strong liking to the man from his manly, open and frank manner, and I thought that in time I might be able to make something else of him than a robber. During all this time I had no complaint whatsoever against Tola.

After the war of 1854, a redistribution of the districts was made and Tola fell to the care of the Dlambe Commissioner, and I had therefore nothing further to do with him. He went into the cattle killing movement most energetically, destroyed all his own cattle, and then committed himself by taking cattle from his people who had not destroyed theirs. For this he was imprisoned and sentenced to transportation, but, as already described in the case of Xoxo, he made his escape. For months he occupied the rugged country of the Kei-Tyityaba junction being joined by a number of his clan. He lived by rob-

bery. Patrols were repeatedly sent out against him, but as he was always on the alert they could never surprise him. It was then arranged that Colonel Gawler, who was then stationed across the Kei, should send an expedition against Tola. The party was accordingly sent out under command of Mr. W. Fynn, Colonel Gawler's clerk. Mr. Fynn led his party to Fort Warden, from which place he sent a detachment to reconnoitre the Tyityaba. This party fell in with Tola's people who attacked them, and drove them back to the neighbourhood of Warden, when Mr. Fynn hearing the firing, sent another detachment to their aid. Being thus reinforced the tables were turned against Tola, who instead of making his escape as he could easily have done, stood fighting against a superior force. His two sons were shot down beside him; then he was shot himself. Then his chief councillor, who was with him, threw down his gun and assegais, and called to Mr. Fynn's men that he no longer desired to live, but wished to die with his chief and his two sons. He bade the soldiers come and put him to death, which unfortunately they did.

I shall now say something about a chief of the Amambalu named Nqeno, or Eno as he was generally called by the Colonists and officials. I remember seeing this old chief in 1840. He was a tall man and was then bowed down with the weight of eighty years, but he was still a healthy strong-looking man. Eno was considered by his countrymen as one of the most just and upright of their chiefs. He was exceedingly just in all matters affecting his people. During the early days of the chief, one of

his minor wives died in childbirth. He consulted his councillors as to what was to be done. They decided that the child should be buried with its mother. Eno said that would be murder, and he would be guilty if he consented, and it might be punished by Hintsu the paramount chief. He would not agree to the advice of his councillors. He then directed that his wives should be sent to him. On their appearing before him he said, "There is a motherless child, what is to be done with it?" His great wife Nomkini, who had no son, but a daughter named Mille, snatched up the wailing babe, pressed it to her bosom, and said, "I shall be his mother, he shall be my son and Mille's brother."

The councillors applauded the action of Nomkini, and the child was accordingly adopted as the son of the great wife and the successor to Eno.

As the boy grew up he manifested a very fine and noble disposition. He was the pride of his parents as well as the idol of the tribe. On reaching his majority, he was sent out in charge of one of his father's cattle stations, about ten miles from home. While there the herdsmen who were out on the hills with the cattle saw a commando approaching from the direction of the Fish River, and they immediately shouted and whistled to the cattle. There being a number of Eno's racing oxen among them, the cattle were soon off at full gallop and taken out of the reach of the commando. As the expedition approached, the young man went out to enquire what it came about and was shot. Although very little appears to have been said about his death at the time, it was not forgotten, and

in 1853 it was assigned as one of the causes of the Kaffir irruption into the Colony.

When the young man had been shot by the commando the tribe assembled, by order of the chief to nominate a successor. After long deliberation the choice of chief fell upon Stokwe, one of Eno's minor sons, but as he had a brother older than himself, they hesitated to announce their decision to their old chief. They thought he might be offended at the elder brother being passed over, the objection against him being that he was a man of a bad temper, hasty and arbitrary, whereas Stokwe was quite of an opposite disposition.

After awhile the choice was intimated to the chief, and the reason for it assigned. He told his people that he quite concurred with them, and that it was his desire that Stokwe should be appointed rather than his brother Doto. In order that there should be no dispute after his death, Eno went across the Kei and obtained Hintsä's sanction to the selection.

Shortly after this another son of Eno met his death by accident in the Fish River bush, where he had gone to hunt with an attendant. The attendant carried home his young chief, mortally wounded, who stated that it was purely accidental. He begged his father that no steps be taken against the attendant.

Maqoma and Sandile having heard of the occurrence went to Eno's village intending to lay a heavy fine upon the clan to which the young man belonged, on account of the death of the chief. Eno asked them what they had come for, and stated that he had reported nothing to them.

He further informed them that no chief had been killed in his country ; that it was true that the man who had been shot was his son, but he was simply a common man and had no tribal authority ; that had there been any case against the man who shot his son, he himself would have imposed a fine, but neither Maqoma nor Sandile had any right to demand a fine. He told the chiefs that the death of his son was purely accidental, and that the deceased testified to this ; further that the man who had caused the accident might have fled to where he could not be found, but instead of that he carried the wounded man home. This was not the action of a man who was guilty of any offence. No offence had been committed, no fine had been imposed, and Sandile and Maqoma should receive nothing from the clan. The chief also told Sandile and Maqoma that if they attempted to enforce the demand, he would resist them and fight. The matter however ended peaceably.



LIFE OF TYALA.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE LOVEDALE LITERARY SOCIETY,
IN MAY, 1888.

BY R. W. ROSE-INNES.

ABOUT eight years ago I read with much interest some verses of unusual merit in a Cape Town newspaper, called "The Lament of Tyala," and signed "Diamond Digger." I transferred them to my scrap book. I have to thank Mr. Brownlee for supplying me with the chief incidents in Tyala's life. With this material, and thus supplied, I set to work to fill in the outlines of my portrait.

The paper will be disconnected in some parts; in others it will bear the impress of the haste with which it was prepared. As I read this brief sketch I ask you to remember that it was written in fits and starts during odd moments snatched from busy days.

It is a difficult process to condense into a comparatively small compass, that which if properly told, would occupy time and space far in excess of the allowance at my disposal. I must therefore crave your indulgence while I endeavour to tell you a true story as briefly as I can.

"Tyala"—the subject of my sketch—was a Gaika Kaffir, devoid of education, untutored, uncivilized. Nevertheless I wish to trace his career, and briefly sketch his history. It may interest—it should instruct—it is bound to win your admiration and esteem.

The story of Tyala's life may be familiar to one or two present, to most of you it will be entirely unknown.

According to his lights—and this is a fair, standard to judge by—Tyala's record is a noble one. His faults and failings, his misconceptions and his errors, are easily forgotten in the purity of his virtues, in the sagacity of his undisciplined mind, in the lion-hearted bravery which he shewed in peace and war. His memory is brightly illuminated by the patriotic devotion he evinced to his chief, to his people, and to his country.

LONG FAITHFUL TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

Towards the close of his career, and shortly before his death he deserted his chief, and came out from his people to maintain the allegiance he had sworn to keep towards the British Government. He acted at this crisis, as at all times, with rare decision ; with a keen sense of honour ; with a total disregard of public opinion. He was a patriot in the truest sense. He was a brave man ; for he knew what it was to fight valiantly in a hopeless cause. *He died of a broken heart !*

Tyala was chief councillor amongst the Gaikas under Sandile—adviser in all matters of state and of importance—prime minister of his tribe.

He succeeded his father Nteyi who occupied a similar position under Gaika, Sandile's predecessor. In the war raging between the Ndlambes and Gcalekas and Gaikas, in 1818, Nteyi fell fighting for his chief on the Debe Flats. Tyala therefore came of good stock. His father besides being a councillor, was when the occasion arose

a man of war—he yielded up his life on the field of battle.

Upon Sandile succeeding to the chieftainship, Tyala the son was found occupying his father's position in the Gaika tribe. He was consulted by his chief on important questions, his decisions on disputed cases between man and man upon which he frequently arbitrated—were singularly free from partizanship or deceit, and the people regarded him with feelings of respect and admiration. Tyala enjoyed few advantages. His contact with European and civilizing agencies was limited—yet he seemed naturally endowed with the principles of statesmanship—with the sagacity of a far seeing man. It is remarkable to find this heathen councillor advising a policy of peace, at the very earliest of the Gaika wars as the wisest course to pursue—but such was the case. He foresaw events, and foretold consequences with marvellous accuracy, considering how necessarily limited was his range of thought and reason.

ALWAYS COUNSELLED PEACE.

The Gaikas were eminently a warlike clan. Not once, but many times did they seek to try conclusions with the British Government. Tyala with his exceptional powers of discernment, was “ahead of his time” in seeing and estimating the hopelessness of these encounters, and the inevitable results which were bound to follow in their train. Heathen as he was, his mind seems to have grasped the fact that the Governors of the Colony had at their backs strength and wealth, military power and resource to an almost unlimited extent. He appears to

have recognised this even in these early days, and to have convinced himself that civilization and Christianity would continue to press their claims ; that no amount of stubborn resistance, that not all the superstitions and beliefs so dearly cherished and so tenaciously held and believed in which he and others of his tribe had been brought up and nourished, would be effectual in coping with these forces which were symbolized by the presence of the "white man" in the country. He saw, too, that both were slowly but surely spreading and making progress, notwithstanding the most strenuous opposition from the native tribes. Farmers came with plough and spade to plant and sow. Traders came with merchandise to barter and to deal. Missionaries came with Bible in hand to preach and to instruct. All were under the ægis of the Government. Treachery to one or other, meant an immediate display of force from "beyond the sea," and the punishment of the offenders. Tyala saw and comprehended this—the Gaikas took years to do so.

It is impossible, within the scope of this paper, to do more than refer to the early wars, in which the Gaikas were successively engaged, in 1835, 1846 and 1850.

A declaration of war is a step of supreme moment and importance to a Native tribe. The Gaikas recognized this to the full. According to custom, the commencement of hostilities was preceded by numerous meetings between the chief and councillors, and between the councillors and the people.

The chances of success, the plan of the campaign, weak spots to attack, strong places to avoid ; all these proved

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material for endless discussion and argument at these gatherings.

These preliminary discussions furnished opportunities for any man of marked individuality and strong convictions to assert himself, and use his influence on one side or the other, to declare for war or to counsel peace or neutrality. Tyala availed himself of these meetings with characteristic courage and out-spokenness. Even at the outbreak of these wars he raised his voice for *peace*. He did more: at every meeting, whenever and wherever he could, he counselled chief and people against the fatal consequences of taking up arms against the white men, of the utter futility of any attempt to drive them from this Colony to the Land from whence they came.

Tyala was a fine speaker, with a ready and full command of language, abounding in illustration and description. His courage made him a fearless one. By argument in public, by entreaty with his chief in private, he did his utmost at all critical periods in the history of the Gaikas to avert war, and to deter a warlike tribe from rushing to their fate. He foretold the consequences of each rebellion, and the closing scenes, one after another, saw these predictions sadly verified.

