Adam Rucker Hopkins

THE GRIQUAS OF GRIQUALAND

A historical narrative of the Griqua People.
Their rise, progress, and decline.

By

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INTRODUCTION.

Tell us something about the Griquas. Are they an aboriginal race? Where was their ancestral home? Why is there a Griqualand East and a Griqualand West? Why have the Griquas lost control of the territories which bear their name?

These and many other questions concerning the Griquas were frequently put to the writer when on visits to various parts of South Africa, and the lack of knowledge about the Griqua people seemed to be so general that it prompted him to prepare a history, using such information as was available and particularly his personal knowledge first gained in the district beyond Barkly West, where in the early part of 1887 he first came in contact with Griquas, Hottentots, Bushmen and Korannas.

My interest in the Griquas was renewed when I arrived in Kokstad in 1916. For over thirty years I have resided in Griqualand East, during which time I have been six times Mayor of Kokstad. I had many other opportunities of gaining first-hand knowledge, including interviews with some of the old Griquas who remembered the little-known "Great Trek" of their nation. They have now passed on.

Much of the information contained in this volume has been found in records of missionary enterprise.

Those pioneer missionaries to whom we are indebted for their letters and records were men of fine character, who achieved an honourable reputation with native chiefs and the governors, both Dutch and English. The documents they left behind were invaluable, and it is to be regretted that the disastrous fire at the Witwatersrand University destroyed the famous Gubbins collection. South Africa thereby lost many treasures which are irreplaceable.

The section of the coloured population which we now have under consideration, namely, the "Griquas", is not a distinct aboriginal race. It has been claimed for them that they are a nation and at one time had "Sovereign Rights".

If the question "What constitutes a nationality?" is raised, it may be defined as a natural society of men who, by unity of territory, of origin, of custom and of language, are drawn into a community of life and of social conscience. It becomes perfect when a special type has been formed. The true right of nations is recognition of the full right of each nationality to acquire and maintain a separate existence, to create or to change its government according to its desires.

The aspiration of the Griquas towards a common nationality was, however, thwarted by dissensions and discord, by the frequent desire to break away and form clans and sections and by their roving disposition. They lacked the strength and tenacity of the sentiment of nationality and never learned the lesson taught by the old motto "Eendrag maak mag", "Union is strength", or "United we stand, divided we fall". And so the once powerful Griqua clans dwindled until to-day they are mere remnants.

Here we may record the tragic fact that the Griquas once owned the richest portion of the earth's surface, namely, where the Kimberley diamond mines were found and the alluvial diamondiferous ground on both banks of the Vaal river, where diamonds were first discovered. Later they owned Griqualand East, and lost the fairest district in the whole of South Africa.

In this volume will be described the life as it was lived by those sorely tried people, and how from being an independent state, claiming sovereign status, they eventually degenerated into landless poor, crying out for assistance to ward off the spectres of want and starvation.

The Griquas were creatures of custom, and to them what was new was always strange. There was no beaten track or highway for them to follow. They acted as their rough, untutored minds dictated; nor would they heed the teachings of those noble men who, as missionaries, went among them. Yes, they would listen for a time, but they spurned advice and proffered help; they were loath to leave their wandering, carefree life, and those who did settle down to a calm pastoral life became indolent and disinclined to work. They never learned the lesson of labour.

There was no thought of despair or despondency when they became hemmed in by the advancing white men and when the game they had hunted disappeared; they sat in the shade of their huts regardless of stark starvation staring them in the face, while the last traces of energetic activity seemed to give way before the creeping paralysis of indolence, "content to sit and hear each other groan".

When interviewing some of the older Griquas I had the greatest difficulty in drawing useful information from them. They would harp on minor incidents, and seemed as if they wanted to concoct something that might interest me. The occurrences they narrated had been passed on to them, and had become distorted, and their stories and the manner in which they were told indicated the necessity of employing extreme caution in collating the evidence.

To arrive at impartial and trustworthy conclusions has been the aim I have striven to achieve in the compilation of this volume. I have, fortunately, been in a position to gather authoritative information from various other sources. The history of the Griqua people could not be complete without mentioning the records given by the late Rev. William Dower, to whom I feel deeply sensible of the assistance he gave to me.

S. J. HALFORD.

KOKSTAD,
GRIQUALAND EAST.

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CHAPTER I.

FORERUNNERS OF THE GRIQUAS.

In our search for the progenitors of the Griquas it will be necessary to delve into the earliest history of South Africa.

In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz was dispatched by the King of Portugal, in command of two small vessels, to find a way to India round the south-eastern extremity of Africa. He doubled the Cape without being aware of its actual position, made the western point of Mossel Bay, and on Thursday, September 14, 1486, anchored in Algoa Bay. His mariners, with drooping spirits, urged their leader to go no further and, since they could gain no information from the aborigines respecting the position of India, he turned about. As he passed the huge headland he named it Cabo de los Tormentos (Cape of Storms). This appellation was changed by his royal master to the more auspicious title of Boa Esperanza (Good Hope), from the prospect it offered of finding the much desired maritime route to the East Indies, eventually laid open by Vasco da Gama in 1497.

Dom Francisco d'Almeida, first Viceroy of the newly acquired Portuguese possessions in India, sailed for Portugal from Cochin on November 19, 1509. There were three vessels under his command, and they had on board several high officials who, having served under him in India, were returning to Portugal. He passed the Cape of Good Hope safely, which gave him much satisfaction. It was an age of superstition, and certain individuals in Cochin had predicted that he would never get so far on his way home. This caused him much uneasiness, but his mind was now relieved, and he thanked God that their utterances had proved false.

As the ships were in want of water they put into Table Bay, where a party of men went ashore with empty casks to fill them. On the beach were found some Hottentots from whom a few head of cattle were obtained in barter for pieces of calico and iron. The trade was conducted in such a friendly manner that 12 or 13 Portuguese subsequently requested and obtained leave to accompany the natives to their kraal, which was at a distance of about four miles, probably on or near the site of the present Mowbray. At the kraal they were well treated and some cattle were bartered, but on the way back a quarrel arose, from what cause it is impossible to say, as the accounts given by the early Portuguese historians are conflicting. A servant of d'Almeida, and some others, were severely handled in the fray, and on their return they presented themselves before their masters with faces covered with blood. A clamour for vengeance was raised by most of the officers, who maintained that it was necessary to imbue the natives with respect for Europeans. They prevailed upon d'Almeida to allow an attack upon the Hottentot kraal.

Accordingly, before dawn of the morning of March 1, 1510, about 150 men embarked in the boats and were rowed to the head of the Bay, where they landed on the sandy beach. A few were armed with crossbows, but most of them carried swords and lances. They were led by d'Almeida in person, though he went somewhat unwillingly. As he left the ship he exclaimed: "Where are you taking a man of 60 years?" —that being his age at the time.

The Portuguese reached the kraal without difficulty and seized the cattle and some children, when the Hottentots, about 170 in number, attacked them with stones and assegais of fire-hardened wood. The Portuguese were obliged to retreat in disorder towards the boats. The Hottentots followed them and increased their confusion by whistling the oxen in between to act as a protection, and hurling assegais from behind with deadly effect. Many were killed on the way to the beach, and those who arrived there were dismayed to find that, owing to a breeze, the boats had returned to the ships.

On the sandy shore of the Bay, too fatigued to attempt to escape by running to the watering-place, as many of the soldiers had done, Dom Francisco d'Almeida and several others

of high rank stood at the mercy of the incensed Hottentots. D'Almeida, already wounded with sticks and stones, fell pierced in the throat with an assegai. The slaughter still went on, but the boats were hastening towards the shore, and those who survived were rescued, many wading out till up to their necks in water. On the shore and along the path to the Hottentot kraal lay 65 corpses, among them 12 men of high rank and position; hardly any who escaped were unwounded. In the evening of the same day, as the Hottentots had returned to their kraal, a party of soldiers landed to bury the dead. The corpses had been stripped of clothing. Those lying on the shore were hastily interred, but the others were abandoned as it was considered too dangerous to go further. Early the following morning the three ships set sail for Portugal.

The revenge taken by the Portuguese was cruel and cowardly in the extreme. Two or three years later a fleet bound for India again touched at the Cape, and the commander, being aware of the value placed by the aborigines on "glittering copper", landed a brass cannon heavily loaded and, telling the aborigines they had brought it as a present to their chief, directed them to drag it away by means of ropes attached to the front. The unsuspecting natives joyfully complied, and great numbers of them extended themselves in two files, all the length of the ropes, full in range of the grape-shot with which it was charged; a torch being applied to the powder, a fearful slaughter ensued; those who escaped fled to the mountain in the wildest consternation, while the treacherous enemies re-embarked at their leisure.

In the middle of the sixteenth century the fleets of Portugal occasionally resorted to the Cape and neighbouring bays for the purposes of taking in fresh water and of trading, but the spirit of their maritime adventure began to wane; the monopoly of the eastern seas and the chief part of their colonial empire were gradually wrested from them by the Dutch.

Chapter II.

VAN RIEBEECK AND THE HOTTENTOTS.

In the year 1620, many Dutch, English and Portuguese vessels were in the habit of touching at the Cape on their outward and homeward voyages to procure refreshments, but no attempt was made to found a settlement until the *Haarlem*, a vessel belonging to the Dutch East India Company, was wrecked.

Two of the shipwrecked men, after being there for some months waiting for a passage in the next home-bound ship, addressed an able and energetic memorial to the Directors of the Company in Holland, setting forth the numerous advantages which would accrue to the Company not only from the great capabilities of the soil and climate for the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, but also on account of the abundance of sheep and cattle possessed by the "savages", whom they described as kindly, hospitable and confiding, and with whom they had been trading daily in perfect amity. The memorialists stated that it was indeed true that some sailors and soldiers had been beaten to death, but they added: for this "we have not the natives, but the rude unthankfulness of our people to blame, for last year, when the fleet lay at the Cape, instead of making any recompense to the natives for their good treatment of those of the *Haarlem*, they shot seven or eight of their cattle, and took them away without payment, which may likely cost some of our people their lives, if opportunity offers".

The above representations probably decided the directors in at once attempting to establish themselves at the Cape. The formation of the proposed residency was entrusted to Jan van Riebeeck, a member of the return fleet. In a letter written by him to the Directors, or Chamber of Seventeen, as they are more frequently termed, bearing the date June, 1651, he confirms the statements of the memorialists in all points, except in regard to the natives, whom he describes, with evident prejudice, as a savage set by no means to be trusted, but he

did not attempt to refute the direct accusation made against the Dutch by their own countrymen for "rude unthankfulness and dishonesty".

At the close of the year 1651 two ships and a yacht sailed from Holland to take possession of the Cape, and anchored in Table Bay on April 5, 1652. Directions had been given to van Riebeeck to provide lodging for 70 or 80 people, among whom were some soldiers, several convicts and a few slaves. The remainder were chiefly peasants and a small number of higher class, from whom was selected a council to which, with van Riebeeck, the affairs of the Residency were entrusted. This was the humble commencement of a form of Government and the establishment of a settlement, which flourished and developed as time went on.

The country was inhabited by various nomadic tribes. A friendly intercourse speedily commenced between the Dutch and the "Ottentoos", as they were then termed.

The word "Ottentoo" afterwards merged into Hottentot. Some writers assert that it was a nickname, given by the Dutch in consequence of the peculiar idiom of the language of this people, and its numerous monosyllables, especially "hot" and "tot" uttered with strong aspirations from the chest, and a peculiar and frequently repeated guttural click or cluck, caused by pressing the tongue against the palate, a sound somewhat similarly used when urging on a horse. There are other writers who declare their generic name to have been "Quaiqua" or "Khoikhoi".

In the neighbourhood of Saldanha Bay there was a tribe which came in for special mention in the journal kept by Van Riebeeck. He refers to them as being very handsome, active men, of particularly good stature, dressed, however, in cow (or ox) hide, tolerably prepared, which they carried gracefully upon one arm, with an air as courageous as that of any brave in Holland can carry his cloak on arm or shoulder. This compliment paid to the Hottentot was written in the Journal on April 8, 1652. A few days later Van Riebeeck obtained a cow and calf for four pieces of flat copper and three pieces of copper wire, each three feet in length.

Shortly after the formation of the residency the Dutch East India Company issued orders to Van Riebeeck to offer

freedom to such of their servants as would accept it, and to grant in freehold to each man as much land as he might desire for gardens. As a further inducement their wives and children were to be sent out to them, on condition of their binding themselves to remain not less than 14 years at the Cape. Gradual encouragement in the shape of advances in money and stock induced a number to take their discharge; more troops were sent to replace them, and slaves were procured from Guinea, Angola, Madagascar and other places.

The determined desertion of the slaves, notwithstanding the fearful punishment inflicted on them when recovered, furnished a new cause of complaint against the Hottentots. The women were accused of harbouring them and were more than once seized upon suspicion and detained prisoners until their relatives should discover and bring back the missing slaves, in spite of their tears and entreaties, and the offer of a good number of cattle and sheep as a ransom.

In this state of affairs little was wanted to start open warfare between the white and coloured races, and it was hardly to be expected that a people as numerous as the Hottentots must then have been would submit to being robbed of their lands and cattle without any attempt at resistance.

Nothing is said in Van Riebeeck's journal respecting intercourse between the Dutch and the Hottentot women; that it was extensive is evident from the rapid increase of a coloured race termed Bastards.

The Dutch, notwithstanding their small number, considered themselves, owing to their superior civilisation and the possession of firearms, more than a match for the Hottentots.

Van Riebeeck, writing in 1659, states that on questioning a prisoner, captured in the act of cattle lifting, as to the cause of their enmity, the man, who spoke tolerable Dutch, declared that it was for no other reason than that they saw that "we were breaking up the best land and grass, where their cattle were accustomed to graze, trying to establish ourselves everywhere, with houses and farms, as if we were never more to remove, but designed to take more for our permanent occupation, more and more of the country which had belonged to them from time immemorial, Aye! So that their cattle could not get at the water without passing over the corn land, which we would not allow them to do".

Doman (a Hottentot who had been to Batavia and was to some extent civilised) had put into their heads that after all the houses in the country had been destroyed the Fort could be easily surprised, as the earth walls were built with a slope, and thus the Dutch might be forced to abandon the country.

A communication sent by the Chamber of Seventeen contained an unqualified admission of the just ground of offence given to the Hottentots by the forcible occupation of their territory, declaring that "the discontent shown by those people in consequence of our appropriating to ourselves, and to their exclusion, the land which they have used for their cattle from time immemorial is neither surprising nor groundless, and we should therefore be glad to see that we could purchase it from them, or otherwise satisfy them".

Before receiving this creditable communication Van Riebeeck had formed and dispatched against the Hottentots the first "Commando" with the desire of injuring, if not of extirpating the coloured tribe, and of seizing their cattle. On this occasion 80 soldiers and 50 inhabitants were sent out in three companies under the command of the fiscal, and in spite of the sanguinary proceedings but few lives were lost.

The Hottentots sued for peace; they pleaded much wanton injury and insult on the part of some of the farmers, and when asked why they were so anxious to be allowed to return to the Cape, they replied, "that finding it hopeless to expel the Dutch, who were daily gaining strength, they gave up the attempt and earnestly desired to be suffered to live in quiet in their birth-place and their own land, full of pure water, after which their hearts always longed".

Van Riebeeck, notwithstanding the suggestion made to him by the Chamber of Seventeen, did not attempt to reconcile the Hottentots to the seizure of their land by offering them any compensation. He held that as they had now lost their land in war they could only expect to be deprived of it, and in his Journal of April 6, 1660, he wrote: "Their country has thus fallen to our lot, and being justly won by the sword in defensive, it was our intention to retain it".

At this early period the Hottentots appear to have endeavoured sincerely to live in quiet, and their inoffensive behaviour during several years is repeatedly noticed by the local

authorities. Commander Wagenaar, the successor of Van Riebeeck, expressly stated in reply to the questions of one of the Company's commissioners that he had never heard of any murders, thefts or robberies committed by them since the war of 1659, and did not anticipate any, so long as the colonists should refrain from giving them cause by ill-treatment. He therefore gave orders "that they should no longer, out of wantonness, or upon trifling causes, be called by the garrison 'the cattle herds', or by the sailors, 'Black stinking dogs'; still less be kicked, pushed, or beaten, as our Masters in the Vaderland most earnestly recommend this caution in order that these poor people may not be rendered more averse, and disposed to fly from us".

Chapter III.

TRIBES AROUND TABLE BAY.

The almost constant termination of "qua" to the Hottentot tribal names is, according to Mr. G. W. Stowe, synonymous with "ba" and "ama" prefixes of the Bechuana and Kaffir families, meaning "the people, sons, or men of".

Thus the Cochoqua would mean "the men of Cocho" and Korachoqua "the men of Kora".

This nomadic people had arrived at a stereotyped stage of existence, and doubtless would for many ages more have remained unprogressive, retaining all their primitive modes of life, had it not been for the outward pressure brought to bear upon them by the arrival of the Dutch.

The Hottentots and Bushmen had two remarkable faculties in common, namely quickness of sight and the power of enduring hunger, but their voracious appetites enabled them to make up for long fasting.

They lived in portable huts constructed of rush mats, which could be taken down, rolled up, and made into bundles with their sapling supports, and during their migrations were carried from place to place on pack oxen.

The principal tribe, the Cochoqua, lived in the immediate neighbourhood of Table Bay, occupying the country from False Bay to Saldanha Bay, and from Table Bay to the mountains in the east. It never stayed long in one place but moved about for change of pasture.

There appear to have been constant jealousies and quarrels between the tribes, with occasional raids upon each other's cattle and eloping with one another's wives. This latter amusement was so common an occurrence among them that it became an endless cause of turmoil and tribal feuds.

In 1652 the Cochoqua were divided into two branches, the elder under the chief named Oedasoa, who considered himself the paramount chief, the other under a secondary captain named Gonnema. It is said that this Oedasoa had carried off the wife

of 'Goeboe, the son of Sousa, chief of the Chainouqua. There appear to have been several tribes which at one time acknowledged their supremacy, but subsequently threw off allegiance. Amongst others they were generally at variance with the Namaqua, who were Hottentots like themselves.

Oedasoa said that, although these people had many cattle, they had not so many men as he had, and that when he was joined by the Korachoqua, the Goringhaiqua and the Cochoqua under the chief Gonnema, he need not be afraid of any attempt the Namaqua might make upon him. Hence it appears very probable that the Cochoqua, the Korachoqua and the Goringhaiqua were kindred tribes of so recent separation that they speedily reunited when a common danger threatened them. The following facts support this supposition.

The Korachoqua were a people described as rich in cattle, and the name of their chief was 'Choro. He eloped with the wife of Gonnema, kinsman of the chief of the Cochoqua. This tribe was discovered in 1657 by a party of the Dutch, a day's journey north-east of Tigerberg; they were then possessed of large herds of cattle, and were supposed to muster six to seven hundred men.

The Chariguriqua, subsequently called Grigriqua, lived towards the north, in the country intervening between the Cochoqua and the Namaqua; they were said to possess large herds of cattle; it was also stated that they were without any hereditary chief and that the tribe had revolted or separated from the Cochoqua. In 1661, when Van Meerhof undertook an expedition to the Namaqua, he found the latter in the country round Khamiesbergen, while the Grigriqua were occupying that portion along the lower course of the Oliphants River.

At this time the Bushmen inhabited the whole of the country from the Drakenstein mountains to the Quathlamba or Drakensberg.

The Dutch evidently gave the Hottentots a very raw deal. Governor Bax, writing in 1677, animadverts strongly on the shameful conduct of the settlers in former times, but especially under Commander Borghost, in not only frequently and forcibly despoiling the "Gonnema" and other Hottentots of their cattle, but also in treacherously firing upon and killing

many of them, producing so strong a feeling of hostility in the minds of the natives that "instead of its being deemed safe to send two or three men far into the interior, now 12 in a body could hardly be dispatched 20 miles without apprehension".

These remarks throw considerable light on the true causes of the renewal of warfare between the settlers and the Gonnema Hottentots, and of the commando dispatched against the latter in 1672. Orders were given to fall upon the Gonnema people and their allies unexpectedly, and as far as possible destroy them without mercy, sparing no males. They did not exterminate the Hottentots, but the commando returned with 800 horned cattle and 900 sheep, having sustained no injury. Only one mounted burgher was wounded in the back by an assegai.

In 1676 another commando was dispatched against the same tribe, which was then encamped a day's journey beyond the Berg River, resulting in the death of the chief, named Kees, and of a number of Hottentots. The booty on this occasion was 160 head of cattle, which, though small in number, was doubtless very acceptable to the Dutch because of the severe mortality which had previously ravaged their flocks and herds, and the hope of which had probably no small share in prompting the expedition. The Gonnema sued for peace in the following year; it was granted on condition of their paying an annual tribute of 30 oxen for the first returning fleet.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DWINDLING OF THE TRIBES.

The Cape was raised to a government in 1671, but the directors, finding small progress made in agriculture, declared that a country which could not produce its own corn could not be called a colony, and again reduced it to a Residency. On the death of Governor Bax they appointed an officer (Simon van der Stel) to succeed him, with the rank of commander only.

The course adopted by the Dutch was severe in the extreme and they gradually brought under their yoke the various neighbouring tribes. Famine and sickness and the too-frequent accompaniments of war thinned their ranks and diminished their individual strength and courage. Various diseases unknown before the arrival of the foreign invaders likewise committed fearful ravages. Measles and smallpox destroyed thousands, and an eyewitness, the Rev. Mr. Valentyn, speaks in 1713 of a sweeping pestilence whereby "hundreds of fugitive natives lay dead upon the roads".

Thunberg says the smallpox was first brought here by a Danish ship, when it made dreadful havoc among Europeans as well as Hottentots. The latter died in such numbers that their bodies lay in the fields and highways unburied.

Kolben, a Prussian astronomer and naturalist who visited the Cape in 1705, and remained there some years under the protection of the Dutch East India Company, gives many details concerning the extensive Hottentot population. He describes them as he saw them, and refutes many of the misstatements put forth by the Dutch. He says: "They are by no means stupid, have some sense of God and of religion. I have known many of them understand Dutch, French and Portuguese to a degree of perfection. In agriculture and many other arts and customs these people discover good marks of discernment, they make excellent servants, and perhaps the most faithful in the world".

In 1739 the Bushmen and the Namaquas complained to the Council that frequent murders and robberies were committed upon them by the colonists. The fiscal (a kind of local magistrate) was ordered to investigate their statements; and the results of the enquiry being considered unfavourable to the complainants, two commandos were ordered out against them.

About this time an attempt was made to establish the Christian religion among the Hottentots, which the Burghers and Boers met with undisguised hostility. A Moravian missionary named George Schmidt preached the gospel to them during three years (from 1739 to 1742) with remarkable success, it being received "with great avidity and zeal". Schmidt obtained the name of the Great Hottentot Converter, having christened five in September, 1742. He was prohibited from repeating the offence and banished from the country on the pretence of his having "illegally made himself a chief among the Hottentots in those parts, in order to enrich himself by their labour, and the presents they made him of cattle". Schmidt was not allowed to return, but three missionaries, who, according to the principles of the Moravians, were able mechanics, arrived at Baviaan's Kloof and established themselves on the very spot where Schmidt had taught half a century before.

Dr. C. P. Thunberg, a learned Swede, who in 1772 sailed for the Cape in one of the Company's ships as surgeon-general, left behind him much information regarding the aborigines. He saw in confinement at Cape Town 950 men, women and children of the Bushman race who had been made prisoners about 150 miles from Cape Town. They had concealed themselves in a mountain kloof and defended themselves against a party of soldiers and Boers by rolling large stones down upon their enemies. They asserted that every year fresh encroachments had been made upon their territory, forcing them continually into the interior, whence they were driven back again by the Hottentots, or else killed.

In 1774 the Governor (Van Plettenberg) and Council approved of an extensive commando with instructions that, "in the event of the Hottentots and Bushmen not fleeing from their country, or giving it up on the combined attack being made, they were to be entirely subdued and destroyed". At the period now referred to, Dr. Sparrman, an intelligent

naturalist, was engaged in traversing the Colony. He remained there four years, and on returning to Europe made a fearful picture of the state of society, describing the government as cruel and tyrannical, and the Boers as leading most immoral and sensual lives, being very ignorant and very wealthy, treating their slaves and Hottentot servants with extreme harshness, but evincing ever the one redeeming trait of hospitality to strangers.

After describing the manner in which the kidnapped Bushmen are treated, Sparrman proceeds to show how the wild man of the woods, even though in some instances well fed and gently treated, sensibly feeling the want of his liberty, "generally endeavours to regain it by making his escape, but what is really a subject for wonder is that when one of these poor devils runs away from his service, or more properly bondage, he never takes with him anything that does not belong to him. This is an instance of moderation in the savages towards their tyrant masters which is universally attested, and, at the same time, praised and admired by the colonists themselves".

The description given by Sparrman, and supported by much corroborative testimony of the barbarities inflicted by the Boers on their wretched slaves, might be passed over in silence. He said: "I am far from accusing all the colonists. There were many who held that the cruelties were an abomination, and feared lest the vengeance of heaven should, for all these crimes, fall upon their land and their posterity."

Chapter V.

THE CHARIGURIQUA OR GRIGRIQUA.

Among the old Hottentot tribes was a clan belonging to the Cochoqua group, which was variously called Charigurıqua and Grigriqua. In 1652 they were said to be without any hereditary chief. There does not appear to be any reason for doubting that it was from this clan the Griquas derived their name.

Kolben in 1713 stated that their descendants were living near St. Helena Bay. A large majority of them were not only descendants of the Hottentot tribe already mentioned, but also of the early colonists. The European population of that day, though generally alluded to as Dutch, was composed of or descended from various German regiments, and comprised Prussians, Hanoverians, Flemings and Poles, besides the descendants of 150 refugees who, in 1690, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, sought and obtained a home in South Africa.

The so-called Dutch, with some few exceptions, had little knowledge of and no family connection with the Batavian Republic. They only knew that the Cape belonged to a company of merchants in Amsterdam, whose special desire it was that the Nederlands tongue should be spoken and taught, to the exclusion of any other, and that the Dutch laws and customs should in all points be steadily enforced. So completely did the language prevail that the slaves and Hottentots soon acquired it sufficiently to speak it even among themselves, as did also the French immigrants, whose very names lost their nationality.

The Grigriqua were, in fact, a race of mixed blood, many of them being half-castes, the offspring of Hottentot and Bush-women. This nondescript breed afterwards intermixed with the miserable remnant of the true Grigriqua, who appear to have occupied their time principally in wandering about the neighbourhood of Piquetberg. While these latter always considered themselves Griquas, most of those now included under this designation were formerly called Bastards, a name which,

however distasteful by European notions, was one of which they were then particularly proud. The preponderance of the Dutch element amongst them was shown by the language spoken by the more influential majority, and by its superseding that of the Hottentot minority.

Sometimes slaves and other retainers took the names of their masters' families, but in those of the Bastards or Griquas bearing these names their physical appearance admits of no question of their mixed origin.

These half-caste people were induced to migrate from the colony not only by their own desire to escape from the thraldom in which they had lived and to settle in a spot where they believed they would be subject to less restraint, but also by their wish to set up, as some of their friends fondly hoped, an independent state, free from any extraneous interference.

Several causes led to this; by such a clearance the civil authorities imagined they would rid themselves of an element which they saw growing and which they feared might ultimately prove most troublesome in the colony. They were the waifs of colonial life thrown upon society, apparently from a natural inertness of disposition.

Some, therefore, considered that by collecting and placing them on one side the difficulty would be made easier, and from the Hottentot point of view it afforded the long-desired opportunity to be free from the trammels of outside control.

At this period the Dutch governor had in his service a slave named Adam, who served the household as cook. He was of mixed origin, was born in 1710 and lived to be 90. By good conduct and efficiency he earned his master's favour, and was presented with stock and eventually was granted his freedom. Adam Kok, i.e. Cook, who may be termed the founder of the Kok family, was the great-grandfather of Adam Kok the Third who led the great trek to "No Man's Land".

He was permitted by the government to settle at Piquetberg, near St. Helena Bay, where his son Cornelius was born. He also seems to have possessed property at Khamiesberg, where his family sometimes resided.

Here a number of Bastards and many Hottentots and people of colour gathered around him. He is spoken of as a man superior to most of his fellows. His long association in the service of Europeans had given him a certain ascendancy

and breadth of outlook. He developed into a leader, a hunter and keeper of flocks—a patriarchal father of his people who received a wand of office with the appointment as captain or chief over the motley crowd congregated around him.

After a time Adam sold his little domain and migrated to the country of the Namaquas. In this movement many of the Grigriquas in the neighbourhood of whom he lived linked up with him. In Namaqualand his subjects were again increased by a considerable number of Hottentots.

After this he recrossed the river and settled at Pella, where Mr. Albertse became his missionary, and from this point he made long hunting expeditions into the interior. Kok and his Grigriqua retainers pushed their excursions as far as the country where Campbell and Griquatown are now situated. Here they found an abundance of all kinds of game, but no people except some stray Bushmen.

It was in those days that these hunters first discovered and visited the strong fountains at Klaarwater and other places in what is now Griqualand West.

As the years passed the Grigriquas and Bastards trekked steadily north until they reached the Orange River. They took possession of the country without let or hindrance from anyone. None of the Bantu tribes was there to dispute their occupation, and the Bushmen made no resistance, the greater portion of them having been cleared out of the country by the Korannas, or by the previous hunting parties of Hottentots and Bastards.

There were two phrases frequently used by the old colonists, "As ignorant as a Hottentot", "As cunning as a Bushman".

The original Adam Kok had an intellect far ahead of the Hottentot, and he acquired much of the natural cunning of that much despised creature, the Bushman.

The Hottentot character, like that of many other semi-civilised people, presented some strange contradictions. Many were given to lying from the mere habit of freely indulging the vagaries of a romantic imagination. They invented stories and enjoyed gossip, they loved the marvellous, and exaggerated greatly, and when excited would raise their voices to a high pitch, snapping off their words with much gesticulation, clicking and snake-like hissing.

The disposition of both men and women seemed to be mild and gentle; they treated each other with the tenderest affection, but were implacable towards their enemies.

In 1795, Adam Kok was still living near the Great, or Orange River and, finding himself too old and feeble for the cares of government, he transferred his chieftainship and staff of office to his eldest son Cornelius, who exercised great influence among all the tribes, including Korannas, with whom he came in contact.

Cornelius was born in 1746 at Piquetberg. When he was a boy, he said, no Boer lived farther north than the Oliphants River. The Bushmen to the eastward of Namaqualand were continually harassing the colony and the Namaquas, but his father, by gentle treatment, induced them to live in peace. No person beyond or to the north of the Oliphants River at the time of his living at Piquetberg possessed a wagon, except his father and himself.

When his father moved to the north Cornelius remained behind at Khamiesberg. He could read and write, and had to a certain degree been civilised by intercourse with missionaries and colonists. He commanded great respect among his people, and by their aid, and the services of neighbouring Bushmen and Korannas, had so far prospered that he had become the possessor of immense flocks of sheep. Cornelius had the good sense to secure for himself the services of several tribes, by giving them a certain number of sheep in charge, allowing them half the lambs for their trouble of herding. Their true and faithful accounting was proverbial, and thus he prevented both poverty in his neighbourhood and the consequence of want.

By all accounts he lived in a style similar to that of the colonists on the border, and set a good example to those about him, which raised him still more followers. He was not only a great flock-master but a great hunter; apparently tired of the somewhat monotonous life of a Dutch burgher, and actuated doubtlessly in the first instance more by ardour for the chase and love of hunting than anything else, he inspanned his oxen to his wagon and left Khamiesberg.

Ranking, as we are informed he did, as a burgher, we presume that he and his immediate relatives had guns, which they took with them when he commenced his wanderings like

his father before him. He was acknowledged by the existing government as the successor of his father, and was entrusted with the staff of office. Possessing horses and firearms and flocks of almost patriarchal size, one of the primitive tokens of immense wealth, he must undoubtedly have appeared as a great man in the eyes of the natives among whom he travelled.

The country abounded in game, large and small, from the small duiker to the great eland. The graceful gemsbok and herds of springbok roamed at will over the vast area.

In such a country the expert and enthusiastic hunter would soon get a considerable following around him, ready to assist him in the chase, and to feast and make merry upon the superabundance of meat which its spoils afforded.

This was probably the time when his "Faithful Griquas" first gathered around him in any considerable numbers. Finding the wild life of the hunter more congenial to his nature than following his sheep, he continued his pursuit of game, wandering from place to place until he arrived on the banks of the 'Gariep or Great River (now the Orange River).

With the exception of their leader and his family, and the few Bastards associated with him, the whole crowd still used the bow and arrow, the ancient weapon of their race. The nucleus of the future tribe was then composed of the family of the Koks and of their purely Hottentot adherents; these were joined, from time to time, by scattered groups of Bastards, and thus the hands of Cornelius were gradually strengthened. With the feeling of growing strength a little cattle-lifting and marauding sprang up among his followers when game was difficult to procure.

Mixing up a little conquest, on his own part, with his sporting occupation, he subdued and absorbed into his own tribe many of the wandering Korannas with whom he came in contact.

Having fixed upon a sort of central station on the Great River he sallied out from this point upon hunting or other expeditions, some of which were extended to considerable distances. It has been stated that he was the first, proceeding from a southerly direction, who discovered the Bantu tribe, the Batlapin; but long before his arrival the Koranna clans had invaded and settled in that part of the country, and had carried their marauding expeditions much farther to the north than

Kuruman. The Korannas, according to the most orthodox manners of the times, had been on friendly terms with the Batlapin, relieving them occasionally of superfluous cattle, if they could lay their hands on any.

The earliest traditions of the Koranna clan were secured by Mr. Kallenberg, for many years a missionary at the Pniel station on the Vaal River, which was established especially for the benefit of these people. He was fortunate enough to obtain them from the old men of the clan, who were looked upon as repositories and guardians of their tribal lore.

He says that the traditions of the Korannas are very clear upon the point that their forefathers came from the far north-east interior. They had dwelt in a land which, from its abundance of water and every good thing requisite for pastoral people, was described as being almost an earthly paradise. The description seems to point in the direction of Kenya and the lake district of Central Africa, and they were driven out by a stronger race armed with bow and battle-axe.

The fugitive people fled towards the setting sun and continued their flight to the great waters (Atlantic) when they turned to the south, following the shore.

The country through which they passed was inhabited by scattered tribes of primitive Bushmen and enormous herds of game. They migrated along the coastline until they reached the Great River, where they settled and lived for several generations. Confirmatory evidence has been gathered and the unanimity of their traditions seems to establish as historical fact that the Korannas derived their name from a chief named Kora, but why he should have been given that name they did not know.

When Kora died he left as a successor a son called Eikomo who, with the leading clan, lived in the Cape district. He tried to defend his territory against the encroachments of the white men, but was driven back to the Brak River; from that place he went further north, until he arrived amongst the Bushmen who were wandering on the banks of the 'Gariep or Orange River. It was from this point that the Koranna clans began to separate and spread themselves, some continuing along the river valley, others migrating into the middle veld near the present Victoria West.

Chapter VI.

THE BUSHMEN.

Molehabangwe was the great chief of the Batlapin at the time of the visit of Cornelius Kok, which appears to have been a most opportune one for these people, as it proved to be the means of saving them from the grasping clutches of their quondam friends and neighbours, the Korannas.

At this period no Bechuana were found in the country south of the Kuruman River. With the exception of those localities appropriated by the invading Korannas the region was still in the occupation of its earliest known inhabitants, the Bushmen.

The report of the Select Committee upon the Aborigines explains by whom these unfortunate people were eventually deprived of most tracts of their hunting ground. In this report it is stated that the Griquas were accused of having, while in a savage state, treated the Bushmen with barbarity and of having expelled them from the greater part of their territory.

It is generally believed and stated by those who have devoted themselves to the study of the Ethnography of South Africa that for centuries, prior to the first discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, most and possibly the whole of the southern continent was inhabited by clans of diminutive people, whom the early Dutch settlers called "Bosjesmen" (Bushmen).

Though originally very prolific, they have now almost disappeared from the face of the earth. They were the lowest type of mankind, coarse in feature, dwarfish of frame and of a yellowish brown colour. Their repulsive appearance, coupled with strong thieving propensities, by rustling of cattle, made them a mark for destruction by all other people who came in contact with them. Even the Bantu races who swept down from the north regarded them as wild animals to be exterminated. Their language consisted of clicks and guttural sounds, which had no meaning to the rest of humanity. The efforts of a few enthusiasts to construct a language and exchange

elementary ideas met with no success. The Bushmen had been content to roam the earth for hundreds of thousands of years without making any attempt to embark upon those pursuits which we regard as distinctive of civilisation. They were content to spend their days in search of food, enduring an existence devoid of comfort, and in the vast stretches of southern Africa, teeming with wild game, they, for unknown ages, remained beyond the pale of the great creative movement of civilisation.

In spite of his power of intelligence and his manipulative ability the Bushman lived the life of nomadism without attempting to alter his conditions of existence in any other way than by alertness and an uncanny skill in hunting wild animals.

Traces of the Bushmen art may still be seen in the cave dwellings, where their impressions of animals and creatures, with which they were familiar, are depicted in crude paintings that have withstood the ravages of time and weather. They stand alone as an aboriginal race of South Africa, capable of this artistic work, but it may be stated that the earlier Bushmen were responsible for the rock-paintings, not the hunters which the European emigrants found scattered all over the country.

They were formidable hunters, although, apart from their skill in digging game pits with a "Kwe" (a cylindrical stone having a hole through the centre through which a pointed stick was driven), their only weapons were bows and arrows; they were experts at tipping their arrows with poison. The latter was mixed with fat and pressed into slight grooves at the point of the arrow. The quiver was a skin made like a small golf-bag, the feather end of the arrow being put in first while a skin cap covered the poisoned points.

Their story is a pathetic one; when hunted from the plains they took shelter in the caves of their ancestors among the mountains, but they were relentlessly pursued and destroyed like baboons. Some remnants of the Bushmen clans finally sought refuge in the Kalahari desert.

The life of the Bushmen in many respects resembled that of wild animals; when the hunt failed, and when no cattle could be stolen, they would eat many kinds of flying and crawling creatures. Locusts, caterpillars, lizards, grasshoppers, scorpions, snakes, also the chrysalides of ants, sometimes called "Bushman rice", roots and bulbs of various kinds formed part of their bill of fare.

Allied to the Bushmen in many respects were the Hottentots. The former were the first, in a remote age, to occupy the Cape and were followed at great intervals by the Hottentots who formed so conspicuous a feature in the early history of South Africa. Governor Van Riebeeck found that they had a great dread of a people who inhabited the mountainous districts of the interior. These wild creatures, who regarded all forms of human life as their mortal enemies, were called by the Hottentots, "Sonqua", or murderers.

It was after the missionaries had themselves selected and appropriated the country around Klaarwater as a home for the Griquas that the great extension and permanent usurpation of the Bushman territory by the Griquas commenced. We are assured that the Griqua chiefs of the settlement always treated the Bushmen with consideration and kindness. It could not, however, by any stretch of imagination, be a kindness to deprive them of the last vestige of their lands, giving them in exchange a few cattle to live upon, as if the men of this wild hunter-race, who rejoiced in the untrammelled freedom of the mighty plains by which they were surrounded, could suddenly, by a wave of the hand, be turned into mere cattle-herds.

It is quite certain that they must have received very different treatment at the hands of a large portion of the Griqua people, for in 1820 the hatred of the Bushmen was so intense against them that they never lost an opportunity of killing one, could they catch him alone in the veld.

In 1801 the Griquas were scattered around the headquarters of Cornelius Kok. Another portion of the Kok family, Jan Kok with his family and retainers, were living not far from Modderfontein, to the right of the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, while the missionaries, Anderson and Kramer, were found at Rietfontein with their followers. A few Korannas were also camped at the same place.

Chapter VII.

CHIEF AFRIKANDER AND HIS CLAN OF THE "JAGERS".

About this time the Bastard, Afrikander, and his banditti were spreading terror through the country, and had carried their depredations as far as the Koranna kraals.

The Afrikanders belonged to a tribe of Hottentots, at one time called Jagers or the Hunters. Being unable to hold their ground against the continual encroachments of the Dutch they were at length driven back from one point to another, farther into the interior, while those who lingered behind were compelled to become submissive serfs of the farmers.

Jager Afrikander was the most prominent and notorious member of the family. He had European blood in his veins, and had succeeded, by hereditary right, to the chieftainship of the diminished remnant of the tribe.

About this time the Cape first came into the hands of the English, and a report was circulated by evil-minded persons that all Hottentots were to be forced into the army with the design of sending them out of the country. This induced Afrikander and his sons to leave the Colony altogether, or to live near its limits, so as to escape being conscripted.

Piet Pienaar, a Dutch burgher who appears to have been invested with the authority of a field-cornet, trekked towards the border beyond the Oliphants River. Afrikander and his party joined them. His tribe had dwindled to a few families and they settled near Pienaar, who found them most useful in guarding his flocks and in increasing the herds by a little judicious cattle lifting when opportunity offered.

