# GRAPHIC SCENES IN AFRICAN STORY

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# GRAPHIC SCENES IN AFRICAN STORY.

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GRAPHIC SCENES IN AFRICAN STORY.—*Frontispiece.*

# GRAPHIC SCENES

IN

# AFRICAN STORY.

*SETTLERS—SLAVERY—*
*MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES—*
*BATTLE-FIELDS.*

BY

CHARLES BRUCE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL,' ETC. ETC.

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# GRAPHIC SCENES IN AFRICAN STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

### SETTLERS.

A LATE Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, writing of the Boers and Zulus, says:—'Everybody knows that the great Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, discovered the Cape in 1497, and that his countrymen, attracted by the superior advantages of the East, passed on, making no settlement there. Subsequently, after having been visited by English and Spaniards, the country round the Table Mountain was taken possession of by the Dutch East India Company, who formed there a small settlement under Van Riebah. These early colonists were not all Dutch; some of them were Germans and some Flemish, with a few Poles and Portuguese.

'About 1686 the small colony received a very important accession to its numbers by the arrival of a body of French refugees, driven from France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These settlers were the best the colony had received. The original colonists were

mostly all of one class, and that not the highest social grade. The French were of various ranks; some had held high position in their own country, some were manufacturers, some vine-dressers and gardeners. Although these people landed penniless, they soon, by their industry, acquired a competence. From their arrival dates the extensive making of wine; and there is little doubt that to them is due the beginning of the beautiful gardens and plantations of trees which now adorn the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and also many other places in the colony. These refugees brought with them the earnestness of religious feeling which had caused their expulsion from the land of their birth. This temper of mind they imparted to the older colonists, so that to them is mainly due the religious, but narrow, enthusiasm which has characterized the so-called Dutch of the Cape ever since, and which, though it has proved the source of much social benefit to themselves, has not been unmingled with error so far as their dealings with the native races are concerned,—error arising from a mistaken interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.'

So much for the origin of the settlement of Cape Colony. The lives of these men were spent for the most part in severe physical labour, and their chief relaxations, not to say pleasures, consisted in hunting, and in the exercise of their religious duties. Their knowledge of affairs outside the colony was but small; it then took months for a vessel to arrive from Europe.

But they were apparently contented to remain in this ignorance, their own surroundings were sufficiently interesting to claim their entire attention. The rule of the Dutch East India Company was purely arbitrary and very tyrannical. It not only compelled the community to solely use the Dutch language to the exclusion of the French, not only in legal proceedings, but also in religious services; but in addition, it prescribed to the colonists the kind of crops they were to plant, and compelled them to sell their produce to none but the Company. Other very oppressive regulations were enacted. These measures produced much discontent, discontent which broke out in violent speech and equally violent action. Soon many of the early settlers moved beyond the limits of the colony, so as to be out of the reach of the Company's authority. This really was the origin of the unsettled habits and impatience of control which has marked the history of the Dutch Boers ever since.

By these movements on the part of the colonists they came more directly in contact with the natives, more especially the Hottentots and Bushmen. Gradually these people, or large numbers of them, were reduced to slavery. This was comparatively easy to accomplish, for the above peoples were not of a warlike nature, and the high hand of authority soon made them servilely submissive. But in due time the colonists came in contact with a race composed of different materials, and

had not things so much their own way as had hitherto been the case. By 1740, or thereabouts, their territory had extended to the Gautvor River, and forty years later to the Great Fish River. This latter stream formed the boundary between the Hottentots and Kafirs; and it was not long before the colonists and Kafirs came into collision, and from that time until the present the contest of races has continued.

The Kafirs, like the Dutch, were in a measure aliens to the soil; they are supposed to be the descendants of certain superior races of negroes, and to have advanced from the interior of Africa, subduing all the tribes that opposed their progress, and even exterminating some, especially many of the Hottentots and Bushmen. Finally, they settled on the south-eastern part of the continent. Thus both Boers and Kafirs were conquering and aggressive races; neither having an original claim to the land they occupied; and it is not surprising that when they came into contact, the result should be open hostility.

From the period of their contact, the Dutch and Kafirs were continually at war. The Kafirs appear to have been the first to give rise to hostilities by encroaching on the Dutch side of the river, and, settling there, began to steal the cattle of the settlers; this provoked a kind of guerilla warfare, which continued for several years, during which both sides suffered. In 1795 the British Government took possession of the

colony, holding it until the year 1802; and during this time the Kafirs, incited by white renegades, ravaged the country far and near, firing homesteads, driving off cattle, and putting to death numbers of both men, women, and children. Again, in 1806, the colony became a British possession by conquest, and in 1815 was formally ceded to England.

During this period the Dutch inhabitants of the colony had been increased by many English and Scotch emigrants; yet still the Dutch were the predominant people in numbers. Turn we aside for a moment to a quiet scene of settler's life.

In the year 1820, Thomas Pringle landed at Cape Colony with a band of Scottish emigrants; and, in his *African Sketches*, he gives a very sweet and touching picture of how they spent their Sabbath in the land of their exile,—for the associations of their old home, so far away, still clung to them. He says his party reached the promised land, which was to be the place of their rest, after six months, during which they had been pilgrims and sojourners; and after pitching their little camp, 'the next day was our first Sunday on our own grounds.

'Feeling deeply the importance of maintaining the suitable observance of this day of sacred rest, it was unanimously resolved that we should strictly abstain from all secular employment not sanctioned by absolute necessity, and at the same time commence such a

system of religious services as might be with propriety maintained in the absence of a clergyman or minister. The whole party were accordingly assembled after breakfast, under a venerable acacia tree on the margin of a little stream which murmured round our camp; the river appeared shaded here and there by the graceful willow of Babylon, which grows abundantly along the banks of many of the African streams, and which, with the other peculiar features of the scenery, vividly reminded us of the features of the pathetic lament of the Hebrew exiles, "By the rivers of Babylon, where we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."'

And then Pringle goes on to enumerate some of the portraits of the little band of Scotch emigrants who had sought a home in this wild African glen. The patriarch of the party, with his silvery locks, his Bible on his knee, a high-principled, grave, Scottish husbandman, his respectable family seated round him; the widow with her meek, kind, quiet look, who had seen better days, but in adversity had found pious resignation, her three stalwart sons, and her young maiden daughter, beside her on the grass; the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood, but poor in fortune, who had preferred a farm in South Africa to dependence on aristocratic connections at home. There the little company gathered.

'The day,' says Pringle, 'was bright and still; the voice of psalms rose with a sweet and touching solemnity amidst those wild mountains, where the praise of the true God, in all human probability, had never been sung before.' The words of that sweet hymn were selected as appropriate to their situation, and we do not wonder to read that they affected some of the congregation very sensibly:

'O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.'

They held a similar service in the afternoon, and our author says: 'A thousand objects in the scenery of the country reminded us in a forcible manner of the imagery of the Hebrew Scriptures,—the green pastures and the quiet waters; the shadow of the great rock in a weary land; the parched ground, and not inhabited; the heath in the desert, the lion's den, the mountain of the leopards, the roes, and the young hart.' And a beautiful touch closes this description of the day: 'While we were singing our last psalm in the afternoon, an antelope, which appeared to have wandered down the valley without observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the rivulet, gazing at us in

innocent amazement, as if yet unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day of peace it was, of course, permitted to depart unmolested.'

This same Pringle was the poet of South Africa, and many of his lyrics are truly descriptive and stirring. Moffat told him how the lordly lion would spring upon the back of the tall giraffe, and cling there till the poor beast dropped from exhaustion and pain; he turned it into such verse as the following:—

'Wouldst thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

'Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless, at the ambush'd brink,
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink:
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desp'rate strife—
The prey is strong, and strives for life.
Plunging oft with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste—
With glaring eye and headlong haste.
In vain! the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly, tearing as he flies.

'For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is muster'd in the hour of need:
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurs with wild hoof the thundering plain.

''Tis vain; the thirsty plains are drinking
His streaming blood,—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins,
His flanks are streak'd with sanguined stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er:
He falls, and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to th' ravening foe!
And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.'

There began a movement among the Dutch inhabitants of Cape Colony in the years 1835–36. 'It was the emigration or "trek" of a very large number of Dutch farmers over the then recognised boundary of British dominion into the vast unoccupied tract of high-lying land which spread north from the Orange River into unexplored regions. The men who thus voluntarily expatriated themselves from country and kinsmen were no lawless, restless race of beings; they were, on the contrary, staid, sober, God-fearing people. Even their enemies could not allege against them greater crimes than stupidity, sentiment, and love of freedom.

'They had disposed of their farms and homes in the

old colony for whatever sum could be realized, and, converting all property into oxen, horses, sheep, and waggons, they moved off from the older-settled districts, as well as from the frontier provinces, in long lines of waggons, to come together in still larger numbers on the borders of the wilderness. Arrived at the boundary, the leaders of the movement issued a parting address, setting forth the reasons that had induced the emigration and the objects of the emigrants. This document, though plain and straightforward, is not without the dignity and eloquence that lie in determination strongly held, and in a firm conviction of motives resting upon truth. They were dissatisfied with the British Government, and hoped to get far beyond its influence, and establish new homes where its power could not reach.'

These people passed away over the Orange River in long lines of lumbering waggons. On and on they went; two years passed away,—'the slow-moving columns had been exposed to many hardships, their flocks and herds had suffered from the ravages of lions, the fierce Matabele tribe had frequently carried death into the laagers, and drought and exposure had lessened their worldly possessions; but all had failed to change the resolution of the wanderers. Ever filled with the idea that they would be rewarded by the possession of a fair and fertile land, where want and hardship would disappear in peace and pastoral plenty, they held steadily and doggedly on their course, the Bible their

only study, the "roer" gun, the hardy Cape horse, the laagered waggon their sole protection.

'At length, the long and slowly ascending plateau, over which they travelled towards the sunrise, rose before them in a stronger-defined outline. The mounted men of the columns had pushed to the front of the lumbering waggons, and now they stood on the vantage-point of this crest, while beneath them, to the east, lay a vast and striking landscape. It was yet the winter season in the country over which they had travelled, and which now lay behind them to the west; but it was mid-spring in the region that stretched beneath the lofty standpoint of the Drakensberg, until it faded into the blue boundaries of the horizon. On one side a wilderness, destitute of trees, spread into bare brown distance; on the other, the soft green of young grapes, the leaves of the protea, the tree fern, and the yellow wood; the alternations of vale, hill, and meadow; the sheen of rivers and streams seen along reaches, or faintly caught at the curves and shallows of their courses,—all carried the eye through a long succession of pastoral beauty, until it rested upon the soft vapours of the distant Indian Sea.

'As the eyes of the wanderers gazed upon the glorious country, it was little wonder that they believed they beheld in it the termination of their pilgrimage, the home where their toil and travail was to cease, or that the long-pent enthusiasm of their strong but simple

faith should find expression in a loud burst of prayer to God, who had led them thus to the verge of their Promised Land. In the southern summer of 1838, the long line of waggons moved down the steep face of the Drakensberg, and took possession of this green and silent country, for with all its beauty it was tenantless. Here and there the mouldering remains of native habitations were to be seen. Great herds of wild animals and troops of ostriches gambolled upon the plains, or craned their heads over the ridge-tops, but man was only visible at long intervals, and in feeble and scattered numbers. But the emigrants were not to obtain this fertile region as their home without long and severe struggles.'

Into this land of promise the travel-weary Boers entered, and were welcomed by a few Englishmen who had already settled there. To make their claim to the country have a legal aspect, Retief, the Boer leader, with a number of followers, visited the Zulu king, Dingaan, to obtain a cession of part of this territory. The king was willing to grant it, but on condition that Retief would recover for him a number of cattle which had been stolen by a chief beyond the Drakensberg. This task accomplished, the Boer leader, with about sixty followers, in spite of many warnings, proceeded to the residence of the king, where he was apparently well received.

'With the aid of an English missionary, who was in

the neighbourhood, a treaty was drawn up. By it the king agreed to cede to Retief and his people the whole of the country extending from the Tugela to the St. John's River. So completely did the wily chief succeed in gaining the confidence of his guests, that on the third day after their arrival he induced them to lay aside their firearms, and to present themselves without weapons before him, while he was surrounded by his most trusted regiments. Dingaan ordered his people to dance and sing the war-song in honour of their guests. By and by, the king himself joined in the song, in the course of which he uttered the fatal words, "Kill the scoundrels!" In a moment the savage troops closed in upon the Boers, and rapidly killed them all in cold blood. The particulars of this atrocity were recounted by the missionary, who, in spite of Dingaan's request that he would stay, immediately fled from the country. Dingaan then despatched an army to attack a party of Boers encamped at a place afterwards called Weening, or Weeping, where they murdered men, women, and children alike.'

The tidings of these atrocities reaching the Boers and English settlers, aroused a fierce desire for vengeance. Two armed parties marched against Dingaan, but were both defeated, one indeed being almost annihilated. Then a large Zulu army marched to Port Natal. The English settlers, warned of its approach, took refuge on board a vessel that chanced to be in harbour. Then

came a lull for a few months; but at the close of the year 1838, the Boers again took the field, under the leadership of Mr. Pretorius; they marched into Dingaan's country, and during the campaign occurred a very memorable battle, which materially altered the fortunes of the Boers.

'On Sunday morning,' says Sir Benjamin Pine, 'the 16th of December, while encamped in a barricade or laager, formed by waggons lashed together, this handful of farmers, numbering not more than 400 men, was attacked by Dingaan's forces, amounting to 12,000 warriors. A terrible conflict ensued. The Zulus strove for several hours in vain to force the camp, their dense battalions being shattered by the terrible fire of the gallant descendants of the Huguenots and Hollanders. At last the Zulu force began to waver. Then the Boers mounted their horses and charged them; they broke and fled, and the Boers pursued them for many a mile. The Zulu army is said to have lost 2000 men on this day; the loss of the Boers was but trifling. The victors immediately marched to Dingaan's chief village. They found it deserted, but they there discovered the remains of their murdered friends, Retief and his party. They then advanced farther into the country, and eventually had the ill-fortune to fall into an ambuscade, being surrounded by hosts of Zulus. After a severe struggle, they were forced to retreat with loss.'

This great victory of the Boers was not without lasting benefit to them; it gave them confidence in all the subsequent meetings with their savage foes, so that when the struggle ended, Dingaan murdered and his brother Panda reigning in his stead, they declared that their territory extended from the Black or Umfolas River to the St. John's; thus not only securing Natal, but assuming a sovereignty over the Zulu king and his people.

When all was ended, the Governor of Cape Colony stepped in and annexed Natal to the British possessions; an officer with 1000 troops was sent to take possession; after a time they withdrew, but in 1842 a body of regular troops appeared and took possession in the Queen's name. The Boers rose in arms and besieged the troops; but reinforcements coming to their relief, the Boers gave up the contest as useless, and once more set their faces towards the bleak wilderness. But before leaving their Goshen, the ablest man among them all, Mr. Pretorius, took a ride of 900 miles to the Cape Colony to appeal to the sense of justice of the High Commissioner. He was not allowed an interview, and had to ride back again to his countrymen without anything having been gained. Once more the Boers began to 'trek' into the bleak wilds of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, and there set up their homesteads, soon only to be again disturbed; for in 1848 it was declared that all land lying between the Orange and Vaal Rivers

was henceforth to be British territory. The Boers rose in insurrection; they could bear no more. 'During eleven years they had undergone terrible sufferings; they had carried their waggons across deserts and over mountains; they had fought with savage beasts, and men more savage still; they had subdued their enemies, tasted the sweets of rest and comfort, and now, after eleven years, they were back again in the wilderness only to find it British territory.' But the rebellion was hopeless from the beginning,—one skirmish, severe indeed, sufficed to end it, and the Boers fled over the Vaal River.

'Another three years passed. In the country north of the Vaal River the Boers had found partial rest. Little settlements began to spring up in these remote wilds, bearing names that told plainly enough the temper of the men by whom they were founded. All prominent characters in the late revolt had towns and settlements named after them.' Now a British proclamation was issued, declaring that all territory lying south of the 25th parallel of south latitude was British territory. It was shortly annulled, but it had the effect of driving another wave of Boers into regions still more remote. It seemed there was to be no rest for these freedom-loving people; what with British annexation on the one hand, and war with the natives on the other, there was to be no place where they could settle down in peace. But in 1852 a convention was signed, giving

such powers to the Boers that henceforth they hoped to be entirely free from British influence.

Thus far we have followed the Boers in their chequered career; now let us see them in their home relations. And in doing this we will quote from one writer who knew them intimately. 'Let us,' he says, 'visit one of the many homesteads in the gardens. The white-walled house, although but one-storied, is well elevated, and its roof is iron. Outside shutters of a pleasant green flank the two windows, and the door between them is green and panelled. There is, indeed, some pretence to architecture, and the whole is well kept and substantial. The *stoep* is high and approached by steps. The watercourse beneath it is masoned out with solid stone and bridged with the same material. Leafy trees of divers sorts shade the place, and the stables and outhouses in its rear. We enter a *voorhuis*, or front room, very lofty and but slightly furnished. Its walls are lined by benches, and a table stands in the middle. There are pictures, it may be, very quaint and old-world; scenes in the life of the Prodigal Son, or limnings of the Manger at Bethlehem, or the Cross on Calvary. A new piano may be noted, and a good harmonium, and pious books with Dutch titles lie scattered about. And there are flowers on table and on mantelpiece, photographs and albums; for there are daughters in the house. In some place of honour lies a great old Bible—a massive folio bound in leather and with brass

clasps; it is printed in foreign-looking type on ancient-looking paper, and full of the strangest pictures that ever delighted the antiquary or mystified the child. A companionable book upon a dull occasion, but disappointing, inasmuch as its date discovers it to have been printed but the other day. Spittoons stud this chamber floor; for it is the great reception-room, and visitors sit round it and smoke their pipes at times and seasons of conference and waiting; and many such times there be.

'At the back of this *voorhuis* is the dining-room, entered by large and even handsome folding-doors. In both apartments the walls are painted light blue, or green, or mauve; in both the ceiling is raftered and wooden, varnished and dark. The great feature of the dining-room, apart from the usual furnishings, is a small table near the window, with a chair on either side. Upon this table stands a coffee-urn with chafing-dish beneath it; and the day has scarcely turned before this urn begins to steam and bubble. On its dexter side is seated the lady of the house, who pours out coffee for all comers, and, with feet well planted on a box-like footstool, rules and manages her household. Children play around her, a coloured girl sits watchful at her feet, and at favourable moments her lord and master occupies the corresponding chair, utters familiar maxims and remarks, and his friend, sitting hard by, carries on an intermittent conversation between wary

mouthfuls of the scalding beverage. He is a well-built man, not unlike the English farmer of our early days, but more sallow and less cheery, more puritanical and staid. We converse in Dutch, the only language he cares to speak, although his children are apt scholars in the English tongue.

'The poorer Boer lives in a humbler dwelling, with floors of hardened mud consolidated by frequent washings of liquid cow-dung. His rooms are ceiled with reeds laid cunningly on rough beams of yellow-wood. The attic beneath his comfortable thatch is a very storehouse of vegetable products, dried and housed for winter use. His furniture is ruder and of home construction. His walls are whitewashed, and in shelved recesses stand favourite pieces of crockery, mysterious bottles, and well-thumbed books of devotion. He spends his leisure in making boots of untanned leather, which he sews together with the sinews of animals which he has previously prepared for the purpose; and in mending the bottoms of his chairs and benches with leathern thongs he has also manufactured to that end.'

A very interesting and important industry of Cape Colony is that of ostrich-farming, and from a valuable manual on South Africa, recently published, we gather the following highly interesting facts concerning it:—

'For some time before domestication was attempted, the ostrich was a rare bird in the colony, except pro-

bably in the arid wastes of Namaqualand and Clanwilliam, and the chief sources of the feather supply were hid away in the far interior, to the north and north-west of the Free State and the Transvaal. The hunter, whether white or black, pursued his murderous calling during the proper season for the sport, which was also a business; and, also, at the proper season for barter, the trader appeared at some established outspan with his creaking waggons, laden with guns, powder, blankets, wire, beads, brandy, and other attractions for the native eye and appetite, and a brisk exchange took place,—ivory, karosses, rhinoceros horns, and hippopotami teeth, as well as ostrich feathers, being gladly accepted for Western merchandise. The traffic still goes on, for ostrich-farming has not yet made interior *smarsing* unprofitable.

'The departure of a great trader, with his train of perhaps half-a-dozen waggons, all of them gaily painted and cosily covered in with snow-white canvas, is an event in some Cape towns. As the drivers "clap" their long whips, and the teams—eight pairs of oxen labouring at each wain—move briskly over the way, all eyes are upon them with the look which is given to far-voyaging ships when they leave port. But the return excites more attention, as then every waggon is full of precious and various wealth, the result of a long and risky venture. Not infrequently the costly wares are sold by auction on the morning market, and the tusks,

teeth, skins, horns, and feathers are spread out upon the ground as if they were no better than field-stuff or garden produce. It is no uncommon thing to see waggon cargoes worth £10,000 exhibited for sale in this unceremonious way, amidst a crowd of onlookers, some of whom are as wild as the animals which produced the barbaric spoils, and as black as a coal. It will take many years of feather-growing to put a stop to the rude traffic of the interior trader. Indeed, as long as the wild ostrich is to be found anywhere south of the Zambesi, the hunting and barter system will continue, as ivory will be sought after, and the feathers will be taken by tusk buyers as part of the bargain. No attempt has as yet been made by Cape Colonists to domesticate the elephant for the sake of his tusks; and as the waggons go up for one commodity, they may as well bring down another. How long it will take to complete the work of extermination it is impossible to say, as the rapid increase of the produce of the farms will no doubt tend to lessen the inducements to hunting.'

One of the requirements of domestication is that the birds should have plenty of space in which to move about, and that the fields or paddocks in which they are confined should be strongly fenced in. 'The birds begin to feather at eight months from hatching, but the yield is then poor and of little value. In another eight months there is a fresh and improved crop, and the

plumes become better with each season. The art of separating the feathers is one which requires practice. Plucking is not looked upon with favour, as it irritates and produces fever. Nipping or cutting is considered to be safer. The feathers are severed close to the point of insertion, and the stumps are allowed to remain until they can be easily removed.'

Ostrich feathers vary very much in value. Chicken plumes are worth £5, and blood feathers from £35 to £45, or even £60 a lb.

Another recent feature in South African industry is the famous diamond fields; and the following extract from a recent article gives a very graphic account of life at the diamond-mining district:—

'The extension of the railway from Cape Town to Kimberley has made a visit to the famous diamond fields so easy that it may be undertaken without fear by even the most delicate and fastidious of travellers. Twenty days in a fast, well-appointed mail steamer land you in Cape Town, and the journey to Kimberley occupies only thirty-one hours in trains supplied with travelling kitchens, sleeping compartments, dressing-rooms, and every possible convenience.

'Kimberley is 4050 feet above the sea-level, and is remarkable for the dryness and purity of its atmosphere. The air is said to be too dry for anything but lungs. There are certainly many recorded cases of recovery from pulmonary complaints deemed hopeless

in England. The surrounding country is flat and of a prairie character, with low purple hills on the eastern side, some twenty miles away, in the Orange Free State. Just now it is covered with luxuriant grass of freshest green, on which are grazing vast herds of huge fat bullocks, innocent of mangold and oil-cake; and it is delightful to drive a few miles out and lie under the shade of the fragrant mimosas and listen to the champing of the great sleek and soft-eyed creatures. This, however, is an exceptional time of year, and it may be an exceptional season. The trees which once covered the plains have long been cut down for fuel, and the grass is soon bleached by winter frost and summer sun.

'The Kimberley diamond market presents a curious and unique sight, with the busy brokers running about with their parcels, and the buyers sitting quietly at the open windows of their little offices sorting piles of glittering gems. The magnitude of the trade may be gathered from the following figures, showing the value of the diamonds exported from Kimberley during the last three years:—1883, £2,742,521; 1884, £2,807,288; 1885, £2,492,755.