But Tyala was a Gaika before everything; and the force of his convictions was not sufficient to dim his ardour or quench his patriotism when, regardless of all warning, Sandile plunged his people into these hopeless conflicts.

When the wild war-song broke from the hills, when signal fire answered signal fire through the night, when the women were flying, when cattle were being driven to the

mountains, when armed bands were gathering, and when messengers ran in hot haste to and fro, crying out that the "land was dead" and that "the cattle were being taken;"—at the first note of the war, Tyala, like the man of action that he was, rose to do battle for his people and for his clan. Whensoever the die had once been cast he recognized that the time for entreaty had passed—that the time for action had arrived.

FOLLOWED HIS CHIEF IN THE WAR OF 1851-52.

A majority amongst the people had decided against him; war had been declared, the tribe was in danger; there was a general call to arms—that was enough. The nobility of his nature and the purity of his patriotism responded to these appeals. When once Sandile and the tribe had committed themselves, he threw his scruples to the wind, and fought under the banner of his chief with conspicuous bravery and courage.

The continued defeat of the tribe at the termination of each successive rebellion demonstrated the wisdom of his counsels, and the more enlightened of the people were gradually awaking to the knowledge of this fact, and to the folly and uselessness of these Native wars.

It was not Tyala's custom, however, to indulge in vain regrets. He bore his share of these defeats, and stood by his chief during the varying fortunes of the tribe, as every honourable man should do.

His influence was therefore necessarily great; but each war brought with it its own punishment—each rebellion had its own disastrous and inevitable termination. Minor

successes at the outset—utter humiliation, defeat and punishment in the end. And what were these? The Gaikas were first expelled from the banks of the Chumie, with its ceaseless flow of limpid waters to the Keiskama River, which for a time formed the southern boundary of their territory. This large strip of magnificent and fertile country was taken from them, and a fine was imposed in addition, of many thousands of their much cherished cattle. It was a sore and bitter blow. But the Governor of the Colony had made it a condition of the treaty of peace, and declined to abate or modify the terms of surrender.

After an interval, and in spite of the recent confiscation of territory between the Chumie and Keiskama Rivers, came war again, and later on, after many sanguinary conflicts, submission and requests to know the terms of peace. Blood and treasure had been freely spent in quelling these rebellions; and now a general demand was made by the infuriated colonists and settlers for sterner measures, for punishment more lasting and more severe than had hitherto been meted out to the truculent Gaikas.

RESULTS OF WAR OF 1852.

This time in response to the universal outcry it was decided that 600 square miles of country were to be wrenched from the Gaika tribe and confiscated. No longer would the Buffalo and the Keiskama rivers give water to their flocks and herds. The Gaikas knew the value of these beautiful streams in this sparsely watered country. But this was not all. With this strip of country they would

lose also the forest-clad "Amatolas," the mountains wherein they had so often sought refuge and shelter when hard pressed by the opposing forces.

Often had the Gaikas roamed at will through those woods and forests ; often had they gazed fondly at the purple summits of those mountains as they pierced the sky ; often had their cattle browsed knee deep in the valleys at their base ; their huts still crowned many a spur and ridge ; the beetling crags were fastnesses ; the timbered kloofs were hunting grounds. But, alas ! the fair "Amatolas" could no longer be counted amongst their possessions. The decree had gone forth ; it was unalterable ; armed men were ready to enforce it with shot and shell.

And so yet another war terminated, and Tyala, in the bitterness of his spirit, and with heavy heart, saw once again the punishment he had predicted descending upon his people.

Sorrowfully, and in obedience to the stern decree of the Governor, with many a lingering regret, the defeated tribe moved on—and, as the exodus took place, many an old veteran turned to gaze fondly at the beautiful country he was seeing probably for the last time.

Their huts were burnt ; their lands and gardens occupied by British soldiers and settlers, and the fairest portion of Kaffraria was divided as spoil amongst the white conquerors. Thus terminated the war in 1853. At its close, Sandile and his people were located upon a long strip of unoccupied country south of the Bonteboks, upon the northern confines of the Colony and still familiarly known as "Gaikaland." The greater part of it was abso-

lutely bare, woodless, and unsheltered. This change of surroundings was at first keenly felt; but the tribe, especially the younger members of it, settled down to their new surroundings, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. A Resident, or Commissioner, was placed amongst them and they were brought more into contact with, and more directly under the sway of British rule. Huts were built in the more favoured localities; kraals sprang up in all directions; the fertility of the soil was abundantly manifested within a few seasons.

Though the "Amatola" forests were no longer theirs, the Gaikas had wood and bush sufficient to meet all requirements. The Kalusi carried water to the sea as sweet as the Keiskama. If there were no longer woods wherein to roam, in place of them were grassy uplands, fertile valleys and healthful breezes. The altitude was greater, the climate more bracing and invigorating—a healthy and desirable country in every sense, until the curse of Cape brandy cast a blight upon it. Game there was in abundance. Stock thrived amazingly—particularly sheep, introduced amongst the tribes by the efforts of Mr. Brownlee, then Gaika Commissioner. Disease was comparatively rare.

In the end the people grew reconciled, as the value of the country grew more and more apparent, and ere many years had passed, they had learned to love it with the devotion and fervour characteristic of the tribe.

UMHLAKAZA'S DELUSION.

Some years of rest and peace followed upon the occupation of this new country until, in common with other

Native tribes, a greater danger than war threatened the Gaikas. I refer to the fatal delusion inspired by Umhlakaza, the witch-doctor, which induced the people to kill their herds of cattle, and waste their stores of grain in the vain hope that when all was consumed and exhausted the spirits of departed warriors, and of ancestors long laid to rest, would rise from their graves ; and when the sun had turned blood red in the sky, the hated white men, their conquerors—the usurpers of their country—would be cast into the sea !

The witch-doctor, Umhlakaza, commanded an immense following amongst the Gaikas and other tribes, and exercised a strange fascination upon the weak-minded chief Sandile. This fanaticism induced them, in obedience to the doctrines preached by this self-inspired prophet, to slay their cattle in hundreds, and scatter their grain to the winds. Starvation followed. The “ Cattle Killing Mania ” as it is sometimes called, is now a matter of history ; but it affords a striking instance of the force and depth of the superstitions and beliefs which are traditional amongst the Native tribes in this Colony. Christianity has supplanted them to-day. Education is slowly but surely making their fallacy more and more apparent. These beliefs, and the customs formed upon them, are slowly dying. Special repressive legislation will not hasten, and may retard their eradication. We must be content patiently and hopefully to watch the forces I have named do this work of extermination. They will be found outside and not inside the Cape Parliament. Experience on this point has already been dearly bought. The Colony may have

to pay more dearly still before the fact is fully understood.

Starvation, the direct result of the mad infatuation and folly following on the preaching and sorcery of Umhla-kaza, as I have said, stalked as a grim spectre through the land, and swept off the stricken people in hundreds. Hale men were struck down; while the aged, the feeble and the infirm perished of want, and their bodies lay scattered around the kraals in Gaikaland.

It is not within the limits of this paper to do more than make a passing reference to that awful time, though it is one of absorbing interest. The story of a misguided people, suffering terribly from a superstitious infatuation, has been already recorded by Mrs. Brownlee, in the ninth chapter of Chalmers' *Life of Tiyo Soga*—touchingly, beautifully, sorrowfully, and with the infinite pity and pathos of a full heart.

Fortunately for the Gaikas, the tribe as a whole did not accept these new doctrines, and act upon the instructions of their propagator. Owing in a large measure to the efforts of their Commissioner, many were induced to offer a firm resistance to the spread of this new Gospel; for, writes Mrs. Brownlee, "The Chief Anta, half brother to Sandile, took a firm stand against this delusion, and other leading men of the Gaikas resisted it to the utmost of their power. Amongst these was Go with his ready wit and fearless heart; old Soga, with his fiery eloquence; and last, but not least, Tyala,—grand old Tyala—who, for nobility of character, for rectitude, wisdom and dignity, had not his equal in the tribe. These backed by 'Napa-

kade' (Mr. Brownlee's Kaffir name) for months kept back, in a great measure, poor, weak, wavering Sandile. As long as these were by his side he had courage; but whenever they left him he was surrounded by evil councillors, who worked upon his feelings and fears, and generally succeeded in inducing him to kill some cattle."

The delusion had been at work ten months, when an order came from the prophet that all the remaining cattle must be killed within eight days. On the eighth day, amid thunder, lightning, rain, and a mighty wind the fulfilment of his prophecies would take place. The eighth day dawned and closed without any of these long-expected manifestations.

The most bitter recriminations then ensued between believers and unbelievers. Large meetings of the impoverished and starving people took place, and the failure was laid at the door of those who, like Tyala and others associated with him, had resolutely refused to give way to the popular delusion. Confronted with hunger and famine many bitter words were said, old Soga remarking on one occasion, says Mr. Brownlee, "I do not blame Sandile—he is a child; but with those of his councillors who gave bad counsel, rests the guilt."—"No!" replied Tyala with stentorian voice—"No! Sandile is no child—he is a man. He ought to have been the leader and saviour of his tribe. He is the culprit!"

Had Sandile but listened to the voice of his chief councillor, who in the past had advised so truly and so well, how much want and suffering might have been spared the Gaikas at this critical and troubled time!

In this connection I wish only to draw attention to the courage of Tyala in standing against the popular belief, and in advocating once more a policy far-seeing and correct. These qualities are born in men, and Tyala possessed them in an eminent degree.

A dreadful period of famine now ensued ; the emaciated condition of the people, sullen and hostile as ever, alone prevented another war ; for, writes the Gaika Commissioner, on the 18th of March, 1857, " The utmost confusion reigns throughout the country ; parties large and small infest the land, and are stealing cattle and committing murders. Last week I heard of thirty-one Kaffirs being killed, either in defending or in taking their cattle."

TWENTY YEARS OF PEACE.

The country settled down slowly after this terrible experience. Then twenty years of peace followed. This period of repose enabled the Gaikas to accumulate stock which they did in large numbers. Trade was opened up with the tribe, and it was brought more directly under Christianizing influences. Trading shops were dispersed, and mission stations were studded throughout the country. Canteens followed in course of time. We poured brandy into Gaikaland and succeeded in making Sandile a drunkard. But the material prosperity of the tribe sustained no check ; their flocks and herds became very numerous. No attempt was made to place a restriction upon the drink traffic ; and its demoralizing and fatal effects were soon traceable on the faces of men and women, besotted with drink, and wearing the cringing demeanour of the harden-

ed and habitual drunkard. Instead of subsisting as it has been said on "milk, mealies. and fresh air," the men were wont to congregate daily around the doors of the canteens—drinking and jabbering, plotting and making mischief.