Afrikander and his brothers, Titus, Klaas, David and Jacobus, were for some time employed by Pienaar in commandos against Bushmen, Namaquas and other defenceless natives of the interior, being furnished for that purpose with muskets, powder and shot. In this way they were taught to rob for their master, which ultimately led to their setting out on their

own. On these occasions the unhappy victims of their attack were generally surprised in their camps at night, the men were shot, and the surviving women and children, together with the cattle, captured.

When these commandos were undertaken the practice was for a few Boers to unite, and the main part of the booty was divided among themselves. A fractional share only was given to the slaves and Hottentots in their service.

The Afrikanders had been trained to the use of firearms and now they, who had been singularly expert in recapturing stolen cattle from the Bushmen, refused to go on any more expeditions. They signified their wish to have some reward for their often galling servitude, and to be allowed to retire to a district beyond where they might dwell in peace. This desire was sternly refused and was followed by severity still more grievous.

Had Pienaar treated his subjects with ordinary humanity he might have died honourably and averted the catastrophe which befell him and his family, and the train of robbery, crime and bloodshed that quickly followed that event. Shortly afterwards an incident brought matters to a climax.

Information having reached Pienaar that the Bushmen had carried off some cattle from a Boer belonging to the district over which he was field-cornet, he, in his official capacity, commanded the Afrikanders to pursue the Bushmen to recapture the cattle. This order they refused to obey, alleging that his main motive for sending them away on such an expedition was that they might be killed and he thereby could get possession of their wives. Order after order was sent to their huts to summon them into the presence of their master, but in a dogged manner they left them unheeded.

In the evening, Jager with his brothers and some attendants, being again summoned by the exasperated farmer to appear at the door of the house, moved slowly towards it. Titus, the next brother to the chief, dreading the farmer in his wrath, took with him his gun which, as it was nearly dark, he easily concealed.

On reaching the house, Jager, the chief, went up the steps to the door. Pienaar had evidently been made aware of their arrival, for with his gun in his hand he rushed furiously on

the chief, and with one blow precipitated him to the bottom of the steps. At that moment Jager seized the gun, which was loaded with "loopers", fired and lodged the contents in his master's body.

As soon as Pienaar fell the Afrikanders entered the house, when the wife, who had witnessed the murder of her husband, shrieked and implored for mercy. They told her not to be alarmed, for they had nothing against her; they demanded the guns and ammunition which were in the house, and she promptly delivered these to them. They then charged her not to leave the house during the night, as they could not ensure her safety if she and her family attempted to take flight. Overcome with terror, two children who attempted to escape by the back door were immediately shot by two Bushmen, who lay in wait. Mrs. Pienaar herself succeeded in reaching the nearest farm in safety.

Immediately after the occurrence Afrikander rallied the remnant of his tribe, and with his family and the Hottentots in the service of Pienaar fled as fast as possible towards Great Namaqualand, carrying with them whatever spoil they could secure, as well as all the muskets and ammunition.

Having succeeded in effecting his retreat across the Orange River, he fixed his abode on the opposite bank. From this point the formidable chief commenced his daring exploits against both the colonists and the neighbouring tribes, and filled the border of the colony with the terror of his name.

Though attempts were made, both on the part of the Colonial Government and the Boers, to avenge the outrage upon the Pienaar family, they were futile, and Afrikander, notwithstanding their commandos and the rewards offered for his apprehension dead or alive, maintained his position, daring them to approach his territory. Meanwhile he and his brothers were not long in commencing offensive operations; in their first expedition they took the farmers by surprise and murdered a Boer named Engelbrecht as well as a bastard-Hottentot, from whom they carried off much cattle.

Soon after the missionaries arrived at Warm Bath in the Great Namaqua country, Afrikander with his family came and took up his residence near them. For a time he behaved in an orderly manner, but a circumstance occurred which led to the ruin of the settlement.

Jager and Titus, as they dared not visit the colony themselves after the murders they had perpetrated, employed a Hottentot, named Hans Dreyer, to take three spans or teams of oxen to Cape Town; two spans of these he was to exchange for a wagon, and with the third to bring it home.

On the way to Cape Town Hans met a Boer who seized all the oxen, upon which Hans returned to Namaqualand and refused to give an account of the oxen entrusted to his care. This conduct of Hans so exasperated the Afrikanders that they attacked his kraal and killed him.

Not long after this occurrence the friends of Hans, with the assistance of some Namaquas, in their turn attacked the kraal of Afrikander, and he, to be revenged on the Namaquas for aiding them against him, fell upon their kraal. These, finding themselves too weak to resist him, implored assistance from the Namaquas at Warm Bath, who complied with their request and sent out a large armed party to defend them. Their action so enraged Afrikander that he threatened to destroy the settlement. He accomplished his threat in part, and so intimidated them that they, with the missionaries, removed over the river to a place in Little or South Namaqualand.

He commenced his operations by spreading devastation around; for a whole month the missionaries were in a state of terror, hourly expecting the attack. The natives likened him to a lion, whose roar made the inhabitants of even distant kraals fly from their homes.

Scarcely had the missionaries and their people departed when Afrikander made his appearance before the place. Finding it abandoned his followers commenced a rigid search for any spoils which might have been concealed in the earth, and in this they were successful.

One of Afrikander's men strayed to the burying ground, which a few mounds distinguished from the surrounding waste as a place of the dead. Stepping over what he supposed to be a newly closed grave he heard, to his surprise, soft notes of music vibrate beneath. He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder with open mouth and eyes dilated, hesitating whether to stand still and see the dead arise, which he had heard the missionaries preach about, or take to his heels and run. After a little palpitation of heart he mustered courage

to jump again, for the tones he had heard had died away. His second leap again aroused the sepulchral harp, which now fell in soft but awful cadence on his ear. Without casting a glance behind him he bolted off to the camp, and with breathless amazement announced to Afrikander the startling discovery he had made of life and music in the grave.

The appearance of the man convinced Afrikander that he was in earnest. The chief, fearless alike of the living and the dead, was not to be scared by a spook in a grave. He arose and ordering his men to follow him went straight to the spot. One jumped and another jumped, and at each succeeding leap notes of the softest music fell upon the ear.

Digging tools were procured and the mysterious musician was soon dragged to light, in the shape of the piano of the wife of the missionary Albrecht, which being too cumbrous to be taken with them in their hasty flight, had been buried in the spot where Afrikander and his bandit-followers found it. The triumphant chief and his followers revelled in the spoils and, at their departure, the firebrand was thrust into the houses and huts and the entire place reduced to ashes.

Afrikander now became a terror, not only to the colony in the south, but also to the tribes in the north, who fled at his approach, and his name carried dismay far and wide. He proved himself to be a man of prowess, capable of studying the results of the primitive method of native warfare, hence his many victories.

His brother Titus, still more fierce and fearless, and a little man, was an extraordinary runner, able to bear unparalleled fatigue.

By incursions into the colony and robbing the Boers, not only of their cattle but of their muskets and powder, Afrikander became very powerful. He was joined by a European outlaw, as well as by some Bushmen and people of other tribes till his horde grew into such formidable proportions that it was a standing menace to the whole of that portion of South Africa. He commenced a regular system of depredations both upon the Namaquas and the Korannas.

Mr. Borcherds, who travelled through the country at the time, heard reports of cruelties committed by Afrikander's

brother, Klaas. Fearful stories were circulated about the atrocities committed by these banditti. Many Namaquas had been murdered, women and children had been tied to trees, and after being ill-treated were killed; whole communities had been robbed of their cattle, so that many of the tribes wandered about in a state of want and privation, many perishing from hunger, while immense numbers of cattle thus obtained were exchanged again with some unprincipled colonists for further supplies of guns and ammunition.

From the tragic fate of Pienaar a chain of events followed one another very rapidly, which must have had a marked influence upon the migration of the clan of the Koks and the main body of the emigrant Bastards and Griquas. They became involved in a series of disputes and conflicts with the redoutable chief of the bandits.

The farmers of the Cape, finding that they had failed to capture the outlawed Afrikander, bribed those living on the banks of the Great River, under their chief Barend Barends, to make the attempt. This gave rise to a bitter and deadly feud, resulting in many severe and bloody encounters between the Afrikanders, who were now urged by motives of self-defence and a desire to wreak vengeance on their enemies, the farmers and their allies, and the Griqua chief, Barend Barends, who was impelled into the conflict both by the hope of reward and of obtaining additional loot in the shape of captured cattle. Although they dreadfully harassed one another and intensified the feeling of hatred and hostility which had sprung up between them, neither, however, gained any decided advantage over the other.

In 1812-13, at the time of Mr. Campbell's first visit, he states that in every kraal he came to the very mention of Afrikander's name caused the people to tremble.

From Pella he dispatched a conciliatory letter to this notorious brigand. Increasing years, doubtlessly, made him begin to feel weary of a life of disquiet and rapine, so he forwarded a favourable reply. Missionaries were sent to him, when he and some of his brothers became converts. He accompanied Mr. Moffat to Cape Town, where he had an interview with the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset. He did not live

much longer, and it is recorded that he died in the odour of sanctity.

Soon after his death the majority of his followers reverted to their former career of plundering and murder. Being able to muster some 300 men with 200 stand of arms in their possession, they soon were as formidable as ever and extended their marauding expeditions as far north as the Overherero, until they became, as Afrikander had before them, the scourge and terror of that part of Africa.

Some Koranna clans were reduced to a state of famine. Mr. Thompson met some of these unfortunate wretches in 1823 near the junction of the Lions River and the Hartebeeste River; they were mere skin and bone, the women perfectly naked, walking skeletons who had for days lived entirely on gum and a little brackish water. The men belonging to the party had been absent several days in quest of game.

The state of the entire country along the whole course of the Great or Orange River was deplorable. It had become a place of resort for numerous bands of banditti, chiefly of Bastards, Hottentots and runaway slaves. Open war broke out among the different factions in Griqualand, a large number of the disaffected removed to the mountains, and resumed the lawless life from which the missionaries, after years of danger and difficulty, had reformed them.

The Bastard population, spread along the banks of the Great River for hundreds of miles, was estimated at 5,000 souls; they had in their possession at least 700 muskets and readily obtained constant supplies of ammunition notwithstanding all the proclamations to the contrary. Great profit tempted the farmers to carry on the traffic. For every pound of powder sold an ox or a cow was given in exchange. Such, then, was the chaotic state of affairs in 1823, and only around Griquatown, under the immediate control of Mr. Melville and the missionaries, were there any signs of peace.

Chapter VIII.

CHIEF BAREND BARENDS.

While the purer Griqua portion of the clans gathered about the great flock-master Kok, Barend Barends and his family formed a centre around which the Bastard element of the community congregated. The exact origin of this man is not known. It is, however, certain that he and his brothers were leaders among the Bastard emigrants.

Barend Barends was in those days a chief, in so far that he had received a staff of office similar to the one bestowed upon the Koks and other captains, showing that his position was recognised by the constituted authorities.

The Barendses were sufficiently powerful to cope for a considerable time with all the difficulties of their exposed position. The Bastards under them, or acknowledging their leadership, approximated in their customs and ideas to the border colonists, the backwoodsmen of South Africa. With them they evidently retained friendly relations, as after the Pienaar tragedy the colonists solicited the co-operation of Barends in their vain attempt to arrest the brigand chief of the Afrikanders. This proposition, as we have already learnt, brought him and his brothers into hostile collision with that most formidable leader.

Mr. Moffat described Barend Barends's brother, Nicholas Barends, as a very superior man, both in appearance and intellect, with an excellent memory and good descriptive powers.

In the conflicts between themselves and Afrikander, Barends's party on one occasion, far superior in numbers and led by Nicholas Barends, unexpectedly carried off every ox and cow belonging to Afrikander, only a few calves being left in the kraal. After a desperate contest lasting for a whole day, having repeatedly taken and lost their cattle, the Afrikanders retired. They returned to their camp, slaughtered the calves, left them, and rested for a few days in order to dry

the meat in the sun and turn it into "biltong" ready for another campaign.

They started off and for several days followed the course of the Great River along its northern bank till spies found out the rendezvous of the enemy on the southern side. They passed beyond them unobserved in order to attack them from a quarter on which they fancied themselves safe. In the dead of night they swam over the river, their ammunition and clothing tied on their heads and their guns on their shoulders.

Thus prepared, the little force seized its opportunity, and when all the enemy slumbered in fancied security, aroused them by a volley of stones on their fragile huts. The inmates rushed out and were received by a shower of arrows; before they could fairly recover their senses and seize their guns the discharge of musketry convinced them that they were attacked by a formidable host. They consequently fled in the greatest consternation, leaving captured cattle as well as their own in Afrikander's hands.

On the invitation of Barend Barends the missionaries joined the Bastards, and it was from these again that a select, though mixed, party finally terminated a migratory life by settling in 1804 at the spot known as Klaarwater, afterwards called Griquatown, with Messrs. Anderson and Kramer as their missionaries.

The population of Klaarwater was made up of distinct tribes having different languages, customs and grades of honour, from that of the descendant of the colonial farmer to the very lowest state of degradation as represented in the Bushmen.

Their government was also of a hotchpotch character, comprising the patriarchal, despotic, monarchial, aristocratic and democratic, each party having its claims either of birth, power, numbers or hereditary right. The community exhibited all the phases of a tropical thunder-cloud which rolls on, dark and ominous, till the storm bursts in all its fury.

The Griquas then commenced their migrations. Nothing was to be gained in the west, the road in that direction being barred by armed bands of Afrikanders, but to the eastward another prospect appeared. In that direction an apparently virgin country spread out before them, well watered, the plains

swarming with game, and occupied by the Bushmen race, whose puny shafts were of little avail against the unerring bullet. Beyond them were tribes of unknown numbers, equally as defenceless, in point of weapons, as the dwarf hunters of the plains, possessors of countless herds, promising endless spoil upon which some, as companions of the Koks or the marauding Bloem, already gazed with eager eyes.

The missionaries leading the way, in their faith and trustfulness, dreamt of conducting their proselytes far away from the haunts of wicked men and of founding a place where peace should reign in the depths of the wilderness.

We learn from Mr. Borcherds that early in January, 1799, J. A. van Wyk, field-cornet of Hantam, reported that the Afrikanders, numbering over 100, had murdered a farmer named Hermanus Engelbrecht and carried off 3,700 sheep and goats, 446 head of cattle, eight horses, three muskets and other property besides two wagons, and had retreated with the booty to the Orange River.

Orders were issued to raise a commando and pursue the marauders; but, before this expedition could leave, disturbances at Graaff-Reinet came to a head, and the Governor ordered General Vandeleur to march to the rebellious district with a force sufficient to afford protection to the well-disposed inhabitants; thus the outrages on the northern border remained unpunished.

A year later Field-cornet Jacob Kruger reported that Floris Langman, his wife and three children, with five or six of his domestics, had been cruelly murdered. Other intelligence reached the Governor that the Hottentots were refusing to take service, and were preparing to congregate with arms. Upon receipt of this report the Lieutenant-Governor, General Dundas, promptly authorized a commando to be dispatched.

Thus the entire northern border, as well as the eastern, was in a state of anarchical confusion, one atrocity following another in quick succession, for scarcely had the last intelligence been received, when a dispatch came from Gerrit Maritz, the field-cornet of the Roggeveld, stating that Cornelius Coetzee, together with his two sons, a man named Frederik Werner, and his servant Frans Scherpenaard, had been murdered by his own slaves and Hottentots, that the house

had been plundered, and the money, with a wagon and oxen, taken, and also that the wife of one of Coetzee's sons was missing. In this case a commando immediately pursued the murderers and captured many of them. The field-cornet stated that, of those who escaped, a number were armed with muskets.

The Koks, who were then living at their camp of T'Kowbahas, also became involved in this surging whirlpool of bloody strife.

Barend Barends retired with his flocks and herds farther to the north, in company with the missionaries. When Mr. Borcherds visited the missionaries in February 1801, they were engaged in hostilities with the Afrikanders. Cornelius, the elder Kok, was absent on an expedition against them, and his son Adam II had been left in charge of the camp. A detachment of the Bastards, mounted and armed, had come down the river valley from T'Karaap to join Cornelius in the attack, when they succeeded in capturing 36 head of cattle. Both Afrikander and Stephanus, his European associate, escaped.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SETTLEMENT AT KLAARWATER.

When Anderson and Kramer took possession of the springs at Klaarwater, they did so, not in the name of any individuals but in that of the London Missionary Society. Not only was the land to be in their name but the chiefs themselves must be men of whom they approved.

The Reverend Dr. Philip, in a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Wade, wrote:—"The only chief the Griquas had among themselves at this period was old Kok, and he was so far from being an independent chief that he had the staff of a Hottentot captain, which he had received from the Colonial Government, and he did not then accompany them to the new territory, but retired to the Khamiesberg."

From what follows one cannot help suspecting that the old man, both shrewd and wise in his generation, finding that his own influence was gradually being undermined, and lost in the growing influence of the missionary teachers, became weary of the sham. The reason of his not being an independent chief was not so much the fact of his having inherited, and accepted, such a bauble in the shape of a wand of office, which he carried with him into the wilderness, as that trammels were gradually being spread around him by the men who were assuming the guidance and governance of his tribe.

Seeing that up to the time the missionaries induced the Griquas to settle at Klaarwater they were a set of miserable nomads, without home and without territory, it is quite certain that their claims arose after this settlement, and therefore not under Cornelius Kok.

This chief had great influence among all the natives, whom he conciliated and subdued. This he did more by kindness—that is by the method which most quickly reached the natives' hearts when half starved and pinched with hunger, viz., supplying them with meat, the spoils of the hunt—than by proving the strength of his powder in shooting them down. In this

he doubtless showed his wisdom, but at the same time we cannot discover that he set up any great land claims. He looked upon the wide, open, rolling plains as boundless, and a new phase of Griqua occupation came afterwards.

Under the powerful patronage of the London Missionary Society, whose members in those days could do no wrong, the power of annexation displayed by the Griquas was amazing. In the course of a few years, they claimed the sovereignty of any or every tract of country over which they had hunted, or where their cattle had trekked.

This was not the policy adopted in the days of their old chief, Cornelius Kok, as we are informed by a most reliable authority—the Rev. J. Campbell, after whom Campbelltown was named. Cornelius, he said, always evinced a more friendly and conciliatory spirit towards the Bushmen, and on one occasion, when he intended to send cattle to feed in their part of the country, he first asked the Bushman captain what he should give for permission to do so.

Having once heard some person mention 12,000 rix-dollars, without knowing its value, the Captain demanded that sum. Kok told him that rix-dollars would be of no use to him; he would therefore give him a sheep for every 2,000 rix-dollars, and the Captain was highly pleased with the six sheep instead of the vast sum he had demanded!

After the departure of Cornelius Kok, the Griquas who remained did not display the same spirit of conciliation towards the Bushmen, who said in defence of their conduct that the country was originally theirs, that the Griquas had seized the fountains of water, and shot almost all the game, and that they had been forced to steal or to starve. The Griquas, on the other hand, urged, in their defence, that they depended for subsistence on their cattle, that it is hard to be deprived, in one night by those savages of their principal means of support.

For a time the missionaries took the entire management of the affairs of the Griquas into their own hands. Dr. Philip, in his letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Wade, stated that when the missionaries saw fit to separate civil from religious affairs they advised the people to elect a chief as a civil magistrate. Adam Kok was the person chosen.

Several writers speak of the "Griqua Chiefs" and Adam Kok is called the Paramount Chief. The probable explanation was that Adam Kok II was the *mission* chief, while the others were *headmen,* chiefs of independent out-stations or kraals, not acknowledging the jurisdiction of Griquatown. Adam, however, does not appear to have been as docile a feudatory of the church as was anticipated. Still animated by the old hunter spirit of his father, he found more invigorating exercise in the excitement of the hunt than in attending religious service. From his accession to the chieftainship, until 1816, matters did not work smoothly between the resident missionaries and himself, and he evidently possessed too much influence among his fellow-Griquas to allow the former to break with him.

In 1811, a catechist of mixed origin, named Andries Waterboer, made his appearance and joined the mission at Griquatown. Many Griquas fretted under the tightening restraints imposed upon them by their teachers. The novelty of the new modes of life having worn off, they longed once more for the wild freedom they enjoyed under their old chief, and gradually became more and more averse to peace-time pursuits and the settled life. The sympathies of Adam, their present chief, encouraged them, while he is charged with winking at the marauding expeditions engaged in by his people, and even with joining in them himself. However, some of the charges then brought against him were capable of contradiction.

Two distinct periods occur in the growth of the Griqua "nation", one commencing in 1813 and the other in 1820.

Mr. Campbell, who visited the country in the earlier period, and whose unimpeachable impartiality placed him above all local or tribal prejudices, gives us what we may accept as a true account of the state of affairs. He traversed two different lines during his progress to, and his return from, the interior. The route taken was through Graaff-Reinet, across Bushman country to Read's Drift, on the Orange River, thence to Lithako, chief town of the Batlapin, via Griquatown. He returned to the drift he had previously crossed, after which he went down the valley on the left side of the river until he arrived at Khamiesberg, from which point he went back to Cape Town. In passing through the Bushman country after leaving Graaff-Reinet, although the journey occupied twelve days, only a single family of Bushmen was met, and that on the first day out.

All the farmers along the border had Bushman servants —principally, however, women and children. On this journey they repeatedly came on Bushman huts, but they were uninhabited; on some eminences arose columns of smoke which were used by the Bushmen as signals. They showed that although these people remained invisible, the movements of the caravan were being watched. So cautious, however, were these wily hunters that not one exposed himself.

Some days later a small party of Bushmen was encountered; each carried a jackal's tail on a stick, to wipe the perspiration from his face in hot weather, and to flick away flies. Each also carried a bow and quiver of poisoned arrows.

The month of May brought their harvest, for, the ground being softened by rains, they could easily dig up roots and bulbs, not only for present use but to be held in reserve for future use. In the summer, when the locusts came, they had a busy time; they dried the locusts and pounded them into powder, which served as a substitute for meal.

Lions at that time were very numerous in that part of the country, and it was asserted that these unfortunate people sometimes threw their children to the savage brutes to preserve themselves from their clutches. From this circumstance, together with the slaughter committed amongst them by colonial commandos, developed the desire of these animals for the flesh of the Bushmen which of late years so greatly increased that it was said the lions killed more Bushmen than sheep.

A young Bushman, who accompanied the travellers for a few days, said that all their quarrels arose about their wives. He explained it was good to take others' wives, but if anyone took his wife there would be trouble.

After crossing the river Campbell came to a Bushman kraal, the people of which were employed by one of the Griqua captains, to watch his cattle. For this service they were allowed to use the milk of the cows, and it is stated that Bushmen were generally found to be faithful herdsmen. Their huts were similar to those seen on the south side of the river—low, shaped like a dutch-oven, and covered with mats made of rushes.

Leaving Griquatown for Lithako, between the former place and Ongeluk Fontein, a number of Bushman game-pits were passed. Ongeluk Fontein, or the Fountain of Misfortune, got

THE ORANGE RIVER NEAR DABARAS.

its name from an accident which occurred there whilst a hunting party of Griquas was resting under a camel-thorn tree. Standing by it, the gun of one of them went off whilst he was in the act of sharpening his flint, and it shot his neighbour.

Mr. Campbell informs us that Bushmen marked the beehives found in the crevices of the rocks as farmers marked their sheep. They said that the Korannas, Batlapin, Barolong, and Griquas had cows and sheep which lived upon the grass of the land. They had none, wherefore they had a right to the bees that lived only on the flowers. This right was seldom challenged, as others found it to their interest to let the Bushmen obtain the honey, and then to barter with them for it. Shortly after Campbell arrived at the first Griqua village, which was attached to Klaarwater. This place was later named Campbell. Four different languages were spoken there. The Bushmen were still occupying the broken country below the junction of the Orange and the Vaal rivers.

In his return journey Mr. Campbell and his party traversed the country to the Langeberg, the south-eastern border of the Kalahari.

On August 26 they came upon some Korannas, who had just arrived at that spot; the women were busy erecting the huts. While they possessed many hundred oxen, cows, sheep and goats, they neither ploughed nor sowed but depended entirely on their cattle. They appeared to be a dull, gloomy, indifferent people, who seemed to have nothing to do, but, like their dogs, to lie upon the grass, enjoying the sunshine, until the next meal.

Seven days' travelling from the latter place brought them to a kraal of people under the command of Cornelius Kok, the younger, son of old Cornelius, who was then living at Silverfontein. The majority of the inhabitants called themselves "Orlams"; some had forsaken Griqualand quietly to enjoy a plurality of wives and to live in every other respect without restraint. A number of them spoke the Dutch language. There were 215 Orlams, 180 Korannas, and about 30 Bushmen, making a total of 425.

Such then was the independent clan, which at that time acknowledged the chieftainship of the younger Cornelius Kok.

In after years his authority was called in question by Waterboer and his supporters, who declared that Cornelius had never been head of any people at all, much less of an independent clan, until he, Waterboer himself, in the plenitude of his power, had graciously bestowed the office of provisional field-cornet upon him.

Cornelius, being, like his father, fond of hunting, had just returned with a large party of his people from an expedition against elephants on the other side of the river. They had journeyed five or six days to the northward without finding a single fountain when, like the Batlapin in similar circumstances, they lived without water except what they obtained from the wild melons. These they found scattered everywhere over the ground, and after being roasted on the fire yielded a good supply.

Proceeding onwards the travellers came in contact, a little below the Falls, with a party of Bushmen, who captured all their oxen while grazing, wounding one of the herdsmen with a poisoned arrow. An armed party started in pursuit, intending to get between them and the river, and thus to take them by surprise.

It appears that the herdboys had driven the oxen to the water to drink, a distance of several miles. Near the river they observed four Bushmen at a distance, lurking in the bushes. On leaving the Bushmen followed, and as daylight faded they managed to get closer, to take aim at the tallest of the party in charge of the oxen. Finding himself wounded he ran to one of his companions and asked him to pull out the arrow; this was done, but two pieces remained in the wound which he had the fortitude to pick out with a native awl. Meanwhile another young Hottentot kept off the Bushmen with his musket, which he fired towards the place whence he thought the arrow came. They then left the oxen that they might help the wounded man to the wagons, where he died in great agony.

The Bushmen, alarmed at the few well-directed shots which had been fired at them, fled also in an opposite direction, little dreaming that the oxen had been abandoned. They were found the next day, quietly grazing near the spot where the catastrophe took place, by the armed party sent to search for them. It was afterwards discovered that the Bushmen who

had caused the mischief had followed the travelling party from the Falls, watching for an opportunity to plunder. They were in alliance with Afrikander, giving him a share of whatever booty they captured, and particularly gunpowder and lead.

On the 23rd September the travellers reached Silverfontein. Here Mr. and Mrs. Sass, a missionary and his wife, were staying. All the people were living in huts made of rush mats, the same as the ordinary Hottentot shelters, only those occupied by Cornelius Kok and Mr. Sass were much larger than the others.

This station was only a temporary one for the missionaries, who had resided at Warm Bath on the other side of the river, but had been driven out by the freebooter Afrikander.

Chapter X.

GRIQUALAND.

During Mr. Campbell's visit to Klaarwater, he persuaded the people to adopt the name of Griquas in place of Bastards, and to name their stad Griquatown.

It was during this visit, and at Mr. Campbell's earnest recommendation, that they agreed to adopt certain fixed laws for the protection of life and property, and that magistrates should be chosen to put them into execution.

He commended them for relinquishing a wandering life, and assured them that the longer they remained at Griquatown the more they and their children would be attached to the spot, and be desirous of promoting its prosperity.

Griqualand then consisted of Griquatown and two principal outposts, Campbell and Hardcastle, together with a few minor kraals. The western limit of the new territory was then fixed at the present Langeberg, which Campbell called Vansittart Mountain. There is no mention of any eastern boundary.

At the commencement the Griquas merely took possession of the localities they effectively occupied. Only as they began to feel the strength which their superior weapons gave them did more ambitious ideas dawn upon the minds of the Griquatown authorities, and did they proceed to carry their views into effect.

It was decided that their two captains, Adam Kok and Barend Barends, should continue to act as commanders in affairs involving public safety and to provide against enemy attacks. It was also resolved that wilful murder should in every case be punished by death of the murderer; that stealing a bull, ox, cow, horse, sheep or goat should be punishable by restoring double, or even more if so decided by the court; for allowing cattle to feed near growing corn, or allowing them to trespass thereon, the owner of the cattle was to pay double the loss sustained. No person should be permitted to inflict personal chastisement upon another; instead he must submit

his case to the court. Other laws enacted were to prevent bribery in the administration of justice. All offenders fleeing from punishment in the colony had to be delivered up, and any person endeavouring to obstruct the course of justice was to be punished as the court should deem proper.

It was further resolved that nine magistrates should be chosen to administer the law at Griquatown, and one at each of the two principal outposts; all serious cases were to be remitted to the court at Griquatown; the two captains, Kok and Barends, with the missionaries, Anderson and Jantz, were to form a Court of Appeal; the limits of the country should be marked out in the course of one month and magistrates chosen.

During his stay among the Griquas, Mr. Campbell urged them to build better houses for themselves, calculating that this would wean them from a wandering life. As an ox could carry on its back any of the huts in which most of them then lived, they were often encouraged by this facility in removing to take long and needless journeys with their cattle.

The new laws of Griqualand were read and made known to the inhabitants of Hardcastle, which at that time was occupied by the special partisans of the Captain or Chief, Barend Barends, and they were also made known to the Korannas in the neighbourhood, the names of those who gave their adherence to them being entered on a roll.

Cornelius Kok, the younger, was not present at the promulgation of the Griqualand laws, and in fact was not a party to them. Acknowledged as an independent chief of his own clan at the time, in after years he repudiated the authority which the Griquatown government determined to assert over him and his people, whether they desired it or not.

Besides Hardcastle and the two Koranna kraals, there was another kraal belonging to the same people, in the valley near the foot of Paardeberg, and still another small Griqua village where Nicholas Barends, brother of the captain, then resided.

Thus we learn not only that Cornelius and his clan were still far removed from the new Griqua centre, but that the Barendses, with their following of Bastards, were also living isolated to the westward. It was evident that no cordial fusion had taken place between them and the growing power of the missionary control.

From what has already been advanced we feel justified in drawing the following conclusions:

The Griquas were a mixed race in which the characteristics of Hottentots predominated. The Bastards, speaking the same language and intermarrying with them, had Dutch blood in their veins, and for whatever African blood the Bastards had they were indebted to Hottentot and Bushwomen. The Griquas came from the old Grigriquas, and in part from tribes of the Namaquas and Korannas.

From the earliest days they were divided into two distinct communities, one composed chiefly of the Bastard element, adhering to the fortunes and leadership of the Barendses. The other, not of quite such mixed origin, congregated around the Koks. These latter again were subdivided into what might be termed the missionary party of Griquatown, and that portion which followed old Cornelius Kok in his retirement. Then followed the group led by his younger son, afterwards called the Chief of Campbell. This section of the Griqua people has been styled "the family of the Koks".

Old Cornelius was spoken of by everyone in the highest terms of praise. His house became the halting place for missionaries journeying to and from the interior. Here they received counsel and assistance, and when driven out from more advanced stations by gangs of desperadoes his house was their refuge. But with the missionary authorities at Griquatown the case was different; both he and his family fell into disfavour, for they were stumbling-blocks in the way of the clergy's pet schemes.

Since the Koks possessed too much independence of spirit to be mere tools in the hands of their would-be spiritual rulers, every little failing was immediately seized upon, multiplied and magnified as evidence against them, causing irreconcilable estrangement, and, as a natural consequence, a feeling of deep hostility.

By this time Andries Waterboer had considerably strengthened his position, while the recalcitrant chief, Adam, had lost favour. He was now threatened with deposition; but as such a revolutionary measure would have sounded like a scandal he was induced to go through the farce of an abdication. He felt "fed up" and finally abandoned Griquatown

with a number of his followers. Those left behind were the more settled section, many of them of mixed race, adherents of the mission of Griquatown. The missionaries induced this portion to elect another to the now vacant seat of the dethroned chief. For that purpose a great meeting was held in 1819, and we are informed that the unanimous choice fell an Andries Waterboer.

Subsequent events, however, prove that this was by no means the unanimous choice of all the Griquas, for a considerable number in their hearts were with the deposed Adam, and many "rebelled", as it was termed, against the newly exalted Waterboer. Though subsequently defeated, they were to attack him in his own capital.

These Griquas denied the authority of Waterboer, and sympathised with Adam Kok and Barend Barends. They were termed "rebels" in Griquatown, but emphatically styled themselves the "Patriots". The ruling missionaries were to be independent, but the Chief himself was to obey instructions, and be a mere puppet in their hands. Adam, their first selection, proved restive, but Waterboer's previous missionary training marked him as a man fit to carry out their Utopian idea of laying the foundation of a model kingdom. Waterboer's first exercise of authority was to subdue the still unconquered Bushmen of the territory, and to suppress brigandage.

When Mr. Thompson visited Griquatown, Waterboer was away on commando against the Bushmen, and not long before he and his followers had been engaged in war against the same clan. A Bushman chief named Owl had maintained peace with the Griquas for 20 years, after their first settlement in that part of the country. Now, however, finding that his hunting grounds were daily becoming more curtailed, he determined to take the law into his own hands and make war upon his enemies. He therefore attacked a Koranna kraal in alliance with the Griquas and carried off some cattle. The Korannas appealed to Waterboer, who went out with his men, surprised Owl in his kraal, forced him to make restitution, and fined him a tribute of beads. He, however, soon made another foray upon the Korannas, and not only carried off some of their cattle but also some belonging to the dominating Griquas. This conduct was considered the height of impudence and ingratitude.

Again Waterboer went after the Bushmen, and surrounded the robber in his kraal. Two messengers (tame Bushmen) were sent to call upon him to surrender, for his retreat was covered by men with muskets, and not a soul could possibly escape. Yet old Owl, like so many of his race, turned a deaf ear to the demand, and resolved to fight it out, the envoys themselves being scarcely spared in his wrath.

The unequal conflict commenced, poisoned arrows against powder and shot, but it was not until eight of his clan had fallen and he himself had been mortally wounded that the old chief would permit his sons to surrender. Seventy men, women and children were found in the kraal and were carried prisoners to Griquatown. Here the sons, having expressed contrition and promised to remain peaceable for the future, were allowed to depart with their people.

To win their confidence and friendship Mr. Melville made them a parting present of some goats. This kindness was not misplaced, for he informed the traveller, Thompson, that instead of seeking to avenge the death of their father they ever afterwards remained on friendly terms with the pastoral tribes around them.

There was a lull in the custom of brigandage when the elder Kok ruled. Amid the abundance of game there was always plenty of food for the people; but under his son Adam the old inveterate habit had evidently broken out again. Possibly it had never been entirely suppressed, as we are informed by no less an authority than Dr. Livingstone that the old Griquas had as little scruple about robbing farmers of cattle as the Kaffirs themselves.

However, it was now declared that under the new regime no marauding would be allowed. Dr. Livingstone stated that some of Waterboer's principal men disregarded the injunction and plundered some Koranna villages. Waterboer seized six of the ringleaders, summoned his council, and tried, condemned, and publicly executed them all. This produced an insurrection, and the insurgents twice attacked Griquatown. Evidence was given before the court that those engaged against Waterboer on these occasions were the Griqua "Patriots", together with Jan Blòem the younger, Jan Kockman, Hendrik Hendriks, Kora and all the Korannas, save for Jan Taaibosch and Gert Links.

Waterboer was too strong for those who rebelled against him. He strove to bring under his own rule not only those he punished as marauders, but those who needed his protection, and thus absorbed into his own tribe many wandering hordes of Korannas, Bushmen and Bechuana. He raised the power of the Griquas to the highest pinnacle it ever attained, but it rapidly collapsed as soon as his personal influence ceased to be exerted.

Chapter XI.

M'NTATISI, THE FEMALE NAPOLEON.

As early as 1822 strange reports reached the Griquas about hordes of invading tribes. It was said that they were led by a giantess with one eye in her forehead. At first these stories were looked upon as fables by the missionaries, but it was soon discovered that these supposed fables had a serious foundation. From a reliable source we learn that the Hlubi tribe were locked in battle with the Batlokwa, under their redoubtable chieftainess M'Ntatisi. The daughter of the neighbouring Basia chief, she was originally called Monyalwe, but when she married Mokotsho, chief of the Batlokwa, her name was changed to M'Ntatisi. She was the mother of Sikonyela, and was described as tall, of a light colour, with a decided Arab cast of countenance. Very handsome, she had a cold and fierce, yet dignified, disposition. This woman was as intrepid as 'Chaka, as brave as the bravest man, and is to-day remembered by the Bantu as the exterminator of the Transvaal tribes.

The outcome of the battle between the Hlubi, under their chief Mpangazita, and M'Ntatisi was the defeat of the latter. Her forces were driven back, leaving all their possessions in the hands of the Hlubi. She was bitterly annoyed at her defeat, and vented her rage on every living thing which came in her way. She retreated northward towards the Vaal River, destroying or incorporating all the small tribes on the way. With her went the Basia tribe.

The progress of this horde of savages was irresistible. Thousands were killed in a short space of time and all the kraals in what is now the eastern Free State were completely wiped out. Among those who joined M'Ntatisi were the Bapatsa, under their chief Sebeutuane, and Leghoya under Moletsane.

On the banks of the Vaal she scattered the Bafukeng and, crossing the river, she burst into what are now the Standerton and Heidelberg districts. The whole High Veld, from Potchef-

stroom to Ermelo, was at that time peopled by the peaceful Bakoni. At numerous places, particularly around Heidelberg, we can still find the remains of their ringed, stone-built kraals. On these innocent people the terrible wolf-woman suddenly descended. Destroying everything which their lightly-laden bands could reach, they lived on the plunder. Far in advance the tribes heard of her coming, and in an agony of terror they deserted their villages to flee starving and rending those in their path. Behind them, swift as death, like some deadly cloud, came the terrible M'Ntatisi horde. How many villages they destroyed and how many thousands were killed will never be known. *Within one short year the population of the whole country, south of where Johannesburg stands to-day, and stretching from Standerton on the east to Vryburg on the west, had disappeared. The whole of the southern Transvaal had been desolated.*

On reaching the Bechuana territory they continued their march north-westward, but met their first defeat when they were attacked, while apart, by Makaba, chief of the Bangwaketsi. This reverse forced them southwards, and they immediately scattered the Barolong and next captured Lithako from the Batlapin. Rendered desperate by lack of food M'Ntatisi ordered a march on Kuruman.

When Mothibi, paramount chief of the Batlapin, appealed for advice, in the name of the other chiefs of his tribe, to the missionaries at Kuruman, the latter felt that, as the Bechuana in that quarter were unable to withstand so powerful and destructive an enemy, immediate help from the Griqua chiefs should be asked for.

It was fortunate that at this very juncture Thompson was on a visit to Griquatown. Passing Campbell he had an interview with the Griqua chiefs staying there, brooding over their wrongs in sullen isolation. They complained that Mr. Melville was making a chief of Andries Waterboer, wishing through him to rule them, the real hereditary chiefs. Thompson endeavoured to allay the irritation they expressed, and ultimately persuaded Adam and Cornelius Kok to accompany him to Griquatown, in the hope of bringing about a better understanding. Thus it was that at this important crisis the otherwise rival chiefs assembled in Griquatown, when startling intelligence was made known to them.

On Mr. Moffat's arrival to solicit assistance from the Griquas he informed them that fugitives, who had escaped from places attacked by the invading tribes, described them as an immense army of plunderers led by several chiefs. These were people of various colours, the majority black and almost naked, others of a yellow or Hottentot colour, and some white with long hair and beards. Their weapons were said to be clubs, assegais and a short crooked instrument like a scimitar. They were considered almost irresistible from their number and warlike ferocity, and they were accompanied by their wives and children. These ruthless Mantatees, as they were called, gave no quarter and took no prisoners, but revelled in merciless massacre. Moving in a mass from place to place, killing and slaying, they needed no commissariat, for they lived on loot and took possession of cattle and whatever they desired. Their fierce, savage onslaught broke down all resistance, and those who escaped the deadly assegai and battle axe by fleeing to the open plains fell victims to the lions and other wild beasts that followed in the wake of the invaders.

The all-conquering host had long tasted of the spoils, and had become accustomed to the intoxication of the clash of arms. After the carnage they dipped their spears in the sand to remove the bloodstains, and with a wisp of grass burnished the blade in readiness for another combat, while the joy of savage triumph was reflected in their swarthy features.

At once a meeting of the Griqua chiefs was held, including the disaffected captains. The missionaries Moffat and Thompson were also present, and, after serious deliberation, the Griquas decided to muster their forces with all speed and march towards Kuruman to join the Batlapin in repelling the invaders.

Messengers were instantly dispatched to all their settlements to call out men with arms; Mr. Thompson states he was pleased to see that all parties co-operated cordially and unanimously in these energetic measures, and that the urgency of a great common danger dissipated, at least for a time, their internal broils and jealousies.