'Such, briefly, is the history of the production of diamonds at Kimberley, which is well worth seeing. The town itself is gay and full of life. The markets are well supplied; fresh fish is brought by rail from the coast; ice is always to be had. There is a good club,

where a visitor well introduced is always made welcome. Excellent cabs ply for hire, and the streets are well lit at night by electricity.'

Thus we bid farewell to the South African settler. Elsewhere on the great continent have settlements been effected. On various parts of the coast trading stations have appeared. Much has been done to improve the sable inhabitants of the land, but there is still an immense field open for the earnest worker.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SLAVE TRADE.

No one can think of Africa without connecting with it one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted a country or a continent—the slave trade. From time immemorial it has supplied annually its many thousands of victims to meet the requirements of more civilised nations. The horrors associated with the trade have been such as almost to pass belief; and the amount of pain and anguish endured, the passionate and heart-rending cries which must have incessantly ascended to the ears of the Great Father of mankind, must be beyond all conception. Many benevolent souls, now that slavery is abolished in English colonies and the United States of America, complacently believe that it is almost, if not totally, extinct. But one has only to read the words of even the most recent of African travellers to learn that it still exits in most gigantic proportions; that the land is still wasted and made desolate by the heartless trafficker in human flesh, in spite of treaties, the efforts of missionaries, and the armed interference of rulers.

We can only just touch upon the subject here. The author of the *Lost Continent* quotes Livingstone's own words in describing the evil effects of the slave trade in the 'once pleasant Shiré valley.'

'When endeavouring to give some account of the slave trade of East Africa, it was necessary to keep far within the truth, in order not to be thought guilty of exaggeration; but, in sober seriousness, the subject does not admit of exaggeration. To overdraw its evils is a simple impossibility. The sights I have seen, though common incidents of the traffic, are so nauseous that I always try to drive them from my memory. In the case of most disagreeable recollections I can succeed, in time, in consigning them to oblivion; but the slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at dead of night horrified by their vividness.

'No words can convey an adequate idea of the scene of wide-spread desolation which the once pleasant Shiré valley now presented. Instead of smiling villages and crowds of people coming with things for sale, scarcely a soul was to be seen. Large masses of the people had fled down to the Shiré, only anxious to get the river between them and their enemies. Most of the food had been left behind, and famine and starvation had cut off so many that the remainder were too few to bury the dead. The corpses we saw floating down the river were only a remnant of those that had perished, whom their

friends, from weakness, could not bury, nor over-gorged crocodiles devour.

'The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us, that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that unless the slave trade — that monster iniquity, which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established.

'We passed a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not become the property of any one else if she recovered after resting for a time. I may mention here that we saw others tied up in a similar manner, and one lying in the path shot or stabbed, for she was in a pool of blood. The explanation we got invariably was that the Arab who owned these victims was enraged at losing his money by the slaves becoming unable to march, and vented his spleen by murdering them.

'To-day we came upon a man dead from starvation, as he was very thin. One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food; they were too weak to be able to speak or say where they had come from—some were quite young.

'The persons by whom this traffic is carried on are for the most part Arabs, subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar. These slave-dealers start for the interior, well armed, and provided with articles for the barter of slaves, such as beads and cotton cloth. On arriving at the scene of their operations, they incite and sometimes help the natives of one tribe to make war upon another. Their assistance almost invariably secures victory to the side which they support, and the captives become their property, either by right or by purchase, the price in the latter case being only a few yards of cotton cloth. In the course of these operations, thousands are killed, or die subsequently of their wounds or of starvation, villages are burnt, and the women and children carried away as slaves. The complete depopulation of the country between the coast and the present field of the slave-dealers' operations attests the fearful character of these raids.

'Having by these and other means obtained a sufficient number of slaves to allow for the heavy losses on the road, the slave-dealer starts with them for the coast. The slaves are marched in gangs, the males with their necks yoked in heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened to the ground, or lashed together so as to make escape impossible. The women and children are bound with thongs. Any attempt at escape or to untie their bonds, or any wavering or lagging on the journey has but one punishment—immediate death. The sick

are left behind, and the route of a slave caravan can be tracked by the dying and the dead. The Arabs only value these poor creatures at the price which they will fetch in the market; and if they are not likely to pay the cost of their conveyance, they are got rid of. The result is, that a large number of the slaves die or are murdered on the journey, and the survivors arrive at their destination in a state of the greatest misery and emaciation.

'From Kilwa the main body of the slaves are shipped to Zanzibar, but some are carried direct from Kilwa to the northern ports. At Zanzibar the slaves are sold either in open market or direct to the dealer, and they are then shipped in Arab dhows for Arabia and Persia; the numbers of each cargo vary from one to two slaves to between three and four hundred.'

While making his way to Stanley Falls, in 1883, Stanley was eye-witness to the desolating effects of the slave-hunter's raids, and gives us some vivid pictures of what he saw. The banks of the river seemed one continuous wall of forest trees, but by and by a break was seen, and consulting his old map he found that here stood a populous village named Mawembe, strongly palisaded. Now, however, there was no sign of hut or palisade. 'As we advanced we could see poor remnants of banana groves; we could also trace the whitened paths from the river's edge leading up the steep bank, but not a house or living thing could be seen anywhere. The exact extent, position, and nature of the village site

was unchanged, but the close, bristling palisade, and the cones of fowl-huts, and the low ridge-roofed huts just visible above it—all had vanished. We perceived that there had been a late fire. The heat had scorched the foliage of the tallest trees, and their silver stems had been browned by it. The banana plants looked meagre; their rugged fronds waved mournfully their tatters, as if imploring pity.' All this was the work of the slave-hunters.

Farther up the river, and on the same bank, he came in contact with another scene of desolation, where a whole town had been burnt, 'the palms cut down, bananas scorched, many acres laid level with the ground. In front of the black ruin there were a couple of hundred people crouched down on the verge of the bank, looking wofully forlorn and cheerless, some with their hands supporting their chins, regarding us with a stupid indifference, as though they were beyond further harm.' The guide was told to question them, when an old man stood out from the crowd and told his tale. 'He told of a sudden and unexpected invasion of their village by a host of leaping, yelling men, in the darkness, who dinned their ears with fusilades, slaughtering their people as they sprang out of their burning huts into the light of the flames. Not a third of the men had escaped; the larger number of the women and children had been captured and taken away, they knew not whither.

'"And where are these people?" we asked.

'"They are gone up river, about eight days ago."

'"And have these people burnt up all the villages?"

'"All; everywhere, on both sides of the river."

'"What are they like, these strange people?"

'"They are like your people in your boats, and wear white clothes."

'"Ah! and who are all those people we saw yesterday in hundreds of canoes near the islands?"

'"They are our people, from our side and the other, who have gathered together for protection. At night they go to their fields to get food, but in the day-time they live on the islands, with their canoes ready, lest the wicked and fierce people come back. But go away, go away; strangers are all bad. Go to them if you want ivory; go and fight them. We have nothing—nothing." And the old man's gesture, with open palms, was painfully expressive.'

Everywhere, as they voyaged up the river, where villages and towns had once stood, nothing but heaps of ashes and scorched trees remained, sad witnesses of 'man's inhumanity to man.' Once a slaty-coloured looking object was seen floating down the stream, and when it was examined it was found to be the bodies of two women bound together with cord. Still farther up the river they came to the slave-hunters' camp, where Stanley saw the results of the many raids.

'The first general impressions are that the camp is

much too densely peopled for comfort. There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms upright, standing, or moving listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children, many mere infants, forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women bending under a basket of fuel, or cassava tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. On paying more attention to details, I observe that mostly all are fettered; youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain, like one of our boat-anchor chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of the curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mammas' breasts. There is not one adult man captive amongst them.

'My eyes catch sight of that continual lifting of the hand to ease the neck in the collar, or as it displays a manacle exposed through a muscle being irritated by

its weight or want of fitness. My nerves are offended with the rancid effluvium of the unwashed herds within this human kennel. The smell of other abominations annoy me in that vitiated atmosphere. For how could poor people, bound and riveted together by twenties, do otherwise than wallow in filth! Only the old women are taken out to forage. They dig out the cassava tuber, and search for the banana, while the guard, with musket ready, keenly watches for the coming of the vengeful native. Not much food can be procured in this manner, and what is obtained is flung down in a heap before each gang, to at once cause an unseemly scramble. Many of these poor things have been already months fettered in this manner, and their bones stand out in bold relief in the attenuated skin, which hangs down in thin wrinkles and puckers. And yet, who can withstand the feeling of pity so powerfully pleaded for by those large eyes and sunken cheeks?'

For many years it has cost England large sums of money in her endeavour to stop the export of slaves from the coast of Africa. For this purpose fast steamers are constantly cruising off the coast to capture and destroy the slave dhows employed in this detestable trade. These dhows are swift sailing vessels with a large spread of canvas, low in the bows and high in the stern, and generally owned and commanded by Arabs. The unfortunate slaves are stowed sometimes in two,

sometimes in three tiers on bamboo decks, and not sufficiently distant from each other to allow them to sit upright. Their food and drink is of the scantiest, and the sanitary arrangements defective to the last degree. The condition of the poor creatures is pitiable in the extreme; cramped for room, ill from the motion of the vessel and the foul smells in which they have to exist, many die ere the end of the voyage, when their bodies are cast into the sea and become food for the voracious sharks that constantly follow in the vessel's wake.

The cruiser's work is one of vigilant activity, abounding in incident and adventure; for not unfrequently her boats are away for days at a time searching the creeks and coasts and attacking slave stations. The work is one of danger, too, for often the men meet with an obstinate resistance, and lives are sacrificed; but an adventure spiced with danger only makes the British sailor more eager to undertake it, and he joins with alacrity any boat expedition, whether to cut out a slaver or storm a barracoon.

The boats of H.B.M. ships *Castor* and *Dee* entered the river Angoxa to ascertain if there were any slave vessels anchored under the protection of a fort of the same name; the barracoons there were always well filled with slaves ready for embarkation at any favourable moment; but with the small force under the command of the officers of the above boats, it was impossible to storm these. The navigation of the river was difficult,

and the boats had not proceeded far before some of them grounded on a sandbank, and were there hard and fast until the tide again floated them. At night they anchored inside Monkey Island, and the following morning proceeded farther up the river towards the town of the same name as the fort and river; but their approach had already become known to the Arabs, who were actively engaged making preparations for resistance. By noon the boats were in sight of the fort, near to which a vessel was close hauled, which immediately displayed a red flag, while 'tom-toms' commenced sounding and drums beating, and continued until, advancing with the rising tide, the boats approached near enough to the fort. The stockade then opened fire with round shot and grape, severely wounding two men. The boats, still advancing, returned the fire with shell, grape, and canister.

The principal object the officers had in view was to cut out the vessel—a large dhow of 100 tons—or to destroy her. In a quarter of an hour the fort was silenced, the shells falling beautifully into the stockade drove the Arabs into the wood or behind the vessel, from whence they kept up a galling and incessant fire of musketry, returned by the boats' crews with such effect as soon to drive them farther away. One of the *Dee's* boats was now able to get under the stern of the dhow, boarded, and set her on fire. This was not done with impunity, for the Arabs, rushing out of the wood, dis-

charged their muskets, wounding several of the crew. The vessel being destroyed, and the stockade and woods silenced, the boats retreated to their former night's anchorage, the crew congratulating themselves on the success of the expedition, resulting in so few casualties, only one man being considered dangerously wounded, having his ribs smashed in by a grape-shot.

Work like this is constantly going on along the east and west African coast, with an activity that has called forth a corresponding liveliness on the part of the Arabs, who resort to every expedient to elude the vigilance of the British.

The chasing of dhows at sea is perhaps more exciting work still; for often, after hours and hours spent in pursuit, and at the very moment when capture seems inevitable, the Arab captain will run his vessel on shore, and with the majority of his cargo escape safely to shore, the slaves willingly seeking the shelter of the woods as their unprincipled masters spread among them the report that the English only seek to capture them for the purpose of eating them, so that the poor creatures regard their would-be saviours with the utmost horror and dread.

While cruising in the Zanzibar waters some few years ago, the *Daphne* gave chase to a large dhow that appeared coming from the southward. On nearing the dhow, which was close in shore, she up with her helm and ran through the breakers on to the beach, where

she soon became a complete wreck. The unfortunate slaves were seen struggling through the water from the ship to the shore, many being drowned in the attempt, while others disappeared in the woods. The boats of the *Daphne* were immediately launched, but the danger from the surf was too great to attempt rescuing any. The life-boat was then lowered and shoved off, the men gave way with a will, for many of the slaves were still seen in the water and on the beach. The boat was soon in the breakers, when a sea striking her abaft went clean over from stem to stern, and it was only by throwing a weight on the yoke-line that she was saved from broaching to; but sea after sea poured into her, deluging the crew, and it was only the excellent way in which she was constructed that saved the boat from destruction. Once over the bar they found themselves in comparatively smooth water, but when they gained the shore they found themselves too late to rescue many of the slaves; only seven little wretched children were they able to seize, and these they discovered were too weak to crawl away into the bush. Several of these were doubled up, with their knees against their faces, and in this position they had been on board for a week, and during all that time were unable to stretch their legs. The dhow had been crowded with slaves, but on seeing the smoke from the funnel of the *Daphne* the Arabs had said to them, 'White man is lighting a fire to cook nigger with!' This had

induced the poor creatures to risk drowning rather than be captured.

A few days later a dhow was captured, close to the *Daphne*, by one of her boats. 'She was brought alongside,' says the writer,* 'with 156 slaves in her,—forty-eight men, fifty-three women, and fifty-five children. The deplorable condition of some of these poor wretches, crammed into a small dhow, surpasses all description; on the bottom of the dhow was a pile of stones as ballast, and on these stones, without even a mat, were twenty-three women huddled together—one or two with infants in their arms. These women were literally doubled up, there being no room to sit erect. On a bamboo deck, about three feet above the keel, were forty-eight men, crowded together in the same way, and on another deck above this were fifty-three children. Some of the slaves were in the last stages of starvation and dysentery. On getting the vessel alongside and clearing her out, a woman came up, having an infant about a month or six weeks old in her arms, with one side of its forehead crushed in. On asking how it was done, she told us that just before our boat came alongside the dhow, the child began to cry, and one of the Arabs, fearing the English would hear it, took up a stone, and struck it. A few hours after this the poor thing died, and the woman was too weak and ill to be

* *Dhow-Chasing in Zanzibar Waters, etc.*, by Captain G. E. Sullivan, R.N.

able to point out the monster who had done it, from amongst the ten or dozen Arabs on board.'

The *Indian Times*, for October 1872, gives a graphic description of the fearful condition of one of these dhows captured by the boats of Her Majesty's ship *Vulture*. The crew and passengers, including slave-merchants, comprised thirty-six Arabs, all well-armed. 'The number of slaves it was impossible at the time to estimate. So crowded on deck, and in the hold below, was the dhow, that it seemed, but for the aspect of misery, a very nest of ants. The hold, from which an intolerable stench proceeded, was several inches deep in the foulest bilge-water and refuse. Down below, there were numbers of children and wretched beings in the most loathsome stages of small-pox and scrofula of every description. A more disgusting and degrading spectacle of humanity could hardly be seen, whilst the foulness of the dhow was such that sailors could hardly endure it.

'When the slaves were transferred to the *Vulture*, the poor wretched creatures were so dreadfully emaciated and weak, that many had to be carried on board, and lifted for every movement. How it was that so many had survived such hardships was a source of wonder to all that belonged to the *Vulture*. On examination by the surgeon, it was found that there were no less than thirty-five cases of small-pox in various stages; and from the time of the capture of the dhow to their landing at Butcher's Island, Bombay, fifteen died out of the

whole number of 169, and since then there have been more deaths amongst them. But perhaps the most atrocious piece of cruelty of the Arabs was heard afterwards from the slaves themselves—viz. that at the first discovery of small-pox amongst them by the Arabs, all the infected slaves were at once thrown overboard; and this was continued day by day, until, they said, forty had perished in this manner. When they found the disease could not be checked, they simply left them to take their chance and to die. Many of the children were of the tenderest years, scarcely more than three years old, and most of them bearing marks of the brutality of the Arabs in half-healed scars, and bruises inflicted from the lash and stick.'

Still the evil trade is carried on with an amazing vigour, and annually countless thousands of poor creatures are seized to supply the market. Mrs. Hore, in her interesting work,* only just published, writes: 'It is known that drastic measures have more or less successfully been applied to stop the outflow of slaves, and that missionaries and others are penetrating into the country; but I would emphatically declare that the *slave trade of Africa exists to-day in all the terror and shame described by Livingstone and others, only spread wider and farther;* that the "open sore of the world," although partially healed over outwardly, is still festering and preying upon the vitals of the continent, and

* *To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath Chair.*

unless strong measures are applied, there will by and by be *nothing left to heal.* Even if all the outside slave-markets were closed, Africa, left untouched, *would consume itself with slavery.*

'During the year I spent on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, a constant stream of slaves passed, which required the existence of no outside market for its continuance; they are absorbed very much along the road, where any one who looks may see their carcases; and otherwise among well-to-do tribes, where every family has one or two, the result of murder or pillage at some distant place.

'I write concerning what I have seen, and do not dilate upon the endless tales of horror I have heard. The foreign adventurers have sown the seeds of the strife, and are now vigorously maintaining it. With plausible bait of trade, and apparent local prosperity, they seek to hide the murder and rapine which is going on all around; just as the clean, well-matted, hospitable verandah but veneers the scenes of torture and misery often enacted in the back premises of their houses.'

## CHAPTER III.

### SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONS.

THE early missionaries to South Africa had a difficult task to perform, and the men who set themselves to the work were not ordinary men. Their lives read like romances. Knight-errants they were indeed, but with a far more loftier purpose in view than those of the Middle Ages, while the dangers to which they were exposed were infinitely more. They did not trust to obtain conquest by means of carnal weapons,—no lance, no sword, no battle-axe did they carry or wield; their dependence was in the power of the Unseen who rules men's hearts; their weapons were the word of God and prayer, and with these they have accomplished marvels, with these they have made the 'solitary places to rejoice, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose.'

The Moravians were the first to enter the South African field. 'It is nearly a century and a half since they began work there, and not only did their efforts direct the attention of Christians to that field of labour, but the success which was granted to them gave an

impulse to the whole mission cause, and prepared the way for the more general movement in this direction which marked the close of the last century.'

One of the earliest and ablest men this mission sent out was George Schmidt. He suffered much opposition, and even persecution, before he succeeded in establishing a station at Genadenthal, where he laboured for nine years. But the Boers were extremely adverse to his teaching the black population to read, and in fact to their receiving any education whatever, and procured his recall to Holland; and once there, he was never able to return.

In 1799 the London Missionary Society began its work in South Africa by sending out four ministers, and afterwards adding to the number Dr. Vanderkemp, a man of considerable power and ability, cavalry officer, scholar, and physician; and for many years he laboured zealously both among the Kafirs and Hottentots, to the latter of whom he was a faithful friend, ever maintaining their rights against their oppressors.

The well-known and universally respected Dr. Moffat landed at the Cape in 1816, to commence his fifty years of labour among the tribes of the interior. His story is so familiar, that it seems almost superfluous to recount it, and we will content ourselves with merely narrating several incidents which illustrate both it and the man.

He was but twenty-one when he commenced his work, but he soon gave evidence of possessing a rare spirit and ready wit, qualities which afterwards stood

him in good stead. He had solicited a night's lodging at the house of a rough Boer, and had been asked by the wife to preach. But at the appointed time, Moffat was both surprised and disappointed to find his congregation to consist solely of the Boer and his wife and their five children. Knowing that his host employed more than a hundred Hottentots, he said, quietly and modestly,—

'May not your servants come in?'

'Eh?' roared the Boer. 'Hottentots! Are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them.'

To this rebuff Moffat answered nothing, but simply proceeded to give out his text: 'Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' No impression appeared to be made, and it was repeated a second time.

'Hold on!' cried the Boer, rising from his seat. 'I'll have no more of that. I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place!' This he did, and the place was filled with an eager and attentive crowd, who listened intently to the message of the young preacher.

'Who,' said the Boer at the close of the service, 'who hardened your hammer to deal such a blow on the head as that? I will never again object to the gospel being preached to the Hottentots.'

Appointed to labour among the Bechuana tribes, he

was the man that tamed the fiery and much dreaded Africaner. He was not afraid to beard him in his stronghold, to make him hear reason, to urge him to discontinue being a source of terror, and finally to bring his proud neck beneath the gospel yoke. 'Often,' he wrote later, 'have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around or of the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book and his mind wrapt up in things Divine. Many were the nights he sat with me conversing till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world.'

What a striking and impressive scene that must have been which occurred between Moffat and Makala, chief of the Bawangketse; the former had been endeavouring to force home the doctrine of the resurrection of man from the dead, to which the chief replied,—

'Father, I love you much; the words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannôt arise! The dead must not arise!'

'Why,' inquired Moffat, 'can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not "add to words," and speak of a resurrection?'

The chief, raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, replied, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?'

His great work was not done easily; there was much endurance, much self-denial, many dangers to face and overcome. 'I had frequently pretty long fasts,' he writes, 'and have had recourse to the "fasting girdle," as it is called. On more than one occasion, after the morning service, I have shouldered my gun and gone to the plain or the mountain brow in search of something to eat; and, when unsuccessful, have returned, laid down my piece, taken the Word of Life, and addressed my congregation. I never liked begging, and have frequently been hard put to it; but many a time has an unknown friend placed in my hut a portion of food, on which I have looked with feelings better conceived than described.'

He was frequently in peril of beasts as well as men. 'In one of my early journeys,' he writes, 'I had a providential escape from an African tiger and serpent. I had left the waggons and wandered to a distance among the coppice and grassy openings in quest of game. I had a small double-barrelled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot; an antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, I saw a tiger-cat staring at me between the forked branches of

a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This, I knew, was a critical moment, not having a shot or ball in my gun. I moved about as if in search of something in the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly, but in my anxiety to escape what was behind I did not see what was before, until startled by treading upon a large cobra di capello serpent, asleep on the grass. It instantly twisted its body round my leg, on which I had nothing but a thin pair of trousers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after me; and while in the act of throwing itself in a position to bite, without turning round I threw my piece over my shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people at the waggons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted that had the creature bitten me I could never have reached the waggons.'

There had been a severe drought of long continuance; the rain-makers had tried all the resources of their art and cunning to bring the desired rain, but all in vain. They said it was the presence of the missionaries which rendered their power of no avail. A secret council was held, and a chief with a dozen followers was appointed to wait upon Moffat and inform him of the result. The chief informed the missionary that it was the deter-

mination of the chiefs of the people that they should leave the country; and referring to their disregard of threatenings, added, that if they did not go, measures of violence would be used to carry their resolution into effect.

'While the chief was speaking,' says Moffat, 'he stood in a rather imposing, I could not say threatening, attitude, quivering his spear in his right hand. Mrs. M. was at the door of our cottage with a babe in her arms, watching the crisis, for such it was. I replied,—

'We have indeed felt most reluctant to leave, and are now more than ever resolved to abide by our post. We pity you, for you know not what you do. We have suffered, it is true, and He whose servants we are has directed us in His word, "when they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another;" but although we have suffered, we do not consider all that has been done to us by the people amounts to persecution; we are prepared to expect it from such as know no better. If you are resolved to rid yourselves of us, you must resort to stronger measures, for our hearts are with you. You may shed our blood or burn us out. We know you will not touch our wives and children. Then shall they who sent us know, and God who now sees and hears what we do shall know, that we have been persecuted indeed.'

The chief man looked at his companions, and with a significant shake of the head, said—'These men must

have ten lives when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality.'

Such was Moffat, a man that could face any danger. He was most ably supported by his devoted wife, although the position of a woman in the midst of such people was anything but pleasant or safe. On one occasion Mrs. Moffat, with a babe in her arms, politely asked a native woman to be kind enough to move out of her kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going into the place of worship. Instead of answering, the woman seized a large piece of wood to hurl at her, and would doubtless have done so had not Mrs. Moffat quickly escaped, leaving the intruder in undisturbed possession of the kitchen, the contents of which she would unhesitatingly pilfer.