A sure and certain work of destruction was now going on. The seed of future calamity and trouble was being thickly sown. The crop was ready for reaping only too soon. Tyala, meanwhile, continued to retain his position as chief councillor. He made a firm stand against the habits of intemperance, and the love of brandy which were spreading amongst the people. On the other hand he yielded but little to the civilizing agencies with which he was surrounded.

He was a Gaika amongst the Gaikas—wedded to the customs of the tribe, and to the ancient ceremonies of his Court; fearlessly independent; he was nevertheless ready at all times to pay proper respect to the officials placed over the tribe by Government. He became in addition a man of substance, and no doubt his influence was strengthened by the knowledge of his wealth and of his possessions.

THE WAR OF 1877.

After this long interval of peace, many convinced themselves that we had seen the last of Native rebellions: but this was not the case. In 1877 the clouds of war arose in the sky, and increasing in size from month to month slowly spread themselves. The aggressors in this instance were the Gcalekas, and the battle of Gwadana marked the first outbreak of the rebellion. The events which then trans-

pired will be within the recollection of many of you. Volunteers poured into the field; and the Colony, for the first time under Responsible Government, learnt a lesson in war and bloodshed.

Though a feeling of disquietude reigned everywhere throughout the country, for a time the war was confined to the Transkei. Every endeavour was made to keep it there. Just as attention is often drawn off a blazing pile of buildings, in order that efforts may be made to save the surrounding houses, so, at this time, every influence was brought to bear upon the wavering and undecided Gaikas. They were admonished. A chain of fortified posts was constructed along the banks of the Kei, to act as a barrier between the Gcalekas and themselves. Special commissioners, sent by Government, went in and out amongst the people; the Gaikas were urged to remain neutral. The whole country was astir; it was an anxious time.

Meanwhile, pressure in every shape and form was used to involve the Gaikas. Fierce Gcalekas, hot from the war, stealthily made their way into the locations, with messages from the paramount chief, Kreli, with entreaties for assistance, with passionate appeals for help. The Gaikas were twitted with their neutrality; past traditions of the tribe were recalled to mind, departed spirits were invoked; every effort was made to involve them; it was a terrible time of tension and suspense. The fate of the Gaika tribe was hanging in the balance as it had never hung before. Then, as the sands of the new year (1878) began to run, came the news of the sudden murder of the brothers Tainton and Field-Cornet Brown in the Tyityaba. The flame

of war was now carried across the Kei, and crept nearer and nearer to the Gaikas. The precautions to secure their neutrality were redoubled. The attitude of Sandile and his people was anxiously watched. It was hoped that the tribe would stand for peace and not commit themselves.

TYALA AGAIN COUNSELS PEACE.

It was at this crisis that old Tyala shewed what he was made of. After twenty long years he saw the old war spirit abroad once more—gathering force daily, and being fanned into a flame by outside influences. Once more was he called upon to advise, and once more in his old age did he counsel a policy of peace and neutrality. But history was repeating itself; events were ripening fast; a crisis was at hand; the decision for peace or war could be put off no longer; the Gaikas were soon called upon to declare themselves.

Messengers from Kreli again crept secretly into the Gaika locations: they received shelter at head-quarters until they should depart. In the name of their chief fighting for his life they were demanding and waiting for a final reply. Once more had they run the gauntlet of our sentries to urge Sandile to cast in his lot with the rebellion and assist in the desperate struggle across the Kei.

At this critical period, the fugitive rebel chief, Mackinnon, hotly pursued, fled for safety and refuge to the Gaika Location! Government demanded that he should be immediately handed over and delivered up by Sandile.

He must be surrendered or sheltered! Indecision was once and for all to be at an end. It was a question of "Now or

Never." According to custom and tradition it was necessary at a crisis of this nature to consult the tribe before finally deciding, and an immense meeting was accordingly called at the "Great Place." Sandile was to meet his councillors and fighting men and decide his fate—and theirs.

The day for holding it has come—impressive in all its grim significance; in all the fatal consequences which afterwards ensued.

From far and near armed men are gathering; from hill and vale they come; each kraal contributes; each hut sends at least one man. Old warriors might be seen leaning upon their spears and recalling long forgotten tales of ancient bravery and prowess. Young men eager for the fray, are chafing under the restraints of inactivity.

There, under shelter of a kraal, the flower of the Gaika army around him, sits poor, weak, vacillating Sandile, irresolute and timorous; lacking determination and moral courage; ready to be led, rather than to lead; anxious to strike—and yet afraid to do so. Overhead stretches the wide canopy of heaven; the sun shines brightly in a cloudless sky; the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep and goats feeding peacefully on the hills, is in sad contrast to the gathering of armed and excited men. Away at their feet stretches a long sweep of undulating grassy country—their beloved Gaikaland. The young men are wild and talkative; the old men sit deep in thought, silently waiting for the meeting to begin.

Mackinnon the refugee is away to the right, saying little, but nevertheless watching the assembled army with eager

critical eyes ; apparently calm, he is nevertheless full of suppressed excitement. By his flight into the Gaika location he has brought matters to this issue. There also, a little apart, sit the Gcaleka messengers, ready, waiting breathlessly for a message to their chief. Kreli is to be answered. To-day is to decide the issues of peace or war.

The meeting has begun. First one, then another, rises to speak ; young and old, in Kaffir fashion, in turn unburden their minds. The meeting proceeds, when, see ! from amongst that knot of councillors an old man is on his feet ; proudly he wears his blankets, with head erect, and demeanour impressive and majestic—old Tyala rises to address the tribe. All eyes are fixed upon him ; the silence is strained and intense. Taking one step forward the gray-haired old councillor scans the assembled multitude. His eyes sweep o'er the grassy plains ; they dwell for a moment on the browsing flocks and herds, upon the winding stream below ; then they light up with an impassioned fervour, and once more, with dramatic intensity and power, his voice rings out, and for the last time the Gaikas receive warning and admonition from his lips. Every word comes from his heart. It is a marvellous outburst of passionate oratory, and the tribe sit spell-bound as he speaks. Taking them back in their history, he tells of past wars ; of victories gained again and yet again by the "white man." He speaks of their confiscated territory, of its wood and of its water, of its beauty and fertility, of the fair Amatolas, of the Chumie, the Buffalo and the Keiskama ; rivers which once ran laughing to the sea in their own country. Sweeping the horizon with outstretched arm, he warns his countrymen

that Gaikaland too may be lost—war and defeat may wrench it from their grasp. Solemnly he refers to their duties to the Government—of the absolute folly of resistance; of the absolute wisdom of “sitting still.” Turning finally to his chief, with appealing and entreating gesture, he implores Sandile, in a voice trembling with emotion, to surrender Mackinnon, to send back Kreli’s messengers with a firm refusal, to avert war and save the Gaikas.

He is reported by Mr. Brownlee to have said:—“In former times you disregarded my advice and got into trouble in consequence. I stood by you then; we have suffered enough; I wish you now distinctly to understand that if you again commit yourself, I will render you no assistance, but will go and join Government.”

The rest is well known; what need is there to tell the story? It is one of disaster and defeat. Sandile, yielding at last to evil influences, to the jeers, the scoffs, the entreaties of many of his followers, plunged the Gaikas into war and thereby sealed their doom. The resistance offered was but slight, and soon Sandile, at the head of his beaten men, was flying—himself a fugitive—to the Pirie bush for refuge and safety.

TYALA’S REWARD.

But what of Tyala, the hero of our sketch? He commanded a large following amongst the tribe, and his influence at this juncture was very great. Many who had listened to his words made up their minds to follow in his footsteps. He acted on his resolution, and, with many “loyals” and a large following, came out ere it was too

late, and declared for the Government. These men, with their wives and families, were located at Grey Town for the time being, and ground was allotted to them for the grazing of their stock; but practically speaking they were in "laager" there; and under armed inspection and supervision. They were regarded with suspicion—and their loyalty and fealty unjustly doubted.

Then commenced a policy of injustice against these men on the part of Government. Other matters of importance were pressing at the time and the claims of the "loyal" Gaikas I do not believe were ever fully and fairly considered. The first act of injustice was to disarm the men. It was a crying shame. Their manhood rebelled at the indignity—at this insult offered to their loyalty which had just emerged from so severe a test. Their cattle, cooped within the precincts of the "laager," died in hundreds, and they suffered terribly from thefts in their unarmed condition.

It was a poor recompense for the sacrifice they had made for the brave course they had elected to follow. The people felt this treatment keenly. It cut them to the heart. But they bore their sufferings patiently in the hope that when the war was over, they would be permitted to return and occupy a portion of the country they had so recently vacated and by no means forfeited. This at least would be their reward—so Tyala thought and said; and as the months sped on, the women and the children sighed for home, and the men gazed fondly at the hills lying so close at hand, over which they once roamed at will. But they were told to wait. At last the war dragged slowly to its close.

But the bitterest blow of all had yet to fall upon the "Loyal Gaikas." Government at length decided the question of their future, and the land they should henceforth occupy. The order came for their removal across the Kei. Their staunch adherence to Government in the face of a whole tribe availed not. Long months spent in weary waiting were as naught. Petition and entreaty were vainly presented. Over five thousand men, women, and children were commanded to move from the Grey Town encampment and cross the Kei. The fair Gaikaland they all loved so well, so passionately, was to be confiscated. No lot or part in it had been reserved for them. This was banishment indeed.

Imagine the feelings with which Tyala received this news. Much of his popularity had already gone, for many openly complained that he had misled them. Punishment, the last thing thought of, was being meted out for the sacrifice they they had made. No reward to the loyal Gaikas was being offered them as he had predicted would surely be the case. Tyala, proud man as he was, bowed his head low with grief and shame; the grasses already waved over poor misguided Sandile, sleeping quietly under the trees of the Isidenge forest where he fell; his sons were prisoners of war; the tribe divided and scattered; and, bitterest of all bitter things, the "loyal Gaikas" in the impoverished condition in which they had emerged from the war were commanded to cross the Kei. The old man's heart was already too full. It broke under the shock of this last blow! A presentiment seemed to seize him, and again and again he was heard to declare that he would never go; that death would step in,

and that his body would be laid to rest in Gaikaland.

Wonder not at this, you, whose eyes grow dim when you think of the land of the heather-bell, of the wild hill-sides of bracken, of the skies of blue, of the bonny land across the Tweed ! Wonder not at this, you to whom a field of buttercups and daisies is a delightful memory ; to whom the sweet scent of flowers, or a clinging ivy spray, recall to mind a village lane and a happy home nestling amid green trees, which you left so many years ago, and long to see again ! Human hearts expand to the same emotions, human feelings are the same under a white as under a black skin—and he was only a Kaffir, that was all !