The Griqua Chiefs estimated they could muster about 200 men, mounted and armed. With commendable activity, and forgetting their own personal grievances for the moment, they

were at once in the saddle; but with all their promptitude 11 days must elapse before the much-needed succour could reach Kuruman.

At this crisis Mr. Moffat, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, returned to Kuruman with the news of promised help, hoping to encourage the Batlapin until the Griquas could arrive. Warriors donned their war-dress, chiefs adorned themselves with leopard skins and plumes of ostrich feathers; shields and assegais were in requisition, quivers containing poisoned arrows were slung from the shoulders, and they paraded with battle-axes. Orders were sent off to the surrounding villages and to their neighbours, the Batlaro; a great "pitso" or assembly was held, and the warriors took up the positions allotted to them in close rows, holding their shields in front of them, with their assegais, seven or eight of which were stuck behind each shield. War-songs were chanted, and mock fights engaged in, with all the fantastic gestures their wild imagination could invent. The most privileged were those who had killed an enemy in battle.

When Mothibi stood up and commanded silence, he was answered in token of attention by a deep roar from the mass of warriors. Drawing an assegai from behind his shield, he pointed to the north-east, frequently thrusting his weapon in that direction as if plunging it into the heart of an enemy, pronouncing a curse at the same time against the invaders and thus declaring war against them. A whistling sound was the answer of approval from the whole of the warriors. He then pointed towards the south and south-west, with the same action as before, and issued a curse against the ox-eaters (Bushmen) which was answered in a similar manner. Returning the weapon to its place he commenced to address them.

Numerous were the orations made that day by the chiefs, and fortunately fragments of their wild oratory have been preserved by Messrs. Moffat and Thompson, who were present on this occasion.

"Be silent, ye Batlapin!
Be silent, ye Barolong!"

"Even the Makooas (White people) will be silent this day", Mothibi began.

"Ye sons of Molehabangwe! The Mantatees are a strong and conquering people. They have destroyed many nations. They are now on their way to destroy us. The cause is a great one; it involves our very existence. I now wait to hear what is the general opinion."

He then made the same movements with the assegai as at the commencement, after which he waved the point upwards towards the heavens. All cried out "Pula!" (rain), equal to the expression "Blessing!" He then sat down amid repeated shouts and other tokens of applause.

Moshume said: "Today we are called upon to oppose an enemy who is the enemy of everyone. They are as strong as a lion, they kill and devour and spare none. I know you, ye Batlapin. At home, in the face of women you are men, but in the face of an enemy you are women, ever ready to flee when you should stand firm. Prepare your hearts today, be united and hardened for the hour of trial."

There were many more speeches, all the speakers exhorting the warriors to stand firm, while some reproached them with cowardice and with desertion in time of war.

In his reply Mothibi said: "It is best that we proceed against the enemy, that they come no nearer, let not our homes be the scenes of bloodshed and destruction. No! Let the blood of our enemies be shed at a distance from our wives and children.

"You walk over my head while I sleep; but you now see the wise white men respect me. Had they not been our friends we must have fled before the enemy."

Turning to Dleloqua, an aged chief, he continued: "I hear you, my father, I understand you. Your words are true and good for the ear. May evil overtake the disobedient! May they be broken in pieces. Be silent, ye women! Hinder not your husbands." Then, turning to the old men, he added:

"Be silent, ye kidney-eaters, ye who are fit for nothing but to prowl about whenever an ox is killed. If our cattle are carried off, where will you get kidneys?"*

*The Bechuana imagine that none who eat the kidney of an ox will have any offspring. On this account no one except the aged will taste them. Hence the contemptuous term of "kidney-eater", synonymous with dotard.

He next addressed the warriors. "There are many of you", he said, "who do not desire to eat out of a bowl, but only out of a broken pot. Think on what has been said and obey without murmuring. I say again, ye warriors, prepare for battle. Let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes as sharp as hunger.

"Ye women, prevent not the warrior from going out to battle, by your cunning insinuations. No!! Rouse the warrior to glory and he will return with honourable scars; fresh marks of valour will cover his thighs and we shall then renew the war song, and relate the story of our conquest."

At the conclusion of the speech the air was rent with acclamations, the whole assembly occasionally joining in the dance, the women frequently taking the weapons out of the hands of the men and brandishing them in the most violent manner. Notwithstanding this sudden outburst of popular enthusiasm, however, great uneasiness prevailed, and everything was prepared for instant flight if it should be necessary.

That night some men arrived from Lithako with the intelligence that the Mantatees were at the village belonging to the Barolong, and that the chief of a village, 18 miles north-east of Lithako, was preparing for flight. One of the fugitives, escaped from the Mantatees, declared that their intention was to plunder the towns of Lithako and Kuruman, and then to attack Griquatown. The man added that there were yellow people among the Mantatees, armed with strange weapons, and wearing cotton garments, that they were an innumerable multitude, countless as the spikes of grass that wave on the plains of the wilderness.

In this state of suspense George Thompson resolved to ride on horseback to Lithako to obtain, if possible, more definite information as to the movements of the enemy. Robert Moffat volunteered to accompany him, and accordingly they started on June 16. They did not proceed farther than Kuruman, where the inhabitants were actively preparing for war, making quantities of poisoned arrows and other arms, and keeping up the war-dance by moonlight.

Two days passed in great suspense, then news arrived that the Chief Nokunging had abandoned his village, and that the Mantatees were within a short distance of it. In the

evening, whilst they were sitting conversing upon the state of affairs, someone thundered at the door, and on its being opened Sampin, one of Mothibi's captains, rushed in, the very picture of abject terror and dismay, calling out: "The Mantatees! the Mantatees!" At first it was thought they were entering the village, but this was proved wrong; later information stated that they were within 80 miles of the mission station, which at the rate they travelled was not three days' march.

Next morning the cattle were brought near the town, the people buried their most valuable effects, and hid their corn in large clay pots. The missionaries were likewise preparing their wagons to flee at a moment's notice.

Mr. Thompson then set out by himself to discover the movements of the approaching enemy. He left on June 19, attended by a Bechuana guide.

On the 20th the scouting party arrived near Lithako. They found the town entirely deserted; not a human being was to be seen, although a few hours before it had contained from 6,000 to 8,000 people. They had fled in such great haste that in a number of the huts the cooking pots were found with food in them only half cooked. The only sign of life was a large vulture, perched like the genius of desolation upon a tall camel-thorn tree that shaded the hut of some chieftain.

Proceeding a few miles beyond, Mr. Thompson and Arendse, a half-caste who had joined him on the road, were discussing whether they should descend into the valley to let their horses drink, when Arendse excitedly called out: "The Mantatees! The Mantatees! We are surrounded!" The Mantatees were seen covering a very extensive tract of ground, marching on in an immense black mass through the valley below, pushing on towards the river, to which but a few minutes before the scouting party had intended to take their horses to drink. This was the first time that the invading horde had been seen by a white man.

The scouts were determined to get a better view, so they rode off to some rising ground near old Lithako. They had not been there five minutes when they saw the savages rushing like hungry wolves into the few huts that were left. Thompson made his way back to Kuruman, where he arrived about mid-

Photo: Kokstad Studios.

Photo: Kokstad Studios.

TWO TYPICAL GRIQUAS

(*See* overleaf)

TWO TYPICAL GRIQUAS

The illustrations overleaf depict Titus Bergover and Margrita Kok. Titus Bergover celebrated his 105th birthday on March 7th, 1949. He was 10 years old when he crossed the Drakensberg as voorloper to Adam Kok during the Great Trek. He was never married and has attributed his great age to non-smoking, eating plenty of mealie-meal porridge with milk, and eating very little meat. His nephew, William (Dick) Bergover, married in 1910, Margrita (Maggie) Kok, the daughter of the late Gert Kok, in the Griqua Church, Kokstad.

night, after a long moonlight ride. The Griquas had not arrived, and the missionaries, seeing no other hope, commenced making preparations for immediate flight.

At daybreak the whole town was astir. By eight o'clock hundreds of pack-oxen were moving off to the westward, loaded with the effects of the inhabitants. Meanwhile the lowing of cattle, the wailing of women and children, the feeble and tottering gait of the old and infirm and the sullen despondency of the warriors formed altogether a scene of distress.

The report of a musket was heard an hour later from the entrance to the town. Two Griqua horsemen, in advance of the rest, had arrived to announce the near approach of their comrades, whom they had left 40 miles behind resting to refresh their horses. The intention of the main body was not to continue their march until the next day. In the town the warriors were watchful, but it was known that if the enemy came before the Griquas they must flee without resistance and join the women in the mountain.

In feverish excitement the night was passed till the dawn of day, when the missionaries, despairing of the Griquas, ordered the oxen to be inspanned to the wagons. They meant to retreat with their families, without further delay. The Bechuana also prepared for instant flight. At this moment a cloud of dust was seen to the southward; it rapidly approached, when, to the unspeakable joy of all, the Griquas emerged from it and entered the town at full gallop.

Though neither disciplined nor accoutred like regular troops, and dressed in a garb both motley and ragged, yet with their glittering muskets and bold bearing they presented a very striking appearance.

The air was rent with acclamation; never before had such horses, such muskets, such military array been seen in the land of the Batlapin. They came as defenders in the hour of need, and they were hailed by the paralysed natives as champions and heroes.

The Griquas were under the command of the chiefs, Adam and Cornelius Kok, Barend Barends, and Andries Waterboer. Though not exceeding 80 in number, they appeared a very formidable force, contrasted with the ill-armed and unwarlike Bechuana. All was now animation and activity. Both

missionaries were busy repairing muskets, some of those of the allies being out of order; many of the Griquas were casting bullets, and the Batlapin warriors were burnishing their assegais and whetting their battle-axes.

A pitso was held, during which a woman of heroic mien, contrary to the custom of the country, rushed into the midst and addressed the meeting with great energy: "Ye Griquas! Should any of my countrymen turn their backs in the day of battle, shoot them, destroy them without mercy; such cowards deserve not to live!"

Intelligence was brought that the Mantatees were still at Lithako, regaling themselves on the provisions which the inhabitants had abandoned in their hurried flight. Relieved from immediate anxiety by receipt of this news, the warriors of both nations devoted themselves to feasting and merriment. More cattle were slaughtered and the roasting and riot went on around the fires without intermission, as if they expected to eat no more for a month to come.

The Griqua chiefs decided to halt for two or three days before making a forward move, for the double purpose of refreshing their horses and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, now on their way, and consisting of 20 horsemen and about 50 men with wagons and pack-oxen. Altogether they formed the greatest warlike expedition the Griquas had ever been engaged in since they were a community. Upon Mr. Melville's arrival with the reinforcements it was settled that Waterboer should act as chief captain.

Mothibi and his chiefs were invited to join the commando with their warriors, but with an intimation that, in the event of battle being inevitable, his warriors must strictly refrain from the slaughter of women and children (as was their barbarous practice), and that all enemy who laid down their arms should receive quarter as prisoners of war.

On Tuesday, June 24, the combined forces moved forward. Mothibi joined the commando with 500 men and many more were ordered to join from villages to the westward under his control. A party of Griquas, under Waterboer, and accompanied by Mr. Moffat, went ahead to reconnoitre the enemy. They started at daybreak, and about ten o'clock came in sight of the Mantatees, who were encamped on a declivity, a short

distance south of Lithako, while a second and more numerous division occupied the town itself.

The Mantatees, as seen and described by Mr. Moffat, were a tall, robust people, in features resembling the Bechuanas; their dress consisted of prepared ox-hides hanging double over their shoulders. During the engagement which followed the men were nearly naked, having on their heads a round cockade of black ostrich feathers. Their ornaments were large copper rings, sometimes eight in number, worn round their necks, with many arm-, leg- and earrings of the same metal. Their weapons were battle-axes of various shapes, assegais and clubs; into many of their knobsticks were inserted pieces of iron resembling a sickle, but more curved, and sharp on the outer edge.

The advance guard of the Griquas retired behind a hill, about a mile from the Mantatees, where they off-saddled. At break of day, after passing an almost sleepless night on the plain, the Griqua commando was in motion and advancing, and joined Waterboer and his men a little after sunrise. It was about eight o'clock when the Griquas galloped up towards the enemy, hoping that the imposing appearance of about 100 horsemen would intimidate the invaders and bring them to parley. This, however, they did not do, and although they were encamped on an open plain they continued sitting, without appearing in the least alarmed at the approach of the Griqua cavalry. A few only were packing their oxen, and a large herd of cattle was enclosed in their centre surrounded by men, women and children. The whole of this division was estimated at not less than 15,000. The most advanced of the Griquas drew up in front of them, at a distance of about 150 yards. Suddenly, before half the Griquas had come up, the Mantatees raised with hoarse stentorian voices their frightful savage yell or war-whoop, and threw out two wings, as if with the intention of surrounding the advancing party; hundreds of their warriors then rushed forward, hurling their clubs and assegais. So very sudden and impetuous was their assault that the Griqua chiefs and their men had scarcely time to turn their horses' heads and gallop out of reach of their missiles.

The Griquas, having only 15 rounds of ammunition each, and finding what a fierce and audacious enemy they had to deal with, reserved their fire, in order to shoot deliberately.

As soon therefore as they were out of reach of the enemy, the Griquas faced about, Waterboer and some others dismounting. Waterboer levelled the first of their warriors, and immediately afterwards some of the others, following his example, fired upon the foremost of the enemy and brought them to the ground. Somewhat daunted by this, the wings retreated upon the main body, crouching behind their shields whenever a shot was fired.

Moffat states that it was confidently expected that they would be cowed when they saw their warriors fall by an invisible weapon, and it was hoped that they would be humbled and alarmed, and thus further bloodshed be prevented; but, though they beheld with astonishment the dead and stricken warriors writhing in the dust, the majority looked with lion-like fierceness at the horsemen and yelled defiance, wrenching the weapons from the hands of their dying companions, to replace those they had hurled at their antagonists. Meanwhile the Batlapin warriors came running down from the heights to join the combat, but little advantage was gained from their aid, for only a small number had the courage to venture near enough to reach the enemy with their arrows, and all of them fled with the utmost precipitation, whenever a score or two of the more warlike Mantatees rushed forth against them.

Again the Griquas approached when the enemy burst out a second time, more numerous and fierce than before. The Griquas dismounted and, to take better aim, rested their muskets on the ramrods. The firing, though without order, was very destructive, as each took steady aim, and many of the chief men, although they showed undaunted spirit, fell victims to their own temerity.

The Griqua mode of fighting was not without danger, for the onset of the enemy was so fierce and sudden, and they ran so swiftly, endeavouring each time to surround the small party, that very little time was allowed to regain the saddle and gallop out of reach. In this manner, alternately advancing and retreating, and pausing occasionally to give them an opportunity of coming to terms, the conflict continued for about two and a half hours. During the whole of this time the enemy evinced a very bold and resolute spirit, frequently rushing out upon the horsemen with a furious and desperate courage,

and, in doing so, treading over the bodies of their fallen comrades. But, when they found that all their efforts to surround or overtake the Griquas were in vain, and that their bravest warriors were falling thick on the field, mown down by invisible weapons against which their ox-hide shields formed no protection, their audacity began to abate, though they still showed no intention of retreating.

The Griquas had endeavoured to draw the Mantatee fighting men out to the open ground of the plain, and then, by galloping between them and the main body, to cut them off—and so decide the conflict; but the enemy speedily became aware of this design, and kept closer to the circle of women and children, which surrounded the cattle. The Griquas then approached more closely, a number dismounted and took up a position on rising ground, from which they could distinguish and select the warriors, now driven in on the main body. Every shot was deadly, and the greatest dismay spread among the Mantatees. At length, increasing confusion was caused by all the cattle bursting out through the crowd, which encircled them, and they fell into the hands of the Griquas.

The whole multitude then began to move off in a westerly direction, quickening their pace as they retreated. When they descended towards a ravine, the horsemen attempted to intercept them, as if determined not to let them return the way they came. They crossed the ravine, but were again intercepted. After that they fled about half a mile in the direction of Lithako, where the other division of their forces lay encamped. The Griquas turned their flank, with a view to driving them eastward and preventing them from making a junction. Thus, driven in an opposite direction, they ascended rising ground, when; suddenly wheeling about, they rushed down upon their pursuers with great fury. Being close upon them, it was with the utmost difficulty that the Griquas were able to extricate themselves.

Great confusion, says Moffat, prevailed, the ground being very stony, which rendered it difficult to manage the horses. At this moment an awful scene was presented to view. The undulating country around was covered with fighting men, all in motion, so that it was difficult to say who were enemies and who were friends, for some of the Batlapin had rallied

and were once more bestirring themselves. Clouds of dust rose from the immense masses, fleeing in terror, or pursued in fear. To the alarm and confusion was added the bellowing of oxen, the shouts of the yet unvanquished warriors, mingled with the groans of the dying, the cries of infant voices, and the piercing wail of women.

After this charge the Mantatees maintained their course, and in spite of the deadly fire of their pursuers, who still endeavoured to turn them, they effected a junction with their second division. Just as they entered the town, reinforced by several thousand fresh warriors, they once more sallied out to battle; and not until they found fruitless their utmost efforts to close with their assailants, and not before their two principal chiefs and bravest leaders had fallen, were they with great slaughter driven back. The whole united horde now began to move slowly out of the town, setting it on fire as they departed. Flames and smoke bursting from the thatched houses, and the clouds of dust raised by such a multitude, rolling over the swarthy host which was closely followed by the Griqua horsemen, gave a wild and striking effect to the scene.

As soon as the Mantatees were clear of the houses and huts, they again attempted to surround the Griquas, half blinded by the smoke and dust. A band of warriors crept round among the bushes unperceived, and were coming in behind when they were discovered. The party of the Griquas, sent to encounter them, was driven back to the main body. They continued to retreat to the north-east, with more order than was expected; the armed men remained in the rear, and on each wing, and occasionally turned on the Griquas, who followed them for about eight miles beyond Lithako. About half-past three the pursuit was given up and, as soon as the Griquas had left them, they all threw themselves on the ground to rest.

Meanwhile the Batlapin, who were hanging upon the neighbouring heights, watching the issue of the conflict, as soon as they perceived that the Mantatees had taken flight, came down upon the field of battle like ferocious animals to plunder the dead and dying, and to glut their vengeance by killing the wounded and the helpless women and children,

dispatching them with their clubs and battle-axes. The Batlapin were seen in all directions busy at this murderous work, and only by striking them and threatening to shoot them were they compelled to desist.

The bold and unconquerable spirit of the Mantatee warriors, continues the same eyewitness, formed a striking contrast to the pusillanimity of the Batlapin. Many who had been wounded by the first fire of the Griquas were left scattered over the field. These had been fallen upon by the Batlapin and slaughtered without mercy; some were found still defending themselves with a desperate courage, worthy of a better fate.

Mr. Melville states that he saw one man with ten assegais and as many arrows sticking in his body, who kept about 40 of his enemies at a distance; another, severely wounded, fought desperately with one knee on the ground, keeping at bay a band of assailants and plucking an assegai out of his body to throw at them. They seemed to have no idea of yielding or of asking for quarter, probably because in their wars they were not accustomed to give or receive mercy.

"It is not in my power", adds Mr. Melville, "to convey an adequate idea of my feelings as I passed over the field after the battle had ended. Dead bodies scattered about, women wounded and left to languish in agony, and little children crying for their mothers. These were objects enough to melt the heart of any man; but alas! man in a savage state is unfeeling, inhuman almost as a beast of prey."

Mr. Moffat, who was present at the battle of Lithako, thus describes the part he took in it:—

"Seeing the savage ferocity of the Batlapin in killing the women and children for the sake of a few paltry rings and bangles, or being able to boast that they had killed some of the Mantatees, I turned my attention to these objects of pity, who were fleeing in all directions. By galloping in amongst them, many of the Batlapin were deterred from their barbarous purpose. It was distressing to see mothers and infants rolling in blood, and the living babe in the arms of its dead mother. Shortly after they began to retreat, the women, seeking that mercy might be shown to them, instead of fleeing, generally sat down, and, baring their bosoms, exclaimed: 'I am a woman!' 'I am a woman!' There were several instances

of wounded men being surrounded by 50 Batlapin, but it was not until life was almost extinct that a single one would allow himself to be conquered." Moffat several times narrowly escaped himself from the spears and war-axes of the wounded, while busy receiving the women and children. The men, struggling with death, would raise themselves from the ground and hurl their assegais at any one of their conquerors within reach, instead of laying down their arms and suing for quarter. Some actually fought on their knees, their legs being broken. In this deadly conflict not one of the Griqua side was killed, and only one slightly wounded. The slain of the enemy numbered between 400 and 500.

At the close of the battle Moffat and Melville collected many women and children, but it was most difficult to get them to a place of safety.

After the repulse of the Mantatees, brought about "by the thunder and lightning of the Griquas", as they termed the musketry, and the breaking up of the combined horde, which had threatened Kuruman, a state of confusion and unrest spread rapidly through the country. Wars and rumours of wars were heard of everywhere. The great Matabele storm-cloud had risen, and thus the shadow of this enemy, still more terrible than the Mantatees, already darkened the borders of the beautiful and fertile country of the Bakwena; the powerful tribe of the Bangwakitse had been repulsed and their old warrior chief Makaba slain. Broken bands of the Mantatees were harrying the country to the south-east, and pressing on the rear of the retiring Basuto. "Such commotions", writes Moffat, "were unknown within the memory of the oldest native. Indeed, the whole country was like an ocean in a storm, its inhabitants like the waves, alternately rolling forward and receding, carrying with them devastation and misery."

From 1823 to about the end of 1828, the Korannas once more commenced their northern depredations and during that period frequently harassed both the Batlapin and the Barolong, committing many atrocities on several occasions, not only burning down the villages and kraals but also butchering women and children. One of their last marauding expeditions into the Batlapin country took place in 1828, and ended disastrously for them.

"It appears", says Moffat, "that the party reached the Molopo, and had taken a drove of Barolong cattle when they wandered from their course, and came in contact with a powerful chief of the Batlapin. One of these, a man of influence, was shot; the news was instantly carried to headquarters, and a plan was laid by which the Korannas fell into an ambuscade when only nine narrowly escaped with their lives, leaving behind them all they had in their possession.

This was among the last efforts, in a northerly direction, of these ruthless desperadoes, who for five years had scattered throughout the Bechuana tribes devastation, famine and death; and had made repeated, but unsuccessful, raids on the Matabele, the people of Moselikatze. Bushmen, pestilence and beasts of prey finally deprived them of their thousands of cattle; disease and famine thinned their camps till at length, in places which had echoed with the shouts of savage triumph over slaughtered tribes and the noise of rude revelry and debauch, nothing was heard but the howl of the hyena as an appropriate funeral dirge over the remains of a people, the victims of insubordination, ferocity and lust.

Chapter XII.

WATERBOER, CHIEF OF GRIQUATOWN.

Shortly after he returned from the battle of Lithako, which ended in a victory for ever memorable in the annals of Griqualand, Adam Kok, finding that no redress was to be obtained from the rulers of Griquatown, and evidently disgusted with his position, abandoned Campbell to his brother and commenced to lead a precarious wandering life, without habitation and without aim. He crossed the Vaal River, and in 1825 Dr. Philip found him wandering about in the valley of the Modder River, after which he settled at Philippolis.

The remissness and neglect of the old chiefs, Adam Kok and Barend Barends, caused the Griqua community to fall into a disorderly condition. A few deserters from the body, named Hendricks, Goegman and others, established a separate township near the Hartz River. They subsequently removed to the hills, were joined by others and Korannas, and were termed Bergenaars or Mountaineers. Being provided with fire-arms and horses, well acquainted with the country, excellent sharpshooters, inured to hardship and despising danger, they soon became a terror to the Bechuanas and other tribes, whose territory they occasionally entered for loot.

Mr. Wright, who succeeded Mr. Melville as British Agent at Griquatown, persuaded Waterboer and his son, a lad of 14 years of age, to visit the Governor of Cape Town, where they were well received, and a treaty was signed by Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Waterboer, under which the latter engaged to be the faithful friend and ally of the Colony. He was to do many other things, and in all good faith co-operate cordially with the Cape authorities in preserving peace and extending civilisation among the native tribes. The Governor, on his part, engaged to pay the chief the sum of £100 per annum to defray any expenses which the execution of the aforesaid engagements might incur; to supply him with 200 muskets and a proportionate quantity of ammunition, and more of the latter as

occasion might require. Fifty pounds were likewise to be placed annually in the hands of the missionary stationed at Griquatown in aid of the local school.

Mr. Wright was appointed to reside at Griquatown. The chief agreed to receive and protect him, and he was to communicate confidentially upon all matters mutually concerning his territory and the Colony. Andreas Waterboer remained a most useful and friendly neighbour to the Cape Colony, as is equally manifest from the correspondence and unanimous testimony of missionaries and Government officers. In token of this he was presented, in 1825 by Lord Charles Somerset, in the name of the British Government, with a massive silver medal bearing an inscription as a "memento of friendship", and each of his councillors received a smaller one with his name engraved thereon.

In 1824, Waterboer, in punishing the Barolong Chief, Sibunel, father of Moroko, for the destruction of the Maquassie Mission Station, extended his conquests to the north-east, adding the Platberg Mission Station and its lands to his dominions; thence he proceeded by way of Van Wyk's Vlei (now Boshof) to attack the Bergenaars for their oppression of the Bushmen and of the Batlapins on the Vaal and Hartz Rivers. He beat them in an engagement at Sleutels Poort on the Kromellenboog Spruit above Fauresmith.

About the end of 1829 or the beginning of 1830, Waterboer sent a force to repress a rising of some Korannas, subjects of the East Griqualand (Philippolis) Government, who had been committing depredations and rebelling against the Government of Adam Kok. On the way home from this expedition a few of Waterboer's men were waylaid near Praamberg by some of the marauders, whom they had previously dispersed. In a skirmish which ensued, David Isaac, one of their number, received a wound of which he shortly afterwards died; he was buried at a spot on the left (or south) bank of the Riet River, near where Jacobsdal now stands. His grave, referred to later as David's Graf, subsequently became a spot of some importance, being fixed upon as a mark to define boundaries.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIPPOLIS.

In order that the terms upon which this settlement was made may be clearly understood, it will be necessary to learn something of Philippolis.

In earlier times missions among the Bushmen had been established at Tooverberg and Hephzibah, on the southern bank of the upper Orange River. They were afterwards taken possession of by Boers from the Colony. The excuse for this arbitrary proceeding on the part of the Colonial Government was the alleged danger of allowing Bushmen to congregate in any considerable number upon the immediate border, and thus these unhappy people were unceremoniously driven from the last vestige of the enormous territory which had once belonged to their fathers, to the south of the great river. Without a place of asylum to fly to, their lives were left to the caprice and vindictiveness of the people for whose sole benefit they had been so unrighteously dispossessed.

Naturally indignant at such unworthy treatment, we can imagine many of the stronger and more manly Bushmen returning to the wild life among the rocks and caves, while a considerable number of the very old and very young were at once turned, by this despotic mandate, homeless into the wilds and reduced to the greatest distress.

Seeing this sad state of affairs, the missionaries, at the earnest recommendation of the Rev. A. Faure, the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Graaff-Reinet, exerted themselves worthily to obtain another home for them to the north of the river.

It was then that a site was selected and was named Philippolis in honour of the Rev. Dr. Philip. Its establishment was sanctioned by the Government, out of compassion,

we are told, for these people, and as some compensation to the missionaries for the deprivation of their former stations. The Bushmen were the original possessors of the district, and it was with their approbation that the mission was commenced in it.

Adam Kok II had led a wandering life since he was ejected from Griquatown, and he now pressed for leave to settle with his people at the mission station at Philippolis. Dr. Philip consented to this on certain conditions: that he be allowed to occupy the country as long as he protected the mission and was a safe neighbour to the Colony. To this a rider was added, that he should also protect the Bushmen.

After Adam settled at Philippolis a considerable number of people joined him, and the scattered remnants of his adherents flocked once more to their old chief.

Instead, however, of protecting the Bushmen, they were systematically exterminated, and as the number of the original inhabitants diminished so the Griqua subjects of Adam Kok increased, until the latter became installed as Chief of Philippolis, and was also appointed chief of the scattered Bergenaars. These people were a motley crowd, composed of the most turbulent of the Koranna clans and of the Griquas who refused to acknowledge Waterboer as chief. Their ranks were also recruited by Bastards from every part of the colony.

At the height of their power these people spread dismay through all the tribes within their reach. One Basuto chief who was despoiled by them gave the following account of the ruin of his tribe. He said his village was suddenly attacked by a large party of men on horseback. Being a people they had never seen before, and not knowing the destructive nature of their weapons, the Basuto attempted to defend themselves, but seeing a great number of their people falling down dead, and the enemy, in spite of all they could do, driving away their cattle, they at last gave way and ran off in all directions, leaving nearly all their cattle in the hands of the robbers.

Some time after this, while removing to another part of the country where they hoped to be more secure, the same kind of people were discovered coming towards them. In despair at the prospect before them, the chief told his people to sit down, saying: "We shall all now be killed!" The enemy then

approached within about 50 yards and asked them whether they would fight. The Basuto replied: "No! Come and take us." They were then told to put away their weapons, which they did, when the enemy, dismounting, came in among them and selected such of the boys as were strong enough to go with them and carried them away.

Such, then, were the men by whom the hands of the chief of Philippolis were strengthened, and the enormities which they committed upon the Bushmen cannot be a matter of surprise, having in mind their previous record.

But however bad many of Adam Kok's new subjects may have been, the constant recruits that flocked to his standard from different quarters so far established his position that a convention was entered into between the Griqua chiefs and himself. The latter was at last obliged to acknowledge the reality of the claim set up by the rival Griquas, while Adam's authority was still further strengthened by the treaty entered into between himself and the Governor of the Cape Colony.

When his death took place at the end of 1837, or the beginning of 1838, his eldest son, Abraham, assumed the chieftainship. But the bulk of the old Griqua party objected to this self-assumption and elected his brother, Adam III, the second son of the old chief, to rule them.

Civil dissensions and quarrels broke out between the rival brothers and their several partisans, which ended in Abraham being ousted, when his younger brother Adam became thoroughly established in the office of chieftain. This is the Adam Kok III who later migrated, not only with his own Griquas but also with a considerable number of those belonging to Waterboer, to a new land of promise, then called "no-man's-land".

Because of the very varied material of which they were composed, the Griquas were not a united people. From the very beginning they broke into several sections who were not only jealous but almost hostile to one another. The original adherents and hunting companions of the ex-burgher Kok, his family and connections and their descendants formed one portion. These people were of much purer Hottentot blood than

most of the others, having very much the same habits and customs as the other Hottentot tribes.*

Another section was composed of the more recent additions from the old Colony, the newcomers bearing names which left very little doubt about their origin; and in addition to them their ranks were swelled by emancipated slaves. A third section might be termed the foreign element, composed of Bechuanas and others taken under protection. The Bechuanas appear never to have had their independence called into question, and would certainly side with the winning party.

For many years efforts had been made by the missionary party to deprive Cornelius Kok of his authority, but he managed to hold his own as an independent chief, and before his death transferred his rights, unimpaired, to his nephew Adam Kok III, then residing at Philippolis.

The attempt to found settlements met with very little response. There was a scarcity of building material and their houses consisted of four low sod walls, with a couple of square holes to admit light, and a door of wickerwork under a roof of thatch, laid on a few sticks in a slovenly fashion and tied down with strips of raw hide. While rough in appearance, it afforded shelter from the rain and cold winds, and shade from the sun, which at times was scorchingly hot. Yet these dwellings, intended for their comfort, were responsible for the commencement of their downfall.

They had been accustomed to the active life of the hunter; their hands had never been trained to do any kind of manual labour, and, having acquired a few head of cattle, they settled down to a life of ease, doing nothing but sleep, gossip, and eat until the cows came home, when the order was reversed to eat, gossip, and sleep.

As time went on their ranks were reinforced by others of a nondescript breed, until the clan or tribe became a heterogeneous mob, at times factious and turbulent. There were among them outcasts from the Cape, fugitives from justice, and creatures unrestrained by conscience or by law, obeying the dictates of their own desires.

* Among the Korannas, although all joined for general defence, each kraal or camp had its own special head or captain, while each kraal considered itself perfectly independent of the others; the bond of union was the appearance of a common enemy which brought them together.

The importation of slaves into the Cape Colony was prohibited in 1807; from time to time laws were passed ameliorating their condition, and while their emancipation had been frequently spoken of, it was not until 1834 that an Imperial Act, abolishing slavery, gave freedom to 39,000 slaves in the Cape Colony. Some who had been well treated declined to leave the service of their masters, but many in their new-found freedom crossed the border of the colony and attached themselves to the Griquas and other roving bands.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DISASTER TO THE GRIQUA ARMS.

The early career of Barend Barends has already been dealt with, also the feuds which sprang up between him and the notorious Afrikaner. When Adam Kok II left Griquatown, Barend Barends was living at a place called Daniel's Kuil, and was, as we have seen, an acknowledged chief of the Griqua people. In 1820 he was spoken of by Mr. Campbell as "another captain, though a man of better principles and morals than the others". He became an ordained native teacher, as was the elder Waterboer. Jealousies however arose between them, and he was considered a stumbling-block in the way of the Griquatown party. In 1823 Barends accompanied the other Griqua chiefs with his retainers on their expedition to the rescue of the Batlapin and aided in the victory gained against the Mantatees at Lithako. In the following year he and his followers had the glory of a second victory, single-handed, over a portion of the Mantatees. Mr. Moffat accompanied a party of mounted Griquas, under Barend Barends, on a hunting and trading expedition. They came suddenly upon the advanced body of these invaders when in the Barolong territory. Moffat and his party narrowly escaped with their lives, the Mantatee having succeeded in surrounding them. The small party of Griquas, being mounted and armed, managed not only to free itself but to protect a large tribe of Barolong who must otherwise have been annihilated.

This victory gave an impetus to the ideas of Barend, which ultimately culminated in one of the greatest disasters that ever befell the Griqua arms.

The entrance of the Wesleyan missionaries into this part of the country took place in 1822. Their first attempt to establish a mission station in the Bechuana country failed in consequence of the severe illness of one of the missionaries, but soon afterwards Mr. Archbell settled at Boetsap. This was the time when Messrs. Hodgson and Broadbent commenced

a mission at the large native town of Maquassie, with the Barolong tribe. The people there were soon afterwards driven away and scattered by powerful and warlike tribes, but they rallied again and finally settled at Thaba 'Nchu, the Black Mountain, or the Mountain of Gloom.

During the stay of the missionaries at Boetsap, the chief, Barend Barends, continued his hunting expeditions into the interior, principally for the purpose of procuring ivory. Moselekatze in the meanwhile fixed his great place in the desolated country of the Bakuena (now the Western Transvaal). Barends on one of these occasions visited the den of this terrible "Lion of the North" at the time that Mr. Moffat had his first interview with the great despot of the Amazulu or Matabele. What he then saw, in traversing the war-stricken land, the ravaged cornfields, the blackened ruins of many towns and villages, and the signs of indiscriminate slaughter of the wretched inhabitants, made such an impression upon his mind, and so worked upon his imagination, that he at length laboured under the strong delusion that he was destined to sweep Moselekatze and his gang of blood-guilty warriors from the fine pastures and valleys of the Bakone country, an idea to which the comparatively easy victory he had gained over a portion of the Mantatee hordes, in their attack on the Barolong, in all probability gave rise, and which possibly made him imagine that, could he inflict a similar crushing defeat upon the Matabele warriors, he would be able to emancipate the remnant of the subjugated tribes from the state of miserable thraldom. Filled with this holy furore, he determined in 1831 to enter upon a crusade against them, and thus set himself up as the champion of the weak against the strong, of the oppressed against the oppressors. Though his aspirations were praiseworthy, the natural instincts of his cattle-lifting co-patriots frustrated the great object of his ambition and covered his project with confusion and disaster.

A heterogeneous commando of Griquas, from every party except that of Waterboer, also of Korannas and other tribes, was collected, with sentiments as varied as the clothing they wore, but unanimous in their enmity to the Matabele king. Thus reinforced, Barends sallied forth on what he considered a noble and daring enterprise.

A long cavalcade of wagons and horsemen moved up the course of the Vaal River, towards the domain of the haughty tyrant, while the commando, as it proceeded, received fresh accessions from the Barolong, and from others who expected to come in for a share of the spoil.

Having arrived at the point on the river nearest to their destined goal, the expedition halted. Spies were sent out and returned with the most glowing descriptions; the hills were covered with such immense herds of cattle that they were too numerous to be kraaled. The Matabele warriors were all far away attacking distant tribes to the north; none but old men and boys were left behind, and there were no cattle guards.

The chance was too dazzling to be allowed to let slip. A thousand mounted Griquas, Bastards and Korannas dashed across the Vaal River, armed with guns and well provided with ammunition. A rapid yet stealthy march was made, principally by night, until they arrived within a short distance of their objective. Halting their force in a part of the country favourable for concealment, their scouts were again sent forward to reconnoitre their unsuspecting foe.

When the advance was finally made Barends himself, from the shattered state of his health, was detained at the main camp on the Vaal, and therefore compelled to remain with the wagons in the rear. The scouting party quickly discovered the various positions of the Matabele, and again the confident horsemen advanced as much under cover as possible; and then with the swoop of an eagle, almost before an alarm could be given, they were in the midst of the vast herds of Moselekatze.

Taken by surprise, the Matabele chief made ready to take refuge. The men who defended his outposts either fell or fled in consternation, till the mass of cattle became too numerous to be guarded, even by such a force, while the sight of fat oxen and the lowing kine captivated the souls of the invaders.

The Griqua retreat was as rapid as the encumbrance of their spoil would allow. The first and second day passed, and they were still hurrying towards the Vaal River. By the end of the third day they were many miles from the scene of the capture, and they believed themselves beyond all danger of pursuit.

That night there was slaughtering and feasting in the camp and general rejoicing; the jubilant Griquas ate to their full. Some female prisoners warned them of their danger, but, elated with their success, they encamped in straggling detachments. "Shall a Kaffir dare to fight with a Griqua?" was the watchword. Soon after midnight, without a picket or sentry on the watch, all secure, they rolled themselves in their karosses around their camp-fires, and fell asleep. But, before the dawn broke, just as the waning moon emerged from behind a cloud, a chosen band of veteran Matabele rushed upon the slumbering camp, scattering confusion, terror and death. An exultant yell first broke the stillness of the early dawn and their savage enemy was upon them. Hundreds were transfixed with the broad blades of the grim warriors ere they could throw off their cloaks; many never rose from the ground at all; those who did died heaped on one another. The blood of the dead and dying, running like streams, was trodden into mud. Horses and men were butchered together. Such was the panic that even among those who could seize their weapons many fell by the guns of their own comrades.

Three alone, who formed a kind of outer horse-guard, managed to ensconce themselves in a thick bush, whence they kept up an incessant fire, while their ammunition lasted. Then, jumping on the first horse they could catch, they rode for their lives and were soon far from their pursuers.

As the sun rose upon a field red with blood the accompanying stillness was the stillness of death, while 1,000 corpses lay stark and gory, piled over the ground in hideous heaps. The cattle again fell into the hands of the remorseless victors, and none of the expeditionary force ever returned to boast of the herds of cattle captured from the Matabele.

Moselekatze visited the scene of carnage, and as he viewed the carcases of his foes, his exultation knew no bounds.

In a few days those infirm in years, who as we have seen remained behind with the wagons, several days' journey from the slaughter, heard of the tale of horror, and, convinced that Barends was not the man to give redemption to the Bakone, they returned to his station to be greeted by the widows' wail.

A conical mountain, seen from a considerable distance in every direction, points to the spot where this terrible slaughter took place. Captain Harris, who visited it five years after-

wards, described it at the time as "a perfect Golgotha, thickly strewn with whitened bones of men and horses, broken guns, and tattered clothing".

The immediate effect of this disaster was to spread a panic among the inhabitants of Boetsap, the Kolong Valley, Great Platberg, and the surrounding country; and, dreading the vengeance of the implacable tyrant of the Matabele, tribe after tribe, Barolong, Bastard and Koranna, gradually migrated to the more mountainous districts to the eastward. Barends himself with a number of his followers retired from Boetsap to Namaqualand, where he wandered from place to place for a couple of years.

In 1833 the Bastards, who had joined the station at Great Platberg, left that place with the missionaries and moved towards Basutoland. A body of Korannas, who had been for some time under the care of the missionaries, accompanied them, and a year later Barends himself rejoined them. The Griqua-Bastards under Barends settled near New Platberg, at a place called Groenkloof, close to Mr. Dumas's mission station. station.

Moshesh, the Basuto chief, who was gradually welding the nation together, and who asserted some rights over the lands taken possession of, was glad to receive the Griquas and Korannas, who possessed firearms and knew how to use them. He was well pleased at the prospect of having near neighbours in friendly alliance to aid in the general defence from any future attack by the fierce Amazulu race which had so recently overrun the country.

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It has been pointed out that the Griqua power was at its height in 1825/6, at the time when Waterboer had made the Griquatown influence felt as far as Sannah's Poort, now Fauresmith. In 1825, Krieger, chief of a large Koranna kraal, with his people, attacked two Bushmen kraals, killing or driving away the men, and seizing as prisoners the women and children who survived the attack. As their numbers increased, so these Korannas extended the field of their ravages.