'It required,' says Mr. Moffat, 'no little fortitude and forbearance in the wife of the missionary, who had to keep at home, and attend to the cares and duties of a family, to have the house crowded with those who would seize a stone, and dare interference on her part. As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making everything they touched the colour of their own greasy red attire. While some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands upon. This would keep the housewife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere, almost intolerable; and when they departed they left ten

times more than their number behind,—company more offensive.'

Perhaps Moffat would not have accomplished what he did had it not been for his wife. For five years he laboured among the Bechuanas, apparently without any good effect. Said he to his wife one day,—

'This is hard work, Mary!'

'It *is* hard work,' she replied; 'but you must remember, the gospel has never yet been preached to them in their own tongue wherein they were born! They have heard it only through interpreters, and interpreters who have no just understanding, no real love of the truth. We must not expect the blessing till you are able, from your own lips and in their own language, to bring it through their ears into their hearts.'

'From that hour,' says Moffat, 'I gave myself with untiring diligence to the acquisition of the language.'

This was no easy task; it was little short of stupendous, that which he undertook after having acquired the language—the translation of the Scriptures. It was a labour of years, demanding constant thought and study, to be prosecuted night and day. Yet he heroically chained himself to it, determined to succeed; and succeed he did. The Old Testament was first translated and printed, and then the New; and at length, after long years, he was able to write,—

'I could hardly believe that I was in the world, so

difficult was it for me to realize the fact that my work of so many years was completed. Whether it was from weakness, or over-strained mental exertion, I cannot tell; but a feeling came over me as if I should die, and I felt perfectly resigned. To overcome this, I went back to my manuscript, still to be printed, read it over, and re-examined it, till at length I got back again to my right mind. This was the most remarkable time of my life—a period which I shall never forget. My feelings found vent by my falling on my knees and thanking God for His grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task.'

It was here, in this busy field of labour, that in 1840 Moffat was joined by Dr. Livingstone, who after four years married his daughter Mary. She was, he says, expert in household matters; she was always the best spoke in the wheel at home. He found her a very helpful wife, such an one as was essentially necessary to the comfort of the South African missionary; for much depended upon her skill as housewife.

'The entire absence of shops,' he says, 'obliged us to make everything from the raw materials. If you want bricks to build a house, you must proceed to the field, cut down a tree, and saw it into planks to make the brick-moulds. The people cannot assist you much; for, though willing to labour for wages, the Backwains have a curious inability to make things square. As with all Bechuanas, their own dwellings are round. I erected

three large houses at different times, and every brick and stick had to be put square by my own hand. A house of decent dimensions, costing an immense amount of manual labour, is necessary to secure the respect of the natives.

'Bread is often baked in an extempore oven constructed by scooping out a large hole in an ant-hill, and using a slab of stone for a door. Another plan is to make a good fire on the ground, and when it is thoroughly heated, to place the dough in a short-handled frying-pan, or simply on the hot ashes. A metal pot is then put over it, and a small fire is kindled on the top.

'We made our own candles, and soap was procured from the ashes of the plant salsola, or else from wood-ashes, which in Africa contains so little alkaline matter that the boiling of successive leys has to be continued for a month or six weeks before the fat is saponified. There was not much hardship in being thus dependent on our own ingenuity, and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty housewife's hands.'

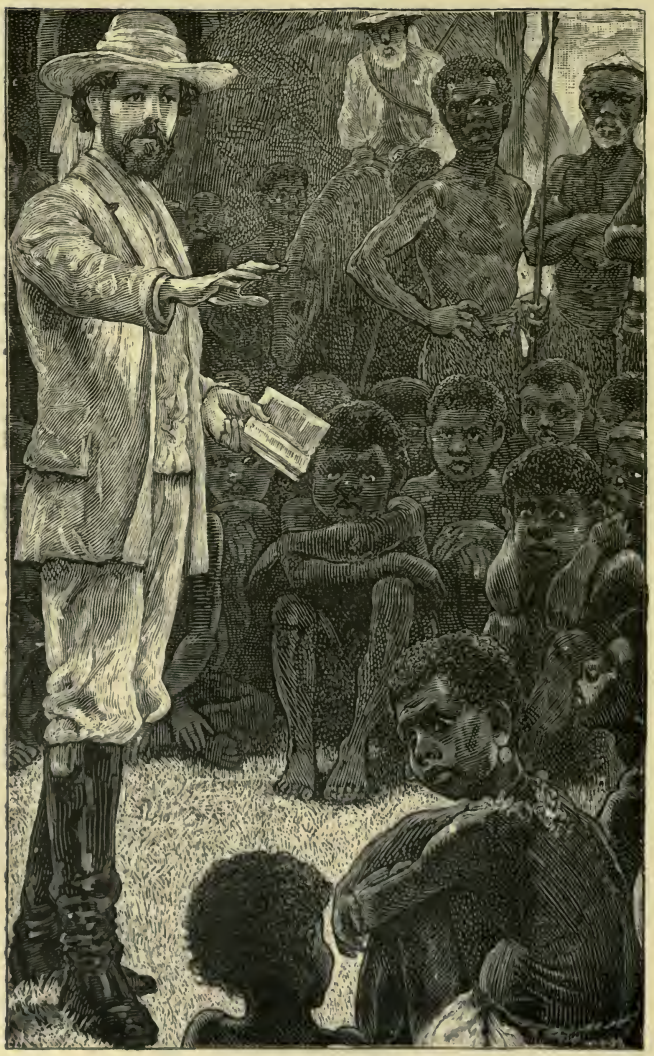
The following is a vivid picture of the missionary's daily routine of work: 'We rose early, because however hot the day, the evening, night, and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously refreshing. You can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family worship and breakfast between six and seven,

we kept school, men, women, and children being all invited. This lasted till eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant-school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing-classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. We had a public service on three nights of the week, and on another instruction in secular subjects aided by pictures and specimens. In addition to these duties, we prescribed for the sick and furnished food for the poor. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected when politeness may secure it. Their good word in the aggregate forms a reputation which procures favour for the gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love.'

His heart was in his work, and no amount of dis-

couragement could daunt him. He keenly felt the miserable condition of the heathen around him, and had a thorough conviction that missions must have a beneficial effect in humanizing them. Of the Makololo he says: 'I had been, during a nine weeks' tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before; and though all were as kind and attentive to me as possible, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, quarrelling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent efforts of missions in the South, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo.'

For the last sixteen years of his life Livingstone ceased to be connected with the London Missionary Society, but he carried with him to the very end of his life the true missionary spirit; and wherever he travelled, he never failed to speak of himself as the servant of Christ, and His messenger to the heathen. When travelling down the west coast, he says: 'Amidst all the beauty and loveliness with which we are surrounded, there is still a feeling of want in the soul in viewing one's poor companions, and hearing bitter, impure words jarring on the ear, and a longing that both their hearts and ours might be brought into har-



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mony with the great Father of Spirits. I pointed out in, as usual, the simplest words I could employ, the remedy which God has presented to us in the inexpressibly precious gift of His own Son, on whom the Lord "laid the iniquity of us all."'

Men are ever found to carry on the missionary work, and as fast as one disappears from the field another steps into his place. At one time the Rev. John Mackenzie was in charge of the station where Moffat laboured. The time he could spare from the study of the native tongue was given to the acquirement of medical knowledge; this fact became known, and his fame spread. So, no sooner had he made good his settlement in his new quarters, when all sorts of cases were brought to him to cure. One cure he effected is worthy of notice, from the singular way in which the man showed his gratitude.

Two men from a town twelve miles distant went out for a day's hunting, and while passing through a dense bush were assailed by a tiger-cat. It sprang on one of them, seizing him by the cheek with its teeth, and scratching his body with its claws. Having inflicted these wounds, the animal retreated to the bush. The injured man's friend carried him home, and walked twelve miles to ask Mr. Mackenzie to attend him and make him well, although he added he did not believe he could live, for his face was in a dreadful state, the jaw being damaged, the cheek torn and perforated, and

even the tongue injured. Medicine was sent to support the wounded man, and materials for making a poultice for the injured face. Many times the faithful friend walked the twelve miles to report the progress of the cure. At length his visits ceased, and the missionary wondered what had become of him.

'But one day,' says Mr. Mackenzie, 'a stranger walked into the mission-house where I was living. It was my patient come to exhibit the cure, and, I thought, to make at least a touching speech expressing his indebtedness to me. He sat down, and narrated the whole thing over again, mentioning the various medicines which had been given, etc. He then said,—

'"My mouth is not exactly where it used to be" (which was quite true, the damaged cheek having shrunk), "but the wound is quite whole. Everybody said I should die, but your herbs cured me. You are now my white man. Please to give me a knife."

'I could not believe my own ears, and asked, "What do you say?"

'"I haven't got a knife; please to give me a knife. You see," he added, as I wondered what reply I should make, "you are now my own white man, and I shall always come and beg of you." This seemed to me a most wonderful transposition of relationship; and I began to think the man's mouth was not the only oblique thing about him. I mildly suggested that he might at least thank me for my medicine.

'He interrupted me: "Why, am I not doing so? Have I not said that you are my white man? and do I not now beg a knife from you?"

'I gave the man up as a very wonderful specimen of jumbled ideas.'

How often the shadow of death darkens the missionary's lot, and what touching death-bed scenes have been witnessed in African wilds! Mr. and Mrs. Helmore with their family were at Linyante, a place thoroughly unhealthy for Europeans, whose English constitutions could not withstand the deadly attacks of fever. Two of their children had fallen victims within a few days of their arrival; then the angel of death visited the mother. 'She had striven long and hard; she could strive no more. In her last conscious moments she said to her husband she had no wish to live; she desired to go home to Jesus. In the wanderings of her fevered brain she had again seen the parched wilderness, and heard her little ones calling to her for water; and once more she fancied she was denying herself everything for the sake of those she loved. In her dreams she recalled the crossing of broad rivers, and the standing of strangers on the distant bank. Her mother's heart could not forget distant loved ones in those half-conscious days and nights. She dreamt of her house as it had been in Africa—of the new home she had hoped to see established on the Zambesi; and in the midst of dreamings and troubled feverish musings, her trustful

and enduring spirit passed into the light and joy of the true home of heaven.'

Yet in spite of illness and death, in spite of discouragement and opposition, in spite of wars and rumours of wars, and in spite of persecution and martyrdom, the missionary still continues his work, not in his own strength, but as 'seeing Him who is invisible.' And he has not laboured in vain; the High God is worshipped where once He was unknown; horrible customs have disappeared, and given place to the amenities of Christian life; and from thousands of African hearts comes the song of praise and thanksgiving that white men have brought to them the message of glad tidings and peace.

## CHAPTER IV.

### LIVINGSTONIA AND UNIVERSITIES MISSIONS.

'THE spirit of our missions is the spirit of our Master, the very genius of His religion. A diffusive philanthropy is Christianity itself. It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness. I shall make this beautiful land better known, which is the essential part of the process by which it will become the pleasant haunts of men.'

So said Dr. Livingstone, and when in England, acting in the very spirit of these words, he everywhere stirred up the hearts of men to undertake mission work. When in Scotland he urged the Free Church to found a mission on the shores of Lake Nyassa, which he himself had discovered. In response to his appeal, that, with other Churches of Scotland, have established the 'Livingstonia' on the promontory of Cape Clear, and the little mission steamer *Ilala* was launched upon the lake. This was in 1875, and three years later a second station was founded at Bandawé, on the west coast of Nyassa. Soon the little steamer was busily at work;

twice it explored and circumnavigated the lake for the purpose of checking the slave trade; for from the Nyassa region alone no less than from 15,000 to 20,000 slaves were annually drawn to feed the Arab slave markets, without counting the many who perished of wounds, famine, and disease. This was not all, for in 1879 James Stewart, the mission engineer, travelled across the two hundred and ten miles of land, which lay between the north end of Nyassa and the south end of Tanganyika. The journey over, he constructed a road to the London Missionary Society station. The sister mission of the Livingstonia, the Blantyre, has made a good road of nearly seventy miles to the south of Nyassa, in the Shiré district. All this was effected for the purpose of opening up a new route into the country. And at the completion of the roads, Mr. Stewart could report to the Royal Geographical Society:—

'The Livingstonia Mission possesses the best, perhaps the only available route by water into the heart of Africa. The whole of the distance from Quilimane to Malisaka, at the north end of Nyassa, about eight hundred miles, can now be accomplished by steam power, with the exception of two small breaks. I have traversed the distance in twenty-two days, including five days of stoppages, and letters sent from that point can be delivered in Edinburgh in fifty-five days. From this it is evident that Lake Nyassa may now be considered as a convenient starting-point from which to

reach the tribes in the regions beyond. Tanganyika is almost as near the sea at Quilimane as Ujiji is to Zanzibar.'

The Livingstonia Mission, in conjunction with so good a route into the interior, led to the formation of the 'Livingstonia Trading Company,' a kind of mercantile mission for the suppression of the slave trade. A steamer is maintained below the Shiré rapids, and this works in conjunction with the *Ilala* on the lake. Thus, in the track of missionary enterprise, follows that of trade, and both the spiritual and material interests of the natives are touched; and the more this is done, the sooner will slavery cease; for directly the chiefs find out an easier and better way to supply themselves with goods than selling men, they will readily embrace it.

The missions have also set themselves vigorously to work at translation. The language of the people of Manganja has been reduced to writing, and the Gospels of Matthew and Mark translated. Hymns have also been translated and printed, while a grammar and vocabulary have been issued from the press. Thus the press, it is hoped, will prove a powerful lever in raising the people. To all this is added the industrial arts, and it is testified that—

'The young men have been remarkably quick in learning the industrial arts of house-building, canoe-building, furniture-making, timber-sawing, brick-making, brick-laying, and engine-driving. The girls have been trained in various duties pertaining to home manage-

ment, and have made garments sufficient to clothe the women on the station, so that they may attend the public services, dressed in a decorous fashion. Indeed, so great is the demand for clothing, that some of the young women can already support themselves by their needles. Native evangelists, trained at Lovedale, South Africa, have ministered to them with much acceptance, while the medical missionary sent out from Scotland has grown in favour year by year.'

The good work is still going on in all the departments of the mission. The translating and printing proceeds daily; while in one year no less than three hundred articles of clothing were made by the female scholars; schools well attended; houses have been built; doors, benches, and windows made by workmen who a few years ago never saw such things. One report says:—

'We receive children from the tribes all round to be our children, to be taught as we like. Wherever we go we are welcomed, and when we speak to the people about God and heaven, they at once become reverential and silent, and with almost bated breath they ask questions as to what He is, where He is, and what His relation to us. At the north end of the lake we have received children; they have come to learn in our schools. We have travelled over the district mentioned, and have had no collision at all with the natives. We are most hopeful in our work. Englishmen soon learn to like the African character, and this feeling

is reciprocated. We have a strong hold upon their affection.'

The sister mission, called after Livingstone's birth-place, works in harmony with the Livingstonia, and is situated in the Shiré district, some seventy miles from the Shiré river. It is of an evangelical and industrial character, and was also intended to act as a check to the infamous slave trade; and through its agency many slaves have been redeemed and rescued from their cruel fate; while children have been received into its schools, and trained for future usefulness. Thus the two missions work harmoniously together, and are producing an effect which cannot fail to prove beneficial in its results to the poor African.

The Universities' Mission, in Eastern Central Africa, is the result of a direct appeal made by Dr. Livingstone to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to send out agents to occupy one part of the country. 'The object intended,' says the author of the history of the mission, 'was to establish stations in Central Africa which should serve as centres of Christianity and civilization, for the promotion of true religion, the encouragement of agriculture and lawful commerce, and ultimate extinction of the slave trade.'

It was resolved that the mission should make its first effort in the Shiré highlands. These highlands were spoken of as a magnificent healthy country, and above the sea-level some three or four thousand feet; that it

was well watered and wooded, well adapted for cattle and sheep; the soil also was rich. The natives were characterized as brave, industrious, ingenious, and friendly.

The members of the mission, consisting of clergy and laity and Christianized Africans, was headed by Mr. Mackenzie as bishop. Dr. Livingstone himself accompanied the party up the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers to the spot fixed upon for their first station. This was formed at Mangomero, among the Manganja tribe, upon the invitation of the chief Chigunda. But near the station lived a tribe of Ajawas, famous for their slave-trading propensities; and it was not long before the missionaries became involved in a quarrel in which blood was shed. The chief, Chigunda, informed them that the Ajawa were close by, and that they were burning, and destroying, and making captives on all sides, and that he would guide them to the camp.

So the whole party left for the Ajawa encampment, and on the way heard that some Tete slavers were in villages near. 'They started in pursuit, and during the day released forty-four captives. Several others were afterwards found in the bush, to which they had fled from fear; but their fears were soon allayed when they discovered what the intentions of the English were. With the exception of two, the slavers escaped. These two were insolent, and so they were put into the slave forks that had been taken from the necks of the

captives, and on their necks they remained until they came down to Dakanamoio. The slave fork is a terrible tamer.

'The next day was an eventful one. Dr. Livingstone, the bishop, and all the rest of the party, with the exception of one or two who were left in charge of the freed people, started and took the road towards the Ajawa encampment. A number of the Manganja went with them. Everywhere they saw sad signs of the war: villages burnt, gardens uncared for, the beautiful land about them rapidly becoming a desert. About mid-day they came upon a large party of Ajawa, who were just returning from a successful raid. The smoke of burning villages was seen in the distance. A long train of captives carried the plunder, and their bitter cry was heard, even above the triumphant utterances of the Ajawa women, who came out, as did the Israelitish women of old, to welcome back the victors.

'The camp was built on the slope of a hill, and so securely flanked by other hills as to be all but unassailable by native enemies. Our friends went on very cautiously, and were quite close to the camp before they were perceived. As soon as the Ajawa perceived them, they came forward defiant, dancing and shouting like savages intoxicated with previous success. Dr. Livingstone called out to them that he came to talk to them, and that it was peace. They disbelieved him, and shouted out that it was not peace but war; and,

according to their custom, dispersed themselves in the bush, or hid behind the trees and rocks. Johnson, our black cook, seeing a man aiming apparently at Dr. Livingstone, elevated his gun and fired. Then a fight commenced. The arrows flew fast and furious; and perceiving how few in number the party was to which they were opposed, the Ajawa evidently thought they would make an easy conquest; their shouts of derision rent the air, and they at last came charging down like demons. They were met with a few well-directed shots from the rifles; they halted, and returned to cover. But at last they were forced from their stronghold, and their camp destroyed and burnt. The captives escaped during the fight; they threw down their burdens, and fled into the bush. None of the English were hurt; one Manganja was killed, and another had an arrow through his wrist. The bishop was in the midst of the fight, but did not use his gun; he made it over to Mr. C. Livingstone.'

This affair, however worthy the object, was not done without danger of imperilling the success of the mission; for though peace seemed to have been gained for a time, ill-feeling was prevalent among the adjoining tribes. Yet peace was only apparent, the Ajawa were still troublesome, and Chigunda solicited the help of the bishop and his companions to make a determined attack upon them. To this the bishop consented, on condition that henceforth they would neither capture nor sell

slaves; that all the captives found among the Ajawa should be free; that all chiefs should combine to punish one that sold his own people; and that if foreign slavers came into the land, they should be driven away. These conditions were agreed to.

A large party well equipped set out, and in due time came in sight of the enemy. Before hostilities commenced, the bishop, with two companions, made his way unarmed to the Ajawa camp, demanding to speak to the chiefs, saying that he wished to have a peaceable talk; but the chiefs, from their quarters, cried, 'Shoot them; don't listen to them!' Thereupon the bishop returned to his friends, and one of those that were with him exclaimed, 'It is war! they will not have peace! they will have nothing but war with us!' The order was given to advance, and instantly the Manganja set up their war-cry, a truly hideous noise, but nothing compared with that of the Ajawa.

'Going down the hill was exciting work,' says the author, who was present. "'I fully expected to be shot at from behind, but the Ajawa had not seized the only good opportunity they had of doing us much harm, and we reached the valley without molestation. We who were in front—and the Manganja adopted the motto of "After you, sirs"—turned to the right towards a small village, and before we arrived at it were shot at with guns by men secreted in the grass. When we replied, they retreated. The village was deserted,

and it was at once fired. The way to the hill, which seemed to be the key of the whole position, was by the left, and the bishop, myself, and others struck into a path in that direction, and were fired at from either side, and several bullets whizzed by rather closer to us than was agreeable. Those who fired, however, did not long maintain their ground; a few shots and they retreated. We scarcely caught a glimpse of them, for they slunk through the long grass like snakes. We went some distance, but finding no Manganja following us, the bishop desired me to go back and bring on a large body of men who were in our rear, shouting in a very warlike way, but only shouting.'

The men were sent on, when the author met some of his white companions, who, having routed the enemy opposed to them, were on their way to join the bishop. Knowing it was his intention to attack the strongest position, a hill some 500 yards' distance, which appeared crowded with men, shots were fired in that direction, but over the heads of the Ajawa, whose astonishment was so great that they ran about and crouched down on the ground, not thinking the white men's guns could carry so far. A few more shots lower down completed their dismay, and away they all went helter-skelter, each one eager to get as soon as possible out of sight. In a few seconds not a man remained on the hill; all took their way towards Lake Shirwa. Soon all were in full retreat, and the bishop and his men in hot pursuit.

But soon the fire from the first village spread to the bush, and other villages caught. 'The air was black with smoke, for the fire had spread all over the plain and surrounded us. Such a sight I had never seen before, and trust may never see again. It was only by remembering the atrocious conduct of the Ajawa, which for the time being had placed them almost beyond the pale of pity, that I could keep myself from feeling soul-sick at the scene before me.'

This victory was gained without the loss of one of the English. At night they all assembled at the station, congratulating each other on the successful termination of the expedition. In the midst of the felicitations the bishop appeared in their midst, carrying a little boy about six years of age in his arms. He had found him at the door of a hut; he was so ill that the Manganja shook their heads when the bishop desired them to bring him along, saying it was no good, for death had laid hold of him. However, he was conveyed to the victor's home, though evidently near his end. He was, they thought, a captive, who when taken ill had been left to starve and die, for he was fearfully emaciated. A little brandy was forced down his throat, but it failed to produce any but a momentary effect. The bishop then said he would baptize him; this he did, giving him the name of Charles Henry, and soon after the little fellow died. He was laid in a grave outside the village, and the burial service read over him.

This decisive victory left the mission in peace, and the usual work went on day after day. But the natives had been much struck by the ease with which the white men had beaten the enemy, and could only put it down to their strong medicine. One day a chief went up to one of them, and after seating himself by his side, and putting his arm affectionately round his neck, said, pointing to the medical man of the mission,—

'Is that your medicine man?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Ask him to give me your war-medicine.'

'We have no war medicine. We never use any.'

'That is not true; you have, you *must* have, and you do not like to give it me. But do ask him for it.'

'I speak the truth,' was the laughing reply; 'we English have no other war medicine than a brave heart.'

'No, that is not true; it cannot be. I have brave heart too; but what is the good of a brave heart? a brave heart alone is no good. Listen. The Manganja have brave hearts; the Ajawa come into their country; they go to fight the Ajawa, but directly they see them they run away. Why? Not because they have not brave hearts, but because the Ajawa have stronger war medicine than they. Now you have stronger war medicine than the Ajawa; so strong, that if only one Englishman went against the whole of the Ajawa, *they* would all run away. Do give me your war medicine.' And the chief could not be persuaded.

The natives regarded the Englishmen as an altogether superior race of beings, possessing the most wonderful powers; even the simple scientific instruments they had with them were deemed supernatural. Said one man to a chief,—

'Do! there is nothing but what they can do! Look here, chief; suppose a man wished to get away from them, and they were not willing that he should go—well, he could not go away, do what he would.'

'Why, what would they do? Tie him up to a tree?' said the old chief.