My story is told. Let us draw the curtain gently round old Tyala, as the day draws nigh when the encampment is to move to this new country. Mr. Brownlee tells the rest graphically, and with the authority of personal experience, in a communicated article published at the time in the *Cape Mercury*.—

“Tyala called his son Tsangani, and his immediate adherents together, and addressed them in the following words:—‘I opposed the war of the Axe in 1846. I said then that war against the white man would bring destruction upon us, but my voice was disregarded. Again I opposed the war of Umlanjeni in 1850—53, and again my admonitions were despised. We fought against the white man, and were driven from the Keiskama, the Chumie, and the Amatole. Then came the delusion of Umhlakaza. I again tried to save my countrymen, and again my admonitions were despised ; and now once more I have spoken in vain. The Gaikas have again rejected my admonitions

they took up arms against the Government; they are now no longer a people; they have no chief, nor land. I have accomplished nothing! I now wish for death, and would that God would at once take me away.' ”

Mr. Brownlee proceeds—“On the following day Tyala sent for his son and said—‘I am about to die. I do not desire to live. Take charge of my children. I leave everything to you. It has been decided by Government that the Gaikas are to cross the Kei, but I will be buried here. You must obey the orders of Government and cross the Kei with my family and people.’ ”

Noble words! They contain a wail of despair; but at the same time, as of yore, they give directions for obedience. Tyala was right. The following day he died—died as I said, of a broken heart.

Ere he could cross the Kei, his soul had crossed to regions far beyond, and his body was laid to rest in the heart of his own country, for the Bolo now marks his grave. There let him rest. He was a grand man. He died a patriot’s death. His life contains for us many an example. He exhibited virtues we might copy. And he was a Kaffir—that was all.

On the day his family, in obedience to the decree of the Government, moved to a new country across the Kei, his body was laid to rest upon a grassy slope on one of the green hills of his beloved Gaikaland.

The death of his chief Sandile, shot as he was through the heart in the Pirie forest; the defeat of his tribe; the semi-captivity of his clan; the complete break-up of home;

the order for removal, so unexpected, so little understood killed him, for it broke his heart.

He was a fine specimen of the Gaika tribe. His counsel was far-seeing, it was wise, for the sequence of events proved it to be so.

He was only a Kaffir—that was all.

He counted his cattle, and loved to see them milked; he had more wives than one; he wore a blanket; he carried a kerrie; the interior of his hut held his assegais! Nevertheless, in his veins coursed the blood of a patriot; in his untutored mind dwelt the elements of statesmanship; under his black skin beat the heart of a brave proud man.

After the varying fortunes which he endured, his end was sad indeed; as, stricken to death with grief he crept into his hut to die. He was only a Kaffir, but his life is nevertheless worth preserving, uncivilized though he was. We find in it much to interest us, much to admire, much to pity, much to regret—interest at his long career of councilorship at Sandile's court; admiration for his manly courage; pity for his end; regret that so fine a nature should have existed under a "red-blanket" and remained without development or direction.

This Colony is not rich in "memories" for it is a new country. Its population is still mixed and migratory; its interests changeful and unsettled; its history comparatively uneventful. We are sadly lacking in "associations." This want and absence of "sentiment," of historical ideas and indications, of traditions and legends is strikingly apparent to new-comers. This element—the subtle nameless thing I speak of—exists in older countries; it forms an

important factor in their national life and character. You breathe it in the air as you set foot on the shores of England. It impresses itself upon you with irresistible force—with a silent yet overpowering influence. In the old home country as you admire the signs of progress, mark the reforms, note the improvements, you are reminded at every turn of “a historical past” as well.

Flying through the air at express speed on a “main line,” you see still at intervals, the ancient turn-pike road, with its long stretch of mile-stones fading in the distance; within the radius of that smoke-laden factory district, with its ceaseless din of machinery, and its hum of busy life stands an old manor house—undisturbed, undisfigured, telling its dumb story of a departed age!

The crumbling remains of that old abbey speak silently of a time when it was a noble structure, shielding and sheltering perchance royalty itself. The towers of that ancient castle speak eloquently of moat and of drawbridge; of feudalism, of a baron and his retainers, of drinking songs and of revelry.

That magnificent Cathedral building, with the moss of ages upon its walls, reveals the history of a religion and of an art not of to-day, nor of yesterday, but of the time when stone after stone was patiently and exquisitely carved with infinite skill and care, until column and spire, pillar and dome, rose each in their place—“a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.” Musician and artist, sculptor and poet, philosopher, scholar and statesman, have each in their respective spheres and in their own way toiled and striven to perpetuate the memory of great men, of brave deeds, of

exploits in flood and field; whatever has been noble, and brave, and good, has formed themes which each in turn has been able and willing to immortalize by the inspiration of his genius. Evidences such as these force the truth in upon you that you are indeed a unit in a great nation—a nation with a noble history as well as a great future.

Do you wish to be impressed with the force of what I say? Come with me for a moment to the centre of a vast city: pause before the precincts of the Courts of Westminster. Tread softly, enter reverently, for here lie the remains of the honoured and the great—the final tribute paid to greatness is to lay it here. In this national sepulchre the ashes of warriors and of statesmen, of kings and of poets, rest side by side.

As you stand in awe and ponder at all this, your pulses quicken—your heart beats—you are proud of your country—and the sacred heritage which, as an Englishman, is yours; and you are struck as never before with the fact that a new country suffers a distinct loss in being compelled to work out its career without such aids and inspirations. In Great Britain “The Past” is never completely “out of sight” as it is in South Africa; for go where you will, on all sides, the air seems laden with indications of times gone by, of memories of departed things.

How different is it with us! Here the monument and the inscription, history and song, music and art, are almost entirely absent. Turn back the pages, one by one, and search for what I mean; look around, visit your towns, enter your libraries, search the past, search it carefully and well, and you will find that whatever of it is worthy of

remembrance, productive of inspiration, pregnant with meaning and example, the fragrant beauty of blameless lives, of noble sacrifices, the record of services rendered, of hardships and privations patiently endured, of faithfulness to death, is carried, more in personal recollection than in song or story or printed page. Much of this may still be recorded, for history is an unravelling process, not a story of to-day: much worthy of record has I fear been buried out of sight, unrecorded; mayhap forgotten.

The progress made I know has been fitful and uncertain; the history I know has been thin and meagre; the tokens worthy of remembrance I know are few and far between, nevertheless they should be gathered up and cherished. It becomes a duty for those rich in priceless personal recollections, to perpetuate them in a permanent form; for, years hence, the youth of this country, destined some day to be great and powerful, will wonder at these blanks and ask why they were never filled. We may have but little to boast of, to perpetuate; but here and there you find a monument has been raised to the fallen or to the brave. Here a tablet in some village church; there an inscription in some public building, a portrait on a wall, a headstone to a grave! These are the only outward traces you will find shewing that young and undeveloped as we still are, we nevertheless have memories we wish to cherish; lives we do not wish should be forgotten; graves we wish to keep for ever green.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward through the sky,
Fall on our mortal sight.

So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Thought of the past, as well as hope for the future, often helps to spur us on to a higher endeavour; a more settled purpose, a firmer resolve, an effort more sustained and more determined.

It is the scarred veteran, not the young recruit, who makes the best soldier. It is his past experience, his years of discipline, as well as his bravery, that are of account when he faces the foe !

It is natural for us in this Land of promise and of "Good Hope," always to look forward, for the future holds up to our expectant vision a string of unfulfilled prophecies. Yet, as we strain our eyes, and gaze eagerly at the far horizon of the future with its dawning hopes and promises of a new and a brighter day, let us not omit to glance back to the night of our past; for it too has its story to tell, its lesson to teach us.

To night, let us look back. As we do so, our recollections take us to an unknown grave in the far distant Bolo, unmarked, unhonoured. On the grassy mound, let us raise a stone in memory of the sleeper, inscribing thereon the name of—

"TYALA "

A GAIKA AND A PATRIOT!

DEATH OF TYALA.

ON Thursday last intelligence reached town that Tyala, chief councillor among the Gaikas, was dead. He was the son of Nteyi, chief councillor of Gaika, Sandile's father, who, like his son had to contend with the evil courses of his chief, which were bringing trouble and destruction on him and his tribe.

Nteyi, supported by Dukwana, and Jotelo—the grandfather of the late Tiyo Soga—and by Ntlukwana, whose son Neku was, during his lifetime one of the most consistent supporters of Government, and whose grandson John fell a short time since fighting against the Gaika rebels, openly rebuked Gaika for the unconstitutional and lawless acts by which he was bringing trouble on the tribe, which in the end led to their expulsion from their country by the Ndlambes and Gcalekas.

Gaika, like all arbitrary rulers, had supporters in his evil courses, who asserted that Nteyi and his party were opposed to the chief in order that they might undermine his authority and thus strengthen his opponents, and proposed that Nteyi and his three colleagues should be put to death. Had it not been for the estimation in which the four men were held in the tribe, no doubt the suggestion of their opponents would have been carried out.

As predicted by Nteyi, many of Gaika's people abandoned him, joining his uncle Ndlambe; and in time, under the

auspices of the famous Lynx, or Makana, a combined army of Ndlambes and Gcalekas assembled to attack the Gaikas.

The attacking force was so greatly superior in numbers that from the beginning there appeared very little hope of success for the Gaikas, but in the time of need Nteyi and his three supporters were not wanting. They saw that matters were desperate, and determined to die in the struggle.

On the day before the battle they arranged all their private affairs, saying that they were going out to fight for their chief and country, that they did not intend to return, and that the morrow would shew who were the true friends of the chief.

The Gaikas met the combined army of the Ndlambes and Gcalekas at the Debe Nek. Nteyi and his three companions charged at the head of the Gaikas into the midst of the Gcalekas, where the four patriots fell, fighting side by side, among the first of the slain. The Gaikas were in the end repulsed, leaving 500 of their best men on the field of battle.

This took place in 1817.

Upon the death of the four men their sons were taken into favour by Gaika, and after his death, when Sandile attained to his majority, Tyala's position became exactly what the father's had been, and might be described in the same words.

Before the outbreak of the present rebellion among the Gaikas, Tyala used every endeavour to keep Sandile and the Gaikas out of it. When Mackinnon came to the Gaika

location, Tyala urged his arrest and delivery to Government, and likewise with reference to Keva, he said to Sandile—"I am not satisfied with the course you are adopting. In former times you disregarded my advice, and when you got into trouble in consequence, I stood by you. We have suffered enough through your misconduct, and I wish you now distinctly to understand that if you again commit yourself with Government I will give you no assistance but I will go and join Government." Tyala acted in accordance with this expressed resolution, and it was mainly through his influence that so many Gaikas remained loyal.