Like vultures circling high in the air, who detect carrion from afar, and come flocking from all quarters to their horrid feast, so these inveterate marauders, whom Dr. Casalis not inaptly styled "The Bedouins of South Africa", even launched

into a number of expeditions to remote territories. Thus we are informed by Mr. Montgomery that two of their noted captains, Kareepan and Witte-Voet, started upon what they termed a hunting expedition, and reached the borders of the Matabele country. Wishing to make their trip a paying one, they captured, near one of Moselekatze's outstations, a large herd of cattle belonging to him, and beat a retreat as rapidly as possible. Moselekatze in hot haste sent a large impi in pursuit with orders at all hazards to overtake the marauders and recover the cattle.

The Korannas, expecting the avengers would be on their trail, continued their flight and on the way overtook a party of natives migrating from the north to join Moshesh, who had established himself among the mountains of what is now Basutoland. The cunning and treacherous Korannas, in order to deceive them and their pursuers, who they supposed were close upon their heels, left some of the cattle with these unfortunates and hurried off with the remainder. Overtaking the unsuspecting natives and finding a number of the stolen cattle in their possession, the Matabele butchered some 1,000 or 1,200 of these wretched creatures in cold blood, victims to the baseness of the Korannas, and returned in triumph with the recaptured cattle and the spoils from the annihilated tribe to the great place of their chief.

From the time the Korannas advanced towards the east, they were frequently at war with their neighbours. No tribe in their vicinity enjoyed a moment's peace, and after they obtained fire-arms and were mounted on good horses they pillaged all the tribes around them in succession. They even reduced some of the fragmentary Bechuana and Basuto tribes to a state of vassalage, compelling them to become herdsmen and servants.

In 1836 the most notorious and formidable of these marauding leaders were Piet Witte-Voet, Sarles, and Voortouw. It was during this period that the Korannas spread themselves over a wide area. Their power was then at its height; the possession of guns for a time made them more daring but, as the Griquas on the one hand and the Basutos on the other increased in strength, their decline of fortune commenced, and it continued until they sank into an insignificant position.

CHAPTER XV.

MOSHESH AND THE GRIQUAS.

Moshesh, like an old baron of the feudal ages, fortified and held the barriers to his stronghold at Thaba Bosigo, where we find him permanently established in 1832. His position had been contested by Zulu and Matabele invaders, and, while not defeating them, he had driven them off. Meanwhile, fragments of small tribes continued to filter in to swell his numbers.*

At intervals, predatory bands of Griquas and Korannas, mounted on horses, of which the Basuto as yet had scarcely any, and armed with guns, descended unexpectedly upon the outstations, raiding and robbing, and as swiftly retiring to their lairs along the lower Orange River. At times they were met and stopped, until finally they got entangled with the Boer emigrants, pushing up from the Cape Colony, by whom they were cut off.

The Basuto were thankful for a truce which allowed them to till the ground. Moshesh viewed the respite with satisfaction and took the opportunity to gather round him in council his crowd of miscellaneous tribesmen. He considered it a favourable moment to make proposals for the introduction of white missionaries. Members of his own family raised objections and they were supported by some of his vassals, but he clung to his purpose.

For some considerable time the chief had been hearing from native wanderers from the west of Moffat and other agents of the London Missionary Society; of their wisdom and kindness, their capacity to prevail over savage game by the aid of firearms, and of their magical skill in the use of medicines. These reports fascinated him so much that he resolved, if possible, to have a missionary of his own.

At that time, a half-caste, by name Adam Kroutze, a Christian convert, was living in the lower Orange River Valley.

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*Mosutu means a single individual; Basuto, the whole race; Sesuto, the language.

Following his calling as a hunter amongst the hordes of game then roaming that part of the country, he wandered close to the Basutoland frontier, where two men met him and begged him to visit their chief. He complied with their request and found himself in the presence of the great Moshesh, by whom he was received courteously. In relating what took place at the interview, Kroutze said:

"Moshesh told me that for several years he had been the victim of incessant attacks. Many of his people had been killed. He had asked me there to know if I could give him any good advice, if I could show him any means of securing peace in the country. I thought at once of the missionaries and I spoke to him about Moffat and about our own men. I tried to make him understand the services such men could render him. The idea of having near him permanently wise men, friends of peace, and ready to aid him in his distress, pleased him greatly. He wanted to have some at once. 'Do you know any?' said he to me. I replied that such men sometimes came my way. 'Oh! tell them to come at once. I will do everything they advise me to do'. Shortly after my return home, I found that he had sent me 200 cattle in order that I might procure him in exchange at least one missionary. But the cattle never reached me. They had been intercepted on the way by the Korannas."

Though Kroutze failed to get the cattle to pay for the missionaries, he did not forget his promise, eventually becoming the medium through which they were to hear of the chief's desire.

At Philippolis he chanced to meet three members of the Paris Evangelical Society, lately arrived in South Africa from France, to whom he repeated what had transpired between himself and Moshesh. Kroutze offered to serve them as guide and introducer. These three members, Messieurs Casalis, Arbousset, and Gosselin, were inclined to regard the statements of Kroutze as a romantic dream, but his pertinacity, coupled with the offer to accompany them, at length persuaded them that Providence had distinctly called them.

They commenced their journey to the Basuto country in June, 1833, and, according to the memoirs of M. Casalis, after a wearisome trek across flats for some days, due north of

Philippolis, they came to the first great gateway in the road to their mountain destination, a pass between the forbidding hills at Thaba 'Nchu (Black Mountain). They were received cordially by Moshesh, with the words: "Welcome, white men".

Moroko, head of a large section of the Barolong tribe, escaped some years earlier from the clutches of Moselekatze, to find temporary refuge along the banks of the Vaal River. Later, in 1833, under the guidance of Wesleyan missionaries Archbell, Jenkins, Edwards, Allison and Sephton, he wended his way, with the remainder of his tribe, to Thaba 'Nchu, where they were received by the petty chief Moseme, acting in the name of Moshesh, and apportioned the belt of land contiguous to the Modder River and its affluents.

Under the same auspices other small tribes emigrated to the locality, namely Korannas under Jan Kaptein (succeeded by Gert Taibosch), half-castes under Carolus Baatje and Griquas under Barend Barends (succeeded by Peter Davids). In a similar way the Bataung tribe under Moletsame were encouraged to settle at Mekuatling, near the present town of Ladybrand.

Moshesh, believing himself to be paramount over that part of the country, welcomed this peaceful invasion. He granted lands for missionary purposes, and acquiesced in the settlement of the immigrants upon the understanding that his supremacy be recognised. In acknowledgment of this understanding, a written agreement with the Wesleyan Society was drawn up and presented to Moshesh, which he signed by attaching his mark, in the form of a "X", being unable to read or write. He afterwards repudiated the construction placed upon the document, denying that it was ever his intention to cede several hundred square miles of territory in exchange for eight head of cattle, 13 sheep, and five goats.

Parties of white men, pioneers of the Great Trek from the Cape Colony, also found their way to the Basuto frontier in pursuit of game and pasture. At first they remained for short periods only and they were not disturbed, but as time went on their visits became so prolonged as to assume the appearance of permanent settlement. In a memorandum

written at the dictation of Moshesh, he states that he regarded all these visitors as tenants, to whom he had assigned resting-places. The emigrant Boers, however, aware that no defined territorial boundaries existed, claimed as a right the ground upon which they had settled, on the plea that, being derelict, it was theirs by virtue of occupation.

Moshesh looked upon the petty chiefs as vassals, allowing them the management of their own affairs. They were satisfied in their own minds with this convenient system. But it was not so with the white settlers, whose influx created new problems. These introduced discordant relations between the chief and the Cape Colonial Government, to whom the Boers appealed for support. As a result of that appeal, Moshesh was drawn into direct communication with the Governor and frontier officials, and in the official records we are furnished with dramatic correspondence extending over several years.

Friendly relations between the chief and his new native tributaries existed for the next few years, and he afforded them loyal assistance in their troubles. He assisted the Griquas, under Peter Davids, who in his flight from the inroad of the Matabele, lost a daughter, a nephew, two wagons and other valuable property.

The year 1836-7 witnessed the great Boer exodus from the Cape Colony. It proceeded in various directions through native territory and threw the whole country into a commotion that even reached Basutoland.

In November 1839 Moshesh, by letter to the Lieutenant-Governor, submitted a complaint that a number of farmers had settled near him without permission; that he told them they might remain grazing their flocks, on condition of recognising his authority over the ground, which, however, they refused to do; that certain trek farmers, Joubert and Peters, with 25 armed men had violated his country in pursuit of two native convicts, refugees from the Cape Colony, accused further of stealing. On being delivered up by the chief for surrender to justice they were immediately shot in cold blood. "Both were killed on my ground and near villages belonging to me. If the farmers assume the right of acting as judges and executioners in my territory, the security of my people is in danger." This letter was supported by a letter from Mr. Rolland.

To these communications Lieutenant-Governor Stockenstrom replied on December 18, 1839:—

> "That the persons alluded to have departed from the Colony, without knowledge or sanction of Government, and have placed themselves in a position where the Colonial laws cannot reach them; but, having entered and settled themselves in the territories of the Chief Moshesh, they are of course subject to the laws of that Chief, and must incur the penalty of any acts of cruelty or murder they may commit during their residence in his territory."

It was obvious that the Cape Government could not follow the emigrant Boers in their wanderings to the interior or control their actions beyond the defined judicial limits of the colony, but it placed a grave responsibility upon Moshesh, by inviting him to exact redress according to native law for offences committed by white men.

A few months later Sir George Napier, in his capacity as Governor of the Cape Colony, entered into a treaty with Moshesh. This treaty, which was loosely drawn up, offered him little advantage beyond the recognition of his paramountcy. It required him to maintain police at his own cost, and to perform magisterial and other onerous duties for which he was to receive a pittance of £75 per annum. It entailed upon him the obligation to maintain order over a large area beyond his jurisdiction, and to protect the colonial frontier.

No sooner was the treaty executed than remonstrances against it were lodged by the General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions at Thaba 'Nchu, on behalf of the Barolongs, Griquas, Korannas and others, who claimed to have treaties of their own and to be regarded as entirely independent of Moshesh. A contentious all-round correspondence ensued upon which, in May, 1844, the new Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, deliberated in consultation with his Executive Council at Cape Town. By them it was determined that the Colonial Government found it inexpedient to adjust disputed boundaries or to enter upon further treaties with native chiefs.

Sir Peregrine Maitland was recalled, and his place was taken by Sir Henry Pottinger, upon whom was conferred the position of "High Commissioner for the Territories Adjacent

to the Cape Colony". The records show that Sir Henry was as hasty in his conclusions as he was lacking in knowledge of the country. In November, 1847, he was transferred for service in India, and he was succeeded by Sir Harry Smith.

An important event in the history of the Cape, and which ultimately rebounded to the detriment of the Griquas, was Sir Harry Smith's assumption, on behalf of the Crown, of the sovereignty of that extensive territory situated on the north-eastern frontier of the colony. The following facts show the steps which immediately led to this fresh extension of the boundary.

Chapter XVI.

THE ORANGE RIVER SOVEREIGNTY AND THE GRIQUAS.

Prior as well as subsequent to the establishment of British dominion in Southern Africa, the Boers residing on the north-eastern frontier, when suffering from droughts, to which the Graaff-Reinet and adjoining districts were subject, were in the habit of driving their flocks and herds for temporary grazing to the northern bank of the Orange River. In 1834 there were said to be about 1,500 Boers on the other side of the river, and for the most part in Griqua country; of these, 700 Boers spent several months during that year in the district of Philippolis. Besides destroying the grazing land of the Griquas and their cornfields, the Boers, in some cases, took possession of their houses, declaring that if the Griquas complained to the Colonial Government the country would be entirely taken from them and granted to the Boers. The influence of the missionaries alone prevented bloodshed, but some encouragement was afforded the Griquas and natives by the enactment of a law which made offences against them punishable, as if committed in the colony.

In 1836 the Boers commenced quitting the Colony in organised communities. Many settled beyond the Orange River, where they leased considerable tracts of land from the Griquas of Philippolis, under Adam Kok. Having formed themselves into an independent government, they nominated a commandant, landdrosts and field-cornets, and imitated as far as possible the institutions of the Colony they had quitted.

The Griquas, dreading the increasing power of the Boers, repeatedly besought the British Government to receive and recognise them as allies, but this was refused. At length, in 1843, urgent representations were made by the Philippolis missionaries that the leases of several fountains were about to expire, and that therefore a crisis was at hand. If no treaty were made with Adam Kok the Boers would not scruple to

retain forcible possession of the land after the termination of the leases, and the Griquas could not be restrained from going to war to defend their rights. Upon this the then Governor, Sir George Napier, entered into treaties with Adam Kok and Moshesh, similar to that entered into with Waterboer.

By 1845-6 the interference of the Government became imperative to prevent a war of extermination between the Boers and the Griquas. A British resident was placed at Bloemfontein and a treaty entered into with the Griquas, which, after distinctly recognising their right to the lands leased by them to the farmers, declared "A certain portion of the country to be alienable, and the other portion inalienable".

The distinction was better expressed in Dutch, "huurbaar" and "onhuurbaar". In the former, the northern part, owners might lease for any period not exceeding 40 years. In the latter there could be neither lease nor sale.

It was arranged that the Griquas should receive half the amount of quitrent claimed by the Government from the farmers, whether occupying one district or the other.

In 1848, Sir Harry Smith visited the Griqua country. He found the emigrant Boers in a very uncomfortable position; they deplored the lack of Christian and civilised ordinances, whereby they were unable to marry or be baptised. They acknowledged that they were under no defined government, were unprovided with ministers of the gospel, schools, etc., and were rapidly falling into a state of savage life. Addresses were presented to the Governor, signed by the inhabitants between the Orange, Modder and Riet Rivers, also from those around Bloemfontein, on the Caledon River, and in Winburg and its neighbourhood.

In compliance with the general opinion thus expressed and after consultation with the leading chiefs and their missionary instructors, Sir Harry Smith issued a proclamation on February 3, 1848, declarative of the sovereignty of the Queen of England over the territories north of the great Orange River, including the countries of Moshesh (the Basuto), Maroko (the Barolong), Molitsani (the Bataung), Sikonyella (the Mantatee). Adam Kok (the Griquas), Gert Taibosch (the Korannas), and other minor chiefs as far north as the Vaal River and eastward to the Drakensberg or Quathalamba Mountains. A Legislative

Council was established at Bloemfontein for the management of the affairs of British subjects residing within the Sovereignty. This Council was empowered to make local laws, to levy and appropriate taxes. Four Districts were formed: Griqualand (comprising Bloemfontein and Queen's Fort), Winburg, Vaal River (Vrede), and Caledon River (Smithfield).

Before issuing the proclamation of British sovereignty the Governor entered into a fresh treaty (January 24, 1848) with Adam Kok, the Griqua chief, whereby the lands held by the emigrant Boers on a 40-year lease were to become freehold, in consideration of a fixed payment of £300 a year; and British subjects holding lands in the inalienable territory of Adam Kok were, as their leases expired, to quit the farms on receiving payment for the value (to be fixed by a commission) of the buildings and improvements made on such lands; failing payment, the lessee was to retain possession, subject to an annual rental to be subsequently determined.

According to the statement of the late Rev. J. J. Freeman and others this new arrangement with respect to land was made to conciliate the Boers at the expense of the Griquas. Adam Kok and his councillors (among them the famous Hendrik Hendriks) protested strongly against the breach of faith committed in the abrogation of the Maitland Treaty, to which they desired to adhere. They were, however, compelled to sign the new one by Sir Harry Smith's threat of hanging them on the spot if they did not do so.

As against this they absolutely refused to receive as remuneration the £300 per annum for the whole of the alienable territory, complaining, moreover, that while the treaty specified that they were to receive that sum of money for the farms actually let on a 40-year lease, the Government virtually deprived them of all the other farms, including many—say 150 out of 300—which the Griqua proprietors had either not let at all or let only for shorter periods such as five, 10 or 20 years. Moshesh, on his part, willingly waived his right to his share of the quitrents due from farmers who had established themselves in his dominions.

The emigrant Boers had solemnly declared that in quitting the Cape Colony they were leaving the fruitful land of their birth, where they had suffered continual vexation, and were

about to enter a wild and dangerous territory, under the full assurance that the British Government had nothing more to require of them and would allow them to govern themselves without interference in future. The Proclamation of the Sovereignty was received with disfavour, and the Boers, now united under the command of Andries Pretorius, disliked both the new conditions, which bound them to military service, and subservience of any sort to the Government they hated. They broke into open rebellion in July, 1848, compelling the British Resident, with his staff of officials and a handful of police, to evacuate Bloemfontein.

Sir Harry Smith sent a considerable force of troops to restore order, and after several skirmishes came into action at Boomplaats with the Boers, who were defeated and dispersed, while Bloemfontein was reoccupied.

Matters did not run smoothly between the Government and Moshesh. No doubt the ambitious designs, marauding and reputed insolence of the young chiefs had caused much commotion and tumult in the Sovereignty.

Moshesh had been made to concede territory for the emigrant Boers and, in addition, was deprived of land over which he had asserted his chieftainship. By granting independence to and making boundaries for minor chiefs, who were his tributaries until then, Sir Harry Smith warmly recognised his paramountcy when convenient to do so, and then brushed it lightly aside, without realising what far-reaching consequences it would probably produce upon the native mind.

Moshesh had attacked the chief Moroko in his own territory, under the leadership of his son Nehemiah. Major Warden sent an ultimatum to Moshesh, demanding restitution of stolen or captured property and compensation to the burghers of Caledon River district for the destruction of their homesteads and crops. He demanded 6,000 good cattle and 300 horses, to be delivered on or before July 4.

Troops were ordered to proceed to enforce the demand. The advance guard came into touch with the Basuto some days before the ultimatum expired. Major Donovan, in command of the troops, finding the scouts had precipitated a general action, on June 30 attacked a mountain called Viervoet, on which the Basuto were in great numbers. His force con-

sisted of 160 Imperial troops and two guns, 120 burghers, 800 Barolong, under Moroko, and a few hundred Griquas. The enemy feigned retreat, allowing the Barolong and Korannas, to their intense delight, to capture an immense herd of cattle, which they were about to drive down when they were surrounded by three bodies of Basuto, who, led by Letsie, the eldest son of Moshesh, assailed them with such vigour that many were immediately killed. The battle was fought on an extensive flat-topped mountain, edged with perpendicular rocks. The Basuto, following up their advantage, drove the rest of their enemy to the brink of the precipice. There a desperate struggle took place, the assegai and the battle-axe making incessant execution. Those who did not fall by those weapons were hurled down on the awful rocks below.*

The British soldiers, supported by Cape Mounted Rifles and a large body of natives, were repulsed by Molitsane and driven back towards the camp of Major Warden in great confusion. The following morning the British Resident began his retreat to Thaba 'Nchu. This was a great blow to British prestige, and the general result of these ill-timed operations was to place the Government in a state of siege at Thaba 'Nchu against the victorious Basuto who traversed the whole country at will, spreading consternation among the tribes employed against them, as well as among the farmers who had lent their aid to the British.

Sir Harry Smith, worried by a Kaffir rebellion in the east of Cape Colony, was much embarrassed by the turn of Sovereignty affairs. He could no longer rely upon the white inhabitants or natives for help or loyalty, and saw no alternative but to hold on to Bloemfontein and remain passive until the arrival of reinforcements would enable him to re-establish the authority of Government. British colonial policy towards the coloured tribes was to avoid trouble as far as possible by granting to them limited independence, guaranteed under the authority of the Queen of England. Waterboer and Adam Kok attained at once the dignity of sovereign potentates, the Queen's

* It must be borne in mind that the Griquas and Korannas, bearing firearms of the muzzle-loading type, could not quickly reload, and having no weapons they could use at close quarters, had to club their guns, which they found of little effect against the battle-axes and stabbing assegais of the enemy.

allies. This was the beginning of trouble among the Griqua people, and serious political complications arose which kept the diplomats and governors busy during the years that followed the discovery of diamonds on the imperfectly defined boundary between the two territories.

Adam Kok issued individual titles to his burghers for their farms. Morally the British Government became bound to recognise the validity of these titles when political relations came to be arranged. The Griqua law forbade the sale of a Griqua farm to a white man, but both Dutch and Griqua evaded the law by leasing for a term of years. The owner took payment from the lessee, often for the whole term of the lease at once. In such cases, especially when the lease was a long one, the tenant was apt to forget that he was not the owner.

To the proprietor the only tangible evidence of his ownership during the lease was the possession of a dirty, generally dilapidated paper, declaring in bad Dutch that A.B. was first applicant for such and such a farm, which might or might not be defined as to the extent of boundaries. The Dutch lessee became nominally a Griqua subject; they had been taught from childhood to look on men of colour as only fit to be menials, and now to see them landowners, prosperous, independent and free, was offensive, almost unbearable. No wonder they chafed under Griqua rule, and incessant squabbles arose. The Imperial Government claimed the emigrant farmers as British subjects, still amenable to British authority, while she was bound to protect the Griquas, who were her allies, hence inevitable trouble.

CHAPTER XVII.

PHILIPPOLIS AND THE O.F.S.

We have noted that in 1848 Great Britain reversed the "leave alone" policy and proclaimed her sovereignty over the whole territory between the Vaal and Orange Rivers, but that the proclamation failed sufficiently to define the position of Adam Kok and of his little state. Were they now British subjects or not? Was the old treaty abrogated or not? No one could tell. Six years later Britain again reverted to the "scuttle" policy.

A special Commissioner in the person of Sir George Clerk was sent to the territory. He arrived in Bloemfontein in August, 1853, with instructions that the Orange River Sovereignty was to be abandoned. The withdrawal of Government was to be carried out with as much grace as possible.

Sir George Clerk invited all the Europeans in the Sovereignty to meet him for the purpose of handing over the reins of government. They came together at the end of February, 1854, and the Orange River territory was formally ceded to the new Provincial Government. Article II of the convention clearly stated that:—

> "The British Government has no alliance whatever with any Native Chief or tribes to the northward of the Orange River, with the exception of the Griqua Chief, Adam Kok."

On March 11, 1854, in the presence of British, Dutch and Natives, the British flag was lowered, amidst mixed feelings of regret and jubilation on the part of the Boers.

Again there was the same uncertainty as to Kok's position. He and his Raad urged the home Government to define his position. They urged in vain. Sir George Clerk, in the Queen's name, declared in the Bloemfontein Convention that treaty obligations existed between Her Majesty and Adam Kok, while almost simultaneously Imperial officers declared the treaties abrogated.

A very serious difficulty now arose. Many farms belonging to the Griquas were leased to Boers. The leases had not

expired, and the Imperial Government, by the Bloemfontein Convention, sought once for all to wash their hands of all responsibilities north of the Orange River. This was an integral part of the new Convention.

Sir George Clerk tried hard to negotiate the purchase of these farms, with the unexpired leases, and even sent a Commissioner to Philippolis with £11,000 in cash. Every proposal to purchase or compensate for the cession of these farms was accompanied with the condition that the old Griqua law prohibiting the sale of farms within Adam Kok's boundary should be abrogated. The large sum of money was spread out on the tables before the eyes of Kok and his councillors, along with a new treaty, ready for signature.

They, the Griquas, declared themselves ready to negotiate for the sale in order to avoid complications, but declined to change the prohibitory law. The negotiations ended and the money went back to Bloemfontein.

During Sir George Clerk's ill-omened sojourn in South Africa, he threatened the Griquas of Philippolis with destruction at the hands of the Orange Free State if they did not break and set aside the solemn provisions of the Maitland Treaty.

The Griquas, under Adam Kok, were not, however, so easily to be influenced even by a Special Commissioner. Perhaps they noticed that his letter was dated April 1, and stuck to their position as treaty allies of Queen Victoria, whose forces they and their cousins under Waterboer more than once assisted, as at Zwartkoppies and Boomplaats. Their persistency, however, could not, after the withdrawal of British countenance, withstand the Orange Free State; and at last Sir George Grey, to prevent complication and bloodshed, formed a new country for them beyond the Eastern Frontier of the Cape Colony, first called No-Man's-Land, afterwards New Griqualand, and now Griqualand East.

Copy of Letter referred to above.

Colesberg, 1st April, 1854.

To Captain Adam Kok,
Philippolis.

Sir,

I much regret to hear the result of your deliberation as should you persevere in your present opinion, I see the prospect

of ruin to yourselves and the country at no very distant day. I have on the part of the British Government, made you most liberal offers, merely for the sake of the preservation of the future peace of this country. Your case simply stands thus: the farmers on the other side of the Riet River are in possession of certain lands on which the Griquas have a claim, while on this side of the Riet River many Griquas occupy farms which they have sold to Europeans or Colonists, but which they will not surrender to the purchasers, because they say the sale of land is opposed to the Griqua laws. On behalf of the British Government I have come between you and offered to satisfy your claims on the farmers beyond the Riet River, provided you will give possession to the purchasers of the ground you have sold them on this side, and abrogate a law which leads to such dishonest and underhand dealing. You decline this liberal offer; you are willing to take all the money the British Government will give. You will keep the money you have received for your lands, and you will keep the lands as well! Can such dishonesty prosper? I think not; and I perceive a day of reckoning approaching, if this resolution be not amended. I transcribe Mr. Green's words as follows:—

"The British Government and Captain Kok are both willing to allow the Griquas to sell; but the people themselves, many of whom have already sold and been paid for their property, refuse through the Council to remove the last and only impediment. Her Majesty's Special Commissioner has done all that can be done under these circumstances, by declaring the sales legal; but the Griqua Council refusing to work with His Excellency for the public good, the offer of payment which I made for lands beyond Riet River is withdrawn, as the object in offering it, the preservation of peace will probably be frustrated through the unsettled state in which the land tenures must be left in consequence of your resolution."

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) George Clerk,
Special Commissioner.

Then followed a most shameful piece of political chicanery. As these leases of the hired farms expired, the Griqua owners each in turn claimed his property. He was referred to the

Republican Government at Bloemfontein, which had in the meantime issued Orange Free State titles in favour of the Boer tenant. The Government at Bloemfontein politely referred them to the British Government, which had "*. . . given them the country.*"

The British Government as good as said "We have now no interest or responsibilities north of the Orange River."

The Boer occupant closed the controversy by the pious remark: "Ja vriendje, klaas zalig is de bezitter." (Yes, friend, possession is nine points of the law.)

The Griqua owner put the old futile "*Request*" away in his "kist" with the remark: "Mensche, het is zwaar als magt eens regt wordt." (People it is difficult when might is right.)

Titles to valuable farms in the Orange Free State passed into possession of the Boers for which the Griqua proprietor did not receive one shilling. This was not even the worst part of the proceeding. A secret deed was drawn up, but not published; by its terms it was provided that from that date every farm leased to a European by a Griqua, or subject of Adam Kok, in any part of his country, became, *ipso facto,* part and parcel of the new Republic.

During the three succeeding years every inducement was offered to the Griquas to sell, and in defiance of their own law a perfect mania to do so seized them. The first effect was that in a very short time adjoining farms acknowledged separate jurisdictions, according to whether they belonged to Griqua or Boer. The Boer residing in the Griqua country defied the summons and authority of the Griqua law officer, because he had bought the farm and it was now part of the Free State. The Griqua repudiated the authority claimed by the Republican Government. Then followed mutual recrimination, incessant strife and bickerings, a seething, weltering ferment.

In 1857 the Free State boldly published the Secret Treaty and proceeded to divide the Griqua country into Wards, even appointing field-cornets over them. Griquas and Boers both talked of war and began to prepare for it.

Sir George Grey was now Governor of the Cape Colony. He was distinguished for generosity, justice and wisdom, and was a tried friend of the native peoples, but in this case his hands were tied by the terms of the convention, "*No interests*

north of the Orange River." Sir George appealed to the Republican Government. It referred him to the Convention, and its appended provisions, and claimed its pound of flesh. Sir George protested in his dispatches against the wrong which had been done. The Imperial Government said: "Do anything you like, but do not spend Imperial money."

Sir George was unsparing in his condemnation of all parties concerned, not excluding the Griquas, who, by selling in the teeth of their own law, had largely helped to create an impossible situation.

It is well known that the Boers, at first, were not disposed to accept the proffered independence. What they thought was something like this: How can a Boer Independent State exist side by side with coloured men, aping government and claiming sovereign rights—the slaves of yesterday assuming the position of ruler today? No! No! Clear them out or give us a chance of clearing them out, and then we shall be willing to be on our own.

Thus the clause about non-interference north of the Orange River and the Secret Treaty slipped into the bargain, and the little State was doomed. Every bit of land a Griqua sold was like another nail in the coffin of his cherished independence.

About 1859, the Free State authorities sent to Adam Kok a copy of the "Staatskoerant" with the Secret Treaty, and he had to face the alternative, to fight or trek. One can hardly call it an alternative, for just Imperial officers intimated to Kok that the old treaty was annulled, and that no power or ammunition would be permitted to reach him. This welded the last link in the chain that bound Adam Kok and his people, and left them entirely at the mercy of the Orange Free State.

Sir George Grey advised a general trek to pastures new, and suggested "No-Man's-Land", that tract of country lying between Pondoland and Natal and bounded by the Drakensberg Mountains.

The following extract from an article in the *Cape Monthly* of December, 1872, describes the condition of the Griquas when the movement became necessary:—

> "The people were in a prosperous state. They had titles to their farms, on which they had built substantial cottages and outbuildings. Their orchards were stocked

with good fruit trees; garden grounds and lands for cultivation were, in many cases, enclosed with stone walls; good stone kraals and one or two dams were to be found on most farms. Troops of from 20 to 100 horses, about the same number of cattle, and hundreds of well-bred sheep were running on these farms, and many a Griqua brought his 10-20-50 bales of wool for sale, while the shop-keepers found them good customers for clothing, groceries, guns, saddlery, carts and furniture.

Of course there were also poor people, but their poverty was brought about by their own indolence.

They voluntarily contributed £500 to £600 per annum for the purpose of spreading religion and education amongst themselves, paying their own minister and head school master in Philippolis, and school masters in the country.

There existed a flourishing Church, which paid its own way without aid either from State Treasury or Mission funds. It did more, for it contributed liberally to the needs of others."

The ministry of this Griqua Church at Philippolis has been filled by men whose families have subsequently taken no mean place in the life and progress of South Africa. Anderson, Melville, Atkinson, Schreiner, Hughes, Wright, Solomon, Philip are honoured names. Mr. Justice Solomon and his brother, as well as their sisters, were all either born, or partly brought up, in the old Griqua parsonage. An ex-Premier of the Cape and his gifted sister, Olive Schreiner, were children of a missionary who served the Griquas. Cronwright (Schreiner) was the grandson of another missionary. David Livingstone practised the healing art among the Griquas in Philippolis, and but for the troubles that preceded the trek, the Rev. John Mackenzie would have been one of their ministers.

Chapter XVIII.

THE GRIQUA COMMISSION TO NO-MAN'S-LAND.

A Commission representing the Griqua people now visited No-Man's-Land. They explored the country under the guidance of Sir Walter Currie, after whom they named a mountain, which on account of its peculiar skyline had previously been known as the "Cockscomb" and "Bergvyftig". (Mount Fifty.)

The report which the commission gave on returning to Philippolis was considered so satisfactory that the Griquas decided to accept the "Land of Promise", and began to make arrangements for the trek.

Much diplomacy was wasted in the vain effort, on the part of the Griquas, to secure exemption from the irksome "British Citizenship". "Were they not a nation—a Vrije Volk?" "Were they not the Queen's allies?" They appealed to the Independence and Sovereign status which had been acknowledged, if not created, by the Napier and Maitland treaties. Sir George Grey would have none of it, they had to be British subjects, or stay on as they were and be swallowed up by the Boers.

As Adam Kok and his people were about to move to their new country, the chief, wishing to leave no ties behind him, resolved to sell to the Orange Free State Government all the lands in his territory not already granted by his Government to private persons among his subjects.

Mr. Henry Harvey was at the time much in his confidence and often acted as his agent; but, considering this as a matter of more than ordinary moment, he decided on undertaking, in company with his whole council and Mr. Harvey, a journey to Colesberg to consult Mr. Arnot as his confidential adviser in such matters. The result was that Mr. Arnot then and there, by the instructions of the chief and council, carefully drew up a Power of Attorney, dated August 15, 1861, authorizing Mr. Harvey to sell "all such lands as may be found to belong to the Griqua Government". The chief signed the

power at Philippolis on that date, and did so, as is repeatedly stated in the document itself, "in his capacity as Chief of the Griquas of the town and district of Philippolis".

Here is a translation of the historical document:—

"I, the undersigned, Adam Kok, Chief of the Griquas of the Town and District of Philippolis, do hereby declare, with advice and consent of my Council members (who have subscribed to this with me), to have nominated, appointed, and in the most proper manner to authorize Henry Harvey, Esq. (at present my general agent), with power of substitution, specially as my agent and authorized representative in all matters requiring to be done and executed in aforenamed capacity of chief. To attend all inspections of land in my aforenamed territory; and to effect such as may be required to be done by me in my aforenamed capacity. If possible, to arrange all differences which may exist in regard to boundary lines; and more particularly to have charge over and watch over the interests of the Griqua Government concerning all such lands as may be found to belong to the Griqua Government. And then, on behalf and for account of the Griqua Government, to sell, under such conditions as the before named Henry Harvey, of Paljasfontein, in the Orange Free State, might find suitable and determine upon. To receive the amount of purchase, and for the receipt thereof to grant proper receipts; as also to issue titles to the purchaser or purchasers of aforesaid grounds, or any portion thereof; or their sureties, to take such legal proceedings as he might be advised.

And whereas I have placed my land register and other office books in the hands of my said agent and representative, the said Henry Harvey, to be by him used and acted upon wherever requisite; I do hereby grant unto him the full power, right and authority, whenever he deems it proper, to produce the same, or any of the same, to frame, and to sign extracts thereout, all which must be viewed in the same light as if such was done, executed, and subscribed to by myself in my aforenamed capacity personally; and that the same shall, as such, have to be acknowledged and admitted in all courts of law and elsewhere. Further,

in my name and for my behalf, in my capacity as Chief of the Griqua nation, and as representing the Griqua Government as aforementioned, to consult, to make arrangements, to discuss, and to do that which may be necessary in regard to land cases in the Griqua territory or any other matter or matters in connection with the interests of the Griqua Government, with his honour the State President of the Orange Free State, or other appointed or authorized official of the Orange Free State Government, whenever required, such as I, in my above named capacity, if personally present and acting, could, might, or would do.

Finally—in all matters and things not described or named herein, to represent my person in my before mentioned capacity, and to do everything on behalf of the Griqua rule or Government; and to execute that which may be found necessary and requisite and everything with promise of approbation, indemnity, and to hold him harmless according to law.

Given and granted under my hand at Philippolis, this fifteenth day of the month of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. 1861.

(Signed) ADAM KOK, Captain.
„ Piet Pienaar
„ Lucas Van der Westhuizen
„ Willem Bezuidenhout.

As witnesses;
(Signed) W. J. Crossley, General Secretary
„ W. F. Hyde
„ J. H. van der Hoeven."

In June of 1874 Messrs. Arnot and Orpen were invited by the Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West to compile from the records in their possession a concise statement showing how the land question stood under the Griqua Government, and what were the claims arising out of cessions or promises made before Griqualand West became British territory.

The report which those gentlemen submitted was an extremely lengthy one. They commented severely on the action of Mr. Harvey as follows:—

"One would think that this Power of Attorney could in no way affect Waterboer's country; but the President of the Orange Free State, Mr. M. W. Pretorius, and Mr. Harvey put their heads together, and their deliberations resulted in a deed of sale in which Mr. Harvey, after referring to the power under which he was acting, and stating that it is granted to him by the 'Chief of the Griquas of the Town and district of Philippolis', sells for £4,000 (four thousand pounds) to the Free State Government, not only all the vacant land in the Philippolis District, but says that he sells them *'together with that of the late Cornelius Kok'*; and then cites the Maitland Treaty, which had nothing whatever to do with either Cornelius Kok or Waterboer, as defining what he had sold.

No one seems to know how or why the words italicized were inserted in the deed, as they were certainly not authorized by the power under which it was drawn."

Meanwhile preparations for the great Trek proceeded as expeditiously as circumstances would permit. Farms were sold, wagons and oxen got ready, provisions laid in, church, school and parsonage sold.

The Griqua Chief and his Council empowered their agent to dispose of the unallotted ground, or, as we would say, Crown Lands. This he did in December of 1862, selling to the Orange Free State Government. *This transaction, though regarded at the time as very simple and unimportant, was an act of no small interest in South African history.*

When diamonds were discovered eight years later on the banks of the Vaal River, Waterboer, the Chief of Griquatown, claimed that the diamondiferous ground lay within his territory. The Orange Free State contended that it lay on Kok's side, and, in virtue of the sale just mentioned, it was theirs.

A very innocent-looking clause had been cleverly introduced into the deed of sale: *"Likewise that of the late Cornelius Kok"*. For the insertion of that clause no authority existed in the Power of Attorney, yet the O.F.S. persisted in their claim, founded on the clause, and were prepared to fight for it. More than once this same transaction formed the subject of discussion and enquiry after the Griquas had settled in their new home. These negotiations, sales, purchases, and preparations completed, the Trek began in 1861-62.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GREAT TREK.

It has been estimated that 2,000 souls left Philippolis. Their stock, large and small, amounted to over 20,000 head, while of wagons, carts and vehicles there were about 300. They persisted in their purpose to cross the crest of the Drakensberg; this, partly that they might not endanger their independence by passing through British territory, and partly to avoid grazing and watering charges.

The season was exceptionally dry, little rain had fallen, and stock perished in large numbers, seriously impoverishing many who had been well-to-do when they started. For many months the cavalcade rested around Hanglip, on the Basuto-land border. The Basuto chief was friendly, and agreed to give safe conduct. The sight, however, of this huge mob of cattle was too great a strain on the goodwill of the Basuto; stock disappeared rapidly and mysteriously.

While the main body were resting, advance parties went out to hew a passage through the mountains, *over which no surveyor has since been able to mark out a road.*

Adam Kok paid what he considered as a final or farewell visit to Cape Town, and while there he was persuaded by the Governor to purchase three old ship cannons, which he had mounted on scotch-cart wheels. The Governor in advising Kok to have the cannons, said they might overawe the natives and help to keep them at a distance.*

At last the order to trek was given. Unfortunately, little is recorded of the actual journey itself. Many of the older Griquas whom the writer interviewed in 1916 could remember little of it. Some were born on the trek while others were too young to recollect any of the incidents.

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* These cannons may still be seen in Kokstad. Two are near Adam Kok's monument and one is in the grounds of the Kokstad Bowling Club. All are mounted on concrete bases. The work of mounting was done under the supervision of the writer.

If a hill had to be climbed, the rule was go up, and not to skirt it; however steep the gradient it was better to face the long pull than zigzag on an incline, for the wagon might capsize; and when going down on the other side the wagon wheels were held by the "remschoen" and locked by chains. As the wagon, sliding down, gained impetus the oxen had to be urged to trot to keep clear of the oncoming load.

(No better example of this can be given than by viewing the old Voortrekker road, over the brow of the hill, now known as "World's View", at Pietermaritzburg, Natal.)

Let any unprejudiced person visit the old Voortrekker road of the Griquas, where they came over Ongeluk's Nek into No-Man's-Land. Take the road from Matatiele, past the old mission station at Pabalong, and follow the old track to the top and down the other side. This can only be accomplished on foot. Reverse the process and go from the Basutoland side of the Drakensberg. Let him realise the fact that the fathers and grandfathers of the mixed coloured people in Griqualand East of today actually scaled these heights with wagons, families and stock. *The journey took two years to complete,* and it will bespeak a little respect for the memory of those hardy pioneers who braved so much.

Through that lofty, rugged gateway they came to No-Man's-Land, to rudimentary civilisation. For years afterwards parts of broken wagons and carts and bleaching bones of animals lay scattered about at the bottom of ravines along the route, and it has been said that the abundance of iron from the wreckage rendered unnecessary the smelting of ore by the Basuto for many years.

The writer once spent several weeks at Qacha's Nek, on the summit of the mighty Drakensberg, in Basutoland. Far down the valley of the Sinqu-Orange may be found a gorge that splits the great sandstone cliffs to the river. The formation has the appearance of a solidly-built castle, partly in ruins, with battlement turrets rising up against a background of barren mountain slopes on the far side of the Sinqu.

During the Griqua trek Adam Kok and his followers were continually harassed by cattle-raiders. One of the most successful of the raiders was Nehemiah, a son of Moshesh. After incredible hardships the Griquas reached the Sinqu, where their

passage was delayed for several months by the flooded river, and although every precaution was taken by them to guard against such incidents, sudden raids would occur during the night; outposts would be driven in or killed, and cattle rounded up or chased away into the mountain. Pursuit, after many failures, was found to be practically hopeless.