'Tie him up to a tree! No, not they; they would not take that trouble. For supposing he had got away, and was gone so far off that in the distance he looked no bigger than a fly, they would only have to put *that* thing up to their eye (a telescope), and it would bring him back again quite close to their feet. He could never get away from them.'

Not once, but several times, was the bishop and his friends solicited to aid the Manganja to make war upon the Ajawa, and at last again yielded. More than 2000 of the natives accompanied the little party; but this time it did not require a shot to be fired, for no sooner did they hear the cry, 'The English are here!' than they retreated, making no resistance whatever. Every hut proved to be deserted, save here and there by a child that in the hurry had been left behind. So rapidly did they move off, that had it not been for the

many signs that they had been surprised, one might fancy they had been warned and decamped the night before. The camp was full of plunder, and nearly 500 women and children were captured. The women were in a wretched condition, having been used by the Ajawa chief to carry plunder, and insufficiently fed. By these decisive proceedings, slavery for the time being received a severe blow.

Two of the missionaries set off on an exploring expedition to Ruo. Some time after, a servant, named Charles, returned to the station alone, haggard and worn, his feet lacerated and swollen, looking the very picture of a man who had been hunted for his life.

'All are gone,' he said, 'I alone am left,—not one besides myself has escaped!' and bursting into tears he sank down on the ground. After the poor fellow had somewhat recovered, he was able to inform them of the facts of the disaster. All for a time had gone well with the party; they found a good road and friendly people, until, arriving at a village about eight miles off, they were attacked and plundered, and all but himself made prisoners or killed.

'Twice,' said he, 'was I surrounded. I hardly know how I broke away from them. And when I was about a hundred yards off I heard two shots fired. I fear this was all Mr. Procter and Mr. Scudamore could do before they were overpowered. The natives were all around them, firing at them with their bows and arrows.'

This was sad news. But the bishop determined to set out to rescue his friends if in captivity. This action, however, was not necessary; for while those at the mission station were still grieving for the absent ones, they had succeeded, though narrowly, in escaping. Three men had attempted to wrest Procter's gun from him, and in the struggle he fell on his back, but still retaining his hold of the gun. He tried hard to get it into a position to fire at his assailants, and when he had succeeded pulled the trigger, but the ball passed under a man's arm without injuring any one. His companion now fired, at which the aggressors all fled, but while running contrived to discharge a poisoned arrow, which fortunately struck the butt of Mr. Procter's gun. After this the two friends were no more molested, and hastened back to the station.

But dark days were in store for the mission; food became scarce and the bishop, with Mr. Burrup, were compelled to make their way to a point down the river where they expected to find stores in abundance. In this they were sadly disappointed, for when the place was gained none were there. It was the unhealthy season too, fever was raging, and things looked black indeed. As they went down the Shiré, the canoe containing the medicine was upset, so that there was no relief in case of sickness. And the African fever seized the good bishop, and five days after he was dead. His companion had also sickened, and was unable to be

present at his leader's death; but as soon as the grave was dug, and before the body was lowered into it, he staggered out to read the burial service. It was too dark to do this, so he repeated all he could remember. 'And there, on the banks of the Shiré, away from all but the heathen to whom he devoted his life, in "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection," rests what was the soul's tabernacle of Charles Frederick Mackenzie, the first bishop of the Central African Mission.'

Mr. Burrup returned to the station at Mangomero, and told the mournful tale of the bishop's death, and then himself died. Soon after three others of the party died, and were buried by Dr. Livingstone, who happened to be there at the time. Then the great explorer himself suffered a great loss in the death of his wife, who was on her way to join him. It was at Shupanga she died, and under a large baobab tree her remains were laid at rest, over which the Doctor set up the following epitaph:—

'Those who are not aware how this good, brave English wife made a delightful home at Kolobeng, a thousand miles inland from the Cape, and, as the daughter of Moffat, and a Christian lady, exerted a most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to

renew her labours, was called to her rest instead. *Fiat Domine voluntas tua.*'

Some of the remaining members were now sent home to England to recruit their shattered health, and others sent out to fill their places, and Bishop Tozer selected to superintend the operations of the party. After which, finding Mangomero too unhealthy a situation, the headquarters of the mission were removed to the island of Zanzibar; and in its new position has done good and true work, with some amount of success. When opportunity offered, stations were planted in the interior, and agents of other Societies assisted in their progress inland; added to which a settlement for freed slaves has been established on the mainland, where they are trained to read and study the Swahili tongue, for the purpose of fitting them for future work among the natives speaking that language.

## CHAPTER V.

### CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

THE various accounts given by some of our most successful explorers of the condition of Central Africa, with its teeming populations, created great enthusiasm in England, which ultimately resolved itself into direct and well-planned missionary effort. Among others that of the London Missionary Society, which set about taking up the region around Lake Tanganyika, and in 1877 the first band started for Ujiji. Many different chiefs were visited on the way, the great Mirambo among the number,—who earnestly desired that handicraftsmen should settle in his kingdom,—from whom much kindness was received. But these pioneer missionaries had no sooner reached their destination than one of their number, a Mr. Thomson, died. He occupied the first grave on the Tanganyika shore, while the survivors, sad, yet hopeful, set about founding the station.

Meanwhile Mr. Dodgshun, who had returned to Zanzibar for the purpose of securing stores left behind

there, was passing through a country of enemies. The people on his route had already killed one missionary, and seemed bent upon the murder of a second. 'It is a daily dodging of fate,' he writes, 'and it is not a comfortable state of things. In Ugogo, we were within an ace of being attacked by over a hundred of the natives, fully armed, and thirsting for the blood of the white men. We have had to go round by Utaturu and Ukimbo, to avoid the murderers of Mr. Penrose, and on the way we had the painful task of burying the remains of Mr. Wautier, of the Belgian expedition.' Then his goods were seized by a number of Mirambo's men, and when he did finally succeed in reaching Ujiji, it was only to experience the same fate as Mr. Thomson, and be buried by his side.

It had been decided to found three stations, — viz. Ujiji, Uguha, and Urambo. This was done; premises were built at each place, to which other missionaries were appointed besides those already in the field, among whom were 'Captain' Hore and Dr. Southon. Eighteen months after, Mr. Hore writes: 'A residence of eighteen months here, although no preaching or teaching has been undertaken, has made its mark upon the Wajiji. The first strangeness has worn off, our uprightness is recognised, our medicine sought for and gratefully received, our Sunday respected, and our habits and customs no longer regarded with suspicion. We are, in fact, established as respected sojourners, if not

citizens in the land. A considerable outlay of money, some work, and quiet persistence, have, with God's blessing, overcome very great difficulties here,—such, indeed, as will probably be equalled in the establishment of no other station on the lake. Ujiji is a stronghold of the enemy; but we have secured the little field therein. We meet them face to face; here we are a thorn in their side, and a restraint upon them.'

At a new station missionaries have always to contend with difficulties arising from circumstances natural to a savage state of society, and those stationed at Uguha were not exempt. There they found they had to contend with slavery, belief in magic and witchcraft, idolatry, spirit-houses, and continual outbreaks of war. The only thing was perseverance, and this they had. In spite of frequent depression they still continued to teach the precepts of the gospel of peace, and at the same time the arts of civilised life. Their intentions were sometimes falsely reported, the ire of the natives aroused, and bands of armed savages would intrude upon them demanding explanations, threatening them with instant death did their answers not prove satisfactory. But on all such occasions, the calm, cool, pleasant, and unsuspicious bearing of the members of the mission would conquer their would-be assailants.

'The people,' says one who knew them well, 'like most other African tribes, follow agriculture, fishing, hunting, and petty warfare. The clothing worn, both

by men and women, is very scanty, consisting of a belt of cloth around the loins, and monkey or other skins. The houses are of the ordinary beehive shape, and the villages contain from fifty to five hundred of these houses. Each village has its own chief, who rules there with supreme authority. They have the power of life and death over their people, and generally use barbarous sentences for little crimes. One missionary saw the remains of two women still hanging from the tree to which they had been tied up by their feet, and slowly roasted alive over a fire. Their offence was stealing. A person accused of witchcraft would be beheaded.

'The girls marry when very young, to men old enough to be their fathers. The boys amuse themselves with fishing, or dancing, or shooting with bows and arrows. Each household keeps two sets of kitchen utensils for cooking and fetching water,—one for the females, the other for the males of the family, who must, in all cases, be considered first. When water or cooking is required, one of the chief's wives is appointed to perform the duty, in strict silence; and custom does not permit her to speak until the task is ended. When the cooking is finished, the wife places the meal in one part of the chief's house kept sacred for this purpose. When the chief has finished eating, he calls to his wife, who waits patiently outside for the call. She then goes in, clears away the dinner-mat, and comes out to

make her own dinner; her silence being over until cooking-time returns again. They practise tattooing, and sniff up tobacco-water into the nostrils, in place of smoking it in European fashion. In the case of the meeting of two friends, one would clap his hands twice, while the other would lay his hand on his breast. In saluting a chief, a native would stoop very low, pick up some dust, rub it first on one arm, then on another, and lastly on his breast. Some of the chiefs have fifty or sixty wives; one had as many as four hundred. In all cases these wives are slaves and drudges, and only minister to their lord's pleasure and vanity. Sometimes a wife will have a house to herself; at other times, five or six will live together in one house.'

Such a state of society, one imagines, would take some time ere it could be modified for the better, let the missionaries be never so zealous in their work. Then, too, the prevalent belief in evil spirits, and the efficacy of certain charms to avert their power; the faint belief in a heaven, where brave men will dwell after death, while the cowardly are shut out; and the worship of idols in human or brute shape,—must all weigh against the missionary's influence.

That missionaries need be brave men can very well be conceived. Frequently they are placed in eminent peril of life; and at this mission on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, Mr. Hore gives a good illustration of how

they meet such danger:—'The way that our mere presence has worked upon the guilty fears of the Arab colonists of Ujiji is indeed wonderful. The day we arrived here, the Ujiji slave-market was closed. They have hindered and opposed us in every conceivable way, but have been baffled on every hand. First they tried to frighten us,—it was no use. Thomson said to them in full council: "Kill us you may; for every one you kill, two more will step in to fill up the gap. If I die, remember it will only give fresh impulse to our mission."

'On one occasion they armed all their principal slaves, and with a body of two hundred armed men approached our house. According to custom, I received the Arabs in a friendly way, and asked them to sit down inside. I had then about twenty of these Arabs filling my principal room. This was a critical moment. There was Mr. Hutley and myself quite alone and apparently helpless, in the hands of this lawless crowd; they completely filled and surrounded our house. There were three large windows in our principal room, just a yard or two from where we stood, and through the bars of the windows the slaves and followers of the Arabs pointed their guns. With their fingers on the triggers, they shouted to their masters to give the word of command, but they could not; some wonderful power restrained them, and they could only talk excitedly among themselves. At length one of the Arabs, securing

the attention of the others, said these words: "The house is full of goods, let us empty it now, and destroy these men by one stroke." The excited mob were now yelling and dancing in our verandah and hall, flourishing spears and guns, and begging their masters to give the word for the onslaught to commence. The Arabs only saw two calm faces, and only heard a quiet request to state their business and talk it over quietly. But, One all-powerful to save heard two earnest prayers for help, and the next moment those Arabs were literally crushing one another in the doorway, in their anxiety to get out. One of their leaders had risen from his seat, and said, "Let us get out," when that rush was made and we were left alone.' Such men deserve to succeed.

After this followed a season of sickness and depression, and one after another had to seek rest and change. Still the work went on, for men were found willing and daring enough to face death in order to carry the 'glad tidings' to the native dwellers on the lake. And the labour has not been in vain, for one could write: 'By our daily intercourse, by fair dealing, and by medical aid, we have won the hearts of these natives, and they are ready to hear the gospel message. Alphabet sheets are issued from our printing-press in Uguha, sheets which are nothing less than the first leaves of the Bible itself.'

Later on, before the chief station was removed to Kavala Island, the mission lost a valuable servant in

the accidental death of Dr. Southon. The story of his accident he has told himself, in a letter to a brother; and the letter is full of the spirit of unconscious heroism, and well deserves a place here.

On July 3rd, 1882, he writes from Urambo: 'Three weeks ago I determined on a walk, where I had not been for seven months, and, not feeling strong enough to go and return in one day, I took some men, who carried my tent, bed, food, etc. I had for two or three days been feeling queer, and had taken fever medicine as a tonic, and hoped a day's holiday would render me strong and healthy.

'Well, we got to the river, and I was not feeling a bit tired; so, after a nice breakfast, I did some fishing, and then had a quiet walk along the river-bank, where I shot some birds,—a duck, guinea-fowl, etc. In the afternoon I fished and lazily employed myself. Towards evening I took another little walk nearly a mile from the tent, and had just begun to return, when suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my left arm, and the gun I was carrying in the left hand was thrown out of it, and a gun report was at the same time heard behind me. I turned round and said, "Why, Uledi, did you fire the gun?" for the shock had numbed my senses, and I was not at first conscious I had been shot. The man was about eight yards behind me, and was hurrying towards me with great distress visible in his face. I did not notice how he was carrying the gun, but just then I felt

warm blood running over my hand, and a strange numbing pain all up my arm. I then saw a great ragged wound in my forearm, and found it broken. I quickly seized the hand and tried to lift it up, but it hurt so, that I let it drop again. Uledi then came up crying loudly, and in a dreadful way, saying, "Oh, master, I didn't mean to do it," and a lot more, but I bade him hold up my arm, as I found I was not able to raise it myself. This he did, and, being in my shirt-sleeves, I saw the bullet had passed through the arm near the elbow. I quickly saw that I must make a tourniquet of my handkerchief, so I told Uledi to take it out of my pocket, and then, with my right hand, I put it over the biceps muscle, as I thought, if drawn tightly, it might compress the brachial artery just below against the bone, and then stop the flow of blood below the elbow. I then made Uledi draw on one end of the handkerchief whilst I pulled the other; but I had to speak quite sharply to him before I could get it drawn tight enough, as the poor fellow was hardly able to stand firm, being so cut up. I then gave him both ends to tie, and made him pull with all his might, so as to knot it securely. By taking the left wrist in the right hand, I found I could support the arm myself. All this was done quickly, though it takes long to write of it. Without heeding Uledi, who was crying bitterly, I began to walk quickly towards the tent, hoping to get to it before my strength should be spent. But it was terrible work, and

the perspiration rolled off my face in large drops. Once or twice I felt faint, but I only pushed on the faster, till at last the tent was reached.

'Well, it was now Thursday morning, and I decided to be carried back home as soon as possible, so the men were ordered to make a litter, and get ready for a start. By 7 A.M. all was ready, and the bed and bedding placed on the litter, myself on the top of all. The tent was then taken down, and one of the poles used with the litter, the slings of the latter passing over the pole, the ends of which, projecting, enabled two men to carry me. By frequent relays, we got along at a very good pace. I experienced but little inconvenience at the jolting. One effect, however, was to make me vomit occasionally, but this was not violent. We reached home at 11 A.M., having been three hours on the road.

'I had an uneasy, restless night, Tuesday, and in the morning I felt very stiff and sore; but I managed to remove to another bed, and kept a stream of carbolic water over the arm, which lay on the macintosh, with the wound just covered with gauze.

'Mirambo came about twelve noon and expressed great sorrow at the accident, and asked if there was anything he could do for me. Whilst I was thanking him, Hames suggested that some of Mirambo's runners should be sent to meet Mr. Copplestone, who ought to have left Uyui on Monday. Mirambo instantly called two men, and told them to be ready directly to start for

Uyui, and then, turning to me, he asked if I could write a note to give to Mr. Copplestone. By putting my knees up, and Hames holding my pocket-book against them, I managed to write a few lines telling of the accident, and asking him to come as quickly as possible. This Hames put in an envelope, and Mirambo told the men they were to reach Uyui on the morrow, and be careful not to miss Mr. Copplestone on the way. They then started.

'I must mention I had arranged with Mr. Copplestone to come over here and help me put on a new roof, and he should have started as above said. I showed Mirambo the wound, and asked him what he thought of it, but he would express no opinion. Four of his head-men had got well of greater injuries than mine, "Why not you?" I called upon him to witness that I was not afraid to die, and told him if it was God's will, I should be glad to go at once. He said, "Oh, brother, don't say that; I would give almost anything rather than you should die." I asked him if I died before my new brethren came, would he receive them kindly, and trust them as he had trusted me. He said, "I don't know whether I shall like them as well as I like you, but I will do all I can for them." A little while after he asked what I thought of the arm, so I told him the bones were so shattered that I thought it would have to be cut off above the elbow. He asked to look at it again, and remarked that my

fingers were all drawn up, and that one long bone seemed intact. He said, "Don't cut the arm off, but extend it on a board and bandage it up." I said I was not afraid of doing as he said, but I did not expect the lacerated parts would keep alive until Mr. Copplestone came, and my only chance was to keep them under a constant stream of lotion; but, if the arm did not swell, when Mr. Copplestone came, then we should try and save the arm. "Well," he says, "send for me as soon as he comes, and I will try and come over again. I must go now. Good-bye."

'Thursday morning saw me a little better, having slept a little under a sleeping draught. During the day I had great numbers call to see me, and inquire how I was. I only saw a few of the chiefs, one of whom had been sent by Mirambo.

'Mr. Copplestone came in about 7 P.M., having met Mirambo's men in the morning, and had travelled all day so as to be with me that day. We had much to talk of, and I assured him that my arm must be amputated in the early morning. He said he was willing to do his best, and leave the rest in God's hands. I took a considerable quantity of morphia during the night, as the agony was intense. Friday morning early Copplestone and I had a quick consultation as to operating immediately. I felt that every moment was hastening on the gangrene, and the fact that I was even then getting more and more "dazed" and unable to think

correctly, was proof that something should be done at once. Copplestone, with praiseworthy devotion, was ready to do his best, and so we immediately went into the details of the work to be done. Hames could give chloroform on the screen we always used, so I had every confidence in that department, relying on God that no accident should occur. I then gave Copplestone all the details I could think of, but, in my half-unconscious state, I missed many items of value; but we hoped a reading of Erichsen's *Surgery* would help him materially. We then went into the other room, where I got upon the table, and Hames commenced giving me chloroform. It took a long time to chloroform me, though I was insensible very soon. Copplestone says it was two hours before he could begin. However, thank God, at last he got through, and, considering he never did anything of the kind before, he made an excellent job of it. Well, every day after Saturday and until now the swelling grew less, but, owing to the very exposed state of the bone and the nerves, there is a great deal of pain, and I am constantly under the influence of morphia. My men are most kind and tender, and Mr. Copplestone is assiduous in attending to my wants.

'I am writing this in fits and starts on a board held against my knees; but it is hard work, as the morphia prevents anything like thought, and my hand, eyes, and head are heavy; therefore pardon all my irregularities.'

Nearly twenty days afterwards he contrived to pen another letter to his brother. 'I feel,' he writes, 'as if I can't last much longer; my sufferings during the past five weeks have been simply awful, and nothing short of Divine grace and a good constitution could have pulled me through up till now. I cannot tell you how gladly I should welcome death; but, oh! I must confess I do most earnestly pray for it. It is not the future after the arm is healed I dread, but the fearful sufferings I *must* go through before ease can possibly be had—in fact, *months* must elapse before I can get this.

'My morphia is nearly finished; I have about two doses left, which I am reserving for extreme agony. Whilst I could get a dose every three hours, I was moderately easy, but for days I have only had an occasional dose. My chloral has been the means of procuring three or four hours' sleep every night, but alas! I have the last dose now standing ready for me to take. It is 1 A.M., the 23rd, and Mr. Copplestone has promised to do an operation to-day, which, if successful, will ease my sufferings and enable me to get well quickly; but I am of opinion that, if not successful, it will cause my death. I therefore thought it best to write you a few lines in case such should happen, and I shall write on the envelope "to be sent after death." Tell everybody (*i.e.* if I die) that my most earnest wish was to die at my post, and nothing short of death could make me leave it. But if I do not die

I shall not leave the work, but shall be more efficient to aid it, better adapted to deal with its difficulties, and, please God, I shall have greater success in it.

'You will be very glad to hear that Mirambo is deeply touched by my sufferings, and he almost cried when he entreated me to get well. I asked him to pray to God for me, and he said he had been doing so and would continue to ask for a restoration to health. I told him how glad I should be to be gone, and asked him to meet me "over yonder." He said he would try, but he feared he did not yet understand it. I told him to ask God constantly to show him the way, and to give him more light and knowledge. I am confident he will be brought to Christ, and my prayers lately have been more and more earnest on his behalf. Don't give him up, nor yet the Wanyamwezi, who will, some day, be the most active Christian people of all Africa. Don't grieve for me. I would you could be glad: yes, positively glad, and rejoice most unmistakably about the event. I expressly desire no one to go into mourning on my account, but get your most beautiful garments out and have a feast, inviting all kindred souls. I shall be with father, and mother, and dear Steve ere you get this, and how we shall rejoice you can't think. Oh, I long to be there if it is His will, and, since there is nothing for you to grieve about, I ask you all not to be selfish and mourn because I am taken so quickly.'

Thus this brave man died, another martyr to the

cause of Christ in the African field. A man whose heart was in his work, and whose example will stimulate others to labour in the same great cause, 'with a heart for any fate,' not daunted by difficulties nor afraid to meet death with boldness.

A very interesting contribution to African missionary literature has recently been given us by Mrs. Annie Hore. Her husband, Mr. C. Edward Hore, had for some time been attached to the Tanganyika mission as naval 'captain' and general explorer, and in this capacity had distinguished himself by carrying out in 1881 the first complete survey of the great inland basin. The natural desire to join him, and take her share in the general work of the mission, induced her to undertake the perilous journey to the lake; and as it was her husband's earnest conviction that Europeans might safely enter and dwell in Central Africa, there would be no objection on his part. But that the journey would be a trying one, especially when burdened with a little one only three months old, was generally understood. The captain ingeniously contrived a vehicle which should convey his wife over the ground with the least possible amount of discomfort. It was a wicker bath-chair, so arranged with head-cover, wheels, and poles for lifting it over difficult places, like a palanquin, that the whole distance, 830 miles, was accomplished in safety, and this, too, in the shortest time on record, having taken ninety days from their start at the coast

till reaching Ujiji. After an abortive attempt made in 1882, this expedition of three was again attempted—this time with success—in 1884. To give a clear notion of the mode of conveyance, and the details of transport, we will give Mrs. Hore's own words:—

'"Now," said my husband, "we are on our own ground and can get to work." I had thought it was all done. The fact was, the packages and cases containing our goods had somewhat suffered from their numerous transhipments and adventures, and nearly all had to be repaired,—stuff that we had procured in Zanzibar had been bundled together any way, so as to "get away," and Edward declared that he could do as much work of preparation here in a day as in Zanzibar in a week. Four days were occupied altogether in collecting our men, repairing loads, and generally fitting up our expedition, of which this, our own portion, consisted of over two hundred porters, and the rear party shortly to follow, under the leadership of Ulaya, of other two hundred men.

'On the night before the start Edward sat up working alone till midnight, rigging up the bath-chair and Jack's little palanquin. They were both rigged alike in this way. From a very long, stout bamboo the chair was suspended or slung by stout coir ropes; along the top of the bamboo was stretched a waterproof canvas awning, lined with white cotton and thick matting, and impervious alike to sun and rain; the cover extended

down behind, and movable sides could be secured up or down at pleasure; an apron of the same material covered the front of the chair. Sixteen picked men were told off for carrying the bath-chair, and four in like manner for Jack's chair. The nature of the road permits only the passage of two men at a time, and in line; the others all kept close at hand, and each pair of men had only a short spell of the carrying at a time. The combination of the bamboo and the coir rope gave a pleasant springiness to the whole, and in this way I was carried right through to Ujiji in a less number of days, I believe, than achieved before by any European.'

The journey for the most part was accomplished during the dry season—October—and great difficulty was experienced in obtaining a sufficiency of water. The pools and rivers which were expected to be full, were only too frequently found quite dry. But, on the other hand, the long grasses were burnt down so that a comparatively free passage was easy. At one point, after escaping the perils of an arid waste, the little party came in for a little too much water, being nearly swept away by a sudden deluge coming on at midnight.