The breaking up of the Gaikas, the death of their chief, and the imprisonment of his sons, weighed on the poor old man; the blow was too heavy for him to bear. A few days since he called his son Tsangani and immediate adherents together, addressing them in the following words: "I opposed the War of the Axe of 1846. I said that war against the white man would bring destruction upon us, but my voice was disregarded. Again, I opposed the war of Umlanjani and again my admonitions were despised. We fought against the white man and were driven from the Keiskama, the Chumie, and Amatole. Then came the delusion of Umhlakaza. I again tried to save my countrymen, and again my admonitions were despised, and now once more I have spoken in vain. The Gaikas have again rejected my admonitions; they took arms against the Government; they are now no longer a people, they have no chief nor land. I have accomplished nothing, I now wish for death, and would that God would at once take me away."

On the following day Tyala sent for his son and said to

him—"I am about to die, I do not desire to live; take charge of my children; I leave everything to you. It has been decided by Government that the Gaikas are to cross the Kei, but I will be buried here. You must obey the order of Government, and cross the Kei with my family and people."

On the following day, Tsangani, who had gone to the magistrate's office, was summoned to his father's side as he was dying, and he arrived in time only to see the end of the noble old Gaika. At page 113 in *The Life of Tiyo Soga*, he is thus described by Mrs. Brownlee :—"And last but not least, Tyala, grand old Tyala, who for nobility of character, for rectitude, wisdom and dignity, had not his equal in the tribe." This is no overdrawn picture of the man's character, and his independence is illustrated by the same hand at page 116 of the above work.

Tyala is dead: he died a patriot's death. Unlike Dukwana, he saw that the only salvation for his countrymen was submission to the British Government. In the wars of 1835, 1846, and 1850, which he had opposed, he fought bravely in defence of his chief and people. In the late rebellion he saved many by his loyalty to Her Government, under which he and his chief were subjects and citizens, but in the end he died of grief at the misfortunes of his chief and tribe.

ADDRESSES ON MISSIONS.

APPENDIX

TO PAPER ON MISSIONS.

[*Read before Missionary Conference.*]

I DO NOT wish it be understood that all the natives either simulate Christianity for a purpose, or make concessions to their own prejudice on behalf of Christianity. The following incident illustrates this :

While Commissioner in the Gaika district, I had to adjudicate between two headmen named Gquntshi and Hili. An attachment had risen up between the son of the latter and the daughter of the former, but as the young man was uncircumcised the law did not permit him to marry the girl. The result of the attachment was the birth of a child. Gquntshi was furious at the disgrace brought upon his family, and sent to demand ten head of cattle from Hili as compensation. Hili, in reply, proposed to take what seemed to him the most effectual measure for wiping out the disgrace. He would put his son through the initiatory rites, and then take Gquntshi's daughter to be his son's wife, paying whatever number of cattle might be agreed upon. Gquntshi, however, indignantly refused to have any intercourse with Hili, after the disgrace brought upon his family. He insisted upon having ten head of cattle and declined the marriage. Hili said that in that case he would pay one cow as a fine, and be done with Gquntshi.

Tyala and other headmen having heard of the case sent to Hili urging him to give five head of cattle, and promising to use their influence with Gquntshi to effect a compromise. Hili refused. The case then went to Sandile for adjudication. He decided that as the offence was a most serious one, Hili must pay ten head of cattle to Gquntshi. Hili again refused, and as Sandile had no authority to enforce his decision, the case came before me. Gquntshi still maintained his determination not to accept Hili's original offer. In giving judgment I remarked: "You must remember, Gquntshi, that you are now a Colonial subject and under Colonial law. In purely native cases Native law is administered, but where the Native law has come into conflict with the Colonial law, the Native law must give way. The Government might have changed the Native law, but they desired to do nothing by violence, wishing rather that you should be educated up to any desired change. A number of your countrymen have already broken through the restraints of superstition and Native customs, and adopted Christianity and civilized habits. Among the number is Tiyo Soga, his brothers, and others who occupy high and respectable positions among the natives. Can you tell me who among the natives holds such an honourable position as Tiyo Soga? Can I degrade these men by deciding that if any one of them should unfortunately commit an offence, the penalty will be greater than if he had conformed to the customs of the Kaffirs? This would be an injustice. Hili has made you an honourable offer, and has done his best to make atonement for the disgrace brought upon your daughter. You

refuse to accept his offer. According to our law penalties are the same by whomsoever offences may be committed. According to Native law if an initiated man has committed the offence one cow would have been regarded as sufficient atonement. It must also therefore be sufficient in the case of an inexperienced lad. My judgment is that since Gquntshi will not accept of Hili's original offer, he must be content with the payment of one cow as a fine."

Gquntshi then stood up in the court, assuming a dignified attitude, and said: "Are we now no longer to have any control in the disposal of our daughters by marriage?"

I replied that this was not the case under consideration, and that his rights had been fully recognized and established.

"Is this now the law of the land?" he then asked, "or is it simply a decision in my case only?"

I told him that should a case of the same nature hereafter come before me, my decision would be the same.

"I came here," Gquntshi then replied, "knowing the law; I am judged by a law I do not know. It shall never be said of the son of Nolera that he uncovered the daughters of the Gaikas and handed them over to uncircumcised boys. I retire in my disgrace and absolutely refuse to have any more intercourse with Hili!"

The foregoing reminds me of another instance in which the advance of the people and their growing requirements necessitated a change in the laws administered by us to the natives. A very deserving and intelligent native, who had made advances in civilization, desired to move from one district to another.

This man had built a nice square cottage, and had also enclosed the ground belonging to him and had planted fruit-trees. The chief being desirous of possessing the cottage offered to purchase it, as well as the improvements on the ground. A price was agreed upon and the seller left the district. Shortly after this the chiefs and head-men called a meeting at the residence of the chief, at which they protested against the purchase of the cottage as contrary to Native law, according to which when a man removed from a district, the land and improvements left by him reverted to the tribe. They therefore protested against what had been done as illegal. In course of time the seller of the cottage and improvements applied for the first instalment of the price, and he was told by the chief what had taken place, and that as the sale was illegal, it had been cancelled. The man then laid his case before the magistrate, who decided that (as in purely native cases he had to administer Native law, and as the sale was against Native law)—it must be cancelled; that the plaintiff therefore had no claim. The case then came before me in appeal. My decision was that when a man removed from one locality to another, he was at liberty either to put a fire-brand to his hut, or pull it down and take away the materials. In this case the chief offered, in order to prevent the man from doing such a thing, to buy the cottage. There was nothing in Native law forbidding a man to sell his property! the transaction therefore was not opposed to the law, and the bargain entered into must be upheld.

The same decision might have been given on other grounds. When a native, for instance, builds his hut it

does not cost him a single shilling. The men assist in cutting the wattles and erecting the frame of the hut, and the women collect the thatch and finish the hut. In the case of the square cottage it is quite otherwise. The builder has to pay for doors, windows, and other materials, besides having to engage a skilled workman. A house built in this way is beyond the reach of Native law—which never contemplates the erection of a building costing per-chance from £50 to £100. In this case had the house not been purchased, the owner would have taken it down, and removed the doors, windows, and building-material to the locality in which he settled.

The case therefore on the grounds stated had to be reversed, and the chief was ordered to pay the appellant the sum originally agreed upon.



ADDRESS TO THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

I HAVE been requested to draw up a paper on Missions for this meeting. My chief difficulty has been how to bring what is to be said on a subject so large and important, within the scope of the time at my disposal this evening.

Your presence here this evening shews that you are interested in Christian missions to the heathen, and believe in the good they are accomplishing. It is therefore not necessary that I should urge on you the moral obligation of Christians to aid in sending the gospel to the heathen. I will therefore take lower ground, and endeavour to meet some of the objections to mission work, and to shew that simply on grounds of self interest, and ordinary pecuniary gain, it is to our advantage to support missions, and to Christianize the heathen. As I proceed, I will endeavour to illustrate my position by facts which have come under my own observation, which has extended over sixty years.

My father came as a missionary to the Gaikas in 1820 ; and I was born at the Chumie in Kafraria in 1821. I have thus witnessed missionary operations in this country from their very earliest stages. In those early days no article of European manufacture was seen among the natives, except a few beads, a little brass wire, and buttons. Cultivation was performed by a wooden implement resem-

bling the paddle of a canoe. Bridles were bars of wood with strips of untanned ox hide for reins; a triangular piece of iron, from one to two pounds in weight, served as an axe, and its equivalent in barter was an ox; while iron pots, and tin ware vessels were nowhere to be seen, and probably all the articles sold at the periodical fairs at Fort Wiltshire on our border, where alone trade could be carried on with the Kaffirs, did not cost more than £200 in the year. Chiefs wore robes of leopard skin, and the men and women wore cloaks of ox hide. The men never went half a mile from home without being fully armed with assegais, and at first even carried them into the places of worship whenever they could be induced to enter them. The Kaffirs had no literature, the early missionaries had therefore first to acquire the language and master the clicks, and then to adapt our alphabet to represent the strange sounds of the Kaffir language. You thus see where the first missionaries began sixty six years ago.

Preeminent in this work was the Rev. J. Bennie, the father of Kaffir literature, now long since entered on his rest and his reward. Mr. Bennie was ably seconded by the Rev. W. R. Thomson, who at the venerable age of ninety-four, is patiently waiting the Master's call to join his fellow labourers, and the many who through his instrumentality were brought from darkness into light, and have preceded him into their Father's kingdom.

As the Natives came under the influence of the teaching of the missionaries, they at once abandoned red clay, and sought to cover themselves with European clothing; and thus, and in proportion to the spread of missionary in-

fluence, the desire for articles of European manufacture grew and spread, and I think I will satisfy this meeting that to the missionaries mainly we owe the great revenue now derived from the native trade. The native Christians who first broke through their national customs had no pleasant times of it. They were despised and taunted as renegades to the customs of their forefathers, and were called *amagqoboka*,—that this “the perforated.” This name, originally a term of reproach, is no longer so, and many now claim it, who have no right to it.

Having shewn the state of the natives on the arrival of the first missionaries, I will now, as briefly as possible, state, and endeavour to meet some of the objections to Christian missions. And one is, that Christian Natives are not such good servants as the wild heathen. I have for nearly fifty years had Natives in my service, Christians as well as heathen, and have had good, bad, and indifferent servants in both classes. I have been robbed by the heathen, but never by the Christian. He is free at least from the besetting sin of our Native population, and which proves so ruinous to colonial farmers, and that is cattle theft. But it may be that many of those who object to “school Kaffirs,” have never had them in their service, or that they had the worst specimens, or that they believed they were employing a “school Kaffir,” who in fact was either not a “school Kaffir,” or may have been expelled from the mission for misconduct. It is true that the mission or civilized Kaffir expects higher wages than the red Kaffir. The latter by a continuous service of six years, and receiving ten shillings a month or a cow in the year,

would at the end of that time be a wealthy man, possessed of twenty head of cattle; whereas the Christian, who would require the whole of that amount for the purchase of clothing for himself and his family, would at the end of the same period be no better off than when he entered service.