Soon matters became very serious for the Griquas. Cattle spoors were at last located that led for 40 miles up the valley, through really savage country, to Nehemiah's stronghold at Seforong. Spies reported to Adam Kok that the stolen cattle were driven down the short and narrow gorge to the Sinqu, then across the river to the mountains beyond.

With this information in his possession Adam Kok instructed one of his headmen to take a strong force of armed men to drive Nehemiah out of Seforong. They were to find and bring back the stolen cattle, but Seforong was found to be impregnable. Nehemiah had less than 20 men under him, but the bandits were well armed, and so strong were the natural defences of the gorge that direct assault was quite out of the question.

When the situation was reported to Adam Kok, he decided as a last resource to lead the attack in person. Nehemiah, he vowed, should be driven out of his refuge, as a rat out of a hole. Scouts reported to Nehemiah that the Griquas had arrived outside the entrance to the gorge and were plainly bent on serious business. Almost an army had been gathered.

What thoughts passed through the mind of the bandit chief will never be known, but he must have realised, as he watched the disposition of the Griquas in the late afternoon, that matters had reached a crisis. During the evening the Griquas watched dancing flames in the gorge, and they knew that prolonged feasting was taking place. Occasionally the ringing voice of a bandit jeered at them.

The tired Griquas, mindful of their already heavy losses in trying to force the passage of the gorge, swore that there would be more feasting on the morrow, but that they would do the feasting, whilst those who remained alive of their captives would look on, before they died the death they so richly deserved. As night deepened the sound of revelry in the gorge faded away into utmost quietness. Fires died down, and peace seemed to reign.

The cold night passed. At dawn Adam Kok had his men in position, and the sun rising over the eastern mountain was the signal for 100 rifles to empty their leaden contents, from all angles and elevations, into the narrow confines of the gorge. During a lull Adam Kok came to realise that no answering shot had come. Suddenly suspicious, he ordered his men to hold their fire.

From a commanding spot high up on the cliffs that towered above the inner recesses he could see no sign of his enemy below. Nehemiah had fled under cover of darkness, after bluffing the Griquas by his feasting and dancing, leaving his stronghold as an empty shell to his foes. But from this time on there was less cattle-lifting by the Basuto.

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At last the trekkers reached the foot of the Drakensberg. Prayers of thankfulness were offered up, as they saw before them fairly level country, abundance of grass and water, not in fountains but in rivers, pure and unfailing. Timber, too, was hiding its stately growth in the deep mountain kloof, the huge trunks ripe for the woodman's axe. Fertile, arable land was there, miles and miles of it, without a stone to blunt the ploughman's share.

Game in abundance roamed over the veld, and for several years the lion continued to prowl the Umzimvubu flats, till the firearms of the Griquas drove him from his accustomed haunts. The eland had his home on the slopes of the mountain, and frequented the hilly country to the east. The farm owned by the late Senator P. A. Myburgh is named Elandskop, and that owned by Mr. W. Raw is named Elandskloof. As late as 1875, Griquas went eland hunting and returned with loads of biltong. No more tasty meal could be desired than a grilled eland steak. (The writer speaks from personal experience obtained while pioneering in Rhodesia.)

Apart from game, large and small, to be found everywhere, the pans and lakes were covered with myriads of water-fowl; what is now Cedarville Flats, all ploughed land, was a huge swamp, the home of every species of wild duck and of the spur-wing goose. Matatiele, the name of the town near by, means "the ducks have gone".

MEMBERS OF THE GRIQUA COMMISSION TO NO-MAN'S-LAND IN 1860

Reading from left to right: Abraham le Fleur, Adam Muis Kok, Johannes Ullbricht, Frederick Werner, John de Bruin, Dirk Swartz

Although the land was full of promise, the early trekkers never took kindly to it. Until it was too late they had doubts about its fertility and pastoral qualities. They spoke with ill-concealed contempt of its capabilities. The grass was too long; the winter too cold; the summer too hot; the rains too heavy; the markets too far; money too scarce; merchandise too dear; the Kaffirs too "parmantig" (cheeky), and they overlooked the fact that many of their own number were too lazy. Of course there were many and very serious drawbacks, unavoidable in a new country. Cattle and sheep, unaccustomed to the rank grass, died by the hundred. Many perished in the winter veld fires before the people had gathered experience and knew the ways on the land. In a few months many men of substance were reduced to poverty.

The route taken by the leaders of the trek, after crossing the Umzimvubu River, was across the land now owned by Mr. Fred Dorning, thence via Bonapartfontein to the Droewig (Sad) Valley, and over the hill to within a mile of Mount Currie, where they settled. Here they rested, each man building his house ("voor-eerst") near to where he had outspanned his wagon. In the centre was a long, narrow building, about eight feet high, with sod walls and roof of thatch, unglazed openings for windows, and a door made from packing-cases. This served the triple purpose of a citadel, a place of assembly, and a day-school house, and, it may be added, it was frequently occupied as a kraal for town-goats.

Here the people met for worship, conducted by lay officers of the church, from 1862 to 1869. Around this building was thrown up a primitive fort, constructed of sods, having corner bastions and loop-holes. The three cannons were placed in a commanding position, while at one corner there was an underground powder-magazine, over which a guard was mounted. His duty was to keep watch and ward throughout his waking hours. This was the "fort" or "laager". This was the wonder and admiration of the Kaffirs, and it would be difficult to estimate the pacifying effect it had on the surrounding tribes. It inspired a wholesome respect, especially the cannon, loop-holes and the powder-magazine

For two years or more the Griquas lived together around the laager, making frequent excursions through the country,

each selecting his farm and doing something in the way of ploughing, planting and building. The farms nearest the laager were taken up and worked, and as the sense of security increased the people spread out. Each burgher was to have a farm of 3,000 acres, as near as could be guessed ("groot omtrent"), for which he had to pay 10s. for the title-deed, if he chose to take it out, and £2 per year quitrent. These sums might be paid in kind, so long as there was difficulty in getting produce exchanged for cash.

The burgher had also to provide, and keep in readiness, horse, saddle and bridle, and a powder-horn, and he himself was expected promptly to respond to the call of the field-cornet of his ward for military duty, and that at any hour of the day or night.

The terms of Griqua settlement in No-Man's-Land, as approved by the Colonial Office, were as follows:—

"Memorandum of Conditions on which His Excellency, the High Commissioner, thinks it expedient that the Griquas should occupy a certain tract of country, lying between British Kaffraria and Natal, and under which conditions, if the Griquas are determined to abandon their present territory, the High Commissioner will raise no objection to their occupying the country alluded to. A tract of unoccupied country lying to the south-east side of the Drakensberg Mountains, between the sources of the Umzimvubu and the Umzimkulu rivers, to be defined after consultation with Adam Kok, by a Commission appointed by the High Commissioner, which country the Griquas shall occupy as British subjects.

"Captain Adam Kok to receive a commission as Justice of the Peace for such territory, and for the present to administer justice among his own people, under the laws, rules and regulations now enforced in Griqualand, it being intended by this arrangement that whilst all the powers Captain Kok possessed for controlling his people and punishing offenders should be maintained, he should in addition thereto receive all powers which a Justice of the Peace possesses within the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"The Griquas to subdivide among themselves the lands they are thus to occupy.

"Surveys are to be made of the several farms, assigned to the Griquas, as soon as the proprietor of such farm may find it convenient to pay for the cost of survey.

"The High Commissioner is to guarantee possession of each such farm to its occupant against all British subjects as fully and securely as if it were held under grant from the Crown, and to issue titles to this effect, as soon as the surveys have been completed.

"Quitrents to be paid on the same principle as in British Kaffraria, say about £5 per annum for an ordinary farm in the country to be occupied by the Griquas.

"The same fees for licences, etc., to be paid as in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"All sums thus raised within the territory occupied by the Griquas to be expended exclusively in defraying the expenses of administration, or in the improvement of that tract of country.

"Dated, Colonial Office, 1st August 1860."

These conditions are said to have been hurriedly prepared by Sir George Grey on the evening of his recall.

The new Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, seems to have taken little or no notice of the Griqua settlement. "Out of sight out of mind."

Shortly after the Griqua trek war broke out between the Boers and the Basutos, which diverted attention from Griqua affairs. At any rate the Commission provided for, in the first paragraph of the terms of Griqua settlement, did not arrive, and when Kok reminded the Governor of the arrangement, he was told to manage as best he could, he would not be interfered with. This was repeated to the Chief and some of his Councillors in Cape Town in 1868.

Adam Kok put the position thus: "When I went to Cape Town, I found Sir Philip Wodehouse opposed to accepting any responsibility respecting me. Sir Philip told me distinctly that I must look entirely to my own resources for my protection, etc., and that, in effect, I was entirely independent of the Government."

Thus, again, Kok and his Raad were left to organise their government practically as a sovereign state and in fact they did so. They made treaties. (Treaty-making had always been

a Griqua hobby, a kind of august royal pastime.) They negotiated exchange of territory with Natal and readjustment of boundaries. They decided to issue paper money, which was actually printed at Cape Town by Saul Solomon & Co., but it was never issued.

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Among all the parliaments which have ever sat, the most comic and the most pathetic must surely have been the Griqua Volksraad. Take a glance at the constitution of this unique "Lilliput" State.

The chief officer was elected, and took the title of Kaptein. The Executive Council was almost entirely composed of full-blooded Griquas. Charles Brisley, a young Englishman, was Secretary. He gradually acquired influence and power, learning to speak and write Dutch, the official language. In the Raad there was also one man of slave extraction, Titus Klein.

The Volksraad consisted of about a dozen elected representatives, two from each ward. They were supposed to have the control of the finances, when there were any. The available assets were sheep, goats, cattle, horses, which had a singular knack of straying away and never showed the homing instinct. The decisions of the Volksraad were sent up to the Privy or Executive Council, and were often discussed in a free-and-easy manner on the stoep of the Chief's residence, while the Councillors were drinking coffee amid clouds of tobacco smoke.

Nominally and constitutionally the Volksraad granted farms and erven, but, as a matter of fact, they were often bestowed without its knowledge or consent, and even sometimes contrary to its wishes.

The appearance of political power satisfied the ambitions of the elected members, save in the case of a few fiery spirits among them. The Volksraad gave the opportunity for talk, and talk soothed all grievances and healed nearly all wounds.

Kok's policy was to retain the real power in his own hands, and he manoeuvred so as to give his policy practical effect; to this task he brought all his exceptional tact, ingenuity and resourcefulness. Occasionally there were storms in a teapot, verging on political crises, but never a change of ministry.

The Volksraad was a wonderful anachronism. Its sittings were held half-yearly, and lasted as long as the commissariat

held out. It was very free and easy, both as to its composition and conduct of business. Very little real business was done and very imperfect records of its proceedings kept. After a session was over it was no uncommon occurrence for discussion to arise as to what had been decided. Often no one knew. "De praat wat was gepraat door de mensche die het de praat gepraat." (The talk which was talked by the people who talked the talk.) That sufficed.

During the session the deputies were hospitably entertained at Government expense, the length of the session depending on the size of the animal slaughtered; when the beef gave out, the House rose. No beef, no business, was the unwritten but standing rule of this assembly. It was a simpler and more effective extinguisher to parliamentary oratory than our modern closure.

The cooking preparations for these "Achtbare Heeren" (worthy men) were carried on close to the House of Parliament, and the big pot was so placed that members, while in session, could both see the progress of the operation and inhale the grateful odours, as an earnest of the coming feast.

Old Piet Draai made frequent visits to the kitchen to light his pipe, and he claimed that he was the best judge of the earliest moment when the beef was eatable. When Piet's voice was heard proclaiming the joyful news: "Kêrels, de kos is gaar" (Boys, the food is cooked), the house rose instantly. These Griqua parliamentary dinners were held much after the primitive fashion which obtained in England in the days of good King Alfred. The simplicity of manners saved the little state manifold expense in the way of crockery, cutlery and napery.

The form of government was roughly on the lines of the British constitution; imitation of the white man was the unacknowledged, although the real rule, of procedure—"De Engelsche maken zoo" (the English act so). Beyond that there was no appeal.

Dower gives a few specimen subjects of discussion:—

Koos Magerman has not paid his quitrent for some years, he says he has no money, no stock, no grain.

The member for Mount Currie remarks: "You can't take blood out of a stone."

The member for Underzuurberg declares that the Government must be supported.

Another member is indignant and tells how Koos's daughter was married the previous week, that the bridal array must have cost several years' quitrent, besides the ox that was slaughtered, and the gallons of coffee consumed during the week's festivities.

Resolved to make enquiry and consider the case next session. Things look a bit rough for Koos.

Hans Beyers claims half the Ingeli forest. The field-cornet made a mistake in describing the boundaries of Hans's farm. It was found that the field-cornet could neither read nor write; his son Karel wrote, for his father, the certificate under which he holds the farm, but there is some difficulty in reading it.

Resolved to appoint a commission to examine and report next month.

Stafford's account against the Government is presented with an urgent request for settlement.

Piet remarks that "Stafford is English. What is the hurry? The English make the money. Why can't he wait?" Jacobus reminds the Raad that "he has already waited a good year". Abraham remarks: "Dat is nix. Mensche, die Engelsche!" (That is nothing. Oh, those English.)

Quitrent Collection.

Dissatisfaction is expressed at the appointment of indigent Griquas, supposed to have a tendency to kleptomania, to collect the quitrents, and at the singular disappearance of stock from the Government herd before it reaches the Treasurer. No one can get the collection books to balance. "Koddig niet waar?" (Strange is it not?) Peculation is somewhere, but echo answers "Where?"

Appointment of Magistrate.

The point is raised: "Why are only Griquas appointed as magistrates to the exclusion of Bastards, Apprentices, Cape Coloureds?"

The point is a delicate, even a dangerous one, and there is silence and surprise at the temerity of the member who raises it. "Stil, kêrels, de kos is gaar." (Silence, boys, the food is cooked.) House rises. . . .

Chapter XX.

UNDER GRIQUA RULE.

Ordinarily the administration of justice was committed to a Griqua Resident Magistrate, who held his appointment, not because of his knowledge of law but as a matter of charity. On paper the spheres of influence for Privy Council, Volksraad and Resident Magistrate were clearly enough defined, but the limitations and restrictions were often disregarded, so that there was a constant overlapping of authority. The Magistrate's decisions were more according to his ideas of justice and equity than according to statute law. He paid himself and his officials from fees of court and fines, and gave account to nobody. He held office for a year or two, and then gave place to some other needy Griqua, who impatiently had waited his turn thus to replenish his depleted exchequer.

Klaas van der Westhuizen was magistrate late in the sixties. Thereafter he was field-cornet in Mount Currie District for some time after the "annexation".

During van der Westhuizen's term of office the late Sir Harry Escombe, who was Premier of Natal, being on one occasion on a hunting expedition, crossed from Natal into Kok's territory, and made himself guilty of some technical offence against Griqua law or usage. He was arrested and brought before van der Westhuizen for trial.

Escombe, who was perhaps somewhat deficient in the reverential spirit, which gives honour to whom honour is due, was certainly not overawed in the presence of His Worship, whose bench was a packing-case set up on end in a mud hut.

Struck with his wizened and somewhat bony appearance, he asked: "Am I to be tried by that ugly chimpanzee?" The clerk of the court was compelled, under threats, to interpret those strange and daring words. Klaas showed his anger at the insult and fined the prisoner £5 for contempt of court, with the alternative of imprisonment. The fine was paid and the magistrate was a rich man. This was a red-letter day in

the annals of the court, and henceforth Klaas was a hero. The event was often referred to with merriment and jest, and in glorification of the "slimness" of the "natie", and as one illustrious occasion when the white man had to sing small and the coloured man was "baas".

Adam Kok did not scruple to let white men, sometimes even white men of distinction, wait his convenience. He considered it added to his importance and dignity, though it did not sweeten the tempers or improve the language of those who waited.

In 1870, Commissioners from the President of the Orange Free State reached the laager to see the Chief on business. They had come seeking for such testimony as would strengthen their disputed claim to the newly-discovered diamond fields.

For days Kok kept them waiting and chafing under the indignity before he would see them. He had not forgotten the old feuds, the secret treaty and the scurvy way he had been treated. When he did give them audience they got little satisfaction; he was surly and grumpy; he knew that this time he had hold of the right end of the whip. They tried hard to draw the old man but failed, and returned with little satisfaction from their long wintry journey.

As representatives of the Orange Free State departed, empty handed, without gaining the slightest information that would be of service to them, it was one of those compensating moments for Adam Kok, when, for the time being, his tribulations vanished.

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When it was decided to trek to No-Man's-Land the Griquas had the Rev. W. B. Philip as their minister. A man of amiable disposition, he was deservedly held in high esteem by the body of the people. He was unsparing in his denunciations of wrongdoing, without respect of persons, but his fidelity brought on him the displeasure of the powers that be.

The church, parsonage and school at Philippolis were sold for something like £3,000, while other landed property belonging to the church was sold for £4,000. Of these sums only about £500 was paid in cash and deposited in the bank at Colesberg. The purchase price was secured by mortgage bonds on valuable property, to be paid off after a given time, when

the Griquas had reached their new home; meantime the interest would be available for the minister's support. He was to accompany them on the trek, and, after a visit to Cape Town, joined them at Hanglip, in the south of Basutoland.

During the absence of Dr. Philip, the bondholders, in a way not to their credit, persuaded the Finance Committee of the church to consent to a transference of the bonds to other properties. On Dr. Philip's return he denounced the transaction on both sides as dishonest, and pointed out the almost certain loss to the church, in certain contingencies. The result was a rupture between the minister, the Chief and the men who had been principal actors in the transaction, ending in Dr. Philip's resignation and retirement, to take up work in the rising town of Queenstown. Thus all the carefully-laid plans for the erection of new buildings for church and school work in the new country went to the wall, for there was no money to erect them.

Just then the Orange Free State-Basuto war broke out. All the Civil Courts in the Republic were closed, and when civil business was resumed the agents had so manipulated matters that what remained of the splendid provision made for the church work was the £500 in the Colesberg bank, and £1,340 recovered in 1874, after much litigation.

For seven years the Griqua Church was without a regular pastor; during that period the church officers, however, kept up the services without a break, thanks to the late Rev. Mr. Jenkins and the Rev. Mr. Eva, both Wesleyan missionaries at Emfundesweni, Pondoland, who occasionally visited them.

One, Cobus Constable, was appointed marriage officer, and, despairing of getting a European minister, they elected to the pastorate Hans or Johannes Bezuidenhout, who was ordained in 1869 by the Revs. R. Taylor of Cradock and James Reed of Philipton.

Poor Hans was placed in a false position. He was required to leave his farm, and the church undertook to pay him £150 per annum in cash. The most extraordinary part of it is that there was not that amount of coin in the country at the time. Consequently the congregation failed to fulfil its promise, and it was not long before the good man had to return to his farm or starve.

A day-school had been conducted up to 1870 by a blind man, William Trowbridge, assisted by his nephew. The £50 per annum payable, under one of the treaties, to the Griquas for a teacher, was continued, although the agreement itself was considered to have lapsed.

At the request of the London Missionary Society the Rev. William Dower paid a visit to No-Man's-Land in 1869. He gave his impressions of the country and its people:—

"Grass fires, change of pasturage, winter cold had decimated their stock, and reduced nearly all the Griquas to comparative poverty. Only a few were still fairly well off. These could still drive to church or Raad in the family spring wagon with prancing horses or excellent mules. They still ate the meat and drank the milk of their own cows, yet many of the people were wretchedly poor. How they subsisted was a mystery.

"With few exceptions, the Griquas are not fond of work. The fact is they hate work, look upon it as a sore necessity, tinged with degradation. Can we altogether blame them? This aversion to work is in the marrow of their bones; they drank it in with their mother's milk; their ancestors never worked; they hunted; they milked the cows, and later on they sheared the sheep and drove the spare cattle to market or to the trader's wagon to sell."

Mr. Dower wrote of the Griquas as he found them. He formed the opinion that they were lazy and indolent, unwilling to work if it could be avoided. "Why", they said, "toil and sweat when you can eat venison and drink milk, and sleep half the day in the sun?" "Alle mensche, ik is nie gek nie." (Why! I am not a fool.)

The time of trial came when the game was all gone and the cows were dead. That test came to the Griquas in No-Man's-Land, and as a people they went down under it.

Chapter XXI.

THE REV. WILLIAM DOWER ARRIVES AT MOUNT CURRIE LAAGER.

The Missionary Society which deputed Mr. Dower to visit the Griquas left him free to settle among them, or to take up work elsewhere. He writes:—

"I reached Mount Currie Laager about the middle of August, 1869, and was lodged with the Rev. William Murray, who was then conducting a boarding school for the benefit of several more advanced Griqua lads. I preached in the long, low, dark building inside the fort or laager. Through the open holes left for light in the side walls, a cold wintry wind blew. The very rough seats and the 'rust-banken' and camp stools brought from the houses were occupied by the men; the women sat on the floor, back against the wall, legs drawn up, and the whole body covered with a kaross. The pulpit was a packing case.

"On the evening of this, my first Sunday among the Griquas, it began to snow, and snowed heavily all night and the next day. By Tuesday morning the snow lay 18 inches deep. The Griquas were practically snowed up, and most of them in bed. We should have perished from cold and hunger but for a box of provisions I had brought with me. For fuel we used up some of the timbers of the roof, which we considered could be spared and put to a merciful use.

"The storm lived in the memories of the older Griquas as 'De Groote Kapok' and the season was a time to date from, 'De jaar van de groote kapok'.

"During my three weeks' stay in No-Man's-Land I saw a good deal of the country, and learned all I could of the condition of church and people. At the end of my visit the question was raised: 'Would I decide to remain among them?' I consented on certain conditions, one of which was that they should decide to leave the laager and build a new township. My

conditions were accepted at a very large and enthusiastic meeting, and I undertook to return and settle with my family among them as soon as possible.

"Before leaving I examined the proposed plan of the township, which was the work of Edward Barker, and approved of all the arrangements of streets, etc.

"About the last day of my stay Mr. Murray and I had a look at the site and the proposed water furrow. By means of a spirit-level fixed to a movable beam, mounted on a rude tripod, we satisfied ourselves as to the facility of irrigation, and roughly marked the course the furrow should take. At the request of the old chief we planted a stick firmly in an antheap, with a white pocket handkerchief on top, on the spot where we thought the centre of the town would be. From that point the subsequent survey was carried out.

"When we had finished our work, we sat around that antheap, boiled our coffee kettle, enjoyed our homely lunch and the delightful prospect around us.

"There, three miles off, was the grand old mountain, putting on its spring dress. The hoary, rugged crest, towering aloft 7,297 feet above sea level, seemed so near in the clear atmosphere that one felt it could be reached in a few minutes. Double the height of Table Mountain, to which, in form and play of cloud, it bears some resemblance, as a lair of tropical thunder clouds whence issues lightning and thunder, earthquake and hail, its superiority admits of no question. A kaleidoscope, ever varying, and never repeating the same view, it will change its aspect five times in as many minutes. One half is sometimes hidden by a cloud, stretching up to the general cloudline, and in another minute the other half will seem to have no existence; then the head peeps out of a drapery massed in folds about the base, or the base appears and the head is cut off, or the whole is enveloped in fleecy cloud.

"Away in the east lay the Zuurberg range and the fertile valley of the Umzimhlava River; to the west the hills around the Umzimvubu Poort; south, majestic Nolongeni, and to the south-east the Ingeli over whose crest lies the Province of Natal."

Mr. Dower returned to his home in the village of Uniondale via Natal, and came back to Mount Currie with his wife and children, arriving at the end of their journey on May 19, 1870, after spending three months in an ox-wagon.

From the Gatberg Settlement, now Maclear, there was only the roughest track. Their way lay through miles of burnt-out veld. Not a human habitation was encountered until they reached the vicinity of Matatiele, where the Basuto chief, Makwai, had his kraal. Here, too, an Irishman, O'Reilly, Adam Kok's magistrate for the district, lived in a dilapidated hut on the hill. They outspanned on the spot where Matatiele now stands.

O'Reilly sent a message to say that if he could be supplied with a piece of soap he would do himself the pleasure of paying a visit to their camp. This representative of law and authority was duly provided with what he wanted, and, having made himself presentable, came down from his exalted station to offer a hearty welcome.

The last stage of the journey followed the track formed by the Griqua trekkers. After crossing the Umzimvubu River at the drift, the track lay along the top of the range of hills at the back of Kloppers' farm, past Elands Kop, past the farm of Villander Gous's, through the Droevig valley, between Nairn and Tiger Vlei, then over the Nek, past the old intake of the Kokstad water supply, and into Mount Currie Laager.

CHAPTER XXII.

KOKSTAD TAKES SHAPE.

During the absence of Mr. Dower, September to May, the new township had been laid out. The survey and ploughing of the lines of streets had been done by the late Edward Barker, but as yet no attempt had been made to erect any building.

In the interval mentioned, the Griquas had also "taken out" the water furrow, sufficiently well done to secure an abundant supply. The furrow was constructed by free labour, each field-cornet (veld-kornet) in turn calling out the able-bodied men of his ward for a week or so. Government supplied food, or at least beef, coffee, sugar and tobacco, and the thing was done.

The cost of introducing a water supply is usually a first charge on the finances of a new town. The water was brought into the town of Kokstad by furrow, free of cost to the people. On this ground the Griquas set up a claim for special privileges, for they wanted their irrigation rights, and resented being deprived of them.

Within a month after outspanning at the laager plans were prepared for the church, school and parsonage, and to those plans Mr. Dower adhered, till the whole was completed some 12 years later. An Englishman named Morris took the contract, an arrangement which proved a huge failure. This man was blown to pieces in the explosion of the magazine in 1878.

The nearest post-office was Umzimkulu Drift, over 50 miles away, on the Natal border, whence letters and papers were received once a month, if sent for; there was no regular postal service. Adam Kok did not believe in sending letters, nor in receiving them; he thought he was better without them. His theory was: "If letters have good news they can wait, and if the news happens to be bad, well, better they do not come at all. Why send for letters?"

While the parsonage was being erected the Griquas began to realise that they had committed themselves to the "trek" from the laager to the new site. To trek, or not to trek—that was now the question. Some urged an immediate and simultaneous removal. Not a few declared their belief that the projected township would come to nought. The lazy lot, who basked all day in the sunny side of the sod hut, now affirmed with energy and heat of feeling, "De ezels zullen eerst hoorns hebben 'eer die plek en dorp zal worden". (Asses will grow horns before the place will become a town.)

These unprogressive Griquas, whose descendants have not yet died out, threw cold water on every scheme involving effort or self-sacrifice. They said they were too poor to build, which, translated into honest language, meant they were too lazy.

"The site was too far away from the fuel."

"The water would give out."

"The Opgaaf (or Quitrent) of five shillings per annum was too high."

"The Pondos would attack them when they left the protection of the fort."

"The new minister's building schemes were the impossible dreams of a mad rooinek. Who would follow him?"

These ragged Griquas, "burghers" all of them, were ever seated in the sun, discussing Griqua politics, nursing old grievances and hatching new ones.

Up to the end of 1870 the only erven taken up in the new town were six granted to the Griqua Church, the Government erf, on which the magistrate's and public offices now stand, and Adam Kok's erf, the site of the Chief's residence, known as the "Palace", which still stands. Charles Brisley's erf was afterwards purchased by the late Mr. Victor Dold and on it he built a large store. One erf was granted to Mr. Edward Barker. All the erven between Barker's and the Royal Hotel were taken up by members of the Griqua Council.

There was a manifest unwillingness to "take up" erven, just as there was hesitation and delay in taking up farms. It must be remembered that there was no charge, no upset price, no office fee. The best erven in the township went a begging for owners. This may appear incredible, yet it is absolutely true.

Mr. Dower tells a story of how he got the sod walls of his wagon-house erected. The Griqua builder, Francis Moentjes, original grantee of the farm Glenrock, accepted from Mr. Dower an old clerical coat in full payment for services rendered. That was the first building erected in Kokstad.

Early in 1871 a great gathering assembled by order of the Chief. The clans mustered in great force on the market square, around the antheap where the flagstaff was still stuck. A good deal of political heat and ferment had been generated by the secret intriguing of Smith Pommer from Zuurberg. The cause of dissatisfaction appeared to be Smith Pommer's jealousy of the influence Charles Brisley was daily acquiring over the Chief and the Raad.

Brisley undoubtedly rendered very valuable service to the Chief and to the people. His advice on all political matters was wise and disinterested, as far as it was possible for a man in his position to be. It was said of him that he was frank, open and fair, never using his influence with the Chief to take a mean advantage of anyone.

Smith Pommer meant mischief. There was a cloud on his face that day, and he was as surly to speak to as a butcher's dog. It was obvious that he and his party intended at this "vergadering" to demand and enforce Brisley's removal.

Afterwards it was found out that Pommer and his immediate followers had weapons in readiness and were prepared to proceed to hostilities. They were the same individuals who, eight years later, fought and fell with Pommer.

About midday on this historic occasion the Chief summoned the people around his wagon. He spoke as follows:

"Burghers, we have long spoken of making a township. The question of a site is happily settled. Here is the site of the new town. We are gathered on the market square. Do you see the antheap and the flag-stick there? Well, that is about the centre. You see the streets are marked off and the erven. Water has been led on. The minister's house is nearly ready for occupation; he will soon move into it. Over there is the site for the church and school, and behind me will be the Government building.

Now I want to tell you that, according to the decisions of the Volksraad and the Uitvoerende Raad, this is to be our

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chief town. Every burgher is now free to select the erf he likes best. Only see that two do not select the same erf. Let there be no strife for there are plenty of erven; they are all equally good and of equal size. The price is nothing; only, when you have made your selection you must register your choice with the secretary, who will give you a ticket of allotment. The titles are being printed in Cape Town, and will soon be available. The quitrent is five shillings a year, payable in cash or kind. Go now and choose, and when you have all made your selection come back to me. I have other matters of public interest to bring forward for your consideration."

Adam Kok was one of the shrewdest of men. He knew his people well; he knew also human nature. Whether he was aware that Smith Pommer was there with hostile intent may be doubted, but he knew that something was stirring. He knew that the choosing of erven and the registering and the bickering would exhaust the daylight and keep the people busy and scattered.

Ominously and opportunely banks of cloud showed above the horizon. The slaughtered beef was in the old laager, not in the new township. The rain or the darkness, or both, as well as the attractions of beef eating would drive them to shelter in the laager, and there would be no second meeting. By four o'clock rain fell heavily and everyone hastened away, the old Chief felt safe beside his fort and powder-magazine and could defy Smith Pommer. A heavy summer downpour in defective clothing, without shelter and with no beef to eat, was too much to be endured.

"Smith se goed kan maar klaar komen met zyne bedanking van Brisley. Huis toe!" (Smith and his supporters may manage as best they can about displacing Brisley. Let's go home!)

This was the first and last time Pommer's party had the chance of action until 1878. Riet Vlei district was the centre of disaffection and intrigue, and Smith Pommer the moving spirit, until it culminated in his death and the scattering of such of his sympathisers as survived.

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Many erven now had registered owners, and the erven were negotiable property. Titles had been issued, but the old law prohibiting the sale of Griqua landed property to any save a

burgher was still in force. Yet, Mr. Dower states, within a few months after the issue of titles, he could have bought up half the erven of the new town at from 20s. to 30s. apiece, a muid-sackful of titles for a few pounds.

"Mynheer moet toch myn erf koopen. Ik ben heel uit kos." (Buy my erf, do, please, sir. I have no food.") This was the daily cry. Erven, today worth large sums of money, irrespective of buildings were offered for ridiculous prices. An old coat, a half-worn suit of clothing, would have sufficed for the purchase. Mr. Dower remonstrated on the folly of disposing of their erven. "But", he adds, "in many cases I might as well have spoken to the winds. The average Griqua, if he once gets the 'verkoop gedachte', the selling fever, has no reason nor common sense."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TREK TO THE NEW TOWN.

Towards the middle of 1872 Kok called up his burghers. They came in large numbers, all except those from Riet Vlei and Umzimkulu, who were not invited. Griquas, Barolong, Basuto, assembled in the old laager and held a sort of review, going through certain evolutions.

The Chief dressed himself in his general's uniform—sash, belt, gold lace, epaulets, sword, etc. All this to give dignity to the occasion and weight to his words. Without giving any explanation of his purpose, he issued his orders to the field-cornets: "Load up the ammunition, powder and shot. Klaas, you see that every article of Government property is placed on the wagons, and harness the oxen to the cannon."

To the magistrate he had given instructions to pack all records of his office. "Now trek to the New Town" was his stern command.

In the early afternoon the cavalcade, with the Chief and his Councillors and Chief Waterboer at the head, reached the village. It drew up in front of a very temporary sod house, erected near to where R. R. Mundell's shop now stands. The burghers formed up in a half circle and the Chief addressed them.

"From today this is to be the Seat of Government. Henceforth I myself will live here. I shall break down my house at the old laager. The Volksraad will hold its sittings here; the Magistrate's Court will be held here; the minister will conduct all his services here. The guns and ammunition will remain here. Now, burghers, it is time to bestir yourselves, and build your houses and come and make your homes here."

The cannon were backed into the ammunition shed, where they remained till Captain Blyth took them over in March, 1876.

Mr. Brisley then came forward and intimated that, out of respect to Kapteyn Adam Kok, the Raad had agreed that the New Town would henceforth bear the name of Kokstad.

All this was translated into Kaffir by "Petroos". Three cheers were raised for Kokstad, and three more for the Kapteyn. Then the cry was: "Huis toe!"

The old shop in the laager was sold to Messrs. Goodliffe & Balance of Durban for the sum of £75, the exact sum the Griqua Church paid for it four years earlier. With this money and the remainder of the cash obtained from the sale of the Philippolis property the new schoolroom was completed. By the new year it was ready for church services and teaching.

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Adam Kok now set about erecting his dwelling-house, afterwards known as "The Palace". Nearly all the carpenter's work was done by the Griqua Chief, Nicholas Waterboer from Griquatown, a man whose name will always figure largely in South African history.

The discovery of diamonds in what he claimed as his territory, Griqualand West, and the sudden influx of a lawless mining population, had wellnigh driven the quiet man to his wit's end. Suddenly he found himself about the most important and sought-after individual in South Africa. Speculators and fortune-hunters buzzed around him day and night, like bees around a pot of sugar. He told Mr. Dower that for some months he could get little rest, quiet or sleep, and no longer was life worth living.

People came from all parts with all kinds of documents to sign, and brought all kinds of presents, including cases of brandy and champagne. Many of these unscrupulous men dexterously made the most extraordinary proposals to him as to how he should dispose of the country. Yet they found Waterboer less easy to handle than they expected.

They were a rollicking, jolly sort of men, who spread the snare cunningly for his unwary feet.

Waterboer, a strictly sober man, from that time acquired a taste for liquor, which ultimately proved his ruin. The conflict of claims for ownership, the self-assertiveness of the diamond hunters, the violent threats of the more determined

of them, and the responsibilities of government were too much for him. He handed over his country and all his rights to the High Commissioner. Then came the Orange Free State authorities and the Transvaal officials, worrying the life out of him about beacons and boundaries, concessions and sales, treaties and promises. To his subjects he had given no formal titles; they had only prescriptive rights, and now they also came in shoals, all clamouring for some writing confirmatory of their holdings.

Waterboer, even with his £1,000 a year, was like a mouse between the teeth of a harrow. He was in a sea of trouble, and got out of it by quietly slipping away over the mountain to No-Man's-Land. He took with him a good kit of carpenter's tools, as he was a keen woodworker. *Thus it came about that the Griqua Chief, whose name is so prominent in the annals of Griqualand West, found rest from his cares in building the house of his father-in-law in Griqualand East.*

In the early days of Kokstad most of the Griqua houses were built of sods. Little else was dreamed of, and on the outskirts of the town today some of those original houses still stand. Sod walls became an institution peculiar to the place. The first Government building had its walls of sods, i.e. turf cut into regular blocks, six inches in thickness, which, plastered and whitewashed, resembled a solid wall. At first all erven were enclosed by such walls and viewed from the hill to the east they resembled a huge draught-board.

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A weekly post by native runner to the nearest post-office in Natal was established by Mr. Darby. It was a private postal service, but became public through having its own postage stamp. This was the first attempt at a regular service. If the Griqua Government wished to avail itself of the "Mount Currie Express" it had to procure stamps and use them, like anyone else.

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Early in the seventies a question was raised as to the extent of the commonage. The land on which Kokstad is situated originally belonged to Martinus Davids. He took

up the farm with the full understanding that if the Government at any time required it for a township he would have to move elsewhere, without compensation. Martinus laughed at the idea of the Griquas ever establishing a town, and confidently began to build, to enclose and cultivate.

When his farm was fixed on as the site of the town, he received notice to quit, but he declined to accept it, intimating his purpose to abide his time and seek for what he called "his rights". Later, when the Chief and most of the members of the old Raad were dead, and after the Colonial Government had been formally established, Martinus pressed his claim for compensation. After much negotiation and correspondence, extending over years, Martinus had to be satisfied without compensation in money. He received a grant of land, retaining his enclosed lands, and pasture rights on the commonage. The transaction was all in his favour, but he grumbled, and went on grumbling to his grave.*

Kokstad owes to the late Edward Barker, more than to any other man, the acquisition of its splendid commonage of 12,000 acres. He never rested till he had the boundaries fixed as they are today.

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*(The enclosed lands of Martinus Davids are on the left of the Natal road as one enters the town.)

Chapter XXIV.

WAR AGAINST THE BACCAS.

During the years that passed since Adam Kok and his Griquas occupied the country, his relations with the surrounding tribes had, on the whole, been fairly peaceful.

With Faku, the old renowned and powerful Pondo Chief, he was in friendly intercourse till his death. Deeds, dignified by the name of "treaties", had been drawn up and ratified between them.

An unfortunate feud, however, had sprung up between the Griquas and Makaula, Chief of the Amabacca, located around Mount Frere. Uncertainty existed as to the exact boundary line between them. On debatable land there lived a petty chief, who was famed as a "cattle lifter", Nukana by name. He helped himself freely and frequently to the stock of Kok's subjects—Griqua, Kaffir and Basuto; such at least was the common accusation against him.

Kok held that this offender was on the Bacca side of the line, that Bacca subjects aided and abetted him in concealing the stolen stock so far inside Bacca territory that there could be no question of boundary. Makaula would neither restrain the thief, nor restore the stolen property. When Kok's patience became exhausted he declared war, and called out his burghers. "Rooi Jan" Pienaar, a Griqua of purest blood, was appointed Commandant.

Under Rooi Jan were placed Lodewijk Kok and Adam Johannes Kok, familiarly known as "Adam Muis", an arrangement which at once created a grievance with these two "Princes of the Blood". For the first time Rooi Jan now came into prominence. He had all the characteristics of a Griqua, being an expert horseman, a crack shot, built in the prodigality of nature, amazingly self-possessed, imperious, haughty, dignified, proud and penniless; a man of broken means. Jan took command of some 300 burghers; most of them rode good horses and were well provided with fire-arms and ammunition, vastly

superior to the style of fire-arms obtaining among the Kaffirs at that time. These were mostly old tower muskets or gas pipes skilfully manipulated into cheap guns.

Whether it was due to superior skill, or superior arms, or force of stricter discipline, in two weeks' time Rooi Jan dictated terms to Makaula, almost at his kraal gate. A fine of 700 head of cattle was imposed and enforced. Negotiations followed, and the cause of offence was removed from the border, but the distribution of the surrendered and captured stock led to heartburnings, jealousy and strife.

This little war had an important bearing on the future of Griqualand East. Makaula, and those who sympathised with him, called the attention of the Cape Government to the necessity of an investigation and of defining the boundaries. Responsible government had been established at the Cape and Mr. Charles Brownlee was Secretary for Native Affairs. The anomalous position of Kok and his Griquas had not escaped his attention.

The Natal Government, too, which had, from the first, claimed priority of right to No-Man's-Land, and looked with no friendly eye on the semi-independent and semi-civilised state planted on her border, called on the Cape Government to look more closely after their unruly children or proteges.

About this time another event happened which drew the attention of the Cape Government to the Griqua position. Mr. T. O. Hall, who kept a small store in the laager, had become a *persona ingrata* with the Government, particularly with Lodewijk Kok, because he, Hall, had refused to give the Government unlimited credit. Lodewijk declined to give any security for the payment of goods ordered, except the word of the magistrate, and said that as Hall held a Griqua licence for trading in the country he was bound to sell in good faith to the order of its officers. Matters reached a climax when Hall refused to pay a heavy fine for using a weight alleged to be false.

The following day wagons were commandeered by Lodewijk, and Hall's goods, furniture and family were unceremoniously loaded up. *Nolens volens* he and his belongings were conveyed to the Natal boundary and off-loaded at the spot where the Ingeli Store and Trading Post now stands.

There he was left on the open veld to shift for himself as best he could.

Mr. Hall was faced with ruin, for, having no *locus standi* in the country and having incurred the displeasure of the "Groote menschen", he could not easily recover outstanding debts. However he rigged up a shelter and began to trade on the very spot where he had been set down, and there bided his opportunity. We shall see how "the whirligig of time brings its revenge".