'Looking over the side of the bed I saw nothing but water, in which my bed formed a sort of island, and was just in time to catch my shoes as they floated by. The indefatigable Juma, and two or three faithful ones, whose services he managed to secure, were already removing the boxes; and above all I heard the rain,

now increasing to a heavy downfall, playing a fitting accompaniment upon the top of the tent. As soon as we were ready, Edward ran off with Jack to our companions' tent, and came back for me. Sitting on the clasped hands of Juma and Edward, I was carried off high and dry just as the water reached my bed, and the remainder of our effects at once followed us to a place of safety. . . . Just as I left the tent door, a tremendous rush of water was heard in the rear of the tent. We found afterwards that one of the huge pits had filled, and the water was overflowing into the other. The darkness was intense, and the glimpses of the scene obtained during the flashes of lightning revealed nothing but water, apparently all over the plain, leaving our camping-place only above the level. Just then, fortunately, the rain left off and we felt fairly secure on our island.'

On one occasion provisions ran very short, the native porters suffered from hunger, for they had not sufficient foresight to husband their allowance of food, but usually despatched it in a comparatively short time, and then had to experience the miseries of journeying when weary and faint from fasting. Some of the natives even died, while others deserted. Then, too, little Jack became an invalid from a sudden and serious attack of fever, and for days the little fellow had to lie upon his mother's lap, enduring the distress of constant movement. Still the party pushed on; Ujiji must be reached.

Mrs. Hore's account of the last day's tramp is very graphically told:—

'The valley of the Luiche River, which we had to cross, spread out in a delta, some miles wide, covered with a dense jungle of reeds, grass, and bush, all in a tangle, some of it being sharp crooked thorns, and worst of all a bush bearing pods, covered with hairs and prickles, which at the slightest disturbance drop off, and irritate the skin fearfully.

'In the dry season there is a proper path and crossing-place, but at the time we were travelling all was overgrown and overflowed; and we had to penetrate the jungle, assisted only by the tracks of hippopotami, who had trodden the vegetation down here and there. To make it worse, we had to make a wide detour to the north, so as to come upon the river where it was of fordable depth.

'About seven o'clock we entered the mazes of this dreadful swamp, and nothing could be seen beyond a few feet distant, except now and then by myself, when the carriers lifted the chair above their heads. They were all knee-deep and finally thigh-deep in a slimy black mud; and strive as they might and did, I got some heavy lurches, which threatened to give me a closer acquaintance with the mud. We could only proceed very slowly, sometimes standing still, while a few of our best men in front beat down the obstructions. Three hours were occupied in struggling through this

swamp, and we then suddenly emerged upon the bank of the river itself, a swift, muddy stream.

'It seemed impossible that my chair could be passed over, and operations on the bank were most difficult, for every one stood knee-deep in the mud. My party having been all mustered together, Uledi volunteered to pilot us across; and first he went by himself, that my men might see his fortune, before they ventured in with their precious load. I watched the man most anxiously, for it seemed impossible that he could stem the current; but after trying in various directions, sometimes up to his neck, he decided on the best path, and returned to pilot the party over.

'All my bearers gathered round the chair, holding it at about the level of their heads, and thus entered the river. For a good part of the passage, I could see nothing but the men's heads and hands, and wondered why they were not carried away by the stream; but I suppose the weight of Jack and myself in the chair —hard work as its carriage might have been—aided to bear up the whole party. We all got across in safety, and being carried beyond the mud, my men took a rest, while we watched the men and loads in their perilous passage across the river.'

Ujiji at last reached, the weary party found rest and peace, but only for a short time, as the missions on the mainland were abandoned, and Mrs. Hore took up her abode on Kavala Island, a kind of health resort, which

has now become the chief centre of Protestant missionary work in this region. Its growing importance is due to this fact, and also that in 1883 Captain Hore had made it the head-quarters of the 'marine department' of the Tanganyika mission. Ujiji had ceased to be a place of importance; trade had to a large extent deserted it, and the population was greatly diminished. On the inner side of Kavala Island was an extensive and beautiful harbour. There are also three or four villages on the island of friendly and pleasant people, who cordially welcomed the missionaries. The local chief, Kavala, also showed himself friendly, but encumbered with forty wives, one of whom 'lately drank too much *pombe*, and burnt down six of the huts. Kavala wanted to kill her, and would certainly have done so but for our influence over him.'

Here Mrs. Hore settled down to work, her husband showing great ingenuity in the construction of house, furniture, school material, and so forth. And the wife tells us that the 'black-board for her school was made out of two leaves of a dining-table, and the crayons for writing on it are composed of magnesia, rice, and sugar; while the legs of the forms were made from some of the boat-cart frames.'

'With regard to the station itself,' writes Captain Hore, 'I have enclosed with a low stone wall about four acres of ground, including sites for premises, shore for all marine purposes, with approaches to the

houses, and certain garden ground. Having all the advantages of elevation close to the lake-side, we have consequently to put up graciously with some steep ascents. These I have made as easy as possible by broad beaten roads, ending in a terrace along the hillside to the house. The roads have afforded much satisfaction to the people, who now have a clear way to their gardens, between which and the chief village your establishment lies. I have now 150 banana trees symmetrically placed, and the like number of sugar-canes to absorb a swampy spot on the beach, and some English garden and flower seeds are already coming up. The whole place excites the admiration of all beholders, who compare it with Zanzibar or Muscat, according as they have travelled.

'I am now able to report to you (London Missionary Society), without the least exaggeration, that you have here a most flourishing and respectable station (although the actual buildings are yet only of the kind we term temporary), with all your agents in good health and civilised manners (for the mud-table era is now passed), and living on friendly terms with the natives; at which is held a daily school for girls, a daily school for boys, weekly worship of God, and class for religious instruction,—all instituted, not by any strained effort, but at the direct request of the chief and people.

'I may say I have worked from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. for months past, and it is certainly as master of works that

I have gained Kavala's admiration; but the centre and strength of our powerful influence doubtless lies in the arrival and presence of my wife and child, and its resulting details in Mrs. Hore's girls' school.'

And now with a closing word from Mrs. Hore herself as to the missionary's position, we may bid farewell to this prosperous mission station of the London Missionary Society at Lake Tanganyika, where so much is being done to civilise and humanize the natives of Central Africa.

'I was realizing,' she writes, 'if not in my own person, at least in what was going on all around me, that missionary life in Central Africa was by no means one of dull monotony, but capable of affording scope for every energy and accomplishment, in all the various auxiliary works of house-building, social economy, conveyance, preservation and maintenance of people, goods, and mails, *and the problem of existence apart from the aids of civilisation;* to say nothing of the many-sided questions and difficulties arising from our contact and connection with various native tribes, and the Arab colonists and adventurers, a peculiar position requiring all the tact of a political agent, without his freedom of action or authority. All these affairs have to be dealt with, and successfully accomplished, before a missionary in Central Africa can hope to commence the direct and actual work of his mission, upon a basis giving hope of life, success, and permanency; and, moreover, to be

accomplished with the very wise and necessary restrictions as to getting involved in native politics, or assuming any position of authority, placed upon our actions by instructions from head-quarters.

'The ultimate object of the missionary is to preach and to teach, but his first necessity is the accomplishment of those matters I have referred to; and unless they are already effected by local government, by Consul, Commissioner, or by some special department in his own mission, the individual missionary must be qualified himself to deal effectually with them before he can effect the object of his mission. It is in this part of the work where so many have failed and died before getting at the work which they were specially fitted for carrying on.'

## CHAPTER VI.

### BISHOP HANNINGTON.

One of the most recent and noticeable men in the African mission field was the late Bishop Hannington, a man of a cheerful and genial nature, kindly, brave, and of devoted zeal. He loved his work, despised all troubles and dangers in its prosecution, and ended a brave, unselfish life in a martyr's death. It was on hearing Stanley's account of the kingdom of Uganda, and of his intercourse with King Mtesa, that the Church Missionary Society resolved to send a mission to Lake Victoria Nyanza and its neighbourhood; and in the year 1876, a band of eight went forth, but in the course of a year and a half four out of the eight had fallen, and two more were obliged to return home; the rest struggled on and were kindly received by the king, and Christian services begun in the palace. Later on, however, in a native quarrel Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neil were murdered, and Mr. Wilson, the clergyman, was left alone in the very heart of the dark continent. Then it was that Mr. Hannington offered himself to the

Society to go out, and with five other missionaries sailed for the east coast of Africa in May 1882; but stricken down with fever, he was soon obliged to return to England to recruit his health. Health and strength restored, he again, in November 1884, set forth, this time as the first missionary bishop of Equatorial Africa. In 1885 he started for Uganda, and in his last letter to the Church Missionary Society, after speaking of his difficulties and trials, he adds: 'Yet I feel in capital spirits, and feel sure of results, though perhaps they may not come in the way that we expect. In the midst of the storm I can say

> "Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown!
> Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

You must uphold my hands in prayer lest they fall. If this is the last chapter of earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly: no blots and smudges, no incoherence, but sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb.'

The Bishop's letters home to his family are marvels of cheerfulness, even though all written under circumstances sufficiently trying to make them the reverse. He had a quick eye for the ludicrous, and could invest the incidents of his journey with such a halo of geniality as almost to hide their grimness, and could describe his trials and discomforts with so much humour as to make the reader believe he almost enjoyed them. We will follow him in his long journey

to the great Victoria Nyanza with his friends and 500 porters, head-men, and tent-boys, and in so doing will make free use of his letters home, for our own words would only mar the vividness of his pictures.

'If,' he writes, 'you want to learn a little about the hardships of the missionary life, you must think of him as compelled to march day after day under the rays of a tropical sun. I leave you, therefore, to imagine what we had to put up with. Night-marching, which many suggest, is quite out of the question. The roads are too narrow and rough; the men with their bare feet tread on the thorns and stones, and get maimed, nor can one see them if they linger behind, or even desert us altogether. Once or twice we were compelled to march through the night in order to reach water, and we found it more trying and dangerous than even tramping at mid-day. On one of these occasions, after arriving at camp, and calling over our men, we found that one was missing. A search-party was sent back, and presently they spied a pool of blood in the footpath, which told the dismal tale that he had straggled from us and been set upon by robbers, who had speared him to death, dragged his body into the jungle, and stolen the valuable load that he was carrying.

'Another great cause of suffering was the frequent absence of water, or, when not absent altogether, it was often so thick and black that it is scarce an exaggeration to say that one looked at it and wondered whether

it came under the category of meat or drink; at times it was lively, so much so, that if you did not watch the movements of your "boy" with fatherly anxiety, you always stood a chance of an odd tadpole or two finding their way into the tea-kettle; occasionally it showed a bright green tinge. I had previously seen green tea, and had been taught studiously to avoid it; but green coffee was a new and at times unavoidable delicacy, only known among the luxuries of African travel. But I cannot say that I minded very much about finding the pools lively with toads, or even crocodiles, and I soon grew tired of grumbling because dogs and men would bathe in our drinking-water; but I did not like to find dead toads and other animal and vegetable putrefaction. Afterwards, when weak and ill, I used to avoid drinking any liquid. I have been three and even four days at a stretch without drinking anything at all. But while we are talking about water, I must tell you about my river experience.

'On the 8th of July 1882, we reached our first stream. Loud had been the warnings that we should not wade through or bathe while on the march, lest we should catch fever, for it was here that one man nearly died because of his imprudence. I was exceedingly hot when I arrived at its banks, and needed no advice. Well, just at that moment there were no head-men up, and I was going to wait patiently, when my boys volunteered to carry me across, a feat they could very well

have accomplished. But the ambitious Johar must needs have all the honour and glory to himself; he seized me and bore me off in triumph. I felt an ominous totter, and yelled to him to return. But I shouted in vain; he refused to heed. More tottering, more entreaty to go back; but all to no purpose; on he pressed. Swaying to and fro like a bulrush in a gale of wind, I clenched my teeth and held my breath. They shout from the bank for Johar to retrace his steps, but it has not the slightest effect; he feels his only chance is to dash right on. Mid-stream is now gained, and my hopes revive; I think, perhaps—but the water deepens, the rocks become more slippery, a huge struggle, and down we go flat, Johar collapsing like an india-rubber ball punctured by a pin. Far better to have walked through with all my clothes on, for I should then only have got wet to the knees; but now no part of me could claim to be dry. Luckily, however, I did not get an attack of fever as I expected.'

Sometimes the Bishop found it unnecessary to cross fordable streams and rivers by such uncertain means; occasionally a canoe could be obtained, and now and again the crossing was effected by means of a very primitive bridge, consisting of the trunk of a gigantic tree which had either been felled or blown down; or it would be one or more trees bound together by living parasitical creepers. One district was found to be very swampy, but 'it was a memorable sight to see the

swamps at night literally blazing with fireflies darting about like millions of miniature meteors; here, too, we met with another accompaniment of marshes, which did not amuse us in the least—namely, mosquitoes, in equal myriads.' Our next scene gives the reader a very pleasing picture of an African mission station:—

'July 21st, we reached our first mission station, Mamboia, about 150 miles from the coast. Here our good missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Last, met and welcomed us, and instantly carried me off to their comfortable quarters.

'The house, or perhaps the word bungalow describes it better, is prettily situated on the mountain-side, about 3000 feet above sea-level, and commands most extensive and beautiful views. Immediately on the left side rises a precipitous cliff, in which a grand old eagle has its eyrie; to the east the mountains form an amphitheatre, and bold jutting crags add wildness to the scene; all that it lacks to make it surpassingly beautiful is water.

'The soil is most productive, and the climate sub-Alpine, so that our English vegetables grow to great perfection. The flower garden in front of the house was one mass of geraniums, nasturtiums, petunias, and other denizens of our home gardens. We had not had enough of the wild-flowers of Africa to care much for these. Next the house was the church, a very original structure. Circular mud walls had been built to the

height of about six feet, which were covered by a deep sloping roof open in the centre, from which rose wooden stanchions, which in their turn supported a cap roof; thus open space was left between the two roofs for ventilation. The luxury of pews was not needed, the natives preferring to sit on the ground, and two chairs served for the ordinary European portion of the congregation.

'The Sunday we were there of course was an exception. On this occasion the church was quite full. Part of our prayers were read in the Kiswahili tongue, as well as the Lessons for the day. Two or three hymns were sung; and by giving them out a verse at a time, the natives were able to join. Then followed the sermon, which always takes the form of catechising, or is even more conversational still. Although, in these early days, no definite results in the way of conversions are known, yet it is most encouraging to see the natives listening attentively and sending their children to be educated.'

After leaving this pleasant spot our missionary bishop came to a country abounding in game, and it was here that he had two very narrow escapes from death. It was during a walk in search of game. Coming to a 'belt of jungle so dense that the only way to get through it was to creep on all-fours along the tracks made by hyænas and smaller game; and as I was crawling along I saw close in front of me a deadly

puff-adder; in another second I should have been on it.' During the same walk, he saw in one of these same tracks signs of a pitfall; he had advanced too far to retreat, and down he fell with a tremendous crash, with his gun full-cocked in his hand. 'I had the presence of mind to let myself go and look out only for my gun, which fortunately never exploded. On arriving at the bottom I called out to my terrified boy, Mikuke Hapana, "There are no spears," a most merciful providence; for they often stake these pitfalls in order to ensure the death of the animals that fall into them. The pitfall could not have been less than ten feet deep, for when I proceeded to extricate myself I found that I could not reach the top with my uplifted hands.'

Lingering but a short time at Mpwapwa, the second Church Missionary station, as small-pox was raging in the neighbourhood, the Bishop and his party pushed on to Kisokwe, 'a delightful spot among the mountains and highlands of the Usagara district;' they pushed on through a mountain pass into the desert tracts and plains of Ugogo. Here, wherever there is water, the neighbourhood is densely populated.

'Our first experience of this region was not a pleasant one. We had sent our men on before while we dallied with our friends at Mpwapwa. When we reached the summit of the pass, we could see various villages with their fires in the plains below, but nowhere was the camp to be discerned. It was a weary time before we

could alight on it, and when we did, what a scene presented itself to our gaze! The wind was so high that the camp fires were extinguished, and the men had betaken themselves to a deep trench cut through the sandy plain by a mountain torrent, but now perfectly dry; hence our difficulty in making out where the camp was. Two of the tents were in a prostrate condition, while the others were fast getting adrift. Volumes of dust were swamping beds, blankets, boxes, buckets, and in fact everything; and a more pitiable scene could scarcely be beheld by a party of benighted pilgrims. It was no use staring at it. I seized a hammer and tent-pegs, forgot I was tired, and before very long had things fairly to rights; but I slept that night in a dust-heap. Nor did the morning mend matters. It is bad enough in a hot climate to have dust in your hair and down your neck, and filling your boxes; but when it comes to food, and every mouthful you take grates your teeth, I leave you to imagine the pleasures of tent-life in a sandy plain.'

Farther on the brave man had a severe attack of fever; indeed, he was so bad that the party were compelled to come to a halt, as he was unable to be moved. For three days his life hung in the balance, and so weak 'that the mere fact of a head-man in kindness coming in and speaking a few words to me, brought on a fainting fit, and on another occasion I nearly succumbed from moving across the tent from one bed to

another.' When at last able to stir, after the fever had left him, he was yet unable to walk, and was obliged to be carried forward in a hammock.

The curiosity of the natives was found to be exceedingly troublesome; they would swarm round the tents from morning till night, asking to see everything. 'In some of the places I passed through they had never seen a white man before. They would gather round me in dozens, and gaze upon me in the utmost astonishment. One would suggest that I was not beautiful—in plainer language, that I was amazingly ugly. Fancy a set of hideous savages regarding a white man as a strange outlandish creature frightful to behold.

'As with other travellers, my boots hardly ever failed to attract attention. "Are those your feet, Whiteman?" "No, gentlemen, they are not. They are my sandals." "But do they grow to your feet?" "No, gentlemen, they do not. I will show you." So forthwith I would proceed to unlace a boot. A roar of astonishment followed when they beheld my blue sock, as they generally surmised that my feet were blue and toeless. Greater astonishment still followed the withdrawal of the sock, and the revelation of a white five-toed foot. I frequently found that they considered that only the visible parts of me were white, namely, my face and my hands, and that the rest of me was as black as they were. An almost endless source of amusement was the immense amount of clothing, according to their

calculation, that I possessed. That I should have waistcoat and shirt and jersey underneath a coat seemed almost incredible, and the more so when I told them that it was chiefly on account of the sun that I wore so much.

'My watch, too, was an unfailing attraction: "There's a man in it." "It is Lubari; it is witchcraft," they would cry. "He talks; he says, Teek, teek, teek." My nose they would compare to a spear; it struck them as so sharp and thin compared to the African production, and ofttimes one bolder than the rest would give my hair and my beard a sharp pull, imagining them to be wigs worn for ornaments. Many of them had a potent horror of this white ghost, and a snap of the fingers or a stamp of the foot was enough to send them flying helter-skelter from my tent, which they generally crowded round in five ranks deep. For once in the way this was amusing enough; but when it came to be repeated every day and all day, one had really a little too much of a good thing.'

In September another mission station was reached, that of Uyui, in the country of Unyamwezi, the Land of the Moon. 'The district consists of a high plateau, between 3000 and 4000 feet above sea-level, studded with little out-cropping ridges of granite, between which are fertile valleys densely populated. I estimated that in one valley I passed through there were as many as eighty villages, the smallest containing from two to three hundred inhabitants.'

The king or emperor over this populous country was a far-famed warrior named Mirambo, who by his personal bravery had raised himself to such a position. In a personal interview he made a most favourable impression upon the Bishop, who tells an anecdote of the monarch illustrative of his mode of governing his vassals: 'A short time before my arrival he had ordered a levy of men to be made in the surrounding villages, as he was wishing to build a new palace. Three men in a distant village made an excuse; they were ill or absent. The next day or so, Mirambo, without any intimation of the fact, arrived in that village, and found them busily engaged with their own work, so he immediately ordered their heads to be struck off.' He was remonstrated with by a missionary, who told him that our Queen never did such things. 'Yes,' he replied, 'that is very good for your Queen; she is surrounded by clever gentlemen; but it would not do for me. My people are so foolish, I can only govern them in this way.'

At length our Bishop reached what is called the Lake District, which nurses in its bosom the mighty Victoria Nyanza, one of the, if not the, largest lake in existence. Here on the banks of the lake he met with an adventure which might, but for his presence of mind, have terminated fatally. He had gone out with his butterfly net, attended by his boy carrying his gun. 'Presently,' he says, 'while hunting for insects in short mimosa

tangle up to the knee, I disturbed a strange-looking animal, about the size of a sheep, brownish colour, long tail, short legs, feline in aspect and movement, but quite strange to me. I took my gun and shot it dead—yes, quite dead. Away tore my boy as fast as his legs would carry him, terrified beyond measure at what I had done! What, indeed? you may well ask. I had killed the cub of a lioness! Terror was written on every line and feature of the lad, and dank beads of perspiration stood on his face. I saw it as he passed me in his flight, and his fear for the moment communicated itself to me. I turned to flee, and had gone a few paces, when I heard a savage growl, and a tremendous lioness — I say advisedly a tremendous one—bounded straight for me.

'In spite of the loaded gun in my hand, it seemed to me that I was lost. The boy knew more about lions than I did, and his fear knew no bounds. I began to realize that I was in a dangerous situation, for a lioness robbed of her whelp is not the most gentle creature to deal with. I retreated hastily. No; I will out with it, children, in plain language. I ran five or six steps; every step she gained on me, and the growls grew fiercer and louder. Do I say *she* gained?—*they* gained, for the lion was close behind her, and both were making straight for me. They will pause at the dead cub? No! They take no notice of it; they come at me. What is to be done? It now struck me that retreat was altogether wrong. Like a cat with a mouse, it induced them to

follow. Escape in this manner was impossible. I halted, and just at that moment came a parting yell from my boy, "Hakuna! Kimbia!" I thought he had seen and heard the lion and lioness, and that, speaking as he does, bad Kiswahili, he had said, "Hakuna Kimbia!" which might be roughly, though wrongly, translated, "Don't run away!" instead of which he meant to say—in fact, did say—"No! Run away!" I have no hesitation in saying that a stop wrongly read but rightly made saved my life. I had in the second or two that had elapsed determined to face it out; and now, strengthened as I thought by his advice, I made a full stop and turned sharply on them. This new policy on my part caused them to check instantly. They now stood lashing their tails and growling, and displaying unfeigned wrath, but a few paces from me.

'I then had time to inspect them. They were a right royal pair of the pale sandy variety, a species which is noted for its fierceness, the knowledge of which by no means made my situation more pleasant. There we stood, both parties feeling that there was no direct solution to the matter in hand. I cannot tell you exactly what passed through their minds, but they evidently thought that it was unsafe to advance upon this strange and new being, the like of which they had never seen before. I cannot tell you either how long a time we stood face to face. Minutes seemed hours, and perhaps the minutes were only seconds; but this I know,

my boy was out of hearing when the drama was concluded.

'And this is how it ended:—After an interval I decided not to fire at them, but to try instead what a little noise would do. So I suddenly threw up my arms in the air, set up a yell, and danced and shouted like a madman. Do you know, the lions were so astonished to see your sober old uncle acting in such a strange way that they both bounded into the bushes as if they had been shot, and I saw them no more! As the coast was now clear, I thought I might as well secure my prize, a real little beauty. So I seized it by its hind leg and dragged it as quickly as I could along the ground, the bushes quite keeping it out of sight. When I had gone what I deemed a sufficient distance I took it up and swung it over my back, and beat a hasty retreat, keeping a sharp eye open in case the parents should lay claim to the body, for I should not have been dishonest enough not to let them have it had they really come to ask for it.'