In 1860, there was a good deal of cattle stealing from the Colonial farmers. I therefore issued strict orders to all headmen under my charge, to bring any Native to me who might be found entering the district with stock in his possession. Shortly after this, one of my headmen brought to my office a respectably dressed Native whom he had found driving ten head of cattle. The headman appeared rather anxious, thinking that he might have exceeded his instructions, as the man told him he was a Christian and had a Bible, and that if the headman interfered with him, he would bring an action for damages against him, for taking him up as a thief. He asserted he was a Christian, and consequently an honest man, who was travelling to his home in Tembuland, with cattle which he had honestly earned by his labour. I informed the headman that he need be under no apprehension, as he had simply done his duty. The man was then brought before me, and in answer to my questions said he was a Christian, and had been one for many years; that he had become a Christian at Burnshill under the ministration of Mr. Laing; that he had subsequently resided at Peelton, and Newlands; that he had a Bible and could read. He shewed me his Bible, which turned out to be an English Grammar, and on being directed to read, he pronounced a

sentence or two in Kaffir. When I pointed out that the book did not speak Kaffir but English, he without hesitation or confusion replied—‘I know it speaks English, but that is what it would say if it spoke in Kaffir.’ It is needless to state that the man was an impostor and a thief, and had never resided either at Burnshill, Peelton, or Newlands. Two days after the arrest, the cattle were claimed by a farmer named Flemmer, from whom the impostor had stolen them. In the ordinary course, the records of the court would have shewn this thief to be a Christian native from Peelton or Burnshill or Newlands, and thus the enemies of missions would in their opinion have been furnished with strong corroborative evidence of the correctness of their views, against “school Kaffirs.”

Now let us hear the testimony of a heathen Kaffir, to the honesty of his Christian countrymen, with whom he was by no means in sympathy. About the time of the theft just mentioned, a Kaffir heathen headman named Gcobo, lost six goats, and traced them to the grazing grounds of the Emgwali Mission Station. Here the traces became so mixed up with the traces of the Station sheep and goats, that though the Station people turned out and gave Gcobo all assistance in their power, it was impossible to carry on the traces of the stolen goats. Gcobo therefore, in accordance with custom, demanded payment from the Emgwali Station people for his six stolen goats. The people refused payment, but proposed that Gcobo should search their huts, and ‘that if he discovered any traces of his stolen goats they would surrender the thief to him, and make good his loss.’ Gcobo declined the offer, saying

he had sufficient proof of the liability of the Station people and wanted no more. But as the people on principle refused to pay the fine, the case was referred to me by Gcobo, who brought an action against the Emgwali Station people. The facts were clear, and the Emgwali people admitted everything except their liability. Addressing the old headman, I said—‘ Now Gcobo, you are an old man and a councillor ; you remember when my father came to this country fifty years ago ; have you ever heard during all that time of any Christian being convicted of theft ? ’ ‘ I have not ’ was his reply. ‘ Have you ever heard of stolen stock being traced to a Mission Station ? ’ Again the reply was in the negative. ‘ Have you ever heard of the people of any Station being fined in consequence of the traces of stolen stock being lost on their grazing lands ? ’ Again the prompt answer was ‘ I have not. ’ ‘ Well, then, ’ I proceeded, ‘ is it right, Gcobo, that after Christians have for fifty years consistently borne the reputation of honest men, that you and I should now make them thieves ? ’ The reply is worthy of record and shews that even among savages there are good points if one only hits on the right way to bring them out—‘ You are right, ’ was Gcobo’s reply, ‘ we cannot make thieves of Christians. I am satisfied ; ’ and, turning to the defendants in the action, he said :—‘ Let us go home, it is settled. ’ This is the testimony of a heathen and against his own interest—a worthy example to be followed by men who have had higher opportunities and advantages than the heathen Gcobo.

Permit me now to come a little nearer home, and deal with a subject which no doubt has greatly perplexed many

in this town who are favourable to Missions, and that is Brownlee's Station. Hardly a week passes without our reading in the newspapers of some disgraceful scene enacted there, forming the subject of judicial enquiry, and legal penalties. Cases of irregularity and breaches of law are also frequently brought before the Town Council, and it is often painful to me to reflect that my father's name should be associated with disgraceful actions, and for which neither he nor his successor or their teaching, are more responsible than the youngest child in this assembly.

Before proceeding to explain this anomaly, permit me briefly to point out what Brownlee's station was in the past, that thus the contrast with the present sad state of affairs may be made apparent even to the most sceptical. I prefer to deal with facts rather than to use arguments.

Brownlee's station was begun in 1826, and there its founder died in 1871, having during this long period, with short intervals during the wars of 1835 and 1846, occupied his field of labour, without once visiting the land of his birth. His earnest self-devoted labours for white and black have been acknowledged by the people of this town, by the erection of yonder clock-tower with its brass tablet in the entrance hall of the Public Offices, and further by the collection of a sum of money by white and black, to be devoted to bursaries. In January, 1851, at the outbreak of war, the people of Pirie, Peelton, and of the Bethel Station, Berlin Society, assembled for safety at Brownlee's Station, and, together with the people under my father's care, amounted to above 3,000 souls. These people were

not all Christians, but were connected with Christian families, and were all under Christian influence.

When the war broke out, those who understood the relation between demand and supply, at once doubled the price of transport, but the simple native Christians who had not advanced so far in political economy, and who had waggons and slaughter cattle, were quite content to have their waggons employed at ordinary rates and to sell their cattle for the prices which prevailed before the war. They thus saved Government from great embarrassment, and were themselves the losers thereby of several thousands of pounds.

These 3,000 people were encamped at Brownlee's Station from January 1851 to April 1853. During all this time it was not necessary to appoint a policeman or constable in their midst. Government did not require to spend a penny for their oversight; they were simply under the care of old John Brownlee, Rev. John Ross, and the Rev. Mr. Liefeldt of the Berlin Society; and during these two years and three months, no individual of the 3,000 was ever brought before the Magistrate for even the most trivial offence. This was the result of missionary teaching and missionary influence pure and simple.

But times are changed, and Brownlee's Station is not what it was in 1853. The reason is not far to seek. King William's Town, which up to 1850 was little more than a military cantonment, grew with rapid strides after the peace of 1853, and with its growth native labour was required, and the labourers were located at the Station. For a while these heathen labourers, who came from all

parts of the country, conducted themselves in a fairly orderly manner; but gradually, as their numbers increased, and the Town Council allotted them plots of land for building huts, for which they paid hut tax to the Council, they began to ignore the influence and teaching of the missionary. They began to take drink to the station and disturb the peace and order which had heretofore prevailed. The missionary complained, and applied to the Town Council for their removal, but they were required as labourers in the town, and besides, brought in a considerable revenue to the Council, and therefore could not be removed, and so the evil continued to increase. The most degraded and disreputable characters, male and female, found an asylum with their heathen countrymen, who had been located at Brownlee's Station by the Council. The Rev. John Harper, my father's successor, has time after time applied for the removal of these disreputable characters, but without avail, and now Brownlee's Station is the receptacle for the filth and offscouring of the coloured heathen employed in this town. Still, in the midst of all this abomination, the people who properly belong to the station keep themselves separate from the daily and nightly atrocities of their heathen countrymen. Nevertheless, the disgraceful scenes enacted at the station, are pointed to by the enemies of missions, as the outcome of missionary teaching. I think this meeting will frankly admit that nothing could be more unjust than such a conclusion.

I might refer to Peelton, where the Mission work has been brought into discredit from causes somewhat similar

to those in operation at Brownlee's Station, but time will not permit.

Another objection which I have heard raised by collectors of revenue against "School Kaffirs" is, that it is more difficult to collect the taxes from them than from the red Kaffirs. This may be so; still the Christian Kaffir who has not paid a penny in direct taxation, has already contributed more to the general revenue than his heathen neighbour who has paid all his dues. For while the red Kaffir contributes little or nothing to direct taxation, the "School Kaffir" contributes through the Customs for the clothes he and his family wear, and for other dutiable articles which the red Kaffir does not require. Besides this, he pays school fees and contributes to the support of his church.

Apart from Missionary influence, contact with Europeans has done very little indeed to civilize the natives, or to change their habits and customs. There are exceptions, but as a rule my experience has been, that heathen Kaffirs who may have been for years in service in the Colony, and who may have worn European clothing while in service, invariably cast that clothing off when they return to their countrymen, and fall back to red clay. I might cite many instances in illustration, but will only quote two.

In 1858, two families of Fingoes came to settle in the Gaika District, both bearing certificates of good and long continued service from their late masters in the Colony. The head of one of the families was named Adonis, and was a thorough heathen. He was possessed of about 100 head of horned cattle and about 1,000 good woolled sheep,

and had an annual income of between £200 and £300; he paid his hut tax punctually, but beyond this contributed nothing to the revenue, and his money was either buried or devoted to the increase of his already numerous flocks and herds. Adonis was killed in 1877, and after the conclusion of the rebellion, his son obtained a pass from me to go for his father's hidden money, and brought back £1,500 which his father had buried from time to time. Here then was £1,500 withdrawn from circulation, and a loss in interest to the Colony of £90 per annum. The son is now living in the East London Division on a farm purchased by his father's hoards, but still lives as a heathen and contributes nothing to the State except the quitrent upon his land.

The other family consisted of two brothers named Tintili, with large families of sons and daughters, and between them had considerably less stock than their neighbour Adonis. As soon as I had located them, they began to erect square cottages for themselves, and being Christians they also erected a small place of worship, and obtained the services of a teacher for their children, in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, under the care of the Rev. Tiyo Soga. Eventually, five of the sons of the Tintilis were sent to Lovedale for education. One of them in 1876 volunteered as a Missionary artizan to proceed to Livingstonia, where he zealously laboured for five years. Two are evangelists, one at Mbulu, and the other at Qumbu in East Griqualand; and the two others are occupied in cultivation, while others of the third generation are being educated and being prepared to follow

in the footsteps of their fathers and grandfathers. The Tintilis had no money to bury in the earth; they spent their income in clothing and educating their children, and in purchasing the necessities requisite to a civilized life. Many cases of the same nature as the foregoing might be quoted, but these must suffice. They illustrate the civilizing effects of Christianity, and the effects of civilization without Christianity.