These high-handed proceedings did not meet with the approval of the more intelligent Griqua burghers, nor, indeed, did the Chief himself approve; the thing was done before he had the chance of interfering. This case illustrates the overlapping of judicial authority and functions which prevailed in that miniature state. Hall reported his case to Cape Town, and questions asked in the House of Parliament attracted the attention of the Colony to the anomalous state of affairs on the frontier. After a lapse of about two years Kok made compensation to Hall, granting him business erven in the new town, to which he came in triumph and where he recommenced trading.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BRITISH RESIDENT.

The Griquas were much perturbed by the question: "Who will succeed Adam Kok?" There was a William Kok, familiarly known as "Tol", the son of Mrs. Kok, but the accident of his paternity excluded him from all claim. There were several heirs presumptive. The Jood family, the Eta family, the Waterboer family each set up claims and candidates.

Some of the "apprentices", or slave descendants, ventured to argue that, since the old original Adam Kok had been himself a slave, a representative of that class might well be selected to sit in the Kaptein's seat and hold his staff of office.

The Waterboer and Jood families evolved a plan by which their respective claims might be united, through the marriage of Waterboer's eldest son to Jood's daughter. No Salic law was in force, but there was no precedent of a Griqua "Chieftainess" bearing rule among their people, and precedent had almost the force of law.

At one time prejudice against the idea of a queen ruling had been very strong, and when hopes failed of issue from the union of Adam Kok III with his deceased brother's widow, Adam as good as adopted Adam Eta Kok, eldest son of his cousin. The boy lived in the Chief's house and was taught to think of himself as the "heir apparent". He accompanied Kok and his councillors to Cape Town in 1868, wooed a bride there and was married in right royal style. After his wife died he returned to Cape Town and married her cousin.

Meantime the "Eta Kok" influence began to decline and that of "Jood" increased.

The illustrious reign of Queen Victoria had familiarised Adam Kok with the idea of a woman succeeding him. "Why not?" Jood was his wife's son-in-law; Jood's daughter was growing up, handsome, amiable, and in a moderate way accomplished. She was the grandchild of Adam Kok's immediate predecessor (his elder brother), and so his own niece along the

line of primogenituoe, and, besides, the child of his own adopted daughter.

As previously mentioned, Nicholas Waterboer was Kok's stepson-in-law. His eldest son, by marrying his cousin, Jood's eldest daughter, would unite the claims of the two families to reign together. This certainly looked as if the "tide in the affairs of men might lead on to fortune"—a lasting Kok-Waterboer dynasty—a waking dream that seemed all natural and likely enough. Alas! When the time arrived for the projected overtures it was found that the marriage proposals had to be abandoned for reasons that wellnigh broke the hearts of the girl's parents and made every patriotic and respectable Griqua hang his head with shame and sorrow. Little was said openly, yet a good deal of controversy went on as to the "succession". Division smouldered, partisanship was strong and even perilous. Had Adam Kok died at any time between 1869 and 1874 his death would have been the signal for civil strife, and it would have led to much bloodshed.

All these things—the Bacca War, the undefined boundaries, the making of treaties, the infliction of capital punishment, Hall's case, strife over succession, and a good deal more—were known to the new Secretary for Native Affairs. A commission was appointed by the Cape Government to proceed to No-Man's-Land to investigate and report. The three commissioners were Colonel Griffith, Colonel Grant and Mr. James Ayliff. For a week they listened to voluminous evidence on all the subjects already mentioned, except on the question of succession, which was discussed privately with the Chief.

The appointment of this commission was the first intimation to Kok that his action and position were receiving the serious attention of the Government of the Cape. Sir Philip Wodehouse had visited him a few years earlier, just after concluding the Aliwal Convention, but the only outcome of the visit was the verbal advice: "Do the best you can; we will not interfere with you."

Very soon after this commission had presented its report, Mr. Joseph M. Orpen was appointed British Resident for the whole of the Transkei, including Kok's territory. He took up his residence on the bank of the Tsitsa River, not far from the present town of Mount Fletcher, about 100 miles from

Kokstad. He was to be "the eyes and ears and mouthpiece" of the Government to all the tribes around. From the very first he showed his dislike for the Griquas, against whom he had an unreasonable prejudice. They were to him evil and evil continually. He was a strong partisan of the Basuto, and contended with almost reckless regard of Griqua interests and facts to allege that the whole Griqua country ought to belong to the Basuto.

Soon the Griquas found out how Orpen was disposed, and consequently there was no love lost between them. Besides worrying Kok with a ceaseless flow of bombastic dispatches on every miserable trifle, he went to the very extreme of his authority to belittle him, a treatment which the Chief bitterly resented, and, according to Mr. Dower, did not deserve.

Mr. Brisley, though still officially Government Secretary, had moved his residence from Kokstad to Umzimkulu. He had become a partner in the firm of Strachan & Co., and only visited Kokstad about once a month. During the intervals of Brisley's visits the Chief had to depend on very imperfect Griqua assistance. For a few months he had the help of Mr. Dower, who attended to his correspondence, and in doing so gained first-hand information of what was going on.

The old Chief had an exceedingly worrying time. The word "annexation" had been mentioned, and he dreaded the issue. After one particularly trying day he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, awakening during the night at occasional intervals to recall chimerical dreams, in which the events of the day before were reflected, but caricatured and distorted. Finally he was aroused by what seemed a summons from the unknown, taunting him as the uncrowned King of the Griquas. The dream of complete independence as ruler of a free state vanished.

During the winter months of 1874 many incidents rankled in the old man's mind. Abandoned by the Government in the Bloemfontein Convention, betrayed by the Secret Treaty, and by the refusal to allow ammunition to reach him, left to the tender mercies of the aggressor, he could be obliterated bit by bit, and all this in spite of treaty obligations declared still to be in force. He had come into the new country much against his will, as a British subject with the promise of magis-

terial help. That had failed him. He had been told to govern his people and rule the country as best he could. He had done it. He had become accustomed to his independence. His people had begun to think and speak of themselves as a "Volk", a nation. He now resented this pin-pricking, the limitations implied in Mr. Orpen's appointment, and the imperious tone of his dispatches.

Beyond all doubt, Orpen's policy and objective was annexation. Against that Kok might not have objected, for he was conscious of the anomalous character of his position. But he had the conviction that he was being hounded and worried from the quarter from which he ought to get help, advice, guidance and sympathy. Had he not opened up that new country? Without making roads had he not found out the best and most passable tracks and drifts over the rivers? He had cleared the country of wild beasts and demonstrated its fitness for agricultural and pastoral industries, and he had done all the rough pioneer work, without the protection of a single soldier or the expenditure of a single shilling of Colonial or Imperial money. Had he not founded a township and established organised government, which, with all its defects, was far in advance of anything attempted by any Kaffir or Basuto tribe? Thus Kok argued and he declined to be treated as if he were a barbarous heathen.

Events soon occurred elsewhere which favoured Orpen's scheme of annexation and brought matters to a crisis.

Langalibalele, a native chief, rebelled in Natal, and took refuge in the Drakensberg mountain. A section of the same Hlubi tribe was settled near Kok's country, and their chief, Zibe, was the intimate friend and blood relation of the rebel chief. It was naturally surmised that he would try to make his way over the mountains to join his relative, who would then make common cause with him and spread the spirit of insubordination. There was evidence of intrigue between the two, and messages of a somewhat mysterious character had been passing to and fro among other chiefs and tribes in the Transkei. To check this possible movement the Natal Government invited Adam Kok to assist with a Griqua levy.

In 24 hours Kok's mounted men were on the way over the flats to the appointed rendezvous. The rapidity and

promptitude of the response to Kok's call to arms excited admiration and gratitude. The field-cornets rode all night from farm to farm to rouse the sleeping burghers. While the men got the horses from the veld and saddled, the women put into the saddle-bags the available provender—coffee, sugar and a little tobacco. A haunch of biltong was hung at the side, also a tin pannikin, while in front was fastened the blanket. All this was the work of an hour and then the Griqua was off at a full gallop to the meeting place of his particular ward. This little Griqua army discharged the services asked for satisfactorily and, it is said, free of charge to the Government. The combined force checked the southward movement of the rebels, and drove the Hlubi into the arms of Colonel Griffith in Basutoland.

Mr. Orpen now found from this venture a new text from which to preach his favourite theme "Annexation". "Do you not see", he said, "that until such time as you annex the whole territory stretching from one colony to the other, and from the Drakensberg to the Ingeli, you will always have a land vacuum, which will offer a possible asylum for discontented and dangerous men?" At this nail in the coffin of Griqua independence he hammered vigorously, both in his dispatches to Government and in reports to Parliament.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GENERAL VISITS KOKSTAD.

During the winter months of 1874 Mr. Orpen visited Kokstad. There was some very plain speaking between him and the Chief. Mr. Brisley came up from Umzimkulu to be present at the interview. Mr. Dower gives the following account of what Kok said:—

> "Mr. Orpen, you have, I know, doubted my loyalty. I am grateful for the opportunity recently given me of demonstrating that I am not the disloyal man you would represent me to be. If my burghers are required at any time to help in maintaining the Queen's supremacy they will always be ready. I now wish to have my position defined. Ever since I came to this country I have asked for this. I ask it again. If I am an independent Chief, leave me a free hand, along with my people, to manage our state in our own way, so long as I do not injure others, or damage Colonial interests. If I am not an independent Chief then beg of the Government, for me, to carry out the original condition of our settlement and relieve me of responsibility. I am too old to be kept in hot water like this any longer."

Orpen's reply was evasive; he was evidently biding his time.

The following September Sir Arthur Cunningham, General in command at the Cape, passed through Kokstad with his suite. He had several informal interviews with the Chief and one of a formal character.

The General was invited to afternoon tea at the "palace". He went in full uniform—cocked hat, waving feathers, dangling sword, military gloves, with all his honours on his breast, his aide-de-camp likewise in shining array. Mr. Dower, as his host, accompanied him, and relates what happened:

"We walked in procession between a double line of mounted burghers, from the Parsonage to the Palace. There Adam Smith, a well-known Kokstad character, in a somewhat faded and mixed uniform, mounted guard at the door, and presented arms with more loyalty than grace. Inside, all the heads of departments, including the cook and herdboy, were assembled. Wenzel Hemroe acted as interpreter. The 'Ladies of the Household' were also present, and the younger of them served coffee and substantial refreshments. The formalities were tiresome and grotesque; the conversation was, at first, desultory and embarrassing, for the Griquas had an idea that the General had some commission up his sleeve.

"After sundry dry remarks about the weather, the health of the family, the course of the General's journey, its destination, etc., the ice was broken, and the frigidity passed away.

" 'Chief, why don't you make better roads? Roads are the first step to civilisation, and needful to progress. The first thing the old Romans did was to make good roads when they went into a new country.'

" 'I suppose those Romans were white people like you, and not coloured like us.'

" 'Oh yes, they were white.'

" 'Ah! I thought so. If they had been coloured they would have known better. The fact is our roads are too good already, and if we make them better the white men will come in and buy up all the land, and then what would the roads profit us?'

" 'Chief, your town is beautifully situated and well laid out, but I do not see any provision made for a Park and Public Gardens, you should attend to that as soon as possible.'

" 'What, General! A park and a garden like I saw in Cape Town? General, you do not know this country, nor do you know the weakness of our people. Garden! Park! Oh, no; the trees would bring the birds, the birds would eat the ripe corn, and we would have no bread. The shade, too, would be so nice my people would want to sit under it all day long, instead of ploughing their farms, and by and by they would be beggars.' "

Chapter XXVII.

THE ANNEXATION.

Sir Henry Barkly and his staff arrived in Kokstad on October 15, 1874. A cavalcade of Griqua burghers went out to meet His Excellency, and escorted him into the town. Mr. Orpen and his clerk, Mr. Gladwin, were there to meet the Governor. Next morning Sir Henry and Mr. Orpen were closeted together formulating the conditions on which annexation should take place.

By 12 noon on October 16 the Chief, his Council and the people filled the schoolroom and crowded the verandah. Arrived at the schoolroom the Governor addressed the Chief and people very briefly, every word being translated into Dutch.

"The Government believes that the time has come when it is advisable to relieve Adam Kok of his responsibilities of the office he has filled so long and so well. His age and the circumstances of the country seem to demand this.

"The Government has, therefore, decided to assume, from today, the administration of the affairs of this territory. Suitable provision will be made for the Chief, and allowances will also be made for the members of his Council. All *bona fide* titles to land will be confirmed All other claims for land by the Griquas will be generously dealt with. Mr. Orpen will now read you the conditions."

The conditions were as follows:—

(1) Captain Adam Kok shall continue to hold his present honorary title, and will receive a fixed salary, which shall amount, together with allowances that he presently receives from the Colonial and Imperial Governments, to £1,000 per annum, in consideration of his past services and his position, as President of a Council, whose functions will be defined by Government, and of such assistance as Government will require of him in arranging the affairs of the country.

(2) The present Government officials will remain in their positions, and receive their present salaries, until Government can acquaint itself with their cases and qualifications, and it can be decided which shall remain, or receive some fair retiring allowance.

(3) The present laws will remain in force, until Government can acquaint itself with them and their suitability. The wishes of the Captain and the people will receive fair consideration whenever expressed.

(4) Titles to land will remain in their present position until after due enquiry they are confirmed by Government, which will deal justly and liberally with them.

(5) All Government property, and all documents connected with the Government business in Old and New Griqualand will be handed to the British Resident, or to those appointed by him, upon application.

(6) All just debts of the present Government will be liquidated by means of arrears and incoming revenue.

(7) The government of the country, for the future, will be carried on under instruction by the British Resident, Joseph Millard Orpen, Esq.

When Mr. Orpen had finished, and the conditions had been translated into Dutch, he sat down, and there was deathly silence.

At last the Chief, who had been sitting with head on hands, and elbows on knees, gave his wonted and familiar grunt, looked up and said: "Daar het julle dit nou." (There you have it now.) Again silence at last broken by the Chief, who was still sitting, and said: "Governor, this has come suddenly. We were not consulted. We say nothing. We ask Governor to give us time for consultation, and to meet us again." This request was granted, but the afternoon meeting never took place.

There was no small excitement among the Griquas that day. They stood in groups discussing the situation. Very few expressed satisfaction, while with the majority consternation and perplexity were clearly stamped on their faces.

Thus ended this simple, brief, historical ceremony of "annexation". It put a stop to a good deal of favouritism. People who valued justice, equality, impartiality and fair play breathed more freely. This act increased the value of land and it opened the door for capital and industry. But did the Griquas view it in that light? By no means. To hint at benefits likely to follow the "annexation" was to be regarded as a traitor to their "self-standigheid" (independence). They became sullen and irritable.

The "Oorneeming" (Annexation) created a new grievance, and the average Griqua of those days was not happy unless he had a grievance. To many it was complete justification for spending 10 hours out of every 24 in talk. It was much easier to talk over grievances than to hoe mealies or plant potatoes. "Mens moet praat, alle wereld" (One must talk, after all).

Chapter XXVIII.

SOME GRIQUA WORTHIES.

The Cape Government had "assumed the administration of the affairs of the country", and this was generally termed "annexation". In point of fact it was no such thing. The conditions referred to no authority under which action was taken. They did not even bear a signature; nor did they appear in print until the next year's Blue Book was published. The Supreme Court had no jurisdiction, neither could the Queen's writ legally run. Annexation only took effect in 1879.

Notwithstanding the altered circumstances, Adam Kok persisted in kraaling his cattle on the Main Street, opposite his house. It was very disgusting and trying to patience, the more so seeing that the town water-furrow ran through it. There was no surveillance of the furrow, which, in the winter months, was often blocked by some dead animal.

Before leaving the old Griqua regime, with its comparative easy-going and primitive ways, for the faster life of the succeeding years, let us glance at a few of the men and women who were prominent in the town, and whom Mr. Dower describes as "types of their class". Of Adam Kok's wife he writes:—

"She was the widow of Abraham Kok, Adam's elder brother. Before his decease, Adam supplanted him, and on his death married the widow and adopted the three daughters. She was as pure a specimen of the Griqua woman as was then alive, with an olive complexion, short of stature, woolly peppercorn hair, sleepy eyes, high cheek-bones and small hands. Her type of beauty was not exactly queenly. In truth, she was but a charred, wrinkled piece of womanhood. Of the English language she knew nothing; of the Dutch she knew only a little, but she spoke the old Griqua tongue to perfection. She bore no children to Adam Kok, seldom left her room, and always wore a superabundance of clothing. With her few female attendants who were able to understand and speak

with her she was sociable and talkative. With all others, especially white people, she was shy and taciturn.

"No ladies kissed her Majesty's hand,
It was not the custom in Griqualand."

. . . . . .

Cornelius van der Westhuizen was father to the quondam Resident Magistrate, whose adventure with the future Premier of Natal has been mentioned elsewhere. From the time of his manhood he was a Councillor—a member of the Upper House. He was unlike a Griqua in that he was tall and stately and walked erect without slouching. On the other hand, he was a typical Griqua in that he was never known to do a stroke of work, but he was a good Councillor. He saved himself a lot of needless thinking, secured his seat, and made sure of liberal pickings by always adding "Yea" and "Amen" to whatever the Chief said.

Van der Westhuizen was one of the very few men who could give evidence as to the exact original position of "David's Graf", on which question partly depended the conflicting claims of Great Britain and the Orange Free State to the rightful ownership of the diamond fields in Griqualand West. He gave his evidence to the Orange Free State Commissioners a few days after Adam Kok's death, but as it by no means supported the Free State's claim, it probably was not sent to England to Earl Carnarvon.

He had accompanied Adam Kok to Cape Town, and more than once he appeared in the rooms of Government House. When he returned he brought a fashionably made, expensive, sky-blue dress for his "ou vrouw". She was a wise woman, with a keen sense of decorum, and greeted the costly gift with the salutation: "Wat voor een ding voor een ou vrouw! Fooi toch, Cornelius, jou is gek." (What a thing for an old wife! Cornelius, you are a fool.)

Sundry operations with Tanta Metjie's scissors were necessary before she could get inside it, and the courtly train was docked off, so as to rescue it from the indignity of sweeping the mess-smeared floor. The surplus was made into kappies for the grandchildren.

Cornelius vowed that he would never go a-shopping for his wife again. After annexation he continued to draw his £3 a month until his death, and this in compensation for loss of dignity and pickings.

. . . . . .

Mauritz Pretorius was a very obscure individual in the little town, yet he also in his way made his contribution to South African history. Born in Cape Town he remembered seeing and could graphically describe General Baird's entry into the city in 1806. The circumstance which fixed his attention and remained most distinctly in his memory was the march of the Highlanders, "Mal Koppen, met vrowens rokken!" (Madmen in women's dresses.)

While still a youth he was Voorlooper (leader) to Dr. Van der Kemp's wagon from Cape Town to Bethelsdorp. He was one of the original grantees of the Kat River Settlement, but, like many more, sold out his allotment at the first moment. Thence he went to Bechuanaland to assist in the rough work of establishing the mission station at Kuruman. On his return journey he halted at Philippolis and settled down there.

Pretorius claimed to be the original grantee of the farm on which Bloemfontein now stands, and he certainly was the man who gave it its present name. He held the certificate from the local field-cornet. There was unanimity of opinion among the older Griquas that Mauritz first broke soil on the spot which became the Orange Free State Republican capital.

For the Griqua Government he had supreme contempt and for all its officers and doings. "Domme menschen, wetten nix", he would say. (Blockheads, they know nothing!)

At 70 years the old man married a young woman for his third wife. One day he stood up to have his youngest child baptised, side by side with his great-grandchild bringing her first-born. When over 80 years of age Pretorius still walked with a firm step. He never had an hour's sickness, worked to the last day, and died from sheer exhaustion of vital functions.

. . . . . .

For some time after annexation there was little appearance of change in the methods of government of Griqualand.

Edward Barker was appointed to act for Mr. Orpen, who still remained at Tsitsa River. Barker was to assist Adam Kok in his clerical work; everything went on pretty much as before, with the exception that Kok ceased to have the right to allot farms and erven.

Up till then any man of colour, who would undertake burgher responsibilities and duties, could have a farm of 3,000 acres, and an erf in town for the asking. He had to pay the field-cornet of the ward seven shillings and sixpence a day for going round and pointing out the farms still open for allotment. When he had made his selection he received from the officer what was called a "Request", or certificate, which declared that AB was the first applicant for the farm C. Here followed the name the selector chose to give the farm, and a very rough description of its position. With this certificate in hand he could take out title on payment of an office fee of 10s.

Any white man willing to put his dignity, if he had any, into his pocket and to apply to the Raad might be accepted as a burgher, under the usual conditions of military service, and forthwith became entitled to select his farm and an erf in town.

Very amusing are the stories told of how farms were sometimes granted. It was said that old Van Wyhe, a Hollander from Amsterdam, who had settled on the farm "Sneezewood", applied for farms, not only for his sons already born but also for those in expectancy. He urged that he was quite confident about their arrival in due time, that he had already decided on their names, that it would be a clear saving of time and trouble to make out all the titles in a bunch, and he would find the land all adjoining.

"You give me the farms, Chief, and I will find the boys."

"No, no," said the Chief. "A boy must be able to bring his father a cup of water, or a live coal for his pipe before he can have a farm."

These juvenile attainments became the recognised qualification for a child becoming a landed proprietor. Some white men qualified themselves for burgher rights by marrying Griqua wives and some by pretending to do so, but leaving a convenient back door.

Every Griqua who had crossed the mountain, as well as his grown-up child, was entitled to farms. Many declined to

take up their grants because they were too poor to work or stock them. Annexation placed these men in the position not of owners but expectants of land. They had to wait the convenience of the Government and the sitting of the Land Board, and in some cases they had to wait for years in uncertainty and suspense. Thus they became dissatisfied and joined the general outcry against the Government. At first this delay seemed somewhat hard, but when it is remembered that surveys had not been completed, that much uncertainty existed as to the extent of land available and about the amount already alienated under title, no one could blame the Government for putting a stop to the somewhat reckless distribution which had been going on.

The Government reserved none of the land originally intended by Adam Kok for distribution among the Griquas. Yet the latter could see no reason for this waiting for surveys, land commission, etc. Because they could not have their grants at once they fumed and fretted, sat for days in meetings, got up memorials, sent deputations, issued protests, and even talked of sending a deputation to England. "Let us send and talk to the Old Lady."

Stories were current that the Griquas were to be heavily taxed; every head of stock, pigs, goats, dogs, cats, fowls, and every pane of glass would be taxed, and the end would be the Griquas would be put into locations.

It was not to the interest of those who wanted to buy as much land as possible and as cheaply as possible to contradict these stories which mysteriously came into circulation.

To add to the dissatisfaction and suspicion Mr. Orpen commissioned Mr. Barker to take a census of the country, covering people, cattle, stock of all kinds, wagons, carts, fruit trees, etc.

All this was as fuel to the flame. Kokstad became a land market and buyers came from every quarter. The Griquas sold farms, town erven, and even their right or chance of obtaining these. Even after the Land Board had heard their claims they believed they would not receive recognition; but if they sold to a white man he would be *persona grata* with the Government and get what it would be impossible for them to secure. They argued thus: "Better get something now than wait on and perhaps get nothing at all."

So these claimants sold their rights and afterwards gnashed their teeth at their consummate folly when they saw the beautiful farms for which they had to pass transfer. Reasoning would never convince these men that they had no one to blame but themselves.

By the end of the third year after annexation fully one-half of the 600 Griqua farms had changed hands. Many thousands of acres of excellent agricultural and grazing lands were sold for 6d. per acre. The writer asked the late Mr. Hugh Nourse what he paid for a certain farm. He replied: "I got it in exchange for an old wagon and span of oxen." Another well-to-do farmer got a Berg farm for a bag of salt and another for a case of "squareface" gin.

Mr. Donald Strachan and Mr. Brisley, who both enjoyed burgher rights, bought land freely, ultimately owning huge tracts of beautiful country. These two gentlemen were sent to Cape Town as a deputation to plead for "retrocession". They saw Mr. Brownlee and returned bringing a "dispatch" with them.

The Chief called a meeting on the Market Square and the letter was read. There appeared not one word to justify the construction placed upon it—that annexation had been reversed. Certain minor concessions had been made; a Resident Magistrate was to be sent, and with him Adam Kok was to exercise "co-ordinate jurisdiction". The Griquas began to realise that there was to be no retrocession.

While the Volksraad did not meet again, a Committee of Twelve was now called into existence. How and by whom it was appointed nobody seemed to know. It was mainly the creation of Adam P. Smith, who remained its moving spirit, chairman and scribe. It was to be the mouthpiece of the people to the Government, and met monthly. The members got through a considerable amount of talk and prepared memorials and petitions, etc., all quite harmless, very ambiguous and generally "begging the question".

Meantime Mr. Orpen took umbrage both at the Commissioners and at Kok and his Raad. After he paid a visit to Kokstad he ransacked the Griqua archives, which he had sealed up on October 16. Finding evidence of what he chose to regard as criminality on the part of Kok and his officials, and failing

to persuade Mr. Brownlee to a course of action (which Mr. Brownlee considered bad taste and in bad faith), he set off for Cape Town to try and force the Secretary's hand. High words followed between them. Orpen resigned and tried to raise an agitation against Kok, Strachan, Brisley and Brownlee, first in the press, and thereafter from his new seat in Parliament—all to no avail.

On March 25, 1875, Mr. T. A. Cumming arrived in Kokstad. He was commissioned to exercise dual jurisdiction along with Kok, who was glad to be relieved of the cares of office. Cumming was not a young man; he could speak Dutch, knew the kind of people he had to deal with, their ways of thinking, their good and bad qualities, and was the most suitable man the Government could have sent.

When they came to ventilate a grievance he received the Griquas courteously, cracked a joke, handed round his snuff-box, had a good long, free and easy talk, with the result that men who had come protesting against all kinds of things went away somewhat ashamed at their own folly in airing an imaginary grievance.

Cumming beat no drum, hoisted no flag, uttered no threats, had no police, and made no changes. He quietly smiled at the harmless vapourings of the Committee of Twelve. "Let them talk," he observed. "It is only talk; they don't mean anything", and he was quite right.

From 1871 up to the beginning of 1874 each erf-holder buried his dead in his own erf. Then the Chief and his Council selected the spot now used as the town cemetery. It was intended to be for all classes, creeds and colours.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PASSING OF ADAM KOK.

Adam Kok died on December 30, 1875. He had been living at Leeuwkop, now Fair View. On that day he started off in the company of Jan Jood and his family to keep the New Year at Umzimkulu. The Chief drove in a four-horse buggy, and along with him were his wife's grandchildren. They rested and had luncheon at "Staffords", who treated the party with his wonted hospitality. Resuming the journey all went well till they came to a spot which Mr. Dower describes in the following words:—

"Coming along the old road, below the Ingeli, between Riet Vlei and Umzimkulu, the traveller, after passing the junction of this road and the Harding road, descends to a drift. Passing from the drift up a steep cutting, if he look to the left he will see, about 200 yards distant, the spoor of an old road which was in use before this cutting was made. The spot where this old spoor joins the present road is the exact place where Adam Kok met his death.

"At this place the Chief stood up to touch a young horse leading in the team with his whip, and used it vigorously just as the cart-wheel struck the slanting rut of the old road. The spurt of the horse, the jerk and swing of the vehicle, threw him off his balance. He fell before the wheel, which passed over his chest. He rose, placed his hand on his chest, and said: 'Ach, wat is dit nou?' (Oh, what is this now?). He staggered and fell and never rose again. Wagon and cart were immediately outspanned and the dying chief was gently laid on the grass under the wagon. Occasionally he groaned and once asked for water, but besides that uttered not a word, and he expired about four o'clock, two hours after the accident."*

Messengers were dispatched to Mr. Brisley at Umzimkulu, who had a rough coffin hurriedly made and brought to the spot during the night. Early in the morning they all started back to Kokstad with the body of the dead Chief.

* These particulars of the Chief's last moments were related to Mr. Dower by Jan Jood and confirmed by his wife.

Only a little time before this, with that singular presentiment of approaching death which sometimes healthy men have, the Chief had expressed the wish to be buried in the corner of his erf, opposite the erf of Adam P. Smith. His wish was carried out.

It was New Year's day. Horsemen and native runners, fleet of foot, had conveyed the news to almost every corner of the land and a large number of burghers came to the funeral. The service was brief and simple. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave old Adam Eta Kok, cousin of the deceased, who had for many years acted as Provisional Kapteyn, as he stood looking into the grave, addressed the people in somewhat broken Dutch. The translation is as follows:—

"Friends and fellow Burghers,—We have made a sad beginning to this New Year. We have laid in this grave a man you all knew and loved. He is the last of his race. After him there will be no coloured King or Chief in Colonial South Africa. Of Kaffir tribes there may still be chiefs; of coloured chiefs he is the last. Take a good look into that grave; you will never look into the grave of another chief of our race. Do you realise that our nationality lies buried there? The deceased was a friend to you all. Did you ever hear of Adam Kok making an enemy? Of political enemies he had, unfortunately, more than his share; private enemies he had none. He had his faults—we all have; but you will all bear me out, he was generous to a fault, too indulgent, gentle and yielding for a chief. There lie the remains of one South African chief who never lifted arms nor fired a shot at a British soldier, though sometimes provoked beyond human endurance. There is not a single man here who has not received favours at his hand. If you are ever tempted to forget him, turn to the titles of your property and see there his familiar sign manual. I have yielded to the temptation to add this much to what the minister has said, because I am his near relative, and he honoured me with his confidence and occasionally delegated to me his authority. There are many who will arrive here too late in the day to be with us at his interment. Let us set guards and leave the grave open till sundown, so that these friends from afar may have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing all that is fit to be seen of the chief they loved so well. Let all ques-

tions of politics rest. Let us go home to mourn in secret and in silence."

. . . . . .

Mr. Dower's eulogy on Adam Kok is worth recording here.

"The name of Adam Kok was known to most colonists and by no means unfamiliar to the government officials at Cape Town or to the men who directed South African affairs from the Colonial Office in London. His name was also familier to the friends of South African missions, and to readers of missionary literature."

Describing him Mr. Dower says: "He was a short, stout, pock-marked man, not good looking, but shrewd, intelligent, kindly and hospitable. A man who had read little, and had never been out of South Africa, he learnt from sight what he did not learn from books and had a really wonderful knowledge of the world and its affairs. Adam Kok spent many hours in the parsonage, where his chief delight was to see the illustrated magazines and hear descriptions of European life and scenes.

"This man, simple, confiding, imitative, had learned in his early life to look on the white man as the model to be copied. He had been too often 'treated' in the tents of British generals, and had come to associate dignity, authority and power with brandy and soda. If he took too much his consolation was, 'De wite menschen maken zoo'. (The white men do so.)

"This coloured man occupied a position altogether unique. He had absolute disposal, not in tribal, but individual title, of a country 5,000 square miles in extent and containing some of the best pastoral and agricultural lands in South Africa, a place of fruitful valleys, broad rivers and streams, the fountain head of the waters. He actually begged of people, white and coloured, to accept farms. Anyone could have a 3,000-acre farm on payment of a very nominal quitrent, after doing very easy burgher duty.

"On gala days the Chief was impressive in his get-up. He allowed himself to be persuaded to appear in a general's uniform, but drew the line at the cocked hat. 'An ugly thing', he said. As a result one end of his royal person wore the odorous and unsightly 'veldschoenen', while at the other was

a greasy, battered billycock hat, and in between, blue and purple, scarlet tassels and gold lace. Brummagem jewellery served as insignia of office.

"In 1874 Sir Henry Barkly annexed the country, and having swallowed the little kingdom, monarch, lords, commons and all, pensioned them all off. Adam Kok pulled a wry face at the loss of prestige, but he rather enjoyed signing his receipts for £1,000 a year. He did not enjoy his pension long.

"For a considerable period he was the bulwark of the northern border, standing sentinel between the Cape Colony and the Matabele hordes, who had a wholesome fear of the Griqua guns and marksmanship. His people were the only tribe beyond the border to whom the Government considered it safe to sell fire-arms and ammunition. When, through the presence of the Boers on the plains between the Orange and the Vaal rivers, the northern border became sufficiently protected, the Government stood aside, in spite of treaty obligations, and allowed the ex-British subjects from the Cape to swallow the little state, which had stood in the breach so long and so well.

"Adam Kok came in contact with nearly every man of note in our South African official circles. He made treaties with the Governors Napier, Maitland and Sir Harry Smith; he personally transacted business with Governors Grey and Woodhouse, resisted the attempted encroachments of Sir George Clerk, and paid homage to the Queen's son, Prince Alfred. Kok headed his burghers and fought with Sir Harry Smith at the battle of Boomplaats, and was associated with General Cathcart in his disastrous escapade in Basutoland. Saul Solomon was his political agent and adviser. No man of colour has left so deep and enduring a mark on the history and nomenclature of South Africa.

"Had Adam Kok chosen to stretch a point and make a declaration regarding the original ownership of the Campbell Lands, such as the Orange Free State Government so eagerly desired, that declaration would probably have been the little weight that turned the scale when it hung evenly balanced, and changed the drift of South African history. Let anyone refer to the voluminous evidence collected by the Commission of Enquiry on the diamond fields and he will, on nearly every

page, meet references to Kok and his doings and to his little state.

"He was the first and, so far as is known, the only African chief to attempt the somewhat perilous experiment of substituting individual for communal titles to land. Nor do we know of any other chief who ever tried to substitute statute for prescriptive and traditional laws. No other native chief ever dreamed of cutting off the right hand of arbitrary and autocratic power and of voluntarily submitting to the limitations of a written constitution, and to the restraints of a popular representative assembly.

"He and his people accomplished the task of crossing, in wheeled conveyances, the crest of the formidable Drakensberg Mountains, never attempted before and never attempted since. They pioneered the new country, redeemed it from the dominion of wild beasts, proved it suitable for farming, and in spite of their many shortcomings, Kok left an imperishable name in one of the finest districts in Southern Africa."

. . . . . .

A monument was placed over the grave. It was completed in 1876, and stood for 35 years, when it was demolished and the present one erected in 1911. The original marble slab was again used and bears the inscription:

"Deze is de Rustplaats
van
Adam Kok III
Opperhoofd van de Griqua Volk
Gestorven 30ste Desember 1875
Ouderdom 64
en
Zijne Echtgenot Margaret."

"This is the resting place
of
Adam Kok III
Paramount Chief of the Griqua People
Died 30th December 1875
aged 64 years
and
His Spouse Margaret."

Chapter XXX.

COMMISSIONERS FROM THE O.F.S.

While the memorial service was proceeding on Sunday, January 2, there drove into Kokstad a mule-wagon conveying two Commissioners from the President of the Orange Free State. They brought dispatches containing a series of questions to be put to Adam Kok. These had reference to the original positions of certain beacons which marked the old boundary between Kok and Waterboer in 1861, at the time when the Orange Free State bought out the residuary rights of the Griqua Government. Still more important were the questions as to the extent of Cornelius Kok's rights to the Campbell lands and Adam Kok's heirship of his estate.

At a combined meeting of the two Raads, hurriedly convened on Monday morning, it was decided, notwithstanding the fact of annexation, to proceed to the election of a *pro tem.* successor to the deceased Chief, and that he should be empowered to receive the Commissioners officially, and hear the mysterious contents of the sealed letters. The choice fell upon Lucas van der Westhuizen.

Though he was a man of little intelligence, energy or decision, he served the purpose of a stop-gap, figure-head or easy tool. Because he had the privilege of antiquity and was a blameless man, the Raads in effect said: "Oh, let us have him, for his silvery hairs will purchase us a good opinion."

When the Commissioners met the new Chief and his Raad it was found that the seals could only be broken in the presence of a Justice of the Peace, or of an ordained minister.

Though Mr. Cumming was a J.P. it would be *infra dig* to call him, and moreover he probably would decline to attend. So they asked Mr. Dower to testify to the breaking of the seals. He did so and requested to remain and hear the proceedings.

Mr. Dower ever had a firm persuasion that the Orange Free State authorities believed that Kok felt hurt at the recent annexation, and assumed that, having his pension assured, he

would now be more disposed than in 1871 to give evidence in support of their claims. Their queries chiefly had reference to the overlapping jurisdiction of petty chiefs, all of them dead for several decades, whose territorial limits they themselves when alive probably could not have defined.

As evidence that certain of these deceased chiefs once had independent authority, and that this had in some way passed over to Kok, several "staffs of office", more like policemen's batons than "rulers' sceptres", were produced from mysterious places with no small confidence and pride, but there was no staff of office belonging to Cornelius Kok.

One chief point in the queries had reference to the original position of David's Graf (David's Grave). This spot had become a very uncertain quantity. A heap of stones served, first, to mark the grave, and later became an important beacon on the line between Kok and Waterboer, not far from the confluence of the Riet and Modder rivers.

A Dutch farmer who had come into possession or occupation of the land evidently had little regard for the provisions about the removal of landmarks when a few square miles of veld were involved. It is said that his conscience did not severely rebuke him when he inspanned his wagon one day, loaded up the stones of David's Grave, and moved them some miles further afield, thus doubling, if not trebling, the extent of his grazing ground. "Why should he not do it? Nobody wanted the land. David would sleep as quietly without stones as with them, and who was to know that the new beacon did not mark the original grave?"

Even when the removal of the beacon became an open secret, who was to make a fuss about a few miles of rock-strewn land? Thus matters remained until diamonds were found on the banks of the Vaal River, and the question arose: "In whose territory lies the diamondiferous ground?" That depended partly on the question: "Where lies David's Grave?"

The stones could not speak. The actors in the tragic death and burial of David were all dead, except a few old men in Griqualand East. Hence the Commission of 1871, arrived at the old laager, were obliged to twiddle their thumbs and wait the convenience of His Griqua Majesty, only to get "Ek weet nie" (I don't know) for an answer. Hence, too, the

second visit, to find the chief a few hours in his grave and a *pro tem.* successor on the throne.

It will now be seen how important this enquiry was, and why all this formality and mystery about sealed documents and written questions. But there were other factors as well.

In August of 1861 Adam Kok and his Council, in anticipation of the trek, authorized their agent to sell to the Orange Free State all unallotted land still belonging to them. The agent, either carelessly or of set purpose, introduced into the deed of sale the clause: "Likewise that of the late Cornelius Kok." In so doing he exceeded his powers.

When diamonds were discovered the Orange Free State set up its claim on the ground that Adam Kok was heir to Cornelius Kok, who had exercised sovereign rights over the now disputed territory, and these rights of Adam and Cornelius Kok had been bought out by the Republic.

All this Waterboer disputed, contending that Cornelius Kok never had sovereign rights, that he died intestate, and had heaps of children; that Adam Kok never was his heir; that the old lines, mutually agreed on between himself and Kok, threw the diamond fields clearly into his territory.

The controversy between the Orange Free State and the Governor of the Cape had been long and acrimonious. At last the Colonial Secretary had invited President John Brand to confer with him in England, with a view to settlement. The O.F.S. Government expected now to obtain evidence to strengthen their case.

Lucas van der Westhuizen, the new or acting Chief, had been one of the signatories to the Power of Attorney under which the sale to the O.F.S. had been completed, and, moreover, he was one of the few living witnesses of the burial of David, the place of whose grave was in dispute. Hours were now occupied in vain effort to gain fresh evidence of Cornelius Kok's ownership of the disputed territory, and about the late Adam Kok's inheritance of his property.

But the notes which the members of the Commission took to place before their President were not likely to be of a favourable nature. Nearly every statement confirmed Waterboer's claim. The information then obtained and recorded has never appeared in any Blue Book.

In view of the dispute the affidavit of Tryn Isaac, sister of David, and the deposition of Mietjie Smit are given here:

Affidavit of Tryn Isaac re David Isaac's Grave.

"Appeared before me, James Perkins, Esquire, Resident Magistrate of Griquatown, at Belmont, in the division of Griquatown, on Thursday, the Tenth day of April, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-three, Tryn Isaac, a Griqua, residing at Avoca, in the division of Griquatown, who, being duly sworn, deposes as follows:

"I am a Christian woman. I was born not far from Cape Town, near Piquetberg, at the farm of one Willem Burgers, where my father, old David Isaac, lived. My mother and the mother of the present chief, Adam Kok, were sisters' children. Our father and all the family emigrated with the first Griqua emigration. He died at Griquatown. When Adam Kok removed from those parts to Philippolis our family intended following him. We first moved to 'Kains', near where Field-cornet du Plooi lives, on the north side of the Riet River, some distance below its junction with the Modder River.