When Christmas day arrived, the Bishop and his friends were determined to celebrate the day by making a plum-pudding. 'That pudding had its drawbacks; for when we went to the flour-box the flour was full of beetles and their larvæ, and we could not get them all out; the raisins were fermented; the suet could easily have been compressed into an egg-cup. Then the pudding was underboiled, and yet boiled enough to stick to

the bottom of the saucepan, whereby not only was a big hole burnt clean out of the cloth in which it was neatly tied, but also its lower vitals had suffered considerably —in fact, were burnt black—and yet a musty, fermented, underdone, burnt plum-pudding was such a treat to African wanderers, that I, for one, ate three slices, and enjoyed it more than ever I remember enjoying a pudding in my life. My only regret was that I could not send you each a slice; you would have liked it so much.'

The mode of travelling was now for a time changed, the endless tramping gave place to canoeing, but the worries and troubles seemed rather to increase than diminish; for the head canoe man proved to be a most vexatious and intractable creature to deal with; him they called, in the language of the country, the 'old man' or 'elder,' which the Bishop freely translated as 'Old Man of the Sea.' He had been in the employ of King Mtesa, and therefore thought himself of some consequence. Sometimes he refused to advance, at another he insisted upon most of the packages being left behind; then he would encamp in the most unfavourable places. It was while on his way to Romwa's land, that the Bishop had almost to resort to violent measures with the fellow. He said he would go no farther, but leave his passengers on shore to shift for themselves, and go about his own affairs. 'Give me my gun,' said the Bishop, and he proceeded deliberately to load it; then levelling it at

the ruffian, he cried—'Now will you go on?' 'Yes, Bwana, yes; don't fire.' And round went the head of the canoe.

It was in this brave, cheery spirit the noble Bishop prosecuted his journey, and it is sad to think that so bright a life should have been extinguished by the jealousy of the Uganda king, but the monarch had been alarmed by rumours of invasion and German annexation; and when he heard the Europeans had entered his dominions by the north side, which he said was the 'back door,' he sent to forbid them; but the Bishop had already proceeded on his way; he was pursued and taken prisoner.

How graphic is the account of his treatment when first ruthlessly seized by the emissaries of Mwanga:—

'They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again, in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, "Lord, I put myself in Thy hands. I look to Thee alone." Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees, some trying, in their haste, to force me one way, others

the other; and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling that I was being dragged along to be murdered at a distance, I sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes, torn to pieces, so that I was exposed; wet through with being dragged along the ground; strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death; hurried along, dragged, pushed at the rate of five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. Now, I thought, I am to be murdered. As they released one hand, I drew my finger across my throat, and understood them to say decidedly, "No." We then made out that I had been seized by order of the Sultan.'

In this wretched hut, amid heat, dirt, and stench unutterable, the brave Bishop lay for a week; and so bruised and shaken was he, that it was with difficulty he could stand upright. Yet during all the suffering and awful uncertainty of these days, his fervent trust in God did not abate, his mind was at peace, and he could regard the possible tragic end with calmness and without fear. He still had his Bible,—that had not been taken,—and the inspired pages, his last diary records, especially the sweet words of the Psalms, gave him daily support and comfort.

On the eighth day he was removed from the hut, and when outside found himself once more surrounded by

the men of his caravan, who had been taken prisoners at the same time as himself. They had all been brought out to die; for almost directly there was a wild, savage shout, and from all sides sprung out armed men from the thicket, and fell upon the helpless, unarmed captives. The glittering spears rose and fell among the unfortunate crowd, loud cries for mercy were unheeded, and soon the ground was covered with the dead and dying.

The Bishop witnessed this merciless slaughter bravely and calmly; he knew his turn must come, but his high courage was proof against all craven fear. Possible death had faced him too often to make him tremble now, and death had no terrors for him; his unalterable faith in a glorious future only made death appear as a friend. When his followers had been butchered, their savage murderers pressed around him, and for a moment his unquailing glance held them in check, mad though they were with the thirst for blood. He bade them tell their king that he was about to die for the people of Uganda, and that he had purchased the road to them with his life; and then, seeing one of them with his own gun, he pointed to it; taking the gesture as an intimation of how he should like to die, it was raised and levelled, the fatal contents poured forth, and the brave man fell. A heroic life ended in a martyr's death. 'They never die who perish in a great cause.'

## CHAPTER VII.

### INCIDENTS IN KAFIR WARFARE.

General Bisset, in his work, *Sport and War*, gives us many interesting accounts of Kafir outbreaks, and many startling incidents which took place during their suppression. His first contact with the enemy dates as far back as the year 1834. The war broke out a few days before Christmas. 'Kafir wars,' he says, 'generally do break out about that time of the year, because the crops are then standing and advancing towards maturity; and as the Kafirs carry no commissariat with them, they are thus enabled to find food everywhere; and another reason is, that the weather is then warm, the days long, and the nights short.

'I was at the time but a boy of fifteen years old; nevertheless, as martial law was proclaimed, all civilians had to serve under arms, and I joined the Bathurst Volunteers, under Commandant Bowker. The Kafirs had already entered Lower Albany in the colony, and a patrol was sent to warn the farmers, and to give assistance where they could. The patrol consisted of about twenty civilians, of which I was one.

'We proceeded first to the Kereiga River; and on reaching Bothas Farm we saw the Dutch mothers snatching up their children and running in all directions. This was occasioned by some native leaders and drivers of waggons having run home from the "Cowie Bush," a distance of six or seven miles, reporting that their masters were attacked and surrounded by Kafirs. They had left the farm that morning with two ox-waggons to fetch thatch (rushes), and while returning from the Cowie River were attacked by the Kafirs. The native servants fled, and the three Dutchmen were surrounded and left to fight it out; two only of them had guns. They retired, but when out of the main bush had to take "cover" in a small round clump of bush in the open. This small bush was surrounded by the Kafirs, who were afraid to enter, but kept throwing their assegais into it. The Dutchmen loaded and fired as rapidly as they could, and we could hear this firing at a great distance, and raced as fast as our horses could carry us to their assistance. On our approach, the Kafirs fled into the forest, and we found two of the Dutchmen in a most exhausted and deplorable condition—one had nineteen and the other had twenty-three wounds; and, strange to say, the man without the gun was untouched.

'There was no doctor with our party, so Paddy M'Grath, the farrier, had to attend to the wounded. One poor fellow had a bad spear-wound in the stomach,

through which a portion of the entrails were protruding, and I had to hold this wound open while M'Grath put back what was outside. It was a nasty beginning of war, and three men actually fainted from the sight—no, I am glad to say they were not *men*, but only three-ninths of the species, as one was a tailor and the other two were his apprentices. M'Grath was sufficiently a doctor to know that the wounded man could not live, for he found one of the intestines cut in two. The poor fellow died within a few days afterwards, while the one with twenty-three wounds recovered. It was impossible to follow up the Kafirs into the forest, so we returned with the wounded to the farm, and escorted the whole family into Graham's Town as a place of safety.'

This was the general's first taste of Kafir warfare, but in the following year he had another experience, and not much to his liking. He was sent, with eleven other volunteers, to escort a dozen waggons to a frontier post called Kafir Drift. Reaching the outskirts of Cowie Forest, they saw a number of people dressed in the orthodox European clothes, and took them for farmers who had assembled for mutual protection, but to their surprise they turned out to be Kafirs decked out in the clothes they had plundered from the homesteads they had wrecked and burnt. Sighting the waggons, they at once rushed to the attack, and the escort being so small could only cover the retreat of

the waggon-drivers, and leave the waggons, with their supplies of stores, to the enemy, who soon captured them with shouts of rejoicing.

'The next day,' says the general, 'a strong patrol was sent down without waggons to reinforce Kafir Drift; and while *en route* near Windy Flat, we saw numbers of Kafirs driving herds of cattle from the colony towards Kafirland. They were at the time crossing Kap River, and ascending the steep hills on the other side, after passing which they would still have an open country to go over, between the Kap River Bush and the Coombs Bush, adjoining the Fish River. The patrol made chase after these Kafirs and cattle; it was a regular hurry-skurry; and the long run, added to the steep hill on the other side, took so much out of the horses, that mine "knocked up" on the flat midway between the Kap and Coombs Bush. It was a regular case of "Devil take the hindermost," and I was left to shift for myself.

'The Kafirs left in the Kap River Bush were still streaming across this open, not knowing that any of the patrol were there, and several of them with assegais passed within a few yards of me. I was enabled to keep them off by pointing my gun at them; but had I fired at any one of them, the Kafir with his bundle of seven assegais would have had the advantage before I could reload. The scattered patrol, however, soon returned from the Coombs Bush unsuccessful; and as

one of them had a spare horse, it was given to me, and the patrol proceeded on to Kafir Drift, which we reached just as it was getting dark.

'This patrol was sent down to reinforce the post. The post was there, but the troops were gone; the officer commanding had fallen back the day before on Bathurst. Very little transport had been available for this service, and, I am sorry to say, there must have been some degree of panic, for on our arrival at the post on the evening of Christmas day, we found dinner and all sorts of good things prepared; the larder was full of good beef, turkeys, fowls, etc.; in the pantries were ready-made puddings, and wine actually cooling in the cellars, besides which the "yards" were full of poultry of all descriptions, and there was plenty of forage for our horses. As may readily be supposed, the patrol revelled that night upon "good things." The next day we patrolled the country, and returned *vid* Bathurst to Graham's Town.'

To make a diversion and astonish and puzzle the enemy, an expedition was organized to enter Kafirland; it consisted of Cape Mounted Riflemen and Volunteers, farmers, and town inhabitants. Commetty's Drift, on the Fish River, was safely reached; but the river was turbulent and swollen, and the crossing proved anything but easy, some of the men and horses being washed down the stream, though all were rescued and no life lost.

GRAPHIC SCENES IN AFRICAN STORY.—*Page* 137.

'One of the volunteers from Graham's Town was a celebrated auctioneer, a plucky little fellow, but of so light a weight that he was being washed off his horse's back while crossing. Immediately below him in the ford was a great big fellow of the name of Tom Baillie. The little man had already left his saddle, and as he was gliding by degrees towards his horse's tail, his auctioneering parlance came to his aid, for you heard, "Going, going, gone, by Jove!" And with that he vanished from his horse; but as the stream was taking him down, Baillie caught him by the collar of his coat and held him up by one hand, bringing him safe to shore.'

This little force proved perfectly successful, attacking and burning many kraals, most of their fighting-men having entered the colony, what few remained after a little skirmishing escaping into the bush. One chief, named Eno, being too old to take the field, had remained in his kraal with a few warriors to protect the women and cattle. The attack upon his village was so sudden that there was no chance of his escaping except in disguise. His daughter, a brave girl, seeing this, insisted on her father changing robes with her. The exchange was made, and the old chief escaped unhurt into the bush, while his brave daughter was shot in two places while 'drawing off' the fire from her father, and would no doubt have been killed, for she could not be induced to put aside the chief's

tiger-skin kaross and reveal herself. It was with extreme difficulty that she was saved, for 'there were men present smarting from the ruin of hearths and homes, who had no idea of taking prisoners.'

During this war of 1834–5, the storming of Murray's Kraantz — the most eastern point of the Amatola Mountains—was a sharp little affair. A noted rebel, named Louis Arnoldus, with a number of Kafirs, was holding this particular place, and doing no end of mischief. It was determined to attack him in his mountain fastnesses at several points. Daylight broke as the troops reached the edge of the rocky glen. Before the solid cliff itself could be reached, the men had to pass between high masses of perpendicular rocks, towering more than 100 feet above their heads on either side, the passage not being 10 feet wide between them, and strewed with large boulders and other obstacles.

The enemy were quite prepared, for they at once began throwing down large pieces of rock, stones, and spears from the precipices above. A way, however, was forced, until a bluff of the cliff itself was reached, where only one man could pass at a time, and whoever made the attempt was either shot or assegaied. In making the attempt, Captain Murray and several men were killed and wounded. Some companies, in the meanwhile, had been detached to outflank the position; but before this could be effected, 'a dis-

charged soldier, named O'Toole, had got in such a position at the point that he could fire round the corner as fast as the men could hand loaded muskets to him; and it was supposed that he was doing great execution, as we could see such an amount of the wooden shafts of assegais, that it looked like a waving field of corn.

The rattle of musketry was now heard on the other side of the Kafirs defending the point; 'and they were taken so unawares by the outflanking party, that they had very little chance of escape; many, however, did get away by leaping and throwing themselves down the declivities of the rocks. Louis Arnoldus himself had got so jammed into the cleft of a rock that he could not extricate himself; and although his gun was shot to pieces, he himself was untouched, and he was taken prisoner in that helpless condition.

'When the stronghold at the point was carried, it appeared that O'Toole's zeal had been thrown away, as every ball had struck a rock in the line of fire immediately round the corner. A little farther on, where our men met those coming from the north, there was a good deal of slaughter, but the greater number escaped down the precipice, many of them no doubt being killed in the descent. The number of cattle on the plateau above was something incredible. A little way to the west there was a cattle track leading down to the governor's camp, and a stream of cattle came pouring

down this during the whole day. No less than 22,000 head of cattle were captured on this occasion.'

Later on, during this same Kafir war, the paramount chief of all Kafirland, Hintza, with some of his principal men, surrendered himself to the governor; a heavy fine in cattle was imposed upon him, which he readily agreed to pay, but said that he must go himself to collect them. This was not allowed, so the chief had to communicate with his people by messengers. Week after week glided away, and no cattle made their appearance; the governor grew impatient. The wily chief then proposed that he should leave his son as hostage, and go with a small force into the heart of his country, where the cattle were being collected, and hasten proceedings. The arrangement was agreed to, and the expedition, under the command of Sir Harry Smith, set out. On the second day's march, the tableland of a mountain was reached, and there on the plains below the troops saw a grand sight,—as far as the eye could reach, thousands upon thousands of cattle were being driven, not towards the camp, but in the opposite direction.

While Sir Harry Smith was gazing through his glass at this novel sight, the prisoner kept edging his horse to the right. Presently there was a shout, 'Hintza has bolted!' 'And indeed,' says Bisset, 'he had got a start of at least fifty yards before any one saw him. Sir Harry threw down his glass, and we one and all

dashed after the fugitive; but no horse except Sir Harry's was equal to that of the chief. After about half a mile's race, Sir Harry overtook Hintza, and ordered him to pull up; but instead of doing so, the chief—who had always been allowed to carry his arms, consisting of the usual bundle of seven assegais—made a stab at the general. It was well that it was a bundle and not a single assegai; for although parried with his right arm, the points of the seven assegais penetrated his coat over the right breast, and slightly entered the skin. In self-defence Sir Harry drew a pistol, and again closed with the chief, directing him to pull up, when he again attempted to stab him. Sir Harry then snapped the pistol at his head.

'Hintza was making direct for his people, who to the number of 10,000 could be seen crowning the hills in all directions, and there was no time to be lost. Sir Harry once more closed with the chief, and this time seized him by the collar of his tiger-skin robe, and, slightly dividing the space between the two horses, hurled the chief headlong to the ground. Hintza was on his feet in an instant, and drawing one of his assegais, threw it after Sir Harry; but his horse had bolted from fright at the chief's fall, and the assegai fell short, but under the horse's legs. Hintza was by this time at the edge of the table-land, and running down the steep face of the mountain. Sir Harry, standing in his stirrups, shouted to us not to let

the chief escape; as we of the chase arrived at the brink of the table-land, we had to dismount and pursue the chief on foot, the ground being too precipitous for horsemen to follow. I fired two shots at the chief, but he gained the bush at the bottom of the hill and disappeared. But one of the pursuers, named Southey, soon came with him again—he was half in the water; he had an assegai drawn and poised, and was in the act of throwing at Southey, when he put up his gun and blew the chief's brains out. I was the first to reach the dead chief. The ball had entered the forehead and completely smashed the skull.'

The war ended, as most wars with natives end, by the Kafirs being driven over the frontier back into their own territory, and afterwards losing a considerable portion of their country which was annexed to the colony.

In 1846, the so-called 'War of the Axe' broke out. The origin of this outbreak arose from a very trivial cause. In the town of Beaufort, situated on the very border of Kafirland, two Kafirs, men of some importance among the tribe, stole an axe from a shopkeeper; they were caught in the very act and secured. They were sent for trial to Graham's Town, some fifty miles' distance, the road running almost parallel with the Kafir border. As the prisoners were proceeding on their journey, guarded by a body of constables, the escort was attacked by a number of Kafirs from across

the border; and although the guard fought well, they were overcome. It unfortunately happened that the two prisoners were handcuffed to two other prisoners, who were British subjects; and as time was precious, the Kafirs, in order to escape with their countrymen, murdered the two men to whom they were secured, and cut off their arms and freed the culprits. Hence the 'War of the Axe.'

In this war the Kafirs proved themselves no despicable foes; they harassed the march of the troops in every conceivable way, taking advantage of every available shelter for an ambush, attacking the waggons with almost incredible daring. Often the British forces had to fight to save themselves from sheer annihilation, for the Kafirs seemed bent upon being victorious. As the first invading column approached a place called Block Drift, the Kafirs made desperate efforts to break the line of waggons, but were kept in check by the artillery playing on them.

'About two miles from Block Drift there is a conical bush hill, which the Kafirs held in great force. As the waggon track passed at its base, and thence on to Chumie ford, through a thicket of mimosa and other bush, there was a good deal of close fighting all along this space; and the rear was so hardly pressed that the guns had to be repeatedly brought into action, and the Kafirs driven back by canister and shell. Two men of the 91st were shot close to the road while defending

the waggons; and the Kafirs were so daring that they rushed in and were stripping the bodies when they were shot down and fell over the dead.

'One waggon had to be abandoned between the conical hill and the ford, owing to the oxen having been shot. This happened to be the hospital store waggon, and the Kafirs at once fell to plundering it, and not a few of them died on the spot from drinking bottles of poison. One Kafir was shot with a quantity of blister ointment in and about his mouth, their notion being that English medicine makes you strong.'

At the battle of the Guanga, our hero Bisset, who served through several Kafir wars, had a severe struggle for life with a chief whom he wished to capture. 'After a while,' he says, 'I came up with a chief, recognisable by his tiger-skin kaross; he had only assegais; he drew one and hurled it at me, and in return I missed him with both barrels. Running a little way, he turned and threw another assegai at me, which I parried with my bridle-arm, but it nevertheless passed through my jacket and underclothes, and gave me a severe cut in the arm. I again missed him, and he turned and ran. Without reloading, I charged him. Now, my horse was a high-actioned old brute, and his knees struck the chief between the shoulders, bringing him down on to his hands and knees with great force. Before he could rise I was off my horse, and had seized him by the bundle of assegais. Unfortunately I got hold of them in the

middle, and he held them by one of his hands on the outside of each of mine, thereby having the leverage. My horse was standing panting by my side; my gun was unloaded and upon the ground; other Kafirs were passing me in all directions. The chief was bleeding from the hands and knees, but kept up the struggle for life. At this moment Armstrong came to my assistance, and threatened to blow the chief's brains out, whereupon he relinquished his hold and fell back in a faint.'

It is impossible for us to mention the many and various Kafir outbreaks which in the history of Cape Colony have been the cause of so much destruction of property, misery, and bloodshed. Neither Government nor settler learned wisdom from the past, and at every fresh outbreak were as unprepared as at the one previous. Such was the case at the outset of the Kafir war of 1850, which lasted three years; but it was at its outset that an act of heroism was performed, an account of which will well finish this chapter.

The news of the outbreak having reached Graham's Town, the then military commander called for a volunteer to carry a despatch to Uitenhage. The danger would be great, and none seemed inclined to risk life in the undertaking. An appeal was made to many, but in each case proved fruitless, and the commander began to despair. But just at the moment when all hope was given up, a large-souled tailor living in the

town, learning the nature of the mission required, and the large reward offered, which latter would enable him to do what he had long desired—that is, marry—presented himself before the commanding officer, and offered his services, on condition that he had one of the colonel's best horses allowed him, as a great deal would depend upon the swiftness of his steed.

'But can you ride?' inquired the officer doubtfully.

'Yes, I learnt that years since, and should not now hesitate to mount any brute; but in this case, to ensure success, a good steed is necessary.'

'You shall have the steed,' said the colonel, glad at last to find a messenger. And leading him to his own stables, told him to pick out which horse best suited his fancy. The valiant tailor did so, and being furnished with all necessary information and letters, in the words of Scripture, 'girded up his loins,' and set forth.

'Away I started,' he writes. 'My horse was a noble animal, and bore me gallantly. All the way down through Howison's Poort, and out on the other side, I met trains of waggons; people were *trekking* into town from all directions. They shouted out to me to tell them the news, but I never stopped. On I dashed, my horse reeking with sweat, but showing no signs of fatigue.

'By nightfall I reached Quagga's Flats, where I got something to eat at a small farmhouse, but could not get a lodging, as the place was already full with

people *trekking* into laager, so I knee-haltered my horse, and stretched myself on the ground under a tree.

'Early in the morning, just as I was starting, a man rode up with two splendid horses he was taking to Uitenhage to sell. I immediately pressed one, and left mine to be taken care of at the farm. I made the owner of the horse come along with me, much against his will. Away I rode again at break-neck pace, my companion following and shouting out,—

'"You'll kill my horse! you'll ruin my horse! and I shall not be able to sell him!"

'"Come on, man," I called out; "do you want the Kafirs to catch us?" No more was needed; whip and spur urged our horses forward, and at twelve o'clock I reached Uitenhage, and handed the horse over to its master, with directions to leave the saddle at the hotel.

'It was Sunday, and when I went up to the magistrate's house, I heard he was at church. Off I posted there, and, beckoning to the doorkeeper, bade him tell the magistrate I had a despatch for him. He came out, and we proceeded up to his house, where he showed me to a room, ordered refreshments, and advised me to rest. The food I gladly partook of, but there could be no rest for me till I reached home. The magistrate would not hear of my returning, saying he had written orders from the colonel not to let me return till the commander went. I declared that nothing but death would stop me; so the magistrate gave me a fresh

horse, and sent two constables to escort me as far as Quagga's Flats again.

'Nothing of any importance occurred on the way, Quagga's Flats was safely reached, and I found my horse fresh and well cared for, and stayed there again that night. The next morning at daybreak, after dismissing the constables, I was once more on my way, still meeting waggons and families *trekking* into laagers and towns. I had got on as far as Assegai Bush, and was walking my horse slowly to rest him, congratulating myself on the successful termination of my perilous ride, when my attention was attracted by seeing my horse prick up his ears and hear him neigh. I looked round just in time to see two stalwart Kafirs, mounted and armed with assegais, emerge from the bush and bear down upon me.

'The rascals had no doubt been reconnoitring the country, and, seeing me alone, thought to secure an easy prey. But I clapped the spurs into my horse's sides, and he bounded forward just in time to escape the assegais hurled at us by the foe. And now ensued a chase for life. Away I raced, not daring to look round, only hearing the thud of their horses' hoofs and their demoniacal shouts, now near, now a little farther behind. My horse was equal to the emergency, and seemed to strain every nerve to get ahead. Once he stumbled, and the wretches gave a shout of triumph, and I thought I should never see home again, as two

more assegais whizzed past me; but he recovered himself, and, snorting, panting, tore along. Up hill and through kloofs we rode for sweet life, the pursuers following and gradually gaining upon us, till I sighted another train of waggons, the owners of which, attracted by my shouts, came to my rescue, and soon were in full chase after the Kafirs, who, however, got away, as the people did not like to leave their waggons for any great distance. When I reached their waggons I was thoroughly exhausted, and begged to be allowed to rest in one a little while, which was cheerfully permitted. None but those who have experienced it can realize how sweet and precious life is when there is every prospect of losing it, and especially to lose it in such an ignoble way.

'Well, to cut a long story short, I proceeded on my way after an hour's rest, and reached Graham's Town in safety by sundown, reported myself, and then went home to rest.'

This is a piece of heroism beneath the dignity of history to record, but heroism nevertheless—a nine days' wonder, and then buried in oblivion. It is pleasing to know that the valiant tailor gained the reward, and with it the hand of the maiden he had sought to win at such hazards.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ABYSSINIAN WAR.