Much has recently been said and written regarding native education for and against. This paper would not be complete without my taking a glance at this part of the subject, but which of necessity must be very brief. One of the objections to educating the Natives is, that it only makes them greater rascals, and that they abuse education by forging checks and passes. I have heard of two or three cases in which educated Natives have forged cheques, but this is no argument against education. Are there no forgers amongst ourselves? The Native who forges a cheque is at heart a thief, and had he not been educated, his propensity would have been indulged in, in a much more serious way, and one not so easily detected as his clumsy forging, namely cattle thefts. Out of the 1,600 lads that have passed through Lovedale, one only has passed through my hands for horse theft. I have heard of no other convicted for a similiar offence. In referring to the book recently issued—"Lovedale Past and Present"—I find this entry opposite his name: "His subsequent history has not been creditable. He is now with his brother * * * but making no good use of what he has learned,"

Another common objection to the education of Natives is that it is of little use, as many of them return to the red blanket when they leave school; and Baron Von Hubner gives currency to these objections in his book entitled "Through the British Empire," in which he says—"It is no rare thing to see pupils, who have scarcely left the excellent Protestant Institution at Lovedale, relapse into savagery, forget from want of practice all that they had been taught, and scoff at the missionaries." Considering the demoralizing and depressing influences surrounding Native lads when they leave school, one may naturally conclude that a large percentage of them would relapse into heathenism. This would be but reasonable under the circumstances. Since commencing this paper, I have endeavoured to recall any case of this nature which may have come to my knowledge, but can only remember three. From the volume already referred to, I find out of 2,058 lads and girls who have passed through Lovedale, only 15 have lapsed into heathenism. Such a result is astonishing, and clearly demonstrates the high moral nature of the training received at Lovedale; and Baron Von Hubner and those who hold views similar to his, are most effectually met and refuted by this most interesting and instructive Register from Lovedale; and how the Baron could have published a statement so false and misleading as the one quoted, is most unaccountable.

The question has been asked—Where are these Lovedale lads and what are they doing? I again refer to the Register for a reply, and find that four have gone as missionaries to Livingstonia, two of whom have died there. We

find them scattered through the Colony of Natal, and to the farther extremity of the Transvaal and Orange Free State ; we find them in Mashonaland, in Bechuanaland, in Basutoland, in Pondoland,—and through the length and breadth of the Cape Colony and its dependencies, employed as pastors, evangelists, teachers, and tradesmen ; as constables, policemen, headmen, and interpreters and clerks in the service of Government, and in many capacities in the service of merchants, lawyers, and others—while many of them are at their homes earning an honest livelihood ; most of them, except the 15 who have lapsed into heathenism, exercising a beneficial influence on their countrymen, paying and repaying Government with interest and compound interest the grants in aid contributed from the general revenue towards their education. The same may be said of the 'Trades' Department, but as my paper is too long I cannot enter into this part of the subject, and would only remark that every penny spent in this department is a clear gain to the country—money profitably invested. That there have been failures and disappointments is candidly admitted in the Register, but where is the educational establishment in Christian Europe and Christian America, where, out of 2,000 students, no sad failures can be recorded ? And can we reasonably or honestly expect that lads taken from barbarian and heathen surroundings, and trained at Lovedale, should stand on a higher pedestal of morality and integrity than those who from their earliest infancy have been under elevating influences ? Such an idea is simply absurd, yet the exceptional failures—the forger, the thief, and the

drunkard—are pointed to as the result of the Lovedale training, and as a proof of its failure.

Whatever opinion may be held regarding the operation and object of Christian Missions, there cannot be two opinions respecting the enormous pecuniary benefit they have been to this country. At Lovedale, £30,000 have been expended in buildings alone by the Free Church of Scotland. This is by no means a small item contributed to our wealth and capital. We must also consider the constant stream of money flowing into Africa from Europe, as salaries to the agents of the various societies, and the expenditure on buildings amounting to many thousands annually. Let us also look at what our trade was when the first missionaries came to Africa, developed now to nearly half a million per annum, and that due mainly to the influence and effects of Christian Missions. When all these points are considered, even leaving out of the question the higher and moral advantages, I think that the strongest opponents to missions will admit, that pecuniarily at least they have been an immense gain to South Africa, and that it is to our interest, as well as it is our duty, to foster and support the efforts now in operation for the education and civilization of the Natives, and thus convert the unprofitable red blanket heathen, who still clings to his national customs, traditions, and superstitions, into a useful and productive member of the State.

In the foregoing remarks, I have referred specially to Lovedale, as it is the oldest and largest educational Institution in the country. The remarks apply equally to the Church of England and Wesleyan seminaries; men

trained at these Institutions also taking high and honourable position in the advancement and elevation of their countrymen. Neither can I omit to mention the Girls' Seminaries at Peulton, Emgwali, and Lovedale, where a noble work is being done under Miss Sturrock, Miss McRitchie, and Mrs. Muirhead, and without which the work at Lovedale, Healdtown, and Grahamstown, would be but half done, for we cannot over-estimate the importance of Christian women and Christian mothers, in the great work of evangelizing and regenerating a benighted and barbarous people.



TO THE PEOPLE OF PEELTON MISSION STATION.

INHABITANTS :—

It would have afforded me much happiness to have been present with you at this gathering, to celebrate with you the jubilee of your aged pastor, and publicly to bear testimony to the work which has been accomplished, through his instrumentality, but as I am prevented by bodily infirmity from being with you, I send in writing what I would have fain delivered verbally to you.

Having known Mr. Birt from the first day that he began his work among the Kaffirs, having interpreted his first sermon to the Imidange, having given him his first lesson in the Kaffir language, and having watched his missionary work from the first day to the present time, it is meet that to-day I should record what I know of this work.

I need not tell you that Mr. Birt's first station was on the Umxelo among the Imidange, under the chief Botman, where I visited my old friend shortly after the commencement of his work. At that time there was no Christian among the Imidange; the whole tribe was sunk in the darkest depths of heathenism and superstition. There were then only three Christians on the Station, namely, the evangelist Fashe and his wife, and a good old widow Kungu who had gone from my father's congregation on the Buffalo to

aid in mission work on the Umxelo. They are now no more. Kungu was accompanied by her little daughter Tyantsi, now an aged Christian woman, and who is now living at Peelton, in the midst of her children, with her grandchildren growing up around her.

Seven years after the establishment of the work at the Umxelo, the war of 1846 broke out; a little band of twenty-two men and women had then made a public profession of Christianity, and they with their families and adherents, membering 104 souls, cast in their lot with the missionary and followed him to the Colony.

The Imidange having been expelled from the country, Mr. Birt had to seek for a new station, and at the conclusion of peace, settled on the Yellow-woods with his handful of faithful followers, and began the Peelton Station. A church and mission house were erected, the little band of Christians contributing the labour required in the erection of the buildings; besides this eight cottages were erected by them, and the mission work grew and prospered; but this prosperity was checked by the war which broke out in December 1850, when church, mission house, and cottages were burnt down by the enemy. Then as now there were those who did not understand the work which was being accomplished at Peelton and elsewhere, and who looked upon it with suspicion, if not with hostility, and your pastor, then as now was spoken against. The disaster which befell our troops at Bomah Pass, their retreat for two days before the enemy, the slaughter of 25 unsuspecting and unarmed soldiers at the Debe Neck, the treacherous massacre of the military settlers at Woburn

and Auckland, General Somerset's defeat by the Gaikas when attempting to succour Sir Harry Smith at Fort Cox, and the defection of the Kaffir police, all combined, and very naturally, to raise the strongest suspicion against all natives. And when you and your pastor came for safety to King William's Town, the feeling against you and him was most intense, for the gathering of the Natives at King William's Town, from the various surrounding stations, was regarded by many as only a fruit of the great plot which had already proved so disastrous to us. But the two years and three months during which you and the other Christian Natives were shut up at King William's Town, fully bore out the efficacy and purity of the teaching of your missionaries, and the groundlessness of the suspicions against you. For during the whole of that period, with the eyes of suspicion upon you, not a single record, even of the most trivial kind, was entered against you in the books of the Resident Magistrate of King William's Town. And for the ten years—that is from 1847 to 1856 and from 1871 to 1872—that you were under my judicial care, there is the same honourable record to your credit, though I had a good deal of trouble with the people of Nonkape and Basjan.

In 1853 the refugees returned to Peulton; the little band of twenty-two Christians and a hundred and four adherents, being now increased to sixty-six believers with families and adherents numbering about four hundred. Foremost among the Christians were Kazi, Timoti, Nyalashé, Bombo, Tembu, Stofile and Qela, the last of whom I appointed as first headman at Peulton and who in this ca-

capacity served Government faithfully and well till the day of his death. All have now entered upon their rest and their reward, except Bombo and Tembu, who in their old age continue as they began, and who like those who have gone before are still zealous in their Master's work.

Buildings had again to be erected, and again you contributed largely to their erection, and from the time of this fresh start to 1857 was probably the most prosperous period of the mission work at Peelson. Members were added to the church, and the members attending school were so largely increased, that it was found necessary to have a separate school for girls. But in 1857 came a period of great trial to the mission, the effects of which were felt for three or four years. I mean the cattle killing delusion, in which, when your countrymen had deprived themselves of the means of subsistence, they came to you in their extremity and you shared all you had with them. Lung-sickness followed, sweeping off all your cattle, and you were reduced to the greatest straits, the marks of poverty and want being visible on every hand. Still, in the midst of poverty no man put out his hand to take what did not belong to him, though robberies were taking place around, and you yourselves did not escape.

The Girls' School after being without a teacher for two years, was in 1859 reopened by Miss Sturrock, and through her able management and unwearied care, has been brought to its present state of high efficiency. Shaftesbury Home was built partly with money collected by Miss Sturrock in England, and by the proceeds of the sale of a farm granted by Government for educational pur-

poses, the Girls' School having been paid for from this Government grant.

The Boys' School, brought up to a high state of efficiency by the Rev. Mr. Brockway, now a missionary in Madagascar, maintains this position under one of your sons, the Rev. W. Rubusana, brought up like many other lads in the house of your pastor, and educated at Lovedale. No teacher sends so many students to Lovedale as the Rev. W. Rubusana, who all take a high position in the classes, and whose good conduct is spoken of in the highest terms at Lovedale.