"Hostilities broke out between Adam Kok and some Bitter-bush Korannas in his district. The men of our 'werf' were my husband David, Piet Isaac, Jan Isaac, David Isaac, and Hans Isaac, my four brothers; Cobus Isaac and Paul Isaac, my nephews. My sister Anna, Letta, Lys, and I were also there, as well as the wives of Jan and David Isaac. My brothers, Jan and David, went to join Adam Kok's commando. After a time one Jan Kok returned from the commando, and brought us news that my brother David Isaac was wounded. The way it happened I heard was this: Adam Kok had beaten the Korannas at Schietmakaar, and David was returning homewards with others when Jan Kok fired at a vulture near to Opperman's farm. Some Korannas in the neighbourhood hearing it, lay in wait for them at a ridge. Setebe, a noted headman among the Korannas, led the party, and was seen and recognised before a shot was fired. He fired, and hit my brother David Isaac below the left knee; my brother staggered, and Setebe cried out, 'That hit you', but my brother took aim, fired, and shot him dead; upon which the Korannas carried him off, and our people also carried away my brother David Isaac for some

distance, in a 'brayed' hide, till he became too weak to carry further, and Jan came on to tell us. On the news arriving, the wagon was prepared, and we started that evening, travelling the whole night. We crossed the Riet River at the drift at the junction, and went up along the road on the south side. It was dawn when we crossed, and about eight o'clock when we reached the place where David Isaac lay, adjacent to the river, and to the left of the road. There were with him Adam Vink, Hendrick Boer, and Jan Isaac.

"Those who accompanied me in the wagon were Jan Kok, Piet Isaac, Cobus Isaac, Paul Isaac, and my husband David; the women were Anna Isaac, David's wife Fytje, and I. We made a bed for him under the wagon, and put mats around it for shelter. He had been wounded in the left knee as he was kneeling on the other knee to shoot, and the leg bone was split open downwards. About eight o'clock the next morning he died, and he was buried in the afternoon in a grave dug with a spade we had brought. We returned home the next day.

"The next winter we removed to the little ridge opposite the grave, and close to Jacobsdal, between Jacobsdal and the river. We remained there about a year, and while we were there the small-pox attacked us. It was the same year that Adam Kok had the disease. My eldest sister, Anna, died there, and a Hottentot named Hans, one named Linx, and a Hottentot servant of Piet Isaac. My sister was buried opposite my brother David's grave, on the other side of the Riet River. During the time we stayed there I often came across to my brother David's grave. We afterwards left, and went with the wagons from that spot down to between the two rivers, near the junction, where we crossed at a drift, and from there we moved to Philippolis. There is now a house there on the north side of the drift, a little above the present Police Camp.

"Many years afterwards when Adam Kok went with a commission to Nomansland, before the emigration to that country, I came to visit my brother David's grave with my late brother Jan Isaac and my late husband; we were on our way to visit friends in Namaqualand; the grave was still there, only sunken flat; the stones were there still; they were of round and irregular form; the headstone was rather long, whilst that at

the foot was shorter. I was taken on Sunday last, the fifth of April, to the Police Camp, and from there on Monday the seventh, I showed the Magistrate, Mr. Perkins, and the other gentlemen with him the road along which I had travelled to see my brother David die, to the vicinity of his grave, passing by the abovementioned drift, near and above the Police Camp. I recognised the country, and the particular locality, and got out of the wagon to look for the grave. I could not find it, but mentioned its approximate position as being a little above, say 200 yards, that which I was afterwards shown by Mr. Maclean as having been pointed out to him by Manel Isaac.

Her
TRYN X ISAAC
mark

"Witnesses to signature:

"(Signed) George Hellings Hart
Andrew Lockhart
A. Crawsley Hall

"Before me, at Belmont, this 10th April, 1873.

"J. PERKINS, Res. Mag. of Griquatown."

Deposition of Mietjie Smit.

"My father is Hans Smit and my mother is Jannetje Domberg, both Griquas, formerly of Brakfontein in the District of Philippolis.

"Some years ago, I was living on the farm of the late Drury, who shot himself. This farm is on the Eastern bank of the Modder River opposite Zoutpans Drift. Just after the sale of Drury's effects I was hired by Frans Plessis as his wife's servant; this was on a Tuesday, and on the Wednesday I went in the wagon of Frans Plessis, in which were his wife, his two sons, himself and Piet Jacobs, the Free State Field-cornet. We went that evening to Casper Rensburg's and slept there. Next night we slept in the 'veld' and the next day we spanned out in the afternoon at this side of the Riet River above the junction of the Modder River, on the Kalk, a short distance below an old road which crosses the river just below a place of red sand, in sight of Jacobsdal, which had then but a couple of houses, and was about the distance that Vetberg is from the Salt Pan near it.

"Old Frans Plessis and Piet Jacobs went to the red sandy place and then called Plessis' two sons and his wife went too. I was left with the infant at the wagon. The child began to cry and I went after them to where they stood.

"Along the road while travelling they had been conversing about David Isaac's grave, and of going to it, and of the circumstances of his death. They were standing about a grave of round stones with one long iron-stone at the head. It came up to Piet Jacob's knee. I heard them say this was the grave of David Isaac, which caused all the dissatisfaction.

"Piet Jacobs and Frans Plessis told the two young Plessis to carry the stones away, and they carried them away and threw them into an 'aardevark' (antbear) hole, about 100 yards from the grave. There was a little 'Kamel Doorn Tree' close to the grave and a 'Driedoorn Bush', the grave was between them.

"I was never at that spot before or since. The long stone they put on the wagon and carried it about 1,000 yards to a place they put it standing a little to the left of the road as we went on towards Jacobsdal. We crossed the river there. Piet Jacobs left us, and we went on to Droefheidsbron, beyond Fauresmith, and I remained there in service two years.

"I remember the old road for I was told to go along it to fetch water, as I could not go straight down to the water over the Kalk. There is a flat ridge or randje just opposite on the other side of the river and the old road can be seen passing it on the left hand side.

Her
"(Signed) MIETJE X SMIT
mark

"Sworn before me this 31st March, 1873, at Wiltshire, West Griqualand.

"(Signed) Peter Wright, J.P."

. . . . . .

Kimberley, the world-famous diamond city, sprang romantically from the finding of a diamond in the Hopetown district, on the Orange River, about 100 miles to the south of the present city.

Early in 1867, Schalk van Niekerk, while on trek, called at the house of Mrs. Jacobs. He saw one of her children playing with a shining pebble, and expressed admiration of the

stone. Mrs. Jacobs unhesitatingly presented it to him. Some little time later, a trader named O'Reilly, visited van Niekerk's house, and was shown the brilliant pebble as a curiosity. He suspected it to be a diamond, and obtained permission to send it to Dr. Atherstone at Grahamstown to be tested. It proved to be a diamond of 21½ carats, and was sold to the Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, for £500. Search was instituted and other diamonds were found on the banks of the Vaal River.

Within a year the diamond lure was attracting a cosmopolitan crowd, not only from other parts of South Africa but from overseas.

The territory in which the diamonds were found, although previously regarded of little value, soon became the subject of a dispute between the Transvaal Republic, the Orange Free State, the Griqua Chief, Nicholas Waterboer, the Barolong, and the Batlapin tribes, who all claimed ownership.

This dispute was eventually submitted to an Arbitration Court, which sat at Bloemhof, under the presidency of Robert William Keate, Governor of Natal.

On October 17, 1871, he gave judgment against the Transvaal Republic and, in defining the territories of the disputants, included within Waterboer's boundary the territory claimed by him west of Platberg on the Vaal, hitherto regarded as part of the Orange Free State. Ten days later, Sir Henry Barkly, Governor of the Cape Colony, proclaimed Waterboer's territory a Crown Colony, under the name of Griqualand West.

About five years later a Special Court, created to decide a number of claims to the ownership of certain farms, rejected all claims within the disputed diamond area that rested on grants by Waterboer, the Court holding that he had never had any rights there.

Chapter XXXI.

CAPTAIN BLYTH IN KOKSTAD.

Since Adam Kok's death there was much uneasiness in Griqualand East, because of the delay in issuing the report of the Land Commission. Every interested Griqua was in a state of uncertainty and suspense. Friends of the Government said: "You have no cause for anxiety; your land grants will be confirmed."

The unrest increased on the arrival, in February, 1876, of C. P. Watermeyer, F. Watermeyer, St. Vincent Erskine and C. C. Henkel, to begin a general survey of the country. The decision of the Government set the country in a fever of excitement. One outcome was that the Government gave an assurance that farm-owners whose ground had already been surveyed would not be called on to pay for their share of the new survey, and this promise was faithfully kept.

As the year 1876 advanced there were reports of hostile movements and intrigue going on, in all of which Smith Pommer's name was prominent.

The Committee of Twelve had exhausted itself, though it still continued to meet every month. The passing of the Chief, and the burial with him of all hopes of a return to the old position, knocked the bottom out of their cherished hopes of advancement. Some had other fish to fry, for they turned land agents, and were ever running about with powers of attorney to sell erven or farms, with declarations of seller or purchaser. These men became quite learned in the language of the conveyancer.

In the month of February things began to look threatening around Riet Vlei. Pommer was known to be intriguing with Sidoi, a kaffir chief. Mr. Donald Strachan, now magistrate at Umzimkulu, warned Mr. Cumming, and he duly informed the Government, requesting that a company of the Frontier Armed Mounted Police might be sent up. In April Captain

Blyth, the distinguished Resident among the Fingos, was appointed to supersede T. A. Cumming.

The Secretary for Native Affairs, Mr. Brownlee, doubtless considered him the best man to meet the contingency of an outbreak, an opinion which many who knew the Griquas did not share.

Supported by a company of F.A.M.P., Captain Blyth approached Kokstad in the belief that every Griqua was disloyal and prepared to fight. This misapprehension of the position was productive of much of the unhappy history immediately following.

On the Sunday morning news of the approach of the troops reached Kokstad. Mails were few and of telegrams there were none. Blyth expected the Griquas, if they were friendly disposed, to meet him. Since many were attending divine service it came about that not a single Griqua went out to welcome the captain. In spite of all Mr. Cumming's assurances to the contrary, he took it as a sign of hostility and spared no pains to conceal his chagrin.

The Griquas were familiar with Blyth's name, had heard of his iron but successful rule of the Fingos, and of their complete submission to his strong will. He came to Kokstad with the military spirit, which seemed to say: "I'll make these fellows knuckle down." On the other hand the Griquas said to themselves: "Does this fire-eater think that he is to order us about, and deal with us as if we were Kaffirs?"

The captain entered the town and encamped. To the Griquas his strong language, the presence of so many armed men, the wagons with ammunition, the military precautions of mounting guard, bugles blowing, etc., were all like so many menaces of hostility. They were already suspicious of Blyth, and he was equally suspicious of them. Espionage on both sides followed and increased the tension.

Next day Captain Blyth "took over" from Cumming. He immediately issued orders for a general muster of the burghers, and in a few days the town was full. As usual the Griquas came armed and mounted, a circumstance which added to Blyth's suspicions and led to further military precautions.

In the centre of the market square a pole was planted and the Union Jack was run up. As it fluttered in the breeze the captain took his stand beneath it and read his commission.

He told the Griquas that he had reason to believe treason was rampant among them; that he had come to put all that down, and he would do it. He would administer justice with perfect fairness and impartiality, but he would crush all treasonable talk with a firm hand.

As for the Committee of Twelve he considered it a treasonable body, and would henceforth prohibit its meetings. They were now subjects of the Queen, and must be loyal to the flag which waved over them. He intimated that he had brought with him printed lists of all land grants approved by the Government and these were distributed broadcast.

One of the Griquas enquired if he might be permitted to ask a question. "Certainly", said the Captain. "Well", said he, "I wish to know if it be the custom of the Queen of England to demand allegiance from an unwilling people? Does she nowadays annex a people in the same way as you catch game? Are we annexed by might or right?"

To these questions the captain's answer was not in the most gentle terms:

"You see that flag? There it is the symbol of sovereignty, justice, protection, freedom to all who are under it. How or why you were annexed is a matter with which I have nothing to do. All I know is that you are British subjects, and while you enjoy the privileges you must accept the responsibilities. So there is an end to that talk."

Such was the issue of Captain Blyth's first tussle with the Griquas, when the Union Jack was first hoisted in the town.

That afternoon, sullen of face and angry at heart, they went home and talked of the old grievances. "Taken over like sheep." "Forty years' money unsettled." "Treaty trampled on." "What about our Volksraad?" "What about our Griqua laws?" "Mensche, dit is zwaar." (Sirs, this is hard.)

The lists of confirmed land grants were now in the hands of the people. As is usual they had been printed with the family, or surname first, the Christian name following. The method was new to the Griquas, and many failed to find his

name in the lists of grants approved. This was taken as confirming what had been said, that the Government would break faith with them.

Night had now come on; there was no one to explain, and, indeed, they were in no mood to reason. Mr. Cumming was preparing to leave with his family, while Mr. Dower, their minister, was away in King William's Town. Almost without exception they felt hurt, humiliated or angry.

In the twilight of this eventful evening the son of the wife of the late chief stood in the backyard of the palace. This man accounted himself, notwithstanding the discreditable accident of his birth, "Een geboren Koning".

. . . . . .

The F.A.M.P. were marching up Hope Street, escorting the ammunition wagon. With measured step and slow, a long stick in hand, "Toll" (his familiar name), walked across the street. Whether "Toll" was too eager to give or the men too ready to take offence will probably never be known; a F.A.M.P. trooper affirmed that "Toll" lifted his hand to assault him. "Toll" said they needlessly rode down upon him, and he lifted his arm to turn aside the horse's head. At any rate a hue and cry was raised that a Griqua had assaulted the police. The troopers stood to arms. Captain Blyth and the officers were hurriedly called from dinner in a high state of excitement. Within a few minutes there was a huge fuss all over the street. Recriminations and angry words followed from all sides.

It was now dark; most of the Griqua people were in their houses poring over the lists, and in some cases talking loudly and violently. The captain gave the order to search every Griqua home, and to seize all fire-arms. In vain Mr. Cumming tried to dissuade him from this course; he was inexorable. He had been offended at the lack of attention, by the questions and the attitude of the people. He believed they had hostile intentions.

Search was made by excited and angry troopers. Quiet, staid, harmless old men were knocked up in the middle of the night to deliver up their fire-arms. Some refused to open and the door was broken in. Old Titus Klein, a most inoffensive old slaveman, one of Kok's best councillors, was pulled out of his house, struggling in the dark, and very roughly handled.

E. Stafford, a European storekeeper from Natal, who was present, cried out: "Shame, don't strike the old man when he is down." Captain Blyth, who was there, replied: "Who are you?" "I am Edward Stafford, sir." "Well, you come to my office tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock and I will talk to you." "I will, sir."

Inside the houses women screamed and put out the lights. Troopers entered, relit the lamps and searched the place with no gentle hand. Titus was placed under arrest and detained until next morning. When he returned he found his furniture scattered about, his boxes opened, and his ready cash, amounting to £4, gone.

While this was going on another company obtained forcible entrance to the "palace". It was occupied only by the chief's widow, her female attendants, and a few boys. The troopers ransacked the house and disturbed the old woman, who was a confirmed invalid, turning even bedding upside down in search of concealed arms.

Next day there was no little excitement. The leading Griquas appeared, protesting in firm but respectful language, against the treatment they had received affirming their innocence of any thought of hostility or resort to arms. They appealed to Mr. Cumming, but he declined to take any action, beyond expressing his confidence in them and regret that Captain Blyth had not acted on his advice.

Stafford appeared at the office and, instead of receiving a reprimand for his temerity, he received an expression of regret amounting to an apology. The Chief's widow with her attendants and also the Jood family were all busy packing their wagons to trek to Natal for safety, and they went at once. Meanwhile the Griquas gathered in groups, recounting to one another the events of the night before. A new grievance was added to the old stock. As the day advanced Mr. Cumming, Mr. Barker and others were able to explain to the more ignorant the meaning of the reversed names on the land lists. When they found that, after all, the grants of Adam Kok were confirmed, this proved an excellent plaster for their sores. They decided that Captain Blyth was beginning to see how things actually were, and to realise that he had to manage a set of people very different from the obsequious Fingos.

The Widow Kok went to the village of Harding, in Natal, and remained there for several weeks, until Blyth persuaded her son-in-law to bring her back. The mistake which the captain made that April night in 1876 was largely atoned for by subsequent conciliatory action and excellent service.

However, the irreconcilables, Lodowick, Adam Muis Kok, Smith Pommer and others, never forgot the events of that night, and they became the kernel of a lasting grievance, ultimately culminating in bloodshed.

A remarkable character was Smith Pommer, who left his mark on the country. A man of evil countenance, ugly, positive, repulsive, he began life in the Kat River Valley and while still a youth joined a company of Kat River rebel Hottentots in the war of 1850-51. His mad escapades brought him into prominence, and he showed himself then to be what he afterwards proved to be, a born leader of men. Not that his guidance was always in the line of safety; in 1851 he so misled his party that they had to take refuge in the wilds of Kaffirland, beyond the Kei River, while he himself had a price set on his head, dead or alive. He continued wandering about the mountains, in dens and in caves, often fighting in self-defence, sometimes for the Kaffirs, sometimes against them, until in time he reached No-Man's-Land.

Once he was held at bay in the bush over against the farm "Boschkloof" on the western edge of the Kokstad commonage, and was reduced to the dire necessity of slaughtering and eating his dogs. This circumstance is commemorated in the name of the spruit, "Droewig", which, given in full, was "Droewig Toestand", or "Miserable Plight". Later he and his party settled near the present Ibisi Drift, and while there an impi of Kaffirs fell upon them and almost annihilated the lot.

Pommer had almost a charmed life, though he was wounded many times. He allied himself with Kok and for a time tried to force himself gracefully to take a subordinate place.

In the little war with Tiba in 1858 he led a commando on the banks of the Umzimkulu. Later he took up residence in the village of Riet Vlei, under the aegis of Kok, where he lost no opportunity of gaining fresh influence among the Kaffir tribes.

Unprepossessing though he was, he married the daughter of a worthy man, Ulbrecht, the father of a large family of stalwart sons. Pommer imbued his brothers-in-law with his own spirit of insubordination, for he was an anarchist out and out, and against all social order. A dead shot, he rode a horse like a cowboy; he had an iron constitution and was absolutely without fear of God or man, beast or devil. He had the unique distinction of having a price set on his head for a second time.

When the Committee of Twelve was suppressed, Blyth acted in perfectly good faith, but he made a huge blunder. It was bad policy and bad government, because arbitrary and illegal. Liberty to meet and talk was to the Griquas a cure for all ills. Gag him and his wounds fester.

The Frontier Armed and Mounted Police pitched their tents on the ground now occupied by the Roman Catholic buildings. As the months went on they substituted for their tents small huts of sod, wondrous structures both for variety of material and style of architecture. Mr. T. O. Hall, a storekeeper near by, supplied a number of empty packing cases, from which doors and window shutters were made. They still bore the markings such as: "This side up", "Glass with care", "Keep away from boilers", "T. O. Hall". A wag, bent on improving the occasion, made them into "Take a glass with care", "Keep away from spoilers", "To Hell".

Behind the huts was a stony kopje, and on the ground just beyond, now occupied by the Kokstad High School, the magazine was built.

Chapter XXXII.

THE GRIQUA REBELLION.

On February 20, 1878, Lodowijk Kok entered the store of Wildridge & Pringle and rather imperiously demanded to be served. Pringle declined to attend to him if he persisted in speaking in such a disrespectful manner. Angry words followed. Pringle ordered him off the premises; he refused to go and Pringle persisted in turning him out; a scuffle ensued. Adam Muis Kok appeared on the scene and took sides with his brother. The police landed both brothers in jail. Next morning Adam Muis was released on bail, while Lodowijk was detained to await trial.

Muis, deeply mortified and vowing vengeance, went off to Pondoland. There he induced 94 Pondos, under Josiah, to espouse his cause. These marched to the border, near Brook's Nek, where they were joined by a number of disaffected Griquas. They came over the Nek and began to commit depredations. They arrested a Mr. Acutt and kept him prisoner in his own house, while they helped themselves to what they wanted. Next day they marched in a circuitous route past Kruis Spruit, crossing the Umzimhlava River at the drift, near what is now Karg's Post, went over the spur of Mount Currie, and encamped in the ruined houses of the old laager.

Meanwhile Smith Pommer's party was assembling from Under-Zuurberg, plundering wagons and helping themselves to horses on the way.

Muis and Pommer now demanded a "vergadering" or public meeting with Captain Blyth, making it a condition that they should "meet him armed". To this the captain replied that he would discuss no grievance with armed men, that they had been guilty of disturbing the peace, and he demanded immediate surrender or he would attack them in so many hours.

Early on Sunday morning, April 14, Blyth sent Abraham Jantjes, an old Griqua much respected and trusted, to make a

final effort to induce them to give in. He met with some rough treatment, and had difficulty in returning.

About midday Blyth attacked, and in a short, sharp engagement routed the insurgents. Adam Muis stood at bay on the western flank of Mount Currie and was shot. While the engagement was going on Sidoi and his Kaffirs appeared over the Nek on the western spur of the mountain. Donald Strachan and his native levies rode out, took them in hand, succeeded in disarming them, and placed them under guard. There is little doubt Sidoi was in league with Smith Pommer, although ostensibly coming to support his magistrate, Strachan, for as soon as Pommer saw Sidoi under Strachan's command, he fled with most of his followers, and did not halt till he reached Riet Vlei.

The town was now in a state of siege. The loyal population, white and coloured, moved into an entrenched laager or fort, and in the centre was the powder magazine, the tents arranged around.

The few white women in the laager organised a sewing party to make sandbags. I can do no better than to quote a few lines from the diary of one, Mrs. St. Vincent Erskine, in describing the preparations being made to strengthen the fortifications.

"During the day the men discovered that the sandbags to place over the loopholes were insufficient, so Viney rode back to the house and brought my sewing-machine. This I fixed to a chair and, as fast as kaffir sheeting was torn up into suitable lengths, we all helped to make bags. We made about 370, sewing right through the night by the light of a candle stuck in its own grease on a chair, the children sleeping as only children can sleep in time of toil and trouble."

Guards were set and the drifts watched night after night for some eight days. The battle took place on the Sunday afternoon and was all over by four o'clock. The victors returned that evening elated with triumph, and were gathered inside the fort. Suddenly, without the least warning, the magazine exploded. The building with its contents and the guns taken from the Pondos were all thrown in the air. The guards inside were blown to atoms. Eight persons were killed outright, several were wounded; all were stunned or dazed and

ADAM KOK'S PALACE AS IT STANDS IN KOKSTAD TODAY

some blinded. The sound of the explosion was heard 30 miles away.

. . . . . .

During the year 1928 the writer was Mayor of Kokstad; excavations were being made by the telephone department for laying cables near the school, when they unearthed a lot of cannon-balls, old rifles and flintlock guns, evidently relics of the explosion.

The attention of the late Mr. Hugh Nourse, a pioneer settler, was drawn to the find, and he promptly undertook to write an account of the incident as he remembered it.

The following is a copy of what he wrote, and it was published in the "Kokstad Advertiser" of January 13, 1928.

"When the Griquas first located themselves in the country they were joined by a good many coloured people, who were practically outlaws, among whom was the celebrated Smith Pommer, at one time a trooper in the old Cape Corps, a mounted force of Hottentots who joined the natives in the Cape Kaffir war of 1845. They attacked the British forces in the Kat River area, where Colonel Fordyce was shot, it was said, by Smith Pommer himself. It may be true or not, but he was a turbulent agitator. He and others had sold their farms to Europeans and were disgusted, when the country was taken over by the Cape Government, to find that they had got rid of their land for next to nothing. They, with others, found themselves with a grievance.

"In the first place the Griquas had come over, rich in stock, from Philippolis, but the change into sour veld and the cold winter carried off the greater part of what they had brought with them; they became a very poor people and generally regretted the change. A few were found to join Smith Pommer. The 'Tlangwini', who were also outlaws, from Natal, settled as a tribe along the wooded slopes of the Zuurberg, then thought to be the best part of Griqualand, where farms had been bought by the earliest settlers. These people also had a grievance, as they were no longer independent, but occupied private property. Then there was a section of the Pondo people, who also had a so-called grievance against their chief, Mqigele, and they were persuaded by some Griquas to join

the revolt. So there were these three dissatisfied elements upon whom Smith Pommer and his followers worked.

"The culminating point, which caused an open revolt, was that the Government had planted a telegraph pole in the plot of Tant Kykys' on the Ibisi drift, where Smith Pommer lived. This was not to be tolerated. They joined forces and invested Kokstad, where Captain Blyth with his police and a few European traders prepared to defend the town. The wives and families of the staff, sent by the Government to survey the land, and a few other European families of store-assistants were placed in the laager, occupying the site of the present High School. Upon this a temporary magazine had been erected to shelter and store 5,000 lbs. of gunpowder and a store of ammunition for the F.A.M.P., who were armed with the 'Snyder' carbine, the famous needle-gun, the German weapon of the Franco-German war of 1870 which proved so deadly. (This rebellion took place in 1878.)

"The first night the rebels cut the telegraph line. News of the investment of Kokstad was brought to Umzimkulu, where Donald Strachan was magistrate, by Walter Stafford, son of old Mr. Stafford of Stafford's Post.

"I was then settled near the Ibisi Drift with my wife and child. Mr. Strachan summoned us all to meet him at Umzimkulu, there to arrange a plan of action. It was decided that he should start next morning with his contingent of loyal natives, of which he was practically chief, and that the Europeans of Umzimkulu should join him. I was to bring my wife and child to a laager, formed by Archdeacon Button of Clydesdale, who mustered many coloured people and natives at his mission, and protected other Europeans who took shelter with him.

"I rode home, took my wife and child in a two-wheeled buggy to Clydesdale, returning to my homestead the same night. I packed up some goods and bedding, and sent two boys with the wagon containing my goods to Clydesdale, and started about 11 o'clock with four others to join Strachan at Woodlands, under the Zuurberg. The road over to Mr. Raw's farm was then the road to Kokstad from Umzimkulu.

"My small party, G. Stafford, G. Ebert, Robinson and another young man and I, with 15 Baca natives, rode up the

Ibisi left bank, passing a farm on which resided an old Fingo, 'Damon Apolos' by name. Here we had a cup of coffee, then went on to Woodlands, where we arrived late in the evening to find a message from Strachan telling us that he had decided not to wait for us, and warning us that all the natives (Tlangwini) occupying the whole range of the mountain from Insikeni to Mr. John Clark's farm, Beeste Kraal, were disaffected. He advised us to return to a kraal occupied by loyal Bacas and pass the night there. This we did, and while there shots were fired on the pass over the mountain. They were followed by a fierce war-cry, denoting they had killed an enemy.

"At 2 a.m. we started and made for this pass, where we found the body of a young farmer named Pedgriff, shot in several places; his horse we had previously captured below the mountain. On the top of the mountain we were enveloped in a thick fog, and rode cautiously till it lifted. On reaching the farm, now occupied by Mr. Robert Adam, we found some friendly Griquas, a family of Bezuidenhout and others; they pointed out to us a rebel patrol just disappearing on to the farm Glen Rock (later owned by General Butler). We went along an old road where the fog proved a good friend to us, hiding our movements, and a dense cloud hid the rebel patrol from sight. We then made the best of our time riding through the farm Glen Rock, until, crossing the drift, now on Barclay's farm, we reached the town in safety.

"Then came the business of the day. Strachan's contingent had also arrived, with every imaginable sort of gas-pipe gun, for which they wanted powder to make a noise to frighten the enemy. The magazine keeper and myself were engaged all the morning in serving out loose powder with spoons from the barrels into old powder-horns and home-made powder-flasks of hide and leather; and while doing so a great deal of loose powder was spilled on the floor of the magazine.

"Having armed our allies to the teeth they consented to take the field against the enemy, then occupying the old laager and concealed in the sugar bush on the mountain slopes. When the attack commenced I was given a Sugden carbine, my pin-fire double-barrelled gun being stored in the magazine. My companions, Stafford and Ebert, were appointed leaders of the native contingent.

"It must have been quite an interesting sight from the laager in town to see the smoke of the attacking parties and that of the rebels, in the quiet, clear afternoon. (The first frost of the season fell that evening, and well we knew it afterwards.)

"The rebels were driven over the shoulder of Mount Currie under heavy fire, nine of them being killed, while the sole casualty on our side was a European with a broken arm. The Pondo force surrendered to my contingent during the first volley of the attacking party, and we had much difficulty in saving them from being annihilated by our brave native levies. The Pondos were disarmed and eventually handed over to their Chief in Pondoland.

"After the raising of the investment the inmates of the laager rejoiced exceedingly and did what they could to refresh their defenders. We were invited to partake of what they could provide in the shape of tea and cake. The favourite beverages of those days were 'green case gin' and 'over-proof Natal rum'. My friends and I had ridden from Ibisi with a stripped saddle, that is without blankets or bedding, so we got an order on the store of Wildridge and Pringle and returned to doss down at our saddles, which we had previously placed against a low stone wall surrounding the magazine.

"Entering the laager gate, we encountered the magazine keeper, carrying a lantern, and smoking a pipe as he went towards the magazine to lock up. We spoke to him and he appeared to have enjoyed the light wines of the country. A heap of rocks flanked the magazine. We moved to the back and he to the front of the building. Just as we reached our saddles there was a blinding flash, and then chaos.

"When I regained consciousness I found myself a long way from the magazine, blinded, my face bruised from neck to the crown of my head. My hand, in feeling about, encountered the face of a dead woman, which proved to be Miss Watermeyer, a daughter of the chief of the Survey Department.

"The wounded were collected and placed upon a wagon-sail, as everything in the way of blankets and bedding was gone. We spent a very cold night for, as I stated, there was a sharp frost.

"For a fortnight I was laid up and blind before returning to Clydesdale, during which time the Government forces attacked and captured many Griquas. The latter had collected and provisioned themselves in a wooded kloof on the side of the Ingeli mountain, above the farms of Pakkies, who owned the land then and who still do so.

"As the forces summoned to the assistance of Capt. Blyth were volunteers and armed with all sorts of weapons, these were taken by the authorities. Snyder rifles were issued to them on the day the rebels attacked, but these were stored in the magazine and consequently destroyed in the explosion. They were collected, and, being broken, were buried in the ground. Those old guns, found while digging a trench for telephone cable, undoubtedly formed part of those old weapons."

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Blyth, who happily escaped uninjured, took immediate steps to ensure the safety of the garrison, throwing up temporary entrenchments, where the walls of the fort had been blown away, and seeing to the careful collection of whatever ammunition was found to be left. An anxious night was passed. The return of the enemy was a grave possibility, and the attitude of Sidoi's Kaffirs was not encouraging. The destruction of the magazine was a serious blow.

The mangled bodies of the dead were hurriedly buried. For several days the shattered remains of the men inside were picked up within a radius of several hundred yards from the scene of the disaster and were interred without any attempt at recognition. Eight people were killed outright, including Miss Watermeyer, who was buried on the erf near the south-eastern corner of the Market Square, where the grave may still be seen.

Many and various were the alleged reasons of this catastrophe, but the statement of Mr. Hugh Nourse indicates the actual cause. Gunpowder had been spilled on the ground and burning tobacco, knocked out of a pipe, would certainly ignite it.

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Meantime a price of £100 was set on Smith Pommer's head, dead or alive.

On the morning of April 17, Donald Strachan and a detachment of F.A.M.P. and Kaffirs set out to intercept Pommer

and his party, who were known to be making for Pondoland, along the slopes of the Ingeli mountain. They were sighted at the mouth of a wooded gorge. Hostilities opened at once. High up in the kloof Pommer was shot while the others tried to escape through the thick undergrowth. One by one they were cut down by the Kaffirs following close on their heels, and only a few escaped to Pondoland. The natives, hearing that £100 was set on Smith Pommer's head, thought that the head had to be produced, so they cut it off and carried it to headquarters as proof that they were entitled to the reward.

The body of Pommer was brought into Kokstad, lashed to a led horse, and was buried in the corner of the erf near the grave of Adam Kok. Why he should have been so honoured is difficult to understand

As for the Kaffir who fired the fatal shot and his companions, they generously waived their claims to the money on condition that it should be given to the widow of Mr. G. Stafford, Strachan's clerk and assistant, who had been killed in the explosion. The bodies of the dead Griquas lay in the wooded kloof from April to December, when a burial party was organised and the remains were interred. Among the fallen was Johannes Ulbrecht, brother-in-law to Pommer, whose body was found lying in a pool of water.

Within a few days after the engagement at Ingeli the rebels were either caught or gave themselves up. They were marched to Durban, shipped to Cape Town, and were confined in the Amsterdam Battery. There the Griqua prisoners, nearly 200 in number, now aired themselves in idleness.

Questions were being raised as to their exact legal position. Were they British subjects after all? A few of them were such by birth. Had the others accepted allegiance? If so, when? Not one of them had taken the oath. Had the Queen's supremacy over them been proclaimed? If so, when? By whose authority? If they became British subjects by occupying No-Man's-Land, ceded by treaty from Faku, the Pondo Chief, to the Queen, why had they been forced into the necessity of assuming and exercising sovereign rights in the absence of any other organised form of government? Why first compel them to establish their own form of government, then suppress it and supplant it by no other except the arbitrary will of one

single individual? If they were "rebels" let them be brought to trial, and if found guilty punished. Could they be brought to trial? What Court had jurisdiction? Would it be strictly just to try men for breaking laws which had no existence at the time? The whole position bristled with problems.

The late Saul Solomon had been Agent for Adam Kok and his Government and continued to take an interest in the Griqua people. He was, by study and long experience, a Colonial statesman, accustomed to deal with the involved questions continually springing up in the dealings with semi-independent tribes on the border.

Mr. Solomon saw at once that something was wrong, and resolved to have a test case brought before the Supreme Court. Advocate Stockenstrom took the case in hand. The Court declared that the Government had no legal right to detain these men for a single day and ordered their immediate release. The Government sent all the prisoners back by sea to East London, thence marching them to Kokstad.

When the prisoners returned they were tried by Mr. Brownlee for various offences under their own law. Those who had merely shared in the outbreak were dismissed with a caution. Those guilty of assault, robbery and theft were punished. Livestock, wagons and movable property of the prisoners had already been seized and sold by summary process. The legality of much that was done was open to doubt, but no questions were raised. They suffered severely for their insubordination; some few who had been fairly well off came back to find all their property gone.

After the so-called Griqua Rebellion Captain Blyth went to Matatiele because of the trouble among the Basuto Natives. He took with him all the available troopers of the F.A.M.P., also the seven-pounder gun, leaving only 12 men to guard the camp with Sergt.-Major Tom Birbeck in command.

After an absence of 10 days Captain Blyth returned, the situation at Matatiele being apparently settled. He brought with him as a prisoner the Basuto Chief, Nehemiah Moshesh, who rode on the limber of the gun. At stables that evening nine men were ordered to be ready at daybreak next morning, mounted and with one day's rations, "strip saddle", in order to take the chief to Maritzburg.

The guard, under Sub-Inspector Montague, left town by the old drift on the eastern side of the town, and riding through the village of Riet Vlei, reached Umzimkulu that evening. There they saw a detachment of the Natal Mounted Police and concluded that their prisoner would be handed over to them; the O.C. of the N.M.P. would have nothing to do with him, and the guard had to continue their march to Maritzburg. They arrived at the gaol and off-saddled near the sod wall of the garden at Fort Napier. Again the Natal Government refused to have anything to do with the prisoner.

There was no telegraphic communication between Maritzburg and Kokstad, and the O.C. had to send back a mounted messenger for instructions. The man returned after a week's absence with orders that the guard were to return with the prisoner to Umzimkulu, where they stayed for some time, and did not reach Kokstad until January, 1877.

The Basuto Chief was under guard from August, 1876, to April, 1877. He was taken to King William's Town, where he was tried at the Circuit Court in April and was acquitted.

In September, 1878, Captain Blyth was recalled and returned to his former position in Fingoland, while the Hon. Charles Brownlee took his place.

When the Molteno Cabinet of the first responsible Government of the Cape resigned, Mr. Brownlee, who had been Secretary for Native Affairs, returned to his former position in the Civil Service, and later became Chief Magistrate of Griqualand East. He held the office with much acceptance to the inhabitants of all classes and colour from December 25, 1878, till September, 1884, when failing health compelled him to retire.

Very shortly after his appointment the Annexation Bill was passed. Courts of first instance and Courts of Appeal were created so that Mr. Brownlee occupied a position totally different from that of Captain Blyth. At his back he had the authority of Law, of Parliament, and of Letters Patent. He knew exactly where he was, which Captain Blyth did not.

The Griquas were permitted to meet and talk to their hearts' content, which made them happy and did no one any harm. For nearly two years matters moved quietly on, dis-

turbed by the echoes of the Zulu War and by the political commotion in the South African Republic.

The Land Board continued its work. The surveyors were busy plotting, mapping, and beaconing. Houses were built in the town, Kokstad was growing. During Mr. Brownlee's term of office he had the trees planted along both sides of Main Street which are a feature of Kokstad today. Erven increased in value, new shops sprang up on both sides. Among those who opened stores was Harry Grauman, who later went to Johannesburg, became Mayor of that city and was knighted. Sir Harry Grauman retired to Cape Town, where he died. Other storekeepers were Victor Dold, A. H. Williams, Francke, Petrie, Turton, Simeon, Darby & Tyrrell. Of these businesses only that of A. H. Williams' remains today.

"Yankee" Wood, an American negro, came from Kimberley, where he had been mixed up in diamond deals. He built and opened the Royal Hotel, an unpretentious structure, forerunner of the Royal Hotel of today, which is known throughout South Africa. "Yankee" sold the place, which came into the possession of Alec Payn, and left Kokstad but returned late in life, still nursing a grievance over land. About this "Yankee" had many interviews with the writer. Though I could ascertain nothing to support his claim, he still clung to his grievance and died a poor man. I was present at his funeral.

Adam P. D. Smith made repeated attempts to establish a public market. His broken English and lame attempts at auctioneer's humour brought on him so many practical jokes that he closed down. He was another man with a grievance. There was an erf, on which the Balmoral Hotel now stands, which he declared to the writer still belonged to him. He had never sold it and he wanted the ground and all that was on it. My advice to him was: "Consult a lawyer and demand to have the title-deed and the transfer produced in Court". He died a very dissatisfied man.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KOKSTAD BESIEGED.

The main cause of the Basuto War of 1880 was the disarmament policy of the Cape Government. In those days the native reserves were not as crowded as they are today. It was necessary to induce the natives to come out to work on the railway lines and the diamond mines at Kimberley, then still in course of development. The most potent inducement was the opportunity of obtaining fire-arms, and this was dangled before their eyes with the consent and assistance of the Government. Officially-signed certificates were issued, testifying that the bearers were fit and proper persons to have guns. The signatory had no personal knowledge of the men, but they had come down to the railway on the understanding that they would get guns, and they got them. Substantially the same process went on at Kimberley where thousands of obsolete fire-arms were disposed of.

Suddenly the Government (not the same Ministry which had facilitated the purchase of fire-arms, but its successor in office) discovered that there were too many guns in native hands. Instead of drastically restricting the supply of ammunition, it was resolved to take away the guns. To sugar the pill the natives were to be compensated by payment of the assessed value of the arms—in many cases old tower muskets. But, though they might be second-class weapons, they had been bought at first-class prices, unlikely to be reflected in the assessment. The compensation was inadequate, and the natives resented the flagrant injustice of the policy. Basutoland was under Cape Administration, and the Basutos were called upon to disarm. They refused and the war of 1880 began.

It was a disastrous campaign; costly in money, for it added four unproductive millions to the Cape debt; costly in blood, for there were heavy losses on both sides, and costly in prestige, for the result was inconclusive. Finally the arbitration of the High Commissioner was agreed to, and his award, which saved

the faces of both parties, was accepted by both. Three years later Basutoland was transferred to the British Government.

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Late in September, 1880, Mr. Brownlee, Mr. Donald Strachan, and Mr. Hawthorne proceeded from Kokstad to Moteri's Kop, the residence of Mr. M. W. Liefeldt, then Resident Magistrate among the Makwais Basutos, near Matatiele. The disarmament policy and the measures taken to enforce it had created much disaffection, and these men were to allay the unrest and restore confidence. Mr. Brownlee feared a rising of the Basuto then living in Griqualand East.

When a great gathering of Basuto was held the practised eyes of these officials detected, from the actions of the people, that mischief was brewing.

After the meeting was over and the Basuto had apparently gone home, Brownlee's spies found that they meant to ambuscade the white men on their return journey.

The meeting was held on a Saturday. On Sunday they felt their way, taking every possible precaution against surprise. Since they were not quite sure even of their own followers, they hoodwinked the spies, who were spying on the spies, set them all off the track, and at midnight hastily and quietly slipped out along an unused bridle-path and escaped.

Towards morning the Basuto got wind of their departure and, being mounted, went after them full tilt. It was a ride for life. By daylight they were through the Umzimvubu River and on their way to Kokstad; Mr. Liefeldt escaped in another direction.

Next day, when the Basuto discovered that their prey was gone, they mustered in strength and fell on the various stores in Matatiele and plundered them. The owners and store assistants had got away just in time. Large stores of liquor were stocked there; these were broached and the contents consumed. Only thus can the ensuing mad, meaningless, wanton destruction of valuable merchandise and property be accounted for.

News of the rising soon spread and the Dutch farmers, located in and around Cedarville, fled helter-skelter as best they could. Gabriel de Bruijn and his wife, each carrying a

child, and the bigger ones trotting beside them, made their escape through the long grass in the dead of night, fording the river to reach friends All their possessions were left behind and lost, for the howl of the approaching enemy warned them against any thought of getting oxen and wagon ready or of collecting stock.