It is said that the original cause of the Abyssinian war was a prophecy which had been handed down from generation to generation, until the people had come to believe that the fulness of time had arrived, and a Messiah was to be expected. This was the prophecy:—

'And it shall come to pass that a king shall arise in Ethiopia, of Solomon's lineage, who shall be acknowledged the greatest on earth, and his powers shall extend over all Ethiopia and Egypt. He shall scourge the infidels out of Palestine, and shall purge Jerusalem clean from the defilers; he shall destroy all the inhabitants thereof, and his name shall be Theodorus.'

This prophecy was by no one so thoroughly believed as by a poor but ambitious young fellow named Kussai; it haunted him in his dreams and in his waking hours, until he finally came to believe that he himself was to be the mighty Messiah that should accomplish such marvels. A generous kinsman, governor of Dembea, gave him an education, and with the promise of speedy

promotion enlisted him under his own banner. He possessed great qualities, and as a soldier showed conspicuous bravery and generalship; so much so, that his kinsman speedily promoted him to be governor of a province, and gave him his own daughter in marriage. This gave him the desired prestige and power; he declared war against his benefactor, met and defeated him in a pitched battle, slew him with his own hand, and compelled Gondar, the capital of Dembea, to capitulate. He now reigned in his kinsman's stead, and for a time devoted himself to training soldiers for war. The superstitious, who had watched his career with amazement, said he possessed supernatural powers, and believed he was to achieve yet more victories. This belief he verified by marching his troops into the Begemder country, the governor of whom he conquered and sent to prison, and almost annihilated his army. The news of this victory spreading abroad, alarmed the governors of other provinces, who immediately prepared to punish this upstart, whose successes made their own position feel insecure.

Kussai prepared for war, augmenting his army, and proclaiming his name to be 'Theodorus, of the line of Solomon, and declaring that he was the Messiah who the prophecy foretold should come and destroy the Mohammedan nations.' This immediately brought to his standard crowds from the other provincial armies, until the hostile governors found themselves in such a

deplorable plight that many of them were obliged to lay down their arms and submit, while the others were easily and speedily overcome; so that in a very short time the self-called Theodore had subjugated the whole of Abyssinia, with the exception of Tigre, to his sway. He now assumed the name and title of 'Emperor Theodorus, by the power of God.'

At this time Theodore was only thirty-five years old, brave as a lion, and active as a panther, qualities which endeared him to his war-loving soldiers. His talents and military abilities enabled him to repress all revolutions. Now he invited merchants to Abyssinia, manufactures were encouraged, and European workmen welcomed to the country. He strengthened his power and government in every possible way, but he was continually harassed by war and attempts at rebellion. No sooner would one rebel province be conquered, than he found himself compelled to overrun another. Gradually his whole nature changed; he became embittered at the ingratitude of the people whose welfare he laboured to promote.

Theodore was very much attached to our British Consul, Mr. Plowden, to whom he showed many proofs of kindness and goodwill, and when he was killed by the forces of some rebel chiefs he mourned greatly for him, and inflicted dire punishment upon his murderers. Captain Cameron was appointed to succeed Mr. Plowden, and soon after his arrival in Abyssinia

appeared the Rev. Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal. All were well received.

Yet, about this time, Theodore's cruelties began to be notorious; he also began to lead a very intemperate life, and in his drunken fits his atrocities were absolutely fiendish. Brands were impressed upon the foreheads of deserters, and traitors were laid on the ground and stakes driven through their hearts. The innocent as well as the guilty suffered; people were crucified and shot without mercy; and soon his name began to be hated and execrated by all his subjects.

Theodore grew suspicious of the motives which influenced the conduct of Captain Cameron, especially after the latter paid a visit to an Egyptian province, and threw him into prison. Fancying he was slighted by our Queen, who had failed to reply to a letter he had addressed to her, he ordered Cameron's servant to be beaten. 'At the same time, the missionary Stern's two servants were beaten so cruelly that they both died the following night. The poor missionary, horrified at the spectacle, put his hand to his mouth to repress the rising cry of horror. This simple movement was understood by the suspicious emperor as a revengeful threat, and he at once cried out to his men, "Beat that man, beat him as you would a dog; beat him, I say." The soldiers at once fell upon him, threw him upon his face on the ground, and they beat him with their sticks until he fainted.' He was then thrown into prison.

Daily the condition of the captives grew worse in their terrible imprisonment; things went on with them from bad to worse. They were fed on bread and water, beaten, chained to a wall. Cameron was tortured. 'Twenty Abyssinians,' he says, 'tugging lustily on ropes tied to each limb until I faint. My shoulder-blades were made to meet each other. I was doubled up until my head appeared under my thighs, and while in this painful posture I was beaten with a whip of hippopotamus hide on my bare back, until I was covered with weals, and while the blood dripped from my reeking back, I was rolled in sand.'

Many efforts were made to effect the release of the captives, but all failed. Theodore thought the English Government were only too anxious to get the prisoners, and would do anything rather than have them kept in captivity. This was true enough, but not in the way he thought, which was that it would help him to keep the throne he had disgraced; for he felt his power gliding away. 'Neither his strength, his ability, the prestige of his former prowess, nor his cruelties could keep his provinces intact. One by one the governors rebelled.' For a time he bore up stoutly, but the many reverses which he suffered encouraged his enemies, and discouraged himself. And the crowning blow came when the English Government declared war.

Sir Robert Napier was chosen commander-in-chief of the invading army, which was to consist of 12,000 men,

and Annesley Bay chosen as the place of debarkation. Though farthest from Magdala, its fine commodious harbour made it the most desirable point from whence to commence operations; for bordering the bay was a stretch of sandy beach, fourteen or fifteen miles wide, extending from Massowah twenty miles above to far below the southern extremity of Annesley Bay. Head-quarters were pitched four miles from the village of Zoulla, a most inhospitable-looking spot, but selected because it bordered a fine deep bay, where the *material* of war could be easily landed, and because a lengthy chasm, splitting the Black Highlands in two, allowing free access through its cavernous recesses to the summit of the table-land, had been found.

It is impossible for us to follow the invading force step by step in its wonderful march to Magdala; it is only here and there we can linger and point out some of its marvels of scenery. Not so very far from head-quarters, the army, on its way to the camping-place of Undel-Wells, passed through the Sooroo pass.

'For three miles,' says one writer, 'each side of the Sooroo, the most difficult and dangerous positions of the pass were seen. For six miles the traveller passes through a very narrow defile, flanked by walls of sheet granite soaring up in all the glorious majesty of a height of 800 feet on each side. Between these seeming infinities of stone we crawled on, not certain but that a rock might become displaced, or a branch of the pine

which crowned their lofty extremities might be swept down into the yawning chasm. The least murmur of the human voice sounded in this awful depth like thunder, and the tread of the horses' feet like artillery rumbling over a bridge. For a height of ten feet above us were to be seen traces of the water which surged down the pass during the rainy season. Its extreme width was not more than twenty-five feet, while its narrowest was barely fifteen. In some places it looked as if Titans had been employed for centuries in chiselling and channelling the solid rocks to prevent another deluge of the country. With all the thousands of ravines, and gullies, and fissures emptying into the Sooroo defile, for a distance of fifty miles, some idea of the vast body of water thus collected may be had, and the terrible force of the whirling torrent may be imagined.

'Out of the darkness, out of the gloomy depths of the Sooroo, we emerged at last, into a more extended and much wider defile. Instead of the perpendicular walls of stone, lately passed, a hundred fantastic-shaped hills presented themselves, with their gently-sloping sides covered by woody kolquall, groves of firs and pine, with low brushwood, juniper, and furze. Then we travelled between ridges of stupendous mountains, with their crowns cut into shattered pinnacles, of dun-coloured rock, until we came to masses of ribbed rock and earth lying diagonally along the bottom of the defile, looking as if they were cast down purposely by

some mighty power. Now and then the eye was attracted by the crystals, sparkling like diamonds when the slanting sunbeam lit up the cyclopean masses of granite and quartz; and then again, the vision wandered to the splintered peaks and sharp and ragged outlines which they presented against the pure cerulean tints of the sky.'

Farther on, at Ad-Abaga, Sir Robert Napier had an interview with Kussai, prince of Tigre, who styled himself 'chief of the chiefs of Ethiopia.' The general went to the appointed place of meeting mounted on a superbly-caparisoned elephant, surrounded by a brilliant staff; the prince approached with 500 choice warriors forming a wing on each side of him. 'Over his head was held the State umbrella, of maroon-coloured plush velvet, heavy with silver ornaments, by a very handsome man. At his right side was his spear and shield bearer; at his left his fusil bearer, son of a Tigrean grandee. His generals preceded him on foot, being preceded in their turn by two of the English officers who went to meet him.' On the banks of a stream they met; both dismounted and lovingly embraced, the prince fervently, Napier almost ungracefully, not apparently relishing such an act of friendship. After some conversation, presents were given to the prince, consisting of a double-barrelled rifle, some Bohemian glass vases, and an Arab charger. These were accepted with profuse thanks. Then followed a review of the English troops, and an

inspection of the Abyssinian soldiers. The interview closed by the prince doffing his own lion-skin cape and throwing it over the general's shoulders. He also presented him with his shield and spear, the first a marvel of workmanship, its umbo being covered with solid gold, and the edges decorated with tuberous masses of filigree gold and silver; while from its shelter drooped a strip of lion's mane. There was a general embracing before the head dignitaries departed, and each chief vowed to do his best in behalf of the other.

Sometimes the way would be enlivened by a little amusing incident; such as when a captain and friend journeyed side by side. A ravine or gully lay before them, and in following the path they found themselves compelled to make an arc, so as to avoid a deep hole close by, which led under the shadow of a high rock. As soon as the rock was neared, a sharp growl was heard; the captain hastily backed his horse:

'What is the matter?' said his companion:

'Did you not hear a panther growl?' was the reply.

'Are you sure it was a panther?'

'Quite positive,' asserts the captain.

'Well, there he is, then, right close to your horse's leg.'

'Where? where?' is the hurried cry.

'There he is in that bush, close to you on your right. Look out with that gun; you will shoot me if you don't take care. Why, man alive, can't you see him? He is

going to spring. Shoot him now, or you'll be too late!'

Pop, bang went both barrels—'Is he dead?'

'Yes, he is down!' is the laughing reply; 'but what sort of animal have you shot. Why, it's a hyæna!' And so it was.

Meanwhile on and on march the army, by a route few armies have had to travel. The elephants were at once the terror and delight of the natives, who crowded around them, and seemed never tired of watching their uncouth and unwieldy forms ascending and descending mountains. On moderate roads these gigantic animals made excellent time with their 1800 lbs. loads. On steep marches they toiled laboriously, and an ascent of 1500 feet told seriously upon them, and their hard puffing and loud trumpeting were eloquent of their sufferings.

The first blood drawn in the campaign was the result of a mistake. The camp was at Sindhe, where Napier was visited by an Abyssinian general, who went to inform him that he had purchased 6000 lbs. of flour and grain. As he was returning he accidentally came upon an outpost of General Staveley's camp, consisting of a corporal and four men. Seeing cavalry advancing, they shouted to keep them off; but as they still advanced, the corporal ordered his men to fire, and then gave the word to charge. Sword in hand these five men boldly charged upon nearly fifty Abyssinians, and fell upon the rearmost, cutting and stabbing away like heroes; and

after pursuing the rest for some distance, returned satisfied with having dispersed the enemy, leaving two killed and the like number wounded. Explanations soon followed, and compensation made to the families of the luckless ones; and thus the little affair ended.

News kept continually pouring into the camp about Theodore. His vast empire was dissolving before the fierce light of revolution. 'The lurid fires of towns and hamlets burning flashed their portentous blaze athwart the midnight sky; the wails of widowed women and fatherless children rent the air; the groans of dying warriors, murdered by cruel hands, called loudly for vengeance! It is said that 30,000 men, women, and children were destroyed by crucifixion, the relentless courbach (a whip of hippopotamus hide), or by shooting, stabbing, or decapitation, within three months. At such times he appeared like a demon. He was crazed with drunkenness and despair. He slew his best friends and councillors, and condemned to death tried and trusted warriors. Unhappy Theodore! None was more wretched than he!

'The captives were still in chains. His hatred of them was increasing. Three or four of them had been condemned to death, but the sentence had been commuted to imprisonment. The batch of English and German prisoners lived on, having but a precarious tenure of life at the best, so long as they lay at the mercy of the tyrant emperor. Theodore had retained

them under the impression that his own ends were attainable only through their safety.'

At length the gallant little army from the plateau of Dalanta beheld the stronghold of Magdala; on the plains below were the tents of Theodore's army, and many guns in position on the fortress. Many thousands of people were also seen moving about, and smoke curling upwards from the camp-fires. It looked a formidable place to attack; but all were happy; 'and such merry laughter,' says one who was present, 'and ringing heartiness was never heard in Abyssinia as was heard in the English camp upon Dalanta.' The bands of the different regiments played their most enlivening music, while the lively Jack tars of the Naval Brigade danced to the strains.

On that memorable Good Friday morning, April the 10th, 1868, after incredible exertions, the English force got into position before Magdala. For a time the enemy made no sign, all was still as death, and many were loud in prophesying there would be no battle. Presently Theodore shook off his sullenness and commenced hostilities; from his cannon flashed the fire-flames in quick succession, and the shot went hurtling through the air, while the thundering reports seemed to shake the very mountains themselves. Now the enemy were seen pouring out from the fortress; nearer and nearer they came, 3500 strong, all appearing confident of victory; for their songs came pealing through the

air, and their horsemen bounded joyously along; the foot-soldiers leaped and brandished long spears and swung their black shields, and with loud chorus all sang the destruction of the invader. A clear open plain was before them, over which they rolled like a huge wave.

Calmly Sir Robert sat on his charger surrounded by his officers, all intently watching the enemy's movements. The Naval Brigade arrives; let Captain Fellowes take position on that little knoll in front. 'Action, Front!' is the order. Soon the active sailors are in position, rocket tubes and carriages unstrapped, rocket men ready with their pry poles.

Just as the opposing force were in the act of hurling their spears, the sharp decisive word is heard, 'Fire!' and a stream of fire darts along the enemy's ranks, ploughing its fiery way through their dense masses; another and another follows; and cheer after cheer issues from the lips of the sailors and marines, echoed behind by the 'King's Own' coming up at the double-quick.

It is said when this regiment first heard the booming of Theodore's cannon, they were a mile in the rear, reclining on a slope, tired, peevish, and fretful, ready to quarrel with anything and anybody; but no sooner were their ears assailed by the cannon's welcome roar, than they bounded to their feet eager for the fray. The order to advance came. In an instant of time they were on the double-quick like hounds in full cry, their faces lit up with intense pleasurable excitement.

Meanwhile the enemy, astonished at the novel sound caused by the rockets, halted and looked inquiringly at each other. This was a new experience, and they could not understand it. Urged by their chiefs, they make another desperate attempt to advance. The rocket guns still vomit their fiery darts at the on-coming foe, now but fifty paces distant from the battery. The 'King's Own' keep on their way, forming line the while. The head of the 4th Foot crests the slope and confronts the enemy, a few of whom are on the rise on the opposite side. 'Commence firing from both flanks,' is the order, and two quick volleys of musketry are flashed in the faces of the dusky foe. Such a raining storm of leaden hail pours down upon them, that for the second time they halt from sheer astonishment. Horrified they gaze upon the dreadful results, comrades falling thick and fast on every hand, struggling in grim death's embrace. They retreat, but not fast enough; they break and crouch behind boulders to escape the whizzing bullets. One runs for dear life for a copse; suddenly he leaps in the air and falls on his face clutching savagely the ground. In vain they rush for bush, boulder, or ravine, the leaden messenger of death is swifter.

The chiefs endeavour to rally their flying men. One succeeds in collecting about a thousand, and with these rushes to capture Bell's Battery isolated on a little knoll. They are within five hundred yards, already they make sure of capturing the cannon; when, suddenly, a strange

noise is heard over their heads, a succession of sharp cracks follow, immediately succeeded by a thousand pieces of iron flying amongst them, striking numbers to the ground. Still on they go, mad rage in each heart, leaping across knolls and curves, until they gain the base of the hill whereon stands the battery. Now they are sure of it! Suddenly is heard the command, 'Commence firing!' and from right and left of the cannon the deadly volleys are poured into the black ranks; a moment's hesitation ensues, then turning round they rush away faster than they came.

Now the baffled enemy determines to make a dash for the baggage, and quickly they crawl along a ravine overgrown with tangled brake and dense jungle; only to meet, as they emerge, a withering fire from Snider rifle and breech-loader. Then the Punjaubees appear on the scene, and look down from the summit of a knoll upon the foe, and at the word of command commence a fearful slaughter. The confused and terrified Abyssinians finding their hopes of plunder gone, with death in front and rear, plunge once more into the thick jungle from whence they came, followed by keen-eyed riflemen bent upon their destruction. Quickly the Punjaubees sweep back to their old position, to await the foe emerging from the bushes. Soon the dark forms are seen bounding out of the recesses, once more to find themselves met by a deadly hail of bullets. They rush across an open hollow to climb the slopes beyond. Down

the slopes in their rear rush the Sepoys, bayonets fixed to their guns, fresh for the fray. In despair the foe turn and meet them face to face, and a fierce hand-to-hand conflict ensues; no puny blows are dealt, no mercy is asked or received, it is a hand-to-hand fight in grim earnest; not long doubtful, for soon the Abyssinians, broken and dispersed, hurriedly seek to escape; and as some hesitated and looked back, the battery they had so vainly attempted to capture opens fire upon them, and their last hope vanishes.

Now dark clouds gather in the sky, and for a time heaven's artillery and vivid lightnings add to the horror of the scene, then the rain pours down in torrents, but through it the deadly work is carried on to its close.

During it all Theodore watches with ever-increasing rage and despair in his heart. He threatens that the captives shall pay for his defeat; he weeps, gnashes his teeth, stamps violently upon the ground; and when night comes and the battle is ended, he takes to drinking arachi to drown his bitter agony of spirit. Thrice he attempts suicide, and all night long he acts more like a madman than the sane ruler of a kingdom. All this is gathered from the envoys he sends in the morning to Sir Robert entreating him to leave the country upon the release of the captives. The captives are released and appear in the British camp. But Sir Robert will be satisfied with nothing but the surrender of Theodore and Magdala; this is the ultimatum. Not being

responded to, it is decided to storm the strong fortress.

On Easter Monday, April 13th, the work commences. It is first of all necessary to capture the two outlying fortresses, Fahla and Selasse. Measures are taken to prevent the escape of Theodore; the 3rd Dragoon Guards are sent to the rear of Magdala to prevent his escape. The strongholds are successfully taken, and as two officers with their men are manœuvring at the extremity of Selasse, on the road which encircled that fortress leading to Magdala, a number of horsemen are discovered riding about on the plateau of Islamgee, one among them on a white horse, and conspicuous for the gorgeousness of his robes. Soon this is found to be the emperor himself, who cries, 'Come on; are ye women, that ye hesitate to attack a few warriors?'

The magnitude and strength of Magdala are great; from one point only is it assailable, and that from the plateau of Islamgee, where the troops are speedily massed. The batteries are placed in position, and the bombardment is commenced, with twenty guns thundering against the gates of Magdala. An incentive to the speedy termination of the work was found at the bottom of a precipice, where lay the dead bodies of 308 people, piled one upon another, stripped naked, and chains still upon their limbs. These were Theodore's last victims. The released captives were present at the execution, and said they were sabred and shot by

Theodore and his men as they lay helpless on the ground.

During the artillery fire, Theodore and his faithful adherents had lain concealed; but as soon as it ceased, up he sprang, and sounding his war-cry, hurried to the gates and defences, determined to give the assailants a reception worthy of an emperor about to conquer or die. Again, as on Good Friday, the lightning and thunder of heaven played their part in the battle. In spite of all this the stormers continued their work, neither gate, nor fence, nor stone wall, nor brush heap, nor even sheer rocks and strong barriers could stop them, especially the Irish, and into the stronghold they leaped with a wild 'huzza!' and fired volleys in the very faces of the Abyssinians.

When all was won, and the British flag waved proudly over all, the body of Theodore was found, clad in coarse upper garments, dingy with wear, and ragged, covering under garments of clean linen. The face, of deep brown, was the most remarkable one in Abyssinia. 'It bore the appearance,' says one who saw it, 'of one who had passed through many anxious hours. His eyes, now overspread with a deathly film, gave evidence yet of the piercing power for which they were celebrated. The lower lip seemed well adapted to express scorn, and a trace of it was still visible. As he gasped his last, two rows of whitest teeth were disclosed. Over his mouth two strong lines arched to a high aquiline

nose. The nostrils expanded widely as he struggled to retain breath, which was rapidly leaving him. The face was broad, high cheek-boned, with a high, prominent forehead, and overhanging eyebrows. The hair was divided into three large plaits extending from the forehead to the back of the neck, which latter appeared to be a tower of strength.' He was still alive when found by some Irish soldiers, who took him by the legs and roughly dragged him to a hammock, where he breathed his last. He died by his own hand.

Thus Magdala was won, the object of the expedition accomplished. When Sir Robert appeared before his troops, the bands struck up, 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' and gave rousing cheers to celebrate the victory. The British arms had been once more victorious.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ASHANTEE WAR.

Now turn we to quite another quarter of Africa, that of the West Coast, where dwell the Fantee and Ashantee; the latter had at all times possessed a comparatively powerful army, and had made incursions from time to time on the coast districts, and invariably kept the tribes around them in a state of awe, even when they were not actually tributary. They invaded the coast districts in 1807, and for seventeen years the king of Ashantee was as much sovereign on the coast as in the interior. The Fantees several times rose up in rebellion, resulting only in fresh invasions, until at length the country was nearly depopulated, and towns and villages were in ruins. Then in 1824 the English took up the cause of the Fantees, and put a stop to the above state of things by defeating the Ashantees at Doondowah, and thereby avenging the death of Sir Charles M'Carthy and his gallant force, which had taken place but a few months previously. In 1831, the Ashantees, by treaty, relinquished all claims to various districts on the coast

which were placed under British protection. But in 1863 they violated the treaty by again invading the coast settlements and ravaging the country all around. On the approach of the British troops they withdrew.

In January 1873, the Dutch possessions on the coast were ceded to the British; this gave umbrage to the Ashantees, who put up a claim for protectorate, and once more they were in the field successfully defeating our Fantee allies in two engagements, but in their turn were defeated before Elmina Castle, by the seamen and marines of the fleet in conjunction with the colonial forces. After this, the war languished until the British Government took decisive steps, and sent out Sir Garnet Wolseley with a numerous and distinguished staff and several battalions of English troops, when the Ashantee power was completely broken.

It was the intention of Sir Garnet to beard this West African king in his capital, Coomassie. King Coffee was then the reigning monarch, and his capital had acquired a very evil reputation from the deeds of cruelty there perpetrated. The monarch was represented as an intelligent man, with the appearance of a mulatto, slight but sinewy in figure, hospitable and gracious to strangers. Coomassie was described as a populous and well-regulated town. 'The palace of the king,' writes one, 'is a structure of stone, large and capacious, with great squares, where reviews and assemblages are held. The whole is walled round, having an outer and inner

enclosure. The rooms are lofty and commodious, and those occupied by his Majesty are furnished with European and native articles. The presents he has been continually receiving diplomatically have assisted in supplying him with unusual luxuries. Pictures adorn the walls; sumptuous sofas are ranged round his walls; thick carpets cover his floors; his tables are loaded with a thousand costly knick-knacks.

'Next in importance to the palace among the public buildings is the Bantammah, which is the Tower or the Louvre of Coomassie, wherein are stored the more precious gifts it has been the good pleasure of the kings of Ashantee to receive from the British, the Dutch, and the French Governments. It is the treasure-house, filled with the costly ware the kings have gathered from time to time; the bank, wherein lie the specie and the gold dust, ingots and bars of solid gold, and many a chestful of rings and chains of gold, gorgeous silks and satins, and much else of wealth that goes to make up the treasures of a rich and powerful despot like the Ashantee king. In the Bantammah, side by side with the crown of the kings, is laid the gold-decorated cup fashioned out of the skull of the unfortunate Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Sir Charles M'Carthy. It is only on days of state and high festival that this ghastly cup is used.