The seed sown under apparently unfavourable circumstances fifty years since, among the Inidange, during a great drought, when the old chief thought only of asking the prayers of the missionary for rain, has taken root and is bearing fruit. You have now in your midst, one of your own sons, taking a high position as a teacher of youth, and ably assisting your venerable pastor his father—and yours—in his ministerial work. Another of your children after successfully labouring as an ordained pastor among the natives at Kimberley, has gone yet farther from you, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to his benighted countrymen, and is now successfully working at Zoutpansberg in the Transvaal Republic, where his work has so extended and succeeded, that he is appealing for six evangelists to aid him. Another of your sons is working successfully as a Missionary Deacon in the Church of England mission, others are taking good positions as evangelists and teachers, shewing that the good seed sown at Umxelo in 1839 is not confined to Peelton, but is

spreading through South Africa. At Peelton itself, the little band of twenty-two has grown to three hundred and sixty, and forty more at the outstations, with adherents more or less under Christian and civilizing influences, amounting to about 2,000. You now worship in a beautiful church, erected at a cost of £2,500, contributed chiefly by yourselves. Then there are the mission house and the old church now used as a school, towards the erection of both of which you contributed largely. Notwithstanding the late droughts and failures of crops from which all the land suffered and from which you have not yet recovered, you contribute £100 per annum to mission funds and pay £60 per annum in school fees. All these are measures of success, showing that your pastor has not laboured in vain, or spent his strength for naught, yet there are those who assert that Mr. Birt's work has been a failure, and the reason is not far to seek. They travel along the railway and on the line they see wretched huts occupied by natives as low and degraded as your forefathers were. Men are there seen stalking about naked and unemployed, thieves and drunkards, from amongst whom numerous convictions have taken place, for robberies of stock from the neighbouring farmers, and for other offences. And because these degraded beings are living on the outskirts of the Peelton commonage, they are regarded as part and parcel of the Peelton mission station people, and you are blamed for their offences, whereas these people are living in open and declared hostility to the teaching and influence of the station people. Here I would repeat that during the ten years that Peelton was

under my judicial charge, no breach of the law by any one of the station people ever came before me, and during the fifty years that Mr. Birt has been in the mission work, I know of only two cases in which convictions for theft were obtained against any man from the Peelton Mission Station. In the one case two men who had recently come to the Station had killed an ox which had been abandoned by its owner ; and in the other a half-witted Peelton man was the offender, and I am fully persuaded that there is no other case against you. Then again, the contrast between the idle, naked, heathen, with their wretched filthy huts, seen on the Peelton commonage along the railway line is in such marked contrast to the orderly and decently clad inhabitants of the station, with their comfortable cottages and commodious huts, clean and decently furnished with European furniture and necessary household utensils, that the most sceptical, even after the most cursory comparison, must admit that the Peelton people have made great advances under the care of their pastor and that his work among them has been a success.

The foregoing has not been written with the view of glorifying Mr. Birt or praising you, or with the view of making you satisfied with your present attainments, and it may be asked why I have taken the trouble of telling you what you all know. My answer is that I have been induced to place on record, facts falling under my knowledge, in consequence of statements erroneously made to the prejudice of mission work at Peelton, and against yourselves at the same time. I do not wish to be understood as saying there is no room for improvement spirit-

ually and socially, neither does your pastor delude you with such an idea, for the last time I was at Peelson on Sunday, six months since, I heard him preach most earnestly and plainly against certain evils to be found amongst you.

I might have said more but it is not necessary, and I would only add, that I rejoice with you that your beloved pastor has been so long spared to minister to your spiritual wants and to direct your temporal advancement. It is also matter for the highest gratitude to see that his dear partner in life is still able to go in and out as of old, among the children and grandchildren of those whom she first instructed and led into the way of life, sharing their joys and sorrows, sympathizing in their afflictions and trials, ministering to the sick and carrying consolation to the dying and the mourners. May they both be spared for many days to continue among you the good work which has been signally acknowledged and abundantly blessed.



[The following letter should have been included in the Section on 'The Cattle Killing.' Its historical value as a contemporary expression of opinion by the European best qualified to judge is a reason for appending it to Mr. Brownlee's papers. It will be noted, however, that he did not speak with the same confidence at a later period but remained in doubt as to the true explanation of that strange movement.]

A LETTER TO COLONEL MACLEAN.

Dohne,

August 2nd, 1856.

SIR—

Though I have written you several reports on the present unsettled state of the country, I have never made any analysis of it, neither have I attempted any explanation, and indeed the whole thing is so much involved in mystery, that though my attention has been long and strongly directed to the subject, I have not been able to discover any object in the movement.

The excitement which I reported in May, was wholly confined to the tribes that had the least reason for war, and among them was wholly among the people, against the expressed wishes of their chiefs.

The present movement seems to have originated with a private person across the Kei, but was immediately taken up by Kreli, who encouraged it both by precept and example, and since then across the Kei the infatuation has spread to an astonishing degree, as reported to you in letters Nos. 43, 44, 49, and 55.

It seems absurd that a shrewd and reasoning people like the Kaffirs should be led astray by such reports as have for the last few months been in circulation, and that they should be giving up a certainty for an uncertainty. But if we reflect on some of the wonderful delusions in our own land, in the last and present centuries, and even in our own day, some measure of astonishment may be removed that a superstitious people who have always regarded their chief doctors as inspired, should be led astray, when the delusion is pleasing, and its realization desirable.

This however cannot apply to the fabricators of the delusions ; they must have an object in view if in their right mind and the only one which I can arrive at is, that if the Kaffirs will not make war from choice, they must do it from necessity, famine being the cause. Or it may be that Kreli, having seen the effects of "Umlangeni's" prophecies, may hope by Umhlakaza's predictions, to produce the same or a larger combination of tribes against the Government. Should this be his object, I think he will be frustrated ; for killing cattle, and destroying the means of the people's subsistence, may not prove so popular among the other tribes as it has among the Gcalekas, and before the other tribes are reduced to want, the Gcalekas may be starving.

But in the ordinary course of events, though famine may induce people to commit riots and outrages, a starving people are not in a position to undertake an aggressive warfare ; for the Kaffirs say that famine always did more to conquer them than the forces brought against them, and wars have never been begun in seasons of scarcity, but the Kaffirs have always been most unruly and unmanageable

in the years of their greatest plenty. If therefore we can with honour and dignity keep matters straight until a famine does ensue, which must be the case if the present course is persisted in for three or four months longer, I think we will find hundreds of these wretched people much more ready to take service in the Colony than to fight against us.

Though I have thrown no light on the origin or object of the present state of affairs, it is plain that we are in a critical position, and a false step may bring on a crisis. As illustrative of how a small matter may lead to serious results, I may mention an incident which occurred to-day.

About 120 of my workmen came in to-day for their pay. About one half of these men have been for some time on the Government Works, and are determined to continue working,—the other half being principally new hands and Gcalekas, had determined to leave immediately on receiving their pay. For some days past, considerable ill-feeling had arisen between the parties, and to-day, on a slight altercation between two of the men, the two parties of the workmen seized sticks, poles, and whatever else they could find, blows were exchanged, and had I not rushed in between them blood would have been shed. Collisions of this nature are what I apprehend most danger from at present.

It might yet have a good effect to send a mild admonitory message to Kreli, pointing out to him the fearful ruin in which he is involving his people; and though this may be unheeded, he and his people may hereafter see and acknowledge that we had given them good and friendly advice,

and had they listened to it, they would have been saved from the misery into which they are now hurrying themselves.

I have &c.,

(Signed) CHARLES BROWNLEE,
Gaika Commissioner.

TO COLONEL MACLEAN,
CHIEF COMMISSIONER,
Kaffraria.



THE LAMENT OF TYALA.

[The following verses by an anonymous author were marked by Mr. Brownlee for insertion after his paper on the Death of Tyala.]

Let me die ; " The word " is spoken—

" Sons of Gaika ! cross the Kei."

All is lost ; the tribe is broken :

Leave me here, and let me die.

When the fatal " axe " was carried

Over mountain and through flood,

Ere the Chumie vale was harried

Or the Gwanga ran with blood.

When false Umlanjeni muttered

Charms to shield us from the foe ;

And when Umhlakaza uttered

Lies that wandered to and fro ;

Then I raised the voice of warning,

Then my counsel was for peace ;

And I waited, night and morning,

For the wild war-cry to cease ;

Till my soul could bear no longer.

Seizing then an assegai—

" Though the white man be the stronger,

With my kinsmen I will die."

Yes, I fought—I could no other,
When I saw the women's grief—
For the freedom of my brother,
For the honour of my chief.

Woe is me! the people perished,
In the famine and the fight;
And the dreams of hope we cherished,
Passed as shadows of the night.

How I cursed this sudden madness,
As I called to mind the slain;
And I vowed in shame and sadness,
I would never fight again.

Then the conquering white man gave us
Fields to till and woods to roam;
And, as if he longed to save us,
Left us still in reach of home.

Yet, as season followed season,
And our boys to manhood grew,
Near us blazed the fire of treason,
And the sparks about us flew.

Fierce Gcalekas came to sound us,
And they called us idle logs,
Lying still, while all around us,
Amaxosa fought "the dogs."

O! the terror of the vision
Which was flashed upon my mind,
As I cried, amid derision,
"Sons of Gaika! are ye blind?"

“Though the Fingoes know your power,
Though the English own you’re brave,
You will meet, in fatal hour,
Both the master and the slave.

“Hear, then, Tyala’s latest warning,
Heed me, ere it be too late;
Do not treat my age with scorning,
You are rushing to your fate.

“Send back Keva to Sarili,
Bid Mackinnon’s plotting cease;
Now be wise, my chief, Sandile!
Speak, and let the word be peace;

“Ere thy sons, like sheep, are scattered,
When the tiger rends the flock;
Ere, at last, the power is shattered,
As the pitcher on the rock.”

* * * * *

O! Sandile—fickle-minded—
Feeble-hearted for a chief;
Ever by ill counsel blinded;
Drifted like a withered leaf;
Thou hast fallen, scorned, forsaken;
O! my chief, my heart is sore.
All our fatherland is taken,
And thy people are no more.
All my life I counselled vainly,
Few gave heed to what I said,

And I saw this doom too plainly,
When they cried "the land is dead!"

Once, where Amatola mountains
Rise up purple to the snow;
Where the forests hide the fountains,
And green pastures sleep below;

Sweeter far than song of battle,
On the breezes of the morn,
Came the lowing of our cattle
And the rustling of the corn.

Where our flocks and herds were feeding,
Now the white man's homestead stands;
And while yet his sword lies bleeding,
Lo! his plough is on new "lands."

Never more these kloofs and krantzes
Will ring onward to the stars
Our glad shout at marriage dances,
Or our stories of the wars;

Nor will Chumie's silver waters,
Or Keiskama, as it runs,
Hear the singing of our daughters
Or the laughter of our sons.

Prince of Gaikas, Nteya, father!
True in counsel, brave in fight;
Thou didst die at Debe, rather
Than betray thy chieftain's right.

I, like thee, for peace have striven,
I, like thee, have been defied;

I, like thee, to arms was driven ;
 Would that I, like thee, had died !

* * * * *

Now Tslangani, hark to Tyala,
 Take my people and depart ;
 Trust no Gonya or Umhala,
 Doubt the men of double heart.

You must go to face new dangers,
 I have done with hope and fear ;
 Go, my son, and live with strangers,
 But let me be buried here.

Fare thee well ! I hear them call thee ;
 Go ! I cannot see the end ;
 But, whatever may befall thee,
 Let the white man be thy friend.

I give thanks. The word is spoken—
 Hark ! I hear the battle-cry ;
 Nteya, father ! chief Sandile !
 O my God ! my heart is broken—
 “ Sons of Gaika ! cross the Kei ! ”
 Let me die.

DIAMOND DIGGER.

FINIS.

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