Meantime, Kokstad had no hint of the outbreak until 12 o'clock, when Mr. Barker gave the news that Brownlee, Strachan and Hawthorne were shut up in Moteri's Kop, and in serious danger. Next day the facts became known and the town was in a state of great commotion. As the garrison had been withdrawn to aid the forces in Basutoland, the place was defenceless. An enemy of many thousands of well-armed and mounted men was less than 50 miles distant, and marching on Kokstad.

Mr. Wylde, the magistrate, called the inhabitants together, stated all he knew and immediately 23 mounted men, under the leadership of Mr. Liefeldt, as well armed as time permitted, rode out with the object of relieving Brownlee and his party. A Committee of Safety decided to entrench the Griqua Church building. Next morning 100 Griquas were at work with pick, spade and shovel, from sunrise to late at night, until the laager was in a proper state to withstand a siege.

While all these precautions were being taken for the defence of the town the relieving force, proceeding to the drift, met Brownlee and his party on their way back after the exciting adventures of the night. Mr. Brownlee returned to Kokstad to assume supreme command, while Strachan took charge in the field, retaining this position until the war was ended.

The relieving force came in contact with the Basuto, and a running fight ensued with the river in between. After a time the Basuto made off for Matatiele and completed the devastation they had begun, clearing the country of stock as they went.

Communication by wire with Cape Town was now interrupted, yet in a few days came the information that the Pondomisi had risen and killed their Magistrate, Mr. Hope, as well as his assistants Henman and Warren. A little later news arrived that Mr. Welsh, the Magistrate of Maclear, his

wife and family, his clerk Cumming, the Rev. B. Key, Mr. Leary and family, were all besieged in a small stone jail at Tsolo.

Ammunition and fire-arms were hurried up from Pietermaritzburg, Strachan called out his loyal Kaffirs, Willoughby's and Baker's Horse were enlisted in Natal.

Strachan's followers mustered in a few days and entered Kokstad several hundred strong. Together with Usher he took command of all native levies. The combined forces crossed the Umzimvubu River, drove the Basuto into Basutoland and kept them at bay while the war lasted.

In these operations the first to fall was Edward C. Barker, Junior. He was attacked and killed while scouting on the Drakensberg. Henry Usher, second-in-command of the Kaffirs, fell whilst storming a cave in the mountain, when the bugler-boy, McPhail, was also killed.

Kokstad put on the appearance of a garrison town. Commissariat, ordinance, pay, and intelligence and other officers occupied every shed and shanty in the place at excessive rents. The bank had an army of clerks; *specie* came up by every post-cart; storekeepers were doing a lucrative business; looted cattle came in droves and were sold without reserve. The little town became a focus of military officialism, and the centre of incredible commercial activity. Nearly every white man was an officer, commandant, captain, adjutant, or something of the sort, and each had his orderly to do the rough work.

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After long, weary months of waiting the Basuto War was over. The loyal Kaffirs returned to their homes with accumulated pay in their pockets. The European regiments were disbanded. Farms were reoccupied and settlers found their homes wantonly destroyed. The traders suffered badly; nearly every store was gutted, but neither storekeeper nor farmer received compensation.

The Basuto who had rebelled were now out of Griqualand East and in Basutoland. The lands they had occupied were areas the Griquas considered ought to have been kept in reserve for their benefit. The circumstances of their being now vacant reopened the old question. There was a recurrence

to the old crop of "vergaderings"; speeches were made; petitions presented, but without result. The Basuto had forfeited their lands and the Government naturally claimed them.

General Gordon, of China fame, came to South Africa in 1882, at the invitation of the Cape Government, to arrange a settlement with the refractory Basuto Chief, Masupha. He went on a tour of inspection of the various garrisons in the Cape, the Transkei and Griqualand East.

A member of the old Cape Mounted Rifles told the writer that General Gordon travelled in a light, covered wagon, drawn by six mules. A detachment of the C.M.R. stationed in Kokstad rode out to Brook's Nek to meet the General and to escort him into the town. He stayed for three days at the old Royal Hotel, which was at that time run by the American negro, "Yankee" Wood.

It was arranged that the General should inspect the C.M.R. on the parade ground at the camp on the hill, but much to the surprise of everyone, particularly of the Griquas, he arrived not in his uniform but in civilian clothes.

As he was going away the escort of about 20 paraded outside the hotel in the morning. General Gordon came out to inspect the men. He asked the officer in charge, Captain Waring, if the men had had breakfast and he was told that they had not. The General then said he did not require an escort, climbed into the wagon and, amid the cheers of troops and civilians, left Kokstad for Umtata. He went to Basutoland, which had been annexed by the Cape three years before. With him was Mr. J. W. Sauer, then Secretary for Native Affairs. The General had a meeting with Masupha, and the native hut in which he slept while at Leribe is still preserved.

Gordon found a great deal of unrest in Basutoland. He disagreed with Sauer, and in October, 1882, sent a message from Thaba Bosigo resigning his position to Mr. Thomas Scanlan, the Premier of the Cape. He returned to Cape Town and left for England, from where the British Government sent him to Egypt. He went to Khartoum where he was treacherously murdered.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ABRAHAM JANTJES.

One of the most interesting personalities of Kokstad was Abraham Jantjes, who (as already mentioned) was selected by Captain Blyth to make a final appeal to the insurgents on the slopes of Mount Currie.

Physically he was as pure a Griqua as lived, one of the few left who could speak the Hottentot language. He declined to accept any office under the Griqua Government, for it was an unwritten law that no one should simultaneously hold office in Church and State.

Abraham believed he could serve his fellow-men better through the Church than by meddling with politics, and he made no small sacrifices to his convictions of duty. Mr. Dower described him in the following words:—

"He was a born actor, even in private conversation. On any subject which affected him the art of the dramatist showed itself. But when he spoke publicly and when he was moved by strong conviction or inward passion he let himself go. What he then said and how he said it left an impression on the hearer. One required an intimate acquaintance with the 'Taal', usually spoken among the Griquas, to catch the subtle wit, the histrionic force, the indescribable aroma of what he said on these occasions.

"Unlike most Griqua speakers, he only spoke when he had something to say, and was all aflame to say it. Then the little grey eyes shone, and the dark, coarse, rugged features changed with the varying moods, and every motion of the head and hand served to depict the passion which animated him. He could tell a simple incident in his experience, as, for instance, his first and only sight of a railway train, in such graphic language and with dramatic action that one felt transported into the surroundings he described, to share his surprise, his gladness, or his sorrow.

"He was at his best if there were no other Europeans present except the Minister and his family. If strangers were present he was shy and reserved, refusing to be drawn, cutting his conversation short, and begging to be excused because 'he was no speaker'."

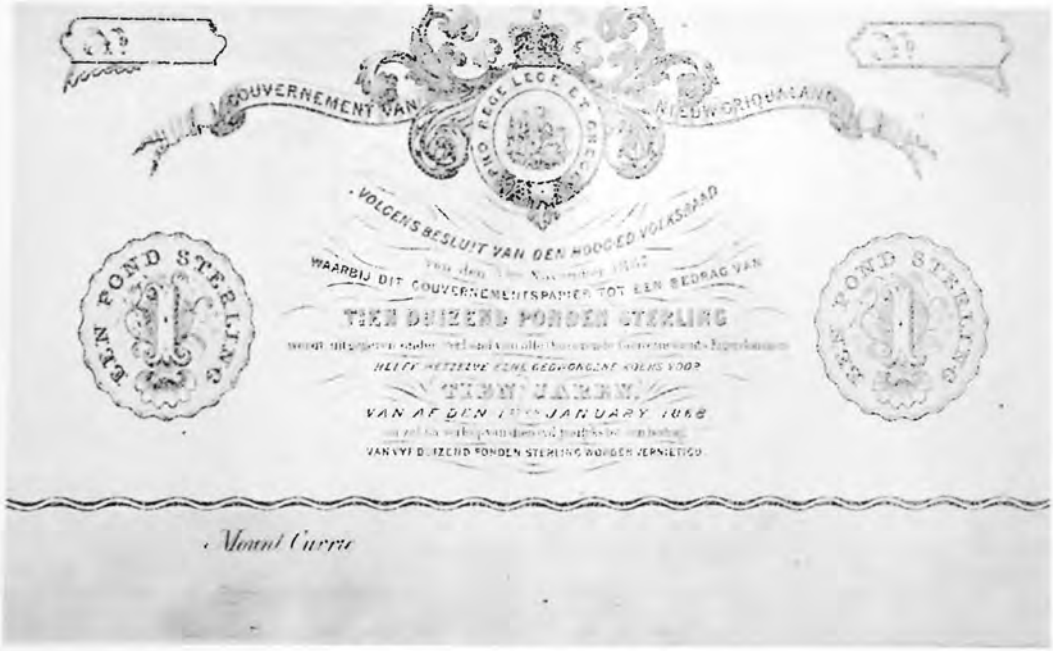
When only with the Minister and his family he told the following story (translated from the "Taal"):—

"When I was a little fellow, not much taller than this walking-stick, I could shoot birds with my bow and arrow. I could swim in the Vaal River, catch eels in the muddy pools, gather 'blink klippies' (diamonds) and play with them, or ride on a calf with any Griqua boy of my own age; but I had never seen a book, or been inside a school or church, or ever seen a white man.

"One day my father told me I was to go to school at 'Klaarwater', now Griquatown. That night I nearly cried my eyes out. I was terrified at the thought of seeing a white man. I had heard the grown-up men tell dreadful stories round the camp fires of the doings of the white men, whom they called stinking swines.

"After a long ride on ox-back we came to the mission station. Oh dear! How big the houses looked and how white, and what big doors they had, and how strange it was to stand inside and look out, and find that there was something there, which I could not put my finger through. Oh! those houses on wheels (trek wagons). I crept up to where I could see the white man's house, in the hope I might see him. I had heard the people say that all white men had a peculiar stink, and that you could smell it a good distance off, so I looked and sniffed up the wind, but could feel nothing and see nobody.

"The next day I was taken to the school, and felt frightened when I took my seat and my father went away and left me. The school-house had been newly painted and the smell of the paint was very strong and offensive to me. As I was wondering where this strange smell came from the white man came in, and I said to myself, 'Yes, it is quite true, the white man does smell strong'. It was a long time before I outgrew that childish impression, and even now the smell of paint reminds me of my first sight of a white man."



A GRIQUALAND POUND NOTE OF 1868

Chapter XXXV.

"FORTY YEARS' MONEY".

Of the "Forty Years' Money" the Rev. William Dower wrote :—

"In 1848, after the battle of Boomplaats, which was fought largely in defence of Griqua rights, another treaty was drawn by the redoubtable Sir Harry Smith. By this treaty 42 farms were ceded to the government in perpetuity, and certain perpetual payments secured to the chief and the owners of the farms. The provisions of the treaty were, beyond all doubt, distasteful to the Griquas. Right or wrong the Governor believed that the treaty was necessary for the future peace of the country and he insisted on the Griqua Chief accepting it. When he hesitated, the Governor lost his temper, and made use of some strong language, even threatening to hang the chief on the beams of the house if he did not sign it. Under this intimidation Adam Kok signed the treaty. Against the matter and the manner of it he never ceased to protest till the day of his death.

"That substantial injury and injustice were done is now generally admitted. Not even the entangled and complicated interests which had arisen justified it. It was the soldiers' rough way of cutting the knot. That treaty created a grievance which was never forgotten.

"Every old residence of Kokstad is familiar with the ceaseless growl about the 'Vertig Jaar's Geld'.

"Forty-two farms were ceded; the owners received £100 amongst them. The Chief was to receive £200. The Chief dies without heir to the succession. The country of Griqualand East is annexed. As a matter of grace £100 is continued to his widow. When she dies this grant lapses. As time goes on there is a gradual reduction by death of the number of the 42 participants. Those who live draw their share and their heirs do the same after them, if there are any and they can prove their right. Some deceased shareholders have left scores

of heirs. Questions of marriage, legitimacy, testamentary dispositions, native law, all come in, till the case bristles with difficulties. The lawyer smiles as he contemplates the prospect of a fine harvest of costs in such a case. The dividend share would in some cases give a few pence to each heir. The ultimate issue will be that either there will be none to draw, or so many that the available amount would only be sufficient to pay the stamps on the receipts. How to deal with this has taxed the wits of successive Missionaries, Magistrates and Cabinet Ministers.

"To a suspicious people, already sore over real or imaginary wrongs, and unable to comprehend the legal difficulties in a way of final settlement, all this wears the aspect of studied injustice."

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The name of Le Fleur is well known to the older residents of Griqualand East. ' Abraham Le Fleur was a confirmed grievance-monger, always ready to agitate for the redress of some wrong, real or imaginary. To this man it had become almost as natural and instinctive as it is for a dog to bark, and yet he took no part in the attempted revolts.

Between 1870 and 1884 people had become accustomed to the incessant and somewhat pointless complaints about the "Forty Years' Money".

This subject had been put in the shade by the excitement created by annexation in 1874 and the Basuto War, together with the resumption of the regular distribution of the Government money, and especially the payment of arrears due by the old administration. Comparative satisfaction and contentment prevailed. Less was heard of the "Forty Years' Money" and expressions of thankfulness were common when the yearly dole came round.

All this was changed on the arrival of Le Fleur about 1884. His pretended knowledge of all the facts and his manifestly extravagant statements served to create a spirit of expectancy.

Because of this man's senseless vapourings there arose a belief that 40 years after the Smith Treaty (that is, in 1888) the Griqua would either recover the possession of hundreds of farms in the Orange Free State, approximately 3,000,000 acres,

or the Imperial Government would have to compensate them for the loss. There was not a family amongst the Griquas but would directly or indirectly become entitled to some share.

When Mr. Dower undertook the onerous duty of trying to sift the matter, Mr. Brisley allowed him the use of old Griqua Government papers bearing on the subject. After several months of laborious research he reached the following conclusions :—

(1) While there is indisputable evidence of gross injustice and high-handed spoliation, it is now practically impossible to fix or apportion the responsibility and blame in each respective case.

(2) Even if that could be done, there is no competent tribunal to which a formal appeal could be made, unless all parties, including the present owners of the farms, consent and bind themselves to the principle of arbitration, which is very improbable.

(3) Even if the most sanguine expectations of the Griquas in this matter could be realised, either by "retrocession" or "compensation", a new and greater difficulty would arise in effecting a strictly just distribution of the land or of its proceeds among the hosts which would arise to claim a share.

Unfortunately all Church registers of marriages and births up to 1861 had disappeared. In very rare instances were family registers kept and of Government registrations there were none. Hence it would be almost impossible, even with approximate accuracy, to produce the legal evidence required to deal with such cases.

Mr. Dower was given the unenviable task of being a messenger of sad tidings to the expectant people. In fact he had to dash to pieces the only faint remaining hope of an easy return to former prosperity.

. . . . . .

Le Fleur did not share these views. He persistently preached his crusade of "Retrocession or Compensation" and advocated neither abatement nor abandonment of their claims. Instead he urged united and firm action, even to the extent of an appeal to Queen Victoria by a deputation and, all else failing, he occasionally hinted at the display of force. All Dower's admonitions and advice were wasted in the presence of a sly creature of their own colour such as Le Fleur.

One day Mr. Dower invited Le Fleur to his study and reasoned with him as to the folly and mischief of his conduct, but he stuck to his guns and repeated all his arguments.

In Mr. Dower's search among old Griqua documents he found a warrant for the apprehension of one Abraham Le Fleur, on a charge of horse-stealing, signed by the Magistrate of Colesberg and dated as far back as 1850. This document was in Mr. Dower's possession, and if need be he intended to use it *in terrorem*. The opportunity occurred and the warrant was produced with the remark that the Writ of a British Magistrate did not lose its force by the lapse of time. Le Fleur was plainly told that if he kept up that mischievous agitation the warrant would be placed in the hands of the law officers and he would be arrested.

The agitation ceased, and there was peace and quietness till after Mr. Dower's departure from Kokstad in 1890.

Thereafter Andries Stockenstroom Le Fleur, the son, took up his father's old song and renewed the agitation. He had married the daughter of the late Adam Muis Kok, the quondam expectant of Kok's captaincy and the leader of the revolt in 1878.

Le Fleur claimed now to be the representative of the Kok family, and said he held the right to sit in the old Chief's seat. He affected to ignore the fact of annexation, talking incessantly of retrocession. He assumed the rôle of martyr, held a court, sent to and received messages from petty chiefs in the territory, and generally created political ferment. The father had been bad enough but the son was worse.

Old Abraham Le Fleur contented himself with words, speeches, dispatches, protests, memorials, lectures and threats; his son prepared for action. In some mysterious way young Le Fleur managed to persuade the Griquas and Kaffirs to provide him with funds for a journey to Cape Town. While there he assumed wonderful airs; his pockets were crammed with blue-books and other official-looking documents. When he visited the Native Affairs Office he received a severe reprimand for daring to address insulting dispatches to His Excellency the High Commissioner. Those dispatches contained manifest untruths, gross exaggerations, and were generally distinguished by ambiguity and impudence.

Le Fleur went off in high dungeon "to appeal to the Colonial Secretary in London, and if need be to the Queen herself, because, said he, "Justice was denied to her subjects by her servants in South Africa". Instead of going to London by the first steamer he returned to Kokstad, where he organised two unsuccessful revolts.

(The matter of the "Forty Years' Money" was finally settled through the services of Mr. L. D. Gilson, M.P., and is referred to later in this volume.)

Le Fleur came to Kokstad in 1918 and went among the Griqua people, particularly among those who owned farmlands, telling them of a wonderful proposition he had prepared for them near the Touws River, in the Cape Province. They were to sell their farms, when he would take care of the money, and at the appointed time they would move off together to a place where they would prosper and be happy.

With the first money entrusted to his care he purchased a new motor-car, in which he toured the district. Many Griquas fell to his plausible tale and sold their farms. Then a great trek set out for the town of Maclear, the terminus of the railway line from Sterkstroom. Le Fleur chartered a whole train. Stock, wagons and implements were loaded into trucks, special coaches were provided for the families, and amid great rejoicing it moved off on its long journey.

The Griquas thought they had left Griqualand for good and that from now on they would be contented and rich, but they were soon to be disillusioned and a few years later realised their mistake.

A letter was received by the Resident Magistrate of Kokstad, written on behalf of the Griquas, in which they pleaded for assistance to return to Griqualand East. As no Government aid could be rendered the Magistrate passed the letter on to the Town Council, and this matter was quickly disposed of. The Council had no funds which could be used for the purpose, and those poor, misguided people, who had once been well-to-do, had to eke out a miserable existence as best they could.

. . . . . .

A few years later Le Fleur again appeared in Kokstad on a similar mission. As Mayor I was invited to attend a meeting

outside the Griqua school. How that man had the effrontery to make a second attempt to fleece his people is beyond my powers of comprehension.

In the most shameless manner he placed his scheme before them. He painted a glowing picture of fertile lands laid out into plots, where produce could be grown in plenty, while markets were near by. His speech was listened to in stolid silence, no questions were asked, and then the Pastor, the Rev. Geo. Archibald, called upon me to address the crowd.

I reminded them of how, a few years earlier, Le Fleur had enticed away a number of their nation with glowing accounts of the land prepared and waiting for them, where prosperity was assured. Then I told them how those poor people had been deluded, and mentioned the letter received by the Magistrate regarding the pitiable plight of their fellows. I ended my address: "Let there be one lamp by which you are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. You have had the experience, be guided by it."

Le Fleur failed in his mission. He did not get a single person to fall to his persuasions, but he attracted the attention of the authorities. The police arrested him as an undesirable; he was brought before the Magistrate, by whom he was convicted and sentenced. Against the conviction Le Fleur appealed. *Full text of Appeal Judgment Le Fleur v. Rex, June* 27, 1927.

"The appellant was charged before the Magistrate for the District of Mount Currie with a contravention of Proclamation No. 109 of 1894 as defined by Proclamation No. 29 of 1903, in that between March 26 and 29, 1927, at Kokstad, he, being a native in terms of the latter Proclamation, to wit a Griqua, did enter the district aforesaid in the Transkeian Territories without a pass signed by a resident magistrate or other competent officer or his order. He was convicted and sentenced to £1, or one month's imprisonment with hard labour and to leave the Transkeian Territories by April 8, 1927.

"It was admitted that the appellant had entered the Territories without a pass.

"During his stay in Kokstad the appellant resided with a Batlapin minister. In an affidavit he stated he was the Griqua Chief. He had blue eyes. He spoke English and Dutch fluently and had intelligence and education equal to that of the

average European. On previous occasions he had also lived with Griquas. As far as appearance went he might pass either as a coloured man or a Griqua.

"The Griqua Headman said he had known the appellant all his own lifetime (45 years) and had always recognised him as a Griqua, and the Griqua community had so recognised him. A Griqua constable stated that the appellant had married a Griqua.

"The appellant stated that he was the child of coloured persons born in Uitenhage and Graaff-Reinet respectively. He himself was born in Aliwal North District. He was domiciled in Cape Town, where he was a registered voter. He had entered Griqualand East twelve years after annexation, that is in 1891. He was Chief of the Griquas in virtue of his position as Chief of the Griqua Conference in Cape Town. For 30 years he had frequently entered and left the Territories, and on no occasion had he had a pass.

"He admitted that in one issue of a paper called 'Griqua and Coloured People's Opinion', which he edited, in an article written by himself appeared the words, 'We, as Griquas, will refuse to be called Bastards'.

"There are three tests for deciding whether a person falls within a certain prohibited racial category, viz.: (1) appearance; (2) habits of life; (3) preponderance of blood. Where there is a doubt as to the preponderance of racial characteristics reputation or habits of life may turn the scale in favour of the racial type whose habits are characteristic in the particular case.

"The Magistrate was right in determining the racial class of the appellant on the evidence of habit and reputation.

"The second ground of appeal was that Proclamation No. 109 of 1894 had been repealed by Section 28 of the Natives (Urban Areas) Act, No. 21 of 1923. That Act named amongst the objects mentioned in its preamble, 'The exemption of coloured persons from the operation of pass laws'. Section 29 provides: 'After the commencement of this Act any existing law or regulation which makes compulsory the carrying or possession of a pass shall be deemed to be repealed in so far as it affects coloured persons'. The definition in Section 29 of 'Coloured Persons' is 'Any person of mixed European and Native descent' including Cape Malays, while 'Native' is defined

as 'Any person who is a member of an aboriginal race or tribe in Africa'.

"In their origin Griquas were persons of mixed European and native descent. They had European blood in their veins as they were the remote offspring of colonists and Hottentot women. On the other hand there has been considerable legislation in which the Griquas have been specifically placed in the aboriginal class. But on the whole, remembering (1) that the true Griquas are almost non-existent and that the so-called Griquas are an aggregation of persons of various shades of colour, more or less remotely related to the original Griquas, and (2) that certain colonies of Griquas are now found within the Cape Province proper as well as in Griqualand East, it seems impossible to hold that the Griquas do not fall within the very broad definition of coloured persons framed in Act No. 21 of 1923.

"The Proclamation has not been replaced by the Act (1) inasmuch as the system of legislation by Proclamation exists and is practised *pari passu* with Acts passed by the Union Parliament, the court should lean against implied repeal except in cases where it is quite impossible to escape the conclusion that it was intended.

"(2) The object of the Act is to enlarge the freedom of the movement of coloured persons in municipal locations in Urban areas; that of the Proclamation is to keep a check upon the entry of persons considered to have an undesirable influence in the native territories.

"(3) Both enactments may have their due effect simultaneously without clashing. The Griqua must get his entry pass at the border, but in any urban area in the Native Territories he will have all the benefits conferred by the Act.

"(4) It would be a somewhat extraordinary result if this Proclamation, which under its amending Proclamation No. 92 of 1903 defines the Griqua as falling within the class of aboriginal native, and requires him as such to have an entry pass, were wholly swept away by the Act merely because the definition of 'coloured person' is wide enough for the purpose of the Act to include the Griquas.

"(5) If, in the light of the above remarks, the question is asked: 'Did the framers of the Act contemplate the Proclamation, and did they intend to repeal it?' the answer to both questions must be in the negative.

"The appeal was accordingly dismissed."

. . . . . .

Fourteen years later, namely in June, 1941, Andries Stockenstroom le Fleur died at Plettenberg Bay, Cape Province.

So ended the life of a man who had figured prominently in Griqua affairs at various periods, and it is strange that he should end his days in that part of South Africa from which the original Griquas came.

. . . . . .

I am indebted to Mr. L. D. Gilson, M.P., for details of the final settlement regarding the "Forty Years' Money".

"Klip Rug,
"20th July, 1942.

"S. J. Halford, Esq.,
"Rutland House,
"Kokstad.

"Dear Halford,

"Replying to your letter of the 16th inst. My knowledge of the '40 years' money' is as follows:—

"On being returned to Parliament in 1924, the Griqua Leaders put their claim to the above money before me, and I promised to do my best to get same for them.

"On arrival in Cape Town I started to delve into all sorts of back records and by a stroke of good luck I found a reference to it in an old document of the Native Affairs Department of 1914.

"It will be remembered that when General Hertzog broke away from the Botha Government he occupied the position in the Cabinet of Minister of Native Affairs, and it was in that capacity that this matter had been brought to his notice. He had left on record his opinion that the Griqua people were entitled to this money, but that the Cabinet had not agreed with him, and the then Minister of Finance had refused to provide the funds to pay it to them.

"The whole matter was then pigeon-holed for good and all.

"When I dug it out again in 1924 General Hertzog was Prime Minister of the Union. I took the old report to him, and, not very hopefully I must confess, put the whole matter before him. We discussed it very fully, and eventually he said that he would provide £5,000 in settlement of this long-outstanding claim. He added the condition, 'that this money was to be used for the benefit of the Griqua People'.

"The Chief Magistrate was instructed to hold a meeting with the representatives of the people, to decide how this money should be used. Many different proposals were made and eventually the suggestion that land be purchased was adopted.

"The two farms 'Dawn' and 'Lower Eastlands' were acquired for a little over £4,000, the quitrents were redeemed and the balance of the money was invested with the Public Debt Commissioners. The interest is paid over annually, and generally used for church purposes.

"This decision to buy land has been the subject of much criticism by the Griquas, as they find that only the few who live there, almost as natives, benefit to the exclusion of the majority of the people.

"These two farms are now included in 'released areas', and it seems that eventually they must be purchased for native occupation, when the question must again come up: 'How is the money to be used?' The value now should be about £6,000.

"Yours Sincerely,

(Signed) "Louis D. Gilson."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A HEADMAN IS CHOSEN.

After several years of sullen silence under Cape rule, the leaders of the Griqua people decided that their interests could best be served if they had an authorized Headman, through whom representations might be made to the authorities.

So a meeting was held on July 4, 1898, when C. G. de Bruin was appointed Headman of the Griquas. This appointment was confirmed by the Government of the Colony on August 3 of that year.

One of the first important duties undertaken by the Headman was to attend the great gathering of Native Chiefs in Pietermaritzburg, who welcomed the late King George, who, as Duke of York, and accompanied by the Duchess, visited Natal on their journey round the world. De Bruin never tired of talking about his introduction to the future King, and very proudly he exhibited the watch and chain presented to him by His Royal Highness on that occasion.

As usual some Griquas were dissatisfied and objected to de Bruin's appointment. The following letter finally settled all arguments:—

Copy.

Native Affairs Office,
Cape Town, 3rd May, 1904.

No. I/135.

Appointment as Headman of Griquas.

Sir,

As it has been represented to the Government that some doubts have been raised regarding your authority for acting on behalf of the Griquas, I am directed by the Honourable the Prime Minister to inform you that your appointment as Headman of the Griquas was sanctioned by the Government on 3rd August, 1898, as a result of the resolution passed at a meeting of the Griquas on the 4th July of that year.

Dr. Jameson further desires me to say that as Government Headman you are the recognised medium of communication with the Griquas in any matters affecting their interests as a people.

While serving in this capacity it is your duty generally to carry out the instructions of the Resident Magistrate at Kokstad, report to him any matters deserving of notice and assist as far as lies in your power in dealing with the affairs of the Griqua people.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
(Signed) W. Stanford,
Acting Secretary to the Native
Affairs Department.

Headman C. G. de Bruin,
Kokstad.

Chapter XXXVII.

JAARLIKS. POSTAL SERVICE AND PAPER MONEY. JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS.

The function known as the Jaarliks, or Annual Meeting, is held in April of each year. It is the anniversary of the founding of the Griqua Church, and is celebrated by a gathering of all the people belonging to it, when accounts of income and expenditure are presented, and the record of marriages and baptisms during the year is read. Boys and girls return home for the great event, which has become the recognised Griqua Feast Day.

The writer was invited to preside over one of these gatherings, when more than 1,000 people crowded the church. I was requested to present certificates to Sunday School teachers and scholars, but had some difficulty in conducting the meeting, for many endeavoured to speak without being called upon to do so.

Then the Secretary of the Church Council stood up and in a firm voice said:—

"Meneer Voorsitter. You need not think that you are the only one who can present certificates. I have one to present and I am to present it to you."

He then handed a large, framed certificate to me. It was signed by the members of the Kerkraad and the members of the committee. This was the first time that such a presentation was made to a white man by the Griquas.

The drawing was the work of one of their number, who had never been trained but who made a very creditable job of it. When a friend asked me what style he had adopted I could only reply: "Pure Griqua".

Certificate of Appreciation.

THIS CERTIFICATE IS
PRESENTED TO HIS
WORSHIP THE MAYOR
S. J. HALFORD, Esq.
By the Griqua People as
A Token Of High Esteem

Kerkraad	*Committee*
Karl Jantjes (Elder)	J. G. Ullbricht
G. P. Bezuidenhout (Elder)	Nicholas Jantjes
Nicholas Pienaar	N. J. Jantjes
John Pienaar	D. Plaatjes
L. J. Kok	F. Bergover
J. Bezuidenhout	Gert Jantjes
A. Lawrence	J. S. Jantjes
L. Marais	N. P. J. Vezasie
J. Fortuin	C. D. Thompson
C. M. Fortuin	Gert Jood
John Beesteboer	Gert Pretorius
Joel Kroutz	E. R. Kok
John Marais	Alex Jones
G. Archibald	A. S. Ruiters
Pastor of Griqua Church.	Secretary of Griqua Church.

. . . . . .

It is not generally known that there was a time when Griqualand East had a postal service of its own. The stamps were issued by Mr. W. Wesley Darby, manager of Ballance & Goodliffe, traders in the territory, prior to its annexation to the Cape. In a letter dated Pietermaritzburg, October 4, 1889, addressed to the late Louis Zietsman, he wrote:—

"The stamp used by me was a green one, with the words 'Ballance and Goodliffe' inside a network frame. My reason for inaugurating the stamp was that I found it necessary to have regular communication with my base of operations (Harding, Natal), and more or less regular posts to subsidiary establishments in Griqualand itself.

"A considerable number of the then inhabitants were glad to avail themselves of my runners. I could not decently refuse to forward their letters, and the number of missives sent to me by outsiders, to forward on, led me to think that my firm might fairly seek to recoup a portion of their outlay. My charges were 1d. for half-ounce if stamped, or 6d. if paid cash.

"Of course the stamp was only good for Griqualand and was a thoroughly private affair, there being no Government postal department in Adam Kok's country."

Adam Kok was advised that the dignity of the State demanded that as there was insufficient coin in circulation, the Government should issue paper money.

The matter came before the Volksraad on November 5, 1867, when it was resolved that the Government agents, Saul Solomon & Co., Cape Town, be instructed to have the required paper money printed. This was done, but it was never issued.

When the Griquas first occupied "No-Man's-Land" they named the territory "Nieuw Griqualand". After the annexation, however, the Cape Government determined that the country should be renamed Griqualand East. Hence the name "Nieuw Griqualand" on the proposed £1 note.

At that period the territory nominally contained 36,000 subjects, of whom 4,000 were Griquas; the rest were Basuto, Baca and Fingo.

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The town of Kokstad was founded in the year 1872 and in 1922 the Council decided that such an important event as the 50th anniversary should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. A sum of money was accordingly voted for suitably celebrating the occasion.

Griquas, although registered voters, have never been elected to the Town Council, but it was arranged that the Griqua children should have a picnic at the racecourse, while the European children should be entertained in Victoria Park.

As Mayor of the town I was authorized to interview the leaders of the Griqua people and ascertain their views on the matter. When I found that they had no ideas about such things I drew up a programme. They were to assemble at the southern end of Murray Street, with wagons and mounted

men carrying old Snyder rifles. Two of Adam Kok's old cannons were to be placed on a low wagon, with a gun crew in charge. My instructions were that, as far as possible, they were to trek as their forefathers did when they first occupied the country. The route to be taken was along Murray Street to the Avenue, then along Main Street to the Market Square, where a platform would be erected and speeches delivered. The procession would reassemble at the monument of Adam Kok, where more speeches would be made, and wreaths laid. Afterwards they would trek to the racecourse. The programme was carried out in its entirety. Among the speakers was the late Rev. Martin Dower, who was the first European child to be born in Kokstad.

On Sunday evening Mr. Dower preached to a crowded congregation in the Griqua Church. He took for his text: "The wells that your fathers had digged have been filled up by the Philistines".

The celebration of the Jubilee proved a great success, and was much appreciated by the Griqua people. One old Griqua woman came to my late wife to express her personal thanks, and with tears in her eyes she said: "Mr. Halford is the best Mayor we have ever had". My wife remarked, "It is very good to hear you say that, but why do you think he is the best Mayor?" "Well", she replied, "he is the only Mayor who ever gave us a Jubilee."

Chapter XXXVIII.

THE REHOBOTHS AND SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

When the tribal government of the Hottentots ceased to exist within the bounds of the Colony, they came under colonial laws, which required a fixed abode and a pass from the landdrost before they could move out of the district. Several proclamations affecting the Hottentots and their children had a tendency to drive them over the border.

A longing for freedom from the white man's laws caused the remnants to trek away to join the bands of nondescripts. Many eventually threw in their lot with the Griquas at Griquatown; others joined the Hottentots who trekked down the Orange River valley, content to live in that isolated part of the country, far from civilisation.

In South-West Africa there is a coloured community known as the Rehoboths, with their humble little Parliament House, where for years they have sat and talked grandiosely of Republicanism and of their rights under the League of Nations.

The traditional inability of mixed races like these to hold their lands has now been met by a provision whereby the Rehoboths, "the people who never laugh", have their lands guaranteed them under the law. Their territory is about 170 miles to the east of Walvis Bay. They are a proud and strangely original community, incorporating in themselves many of the vicissitudes of their history.

My old friend, the late Rev. Dewdney William Drew, with whom I was associated in the early days of Johannesburg, was a sincere champion of difficult causes. The Rehoboth community of about 5,000 half-castes owes much to his efforts on its behalf.

The Rehoboth people claim that they were the first real settlers in that territory, and occupied a privileged position under the Germans. When the Union Government took over the territory in 1915 the Rehoboths claimed rights almost amounting to a republic. Dewdney Drew prepared a constitution for them and he placed their case before Mr. Lloyd

George and the Union Parliament, but the late Sir Howard Gorges, first Administrator of South-West Africa, described Mr. Drew's actions as "mischievous interference".

Captain Hobart Seymour, an ex-member of the old C.M.R., went on a hiking expedition along the banks of the Orange River. To him I am indebted for permission to reproduce the photographs taken by him on that occasion. During the course of his journey he found quite a number of Hottentots living in Namaqualand who still speak their original language, which he describes as "atrocious" and very similar to Bushman, having regard to the liberal use of clicks.

The wild and almost inaccessible region around the great falls of Aughrabies,* 80 miles from the town of Upington, has been long associated with Hottentot and Bastard clans. Here Jager Afrikander, the notorious outlaw, had his stronghold.

It was George Thompson who, in 1824, after being four days without sustenance, tightened his famine belt and came upon the falls at sunset. "As I gazed upon this stupendous scene", he wrote in his diary, "I felt as if in a dream."

The Orange River is a mile wide above the fall, then it converges until at the lip of the main fall it is barely 60 feet across, where it plunges into a fearsome abyss 400 feet deep. It races for miles through a gloomy canyon, the walls of which tower up to a height of 500 feet. On all sides cascades drop into the vast and desolate gorge. The falls are one of the wonders of South Africa.

Millions of pounds worth of diamonds went over the falls ages ago, and as the waters of the Orange River met the waves of the Atlantic Ocean the precious diamond-bearing gravel was thrown back by the tides and heaped up along the coast.

After the First World War a party of prospectors found diamonds by digging under a sand ridge at Buchuberg near Alexander Bay, which lies south of the Orange River mouth. Other prospectors followed, among whom were Doctors Reuning and Hans Merensky. Their success was phenomenal. Digging into shingle beds they came upon a veritable treasure-

*The name "Aughrabies", given to the falls by Hottentots, means "Roaring Waters".

trench of diamonds, and in three weeks no less than 2,672 diamonds, weighing 4,308 carats, were found. Diamonds were produced in quantities never before heard of until the Union Government had to take action.

In 1929 the simple announcement appeared in the press that Dr. Hans Merensky had disposed of his interests in certain Alexander Bay claims for £1,050,000. Today Alexander Bay and its coastline is closed to prospecting, and its vast wealth has had to be conserved by the Union Government. The step was rendered necessary as a counter-measure to over-production. Had this not been done the market would have been flooded and the value of the diamond reduced.

Along the shore of Alexander Bay and over the piled-up mounds of shells, shingle and sand the Hottentots had wandered centuries ago, oblivious of the untold wealth which lay beneath the surface.

Chapter XXXIX.

THE COLOURED PEOPLE AND THEIR ASPIRATIONS.

As civilisation advanced and penetrated into the wilds of Southern Africa and subdued savage tribes, very material assistance was rendered by the Griquas. Had it not been for their timely aid the small bands of Voortrekkers would have had a far more difficult task, and their success in many engagements may be attributed to the brave support of the Griqua clans. Eventually the Trek Boers, with the assistance of the Griquas and Vaalpens, drove the Matabele over the Limpopo River and freed the Transvaal for peaceful development. Yet little consideration or gratitude was at any time shown to the Griqua people. Their services went unrewarded and were soon forgotten.

Let me state clearly and without equivocation that a grievous wrong was done the Griquas under Adam Kok III.

The vacillating policy of Britain's Colonial Office, through successive Governors, raised grave issues leading to national embarrassment; they were afraid to uphold at all costs those traditional practices which have made for all that is best in the British Empire, and could not be awakened to the danger of allowing pursuit of any policy which entrenches the wrong and upholds injustice, until it was too late.

In South Africa we have a complex community of races, standards of living and colours.

The coloured people have now awakened to the realisation of their duty to the country of their birth, and of common human destiny. They cannot help their birth or colour, but they can create their own future by reinforcing their own self-respect and by their own efforts to make their position stronger and more secure. They possess a combination of qualities characteristic of many races which had made this land their

home, and they will yet make a noble contribution to the prosperity of South Africa.

. . . . . .

After the retirement of the late C. G. de Bruin as Headman, the Griquas were left without any authorized representative. Then an association was formed, "The Pioneer Griqua Council". A live body, it has done much good work in bringing matters concerning the welfare of the Griquas and Coloured people to the notice of the member of Parliament and of the member of the Cape Provincial Council.

A few years later the Government brought into being the Coloured Advisory Council. Mr. L. C. La Vita, Principal of the Kokstad Secondary School, was invited by the Minister of the Interior to serve on the Council, and the assurance was given that the Government would consider any suggestion offered for the settlement of Griqua questions.

Griqualand East comprises Kokstad, Matatiele, Cedarville, Franklin, Umzimkulu, Mount Ayliff, Mount Frere, Qumbu, Tsolo and Mount Fletcher.

The farming areas of Griqualand East comprise some of the most fertile and intensively cultivated lands of the Union. These comparatively small districts produce one-fourth of the total amount of cheese manufactured in the whole of the Union; in addition, some 3,400,000 gallons of milk are made into condensed milk at Messrs. Nestle's (S.A.) factory at Franklin.

The whole of Griqualand East has become famous for its dairy products, which have earned wide success in the markets of the world. Its cattle, sheep, wool, cheese and butter have won a reputation of which we are justly proud.

. . . . . .

A few years ago a party of American tourists visited one of the important cities in Natal. The Mayor, proud of his city, offered to show the visitors some of their chief buildings. One lady of the party, speaking with a true American accent, replied: "We don't want to see your buildings, we've got bigger and better buildings in America, but what we *do* want to see is your *Native Life*." The writer, who was present on

that occasion, advised a trip through Griqualand East and Pondoland via Kokstad, Fort Donald, Emagusheni, Flagstaff, Lusikisiki to Port St. John. Or by the other route from Kokstad via Mount Ayliff, Mount Frere, Qumbu, Tsolo to Umtata, and via Cedarville, Matatiele, Mount Fletcher to Maclear. By either of these routes native life may be studied in all its interesting simplicity.

The lady to whom the writer was speaking said, sadly: "Time will not permit, but", she added, "we'll come again."

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MAP OF SOUTHERN AFRICA