'The king possesses a numerous harem, like the sable monarch of Dahomey. He is privileged to marry as many as he pleases; for even in Ashantee the king can

do no wrong or trespass on any law. I should fear to say how many wives he has married; but he can take his pick out of the noblest, the fairest, and best in the land, after which it is certain death for any other man in Ashantee to look on her face, for she is the king's. The harem is jealously guarded in a quarter of the palace overlooking the palace gardens.'

The king has his prime ministers, his commander-in-chief and high officers of State, and palace officials. In fact, the nation is composed of four classes,—the monarch; the nobles, or feudal chiefs; the free Ashantee yeomen, landed proprietors, small village chiefs, all free-born Ashantees; the slaves taken in war or born in bondage.

In the field the Ashantee army bear flags, but it is no disgrace to lose one or many; the chief's umbrella represents in the Ashantee soldier's eye what a regimental flag does to our army. 'The gorgeous sunshade which an Ashantee chief holds over his head, ornate with vari-coloured pieces of silk, rich with its appendages of silver and gold, embodies in an Ashantee's eyes the honour of his chief. The loss of one of these in battle involves disgrace and defeat.'

'The king appears in the field only *in extremis*,—when his presence is necessary to inspire the flagging enthusiasm or devotion of the army to his cause, when discouragement has followed repeated reverses in battle. Then every soul capable of bearing arms, every chief

owing allegiance, every officer of his household, arms himself for battle.

'His State umbrella is borne over or before him by a chief wherever he moves, the sight of which rouses the interest and zeal of every member of his army. This umbrella costs a small fortune. It is made of alternate pieces of crimson and black velvet, while hundreds of gold pendicles form a fringe around it, and a large boss of pure gold surmounts it above.

'The dress of the king on such occasions is exceedingly costly. A tunic of crimson velvet covers his body, his loose Moorish pantaloons are made of the same stuff, a broad band of gold encircles his waist, a cap or turban of silk, richly embroided, covers his head; his weapons are decorated profusely with the precious metal.'

Such was the monarch against whom the British were to pit their strength. And in January 1874 the army set out from Cape Coast Castle; it was a broiling hot day, and the road it took was about fifteen feet wide, with a rise along the centre, and a furrow on each side to drain off the water. On either hand stretched the bush, covering hollows, hills, slopes, and summits twenty feet high, and scores of miles in depth; nothing to be seen, only an innumerable variety of brushwood and plants trying to overgrow one another. This for six miles, then the road dipping down into hollows and rising up short, abrupt steeps and brush-covered knolls, rising sufficiently high to relieve the monotony.

Accroful is their first station, situated on the crown of a low hill, and in charge of a young officer only recently out from an English military college, but already tanned by the sun, and the victim of two or three attacks of fever. Beyond Accroful, after crossing a creek, they came to a perfect arbour, formed by the stalks of two rows of bamboo clumps, where it was cool and pleasant,—a beautiful relief from the glaring sun. Now they find the road more sheltered by gigantic trees, cotton-woods, and teak, and here and there palms with their graceful feathery leaves. Flowers are more numerous, their rich colour delighting the eye, and their fragrant aroma grateful to the nostril.

As they journey to Mansu, the forest grows denser and loftier, the cotton-woods reaching to an extraordinary height. It is all glade, for overhead the branches have twisted and twined together so as to form a mass of impenetrable leafage. There are steeps and descents, up and down hills, and rivulets to diversify the route. At Mansu, Colonel Webber, of the 2nd West India Regiment, is found. There are brave men commanded by him. It was necessary to follow the retreating Ashantees on their way to the Prah River, and ascertain whether any were lingering behind. Two men of the regiment volunteered for the service, one of considerable danger. They plunged into the bush after the enemy, traced them to the river, and having crossed it, wrote their names on a piece of paper,

and nailed the paper to a tree as proof that they had performed their task faithfully.

'The march to Sutah, and thence to Yan Coomassie (Assin),' writes one who accompanied the army, 'was through a forest, where powers of description fail. In density and wild luxuriance it eclipsed everything I have ever seen in Africa. I do not suppose that anything in Brazil even can give one a more thorough realization of tropical luxuriance than a march through the district that intervenes between Yan Coomassie (Assin) and Mansu. Yet even through this forbidding region of swamps and streams, shadowy forests and tangled jungle, the engineers have laboured triumphantly to our comfort, convenience, and health. Ay, what languishing heaviness of soul fills a man, as he, a mere mite in comparison, travels through the lofty and fearful forest aisle! If alone, there is an almost palpable silence and his own heart-pulsations seem noisy. A night darkness envelops him, and from above but the faintest gleams of daylight can be seen. When he emerges out of the depths of gloom and awesome shades, how like a burst of dazzling glory appears the glaring daylight!'

While the army was resting at Prahsu, a poor, sickly-looking missionary made his appearance, Mr. Kuhne. He had been forcibly detained in Coomassie since 1869, as the king thought that both he and his brethren were of value, and named a large sum for their ransom. He had been treated with but little courtesy; no permission

had been given him to preach, but he had done so several times in the streets. The populace had treated him at first with contempt; but when the king gave permission to him to punish insolence with the whip, more consideration was shown, and no little ingenuity displayed by some to exempt themselves from punishment. One would cry out, 'Know ye what ye do? I am the king's shirt-washer! I wash the king's robes! I wash the king's feet!'

While another would shout, 'My sister is one of the king's wives!'

He also informed Sir Garnet that the news of his advance had created a great commotion in the capital, and that his letter had been discussed in council, where among other things the powers of the Gatling gun, as described by those who had witnessed it, had excited much wonder. 'It is a terrible gun,' they said, 'which shoots all day. Nothing could stand before it; the waters of the Prah ran back affrighted.' But even this did not prevent the assembled chiefs from extolling themselves and vaunting their courage. The tributary king of Adansi sprang to his feet and shouted, 'Behold! I am the king of the Adansis. Who can cross my country without my permission?' Attifowah, a chief, said, 'Lo! I am strong, my warriors are brave, and none can overcome me.' While another who had just returned from the war, said, 'He who has seen no war cannot show a scar.'

Once again the army is on the move, the Prah is crossed, and the soldiers find themselves involved in the impenetrable shade of cotton-woods, teak, and mighty tamarinds, with the dense jungle clustering thickly around their trunks. The daylight was quite eclipsed; it was like marching through a kind of deep monastic gloom. The atmosphere was heavy and humid, only an occasional gust of wind cooled the fevered cheek. 'Mile after mile was passed of this forest. Sometimes the eye caught glimpses of broad-fronded plantain stalks, or the tall feathery palm, or the slender parasitical rattan, or a huge length — like a monster serpent—of a gigantic liane, swinging in mid-air, from tree to tree, which served to relieve somewhat the dead monotony of the march.' It is forest everywhere; it is constant marching in deep twilight.

Lord Gifford, young, brave, and enterprising, while struggling up the steep cliff of Adansi, came in contact with a detachment of the enemy under the king's head scout, who warned him to turn back, saying, 'We have no palaver with white men. Go back, we are not sent to fight you. We may not fight until the king tells us.' The Ashantees retreated before him, as he continued to advance, with reversed muskets. When he gained the crest of the hill he found two white kids impaled alive, and the head of a simiad on a stake; and at Quisah he saw the palpitating body of a woman just beheaded. These cruelties were perpetrated in the name

of fetichism. At Fomannah, the capital of the Adansi kingdom, he again came in contact with some Ashantees, who once more warned him to turn back, saying, the vengeance of the king would be most awful if the white man angered him.

The intrepidity and daring of Lord Gifford was the theme of general praise. Leading his scouts westerly through the bush he came upon the king's road, down which he marched, and reaching a village, he there gained all the information he could concerning the various routes to Coomassie. Information thus gained was immediately transmitted to head-quarters, and among other items the fact that the village of Adubiassu was occupied by a force under the king of Adansi, and that three or four miles farther north was another village still more strongly defended. A dash, by a force under Major Russell, was immediately made upon it, and the place captured without much trouble. The attack was made with spirit, and was wonderfully successful; and although the enemy opened a brisk fire as soon as they discovered the party advancing, not a single casualty occurred. The village was soon in flames.

The next village to be attacked was that of Borborassi. The attacking force was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, and approached the doomed village from three separate points. A two hours and a half march through a forest, choked with jungly under-

brush, brought them to the clearing. Fire was immediately opened upon the defenders; but, taken by complete surprise, they attempted only a feeble resistance, breaking out from the village and taking shelter in the bush. Here, being as they thought safe, they attacked the Naval Brigade on the left flank, but the gallant blue jackets delivered so steady a fire into the bushes, that the Ashantees' fire was soon silenced. Captain Nicol, while gallantly leading his men to the attack, seeing a group of the enemy, ran up to them, calling on them to surrender; but using the English language, he was not understood, and one of the Ashantees deliberately shot him through the heart, which so infuriated his men, that they opened a furious fire on the murderous wretches, soon stretched many of them on the ground, and pursued the rest far into the bush.

'The village of Borborassi was soon in possession of the English. Some fowls, a couple of goats running about the village, were especial objects of pursuit. Over fifty Ashantee guns and twelve kegs of powder were found and destroyed. Several objects of curiosity and a small quantity of gold dust comprised the "loot" the captors gained.'

While the forces were returning from this scene of success, the Ashantees issued from the bush, where they had remained concealed, and attempted to fall upon the rear-guard; but here they encountered the Naval Brigade, and the men composing it, coolly

dropping on their knees, delivered such a fire that the enemy were but too glad to beat a hasty retreat.

These little affairs were but preliminary to the decisive battle of Amoaful, fought and won on the 31st of January. Here the Ashantees were met and defeated with immense loss. 'The enemy's utmost strength on his own selected position proved unable to withstand the steady and determined advance of the British troops; the cunning designs he had laid, as well as the hopes he had cherished of being able to drive back the invaders, have been frustrated by the sagacity and bravery of his opponents.'

The camp was at Quarman village, and early in the morning the 42nd Highlanders, or Black Watch, were ready for action; the other regiments were quickly afoot and soon in fighting trim. All began to move under their respective leaders. Sir Garnet Wolseley is smiling and cordial in his salutations; he has faith in his soldiers. He is mounted, high above all, on a Madeira carie-chair, borne on the shoulders of four burly and semi-nude Fantees. He looks a conspicuous object for a lurking enemy in the bush.

'As the line extended itself into greater length along the road, the progress became very slow. It wound in coils as it followed the sinuosity of the path, and uncoiled itself slowly as a straight stretch of the road permitted it. We seemed to be marching to every alternate beat of the second hand of our watches, so

slow the long procession moved on. The road was but five feet wide, barely that, yet we were in double files.'

The 42nd Highlanders head the centre column, followed by artillery; on either flank is the Naval Brigade, followed by artillery, and then other regiments. Halfway between Quarman and Amoaful is the village of Egginassie. The road leads through dense dark bush both to left and right. The march is orderly and slow. Suddenly a faint rumbling and detonating sound pulsates through the thick curtains of woods. 'They have begun!' is the cry. 'Yes, the ball is opened!' answers another. Yes, it was quite true. Lord Gifford's scouts were feeling the enemy. The firing begins to get warm; the 42nd are engaged. This in the rear. An officer of the 42nd now rides up to Sir Garnet to communicate news; all see he is wounded. The news is told, and away he goes again.

The village of Egginassie is entered, Lord Gifford and his scouts had carried it with a rush; and here, right at the entrance, the wounded and dying and dead sat grouped or lay stretched out on the ground. Captain Buckle is killed, shot through both heart and body.

'The front column, pushing on to occupy the village of Egginassie close after Gifford's scouts, had swept across the open ground of the clearing and deployed into position in the jungle. Reserving its fire until they encountered the enemy, the Highlanders had continued advancing until they had penetrated about 200

yards beyond the village, when the concealed enemy suddenly revealed himself by firing into their faces from cleverly contrived ambuscades. Henceforward the Highlanders continue to sweep the bush in front of them with steadily poured volleys, until they had silenced the enemy's fire, during which pause the Engineer labourers were pushed forward to cut the bush for a further advance. When the labourers had succeeded in clearing a space of ground in front, the Highlanders moved forward until they discovered the enemy again. The road to Amoaful from Egginassie served as a guide to the wings spread out on each side of Rait's artillery, which continued to move down in line with the infantry. Whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself, Captain Arthur Rait with his brave Houssas sent telling shots. Thus Artillery and Highlanders slowly marched down the sloping ground, driving the foe steadily out of his numerous hiding-places, which he had constructed of bush with a skill which almost defied detection by the eye.

'The best means of discovering his whereabouts were found to be telling volleys from Sniders, and booming rounds from the tiny 7-pounders, which sent their shots with disastrous effect through the forest. At the bottom of the slope ran a lazy stream, which coursed sluggishly through expanses of morass, and over depths of black slime. A hundred yards beyond this stream were seen the sylvan huts which the Ashantees had constructed

out of the boughs and plantain leaves. These huts numbered hundreds, spread out far on each side of the road.

'Such was the place the Ashantees chose to defend, which they did with a pertinacity that won high praise and admiration from the Highlanders. The soldiers were put to their mettle, and the Houssas, as if catching the fierce enthusiasm which animated the Scotch Highlanders, laboured with a vigour and energy not eclipsed by any on the field. Captain Rait, halting at the same altitude above the stream below, as the Ashantee camp was on the other side of it, aimed his guns with such good effect at the huts, that on passing them, the ghastly heaps that met the sight, of rent bodies and disfigured dead, bore a silent but significant testimony of the important service the Houssa artillery had contributed on this day towards crushing the pride of the enemy.

'When the front column had dislodged the Ashantees from their several positions, and finally driven them with fearful loss from their camps, Sir Archibald Alison pushed it forward; and while bagpipes blew their most strenuous notes, and the wild Highland cheers for victory pealed through the forest, the whole line surged across the stream, and swept up the opposite slope until the outskirts of Amoaful were reached.

'Here the Highlanders and Houssas, now animated to the highest pitch of valour, rushed forward at the top of their speed to the entrance of the broad avenue which

divides the town into two equal portions. As they appeared within the town at the foot of this avenue, they saw several excited groups of natives hurrying away from it, some bearing away wounded chiefs, others transporting their household property.

'One group specially attracted the attention of Lieut. Saunders, R.A.,—that of four slaves carrying on their shoulders the wounded body of their master, with two others following closely behind. Aiming a shell at them, the missile exploded but a few inches above their heads and in the centre of the group, killing every soul instantly. After a few more desultory shots, the capture of the town of Amoaful was complete.'

This was only one aspect of the battle. The glorious Scotch regiment had driven the foe from its front, and elbowed him on against the right flank. This column was speedily awakened from seeming inactivity into a fierce blaze of excitement. The enemy soon crested the forest-clad hill, on the slope of which the village of Egginassie stood, and bore down on the right column in force. Colonel Wood was taken to the rear with a slug in his chest. The firing waxed terrific. The line of the fighting right column, now hotly engaged with a persistent foe, who crawls serpent-like closer and closer to them, are not fifty yards away from Sir Garnet and his staff, and the hail of slugs falls thickly around them. Men of the right column feel this is the critical moment, and that the tide of attack must be rolled back, or there

is nothing else left but an ignominious flight; and so the faithful Snider is plied with nervous rapidity. The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers are ordered forward to the support. There is not a break or pause in the firing; the sound is deafening. Two companies of the Rifle Brigade are now ordered forward, with an emphatic command to drive the stubborn enemy from his coverts; and soon the work is effectually done.

Then all at once brisk musketry firing is heard in the rear along the road leading to Quarman. But this contingency has been foreseen, and four companies of the Rifle Brigade, hitherto unemployed, are quickly ordered to the rear to defend the line of communication; and soon the cessation of musketry firing in that direction informs the general his orders have been promptly executed. But the battle is not yet over, for a fresh force of Ashantees, under one of their cleverest leaders, appears to the right and left of Quarman. There Captain Burnet lies severely ill with fever, but hearing the loud firing, rises from his sick-bed, assumes command of the detachment, fights them for several hours, when the Rifles come to his assistance and effective work is done. The raging foe, baffled at this point, attempts to make an impression at Insarfu, two and a half miles farther in the rear, and there they fought till midnight, to meet with nothing but reverses. At 3 A.M. in the morning they again attempt to carry Quarman, but again are repulsed. And at daybreak the Ashantee army, beaten at every point, finally

gives up the contest and retires, having maintained a long continuous battle of almost twenty hours' duration.

Around the Ashantee camp the dead were thickly lying, some with most frightful wounds; a great many more were killed around and in Amoaful; and many who had been wounded had hurried to the town, and there breathed their last. Many, no doubt, had been borne away by their retreating friends, as it is their custom to bear away their dead and wounded; others again, when wounded, and were able, would crawl into the dark bushes for shelter, fearful of being decapitated. No true estimate of their losses could be ascertained; it was variously estimated from 800 to 1200 killed, with as many more wounded.

Such was the battle of Amoaful.

Then followed the capture of the town of Becquar on February 2nd. The force employed for the work moved out of Amoaful about eleven o'clock; the distance was only about a mile and a half, so that our men were soon creeping quietly towards the entrance of the town. 'Presently sharp firing was heard in advance, and as company after company took up the fire, and as we began to move at a quick pace, we were in time to observe the rapidly retreating forms of the Ashantees as they fled around an angle of the main street and darted into the bushes. At first they seemed disposed to resist vigorously after they had recovered from their surprise; but the volleys upon volleys shot into them

from each company of the advance, soon silenced them, so that the main body was not employed at all. The advance continued its march through the town to its other extremity, until the colonel in command became satisfied that there was not a single armed foe remaining.' Then followed the search for 'loot,' after which the place was ordered to be fired, and speedily every thatch was blazing away right merrily, and the destruction of the place was assured.

The army now moved on the road to Coomassie. The jungle which stretched on either hand contained many bodies of the dead, the odour of death filled the air. As the army progressed, it was continually harassed by an unseen but active foe, and musketry and artillery were constantly called into requisition. Village after village was occupied, and in each were found the dreadful spectacle of headless corpses, women or men or both, evenly laid out with their feet towards Coomassie. This was a warning to the invaders of the fate which awaited them farther on. At length the River Ordah was reached; the advance bivouacked on the northern bank of the river, a mile and a half of forest intervening between it and a force of 10,000 or 12,000 Ashantees lying at the village of Ordahsu.

The night passed on the banks of the Ordah was not a pleasant one, for about dusk the rain fell and continued falling till the men were thoroughly wet; for all their blankets and rugs had been left in the rear.

But the next day such discomfort was soon forgotten; for on this day was fought the battle of Ordahsu, and Coomassie entered.

The first shot was fired just before eight in the morning, for the village of Ordahsu was but a mile and a half from the night's resting-place; and after the first shot there was a continual firing, for as each company advanced they joined in the work. The Rifle Brigade carried the village; then the baggage was rushed immediately after the Rifles, and safely secured from surprise by the enemy. Numbers of dead Ashantees were soon littered about the entrance of the village. Here, too, died Lieutenant Eyre. He had made himself very popular to all, and beloved by many. The word 'mother' was the last sound heard from his lips as he breathed his last.

The Ashantees, driven from the front, had surged on the right flank, and then hurled themselves on the road expecting plunder. Disappointed in this, by the masterly tactics of Sir Garnet in securing the safety of the luggage, they flung round both flanks of their enemy and furiously attacked the rear; but here they were met by the Naval Brigade. In the midst of the fighting the order was given for the 42nd Highlanders to carry the position in front and march straight into Coomassie!

And the gallant regiment did it. They marched out of the village into the gloomy forest by a road ambuscaded on either side, and soon the enemy opened on

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them from his coverts. Then was heard the loud, clear voice of their leader—'Company A, first rank fire to the right, rear rank fire to the left. Forward!' And right and left the volleys were fired, the men never halting in their march, and the bagpipes never ceasing to play; while ever and anon rose the wild Highland cheer. Then came Rait's artillery, hurling shot and rockets to the right and left of the road. This kind of warfare staggered the Ashantees, they could not understand it; but the loud blast of horns to the right and in the rear seemed to announce that they felt themselves beaten, that the battle was lost.

Coomassie was entered at last. As the general arrived at the market-place, hundreds of wondering Ashantees, with weapons in their hands, regarded him and his men with surprise. These were treated kindly. In a wide and noble street, half a mile long, stood the gallant 42nd Highlanders drawn up quietly in line, awaiting the arrival of the general; and when he appeared before them, such a victorious shout arose as must have thrilled his heart with joy.

The capital of the Ashantee kingdom was taken. The king had fled.

There was one dread spot which many of the victorious army did not fail to visit; it was the Golgotha of Coomassie. 'Passing down the main street,' says one, 'we came to the grove, whence a terrible effluvia issued, which caused all men in Coomassie to describe the place

as a vast charnel-house. A narrow footpath led into this grove, and now the foul smells became so suffocating that we were glad to produce our handkerchiefs to prevent the intolerable and almost palpable odour from mounting into the brain and overpowering us. After some thirty paces we arrived before the dreadful scene, but it was almost impossible to stop longer than to take a general view of the great Golgotha. We saw some thirty or forty decapitated bodies in the last stages of corruption, and countless skulls which lay piled in heaps and scattered over a wide extent. The stoutest heart and the most stoical mind might have been appalled.'

Strange reports had been heard of this death-grove by the army, and one of the released captives said he had seen some two or three hundred slaves slain at one time, as customary after the death of the king's sister. And during his long residence he had frequently seen as many as a dozen slaves executed in the most barbarous manner and dragged to the grove, now filled with the relics of butcheries which had been going on year after year. It was time such a kingdom should be humbled to the dust.

And humbled it was, for the king's palace was blown up, and the whole city of Coomassie given to the flames. Then the conquering army marched for the coast.

A treaty of peace was drawn up, and signed on behalf

of Her Majesty by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and by Sahee Enquie on behalf of the Ashantee king; in which, among other things, the king promised to pay 50,000 ounces of gold, and relinquish all claims of supremacy over Elima or any other of the British forts and possessions on the coast.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ZULU WAR.

THE Zulu war of 1879 presents many interesting features and exciting incidents, from which we can only select a few as illustrative of its character; it was one that carried grief and mourning to many a happy English home. Men and officers alike fought well, but the number of officers who met their death was so great as to seem out of proportion to that of the soldiers. And the foe proved no despicable one; he met death fearlessly and bravely, and at last was only conquered by the superior discipline and weapons of his adversaries.

First let us say something about the Zulus themselves. The nation is one of two great races of Kafirs or South-east native Africans, inhabiting all the portion of that continent which looks towards the Indian Ocean, from near the Great Kei River to near Delagoa Bay. The Zulus altogether may number (before the war commenced) about 600,000 souls, half of which resided within the province of Natal, the other half in the independent kingdom of Cetewayo, situated to the

north of the Tugela, and extending almost to Delagoa Bay.

Since the days of Chaka, the Zulus have been regarded as the one military race of South Africa. At the time of the outbreak of the war it possessed a force of about 40,000 men, to some extent organized and fairly well equipped. This army was divided into several regiments, varying in strength from 400 to 2000, and each commanded by a chief. Every male of the nation became a soldier at the age of fifteen, and continued to serve all his life. As nearly as possible, the regiments were composed of men of the same age, new ones being formed from time to time by recruits, the colour of their shields distinguishing them from the more veteran corps. Years back their arms consisted of a bundle of light assegais for throwing, a short heavy one for the purpose of stabbing, a kind of knobstick (knobkerrie), and a shield; but at the time of the outbreak of the war many of the regiments were furnished with breech-loading rifles, when the shield was discarded but the stabbing assegai retained. In 1873, at the principal military kraal, a small powder factory was established and a magazine built, the latter being called 'Mainze-kauze,' which being interpreted meant, 'Let the enemy come now.'

In this army a soldier was strictly prohibited from marrying without the king's consent. Every now and again the monarch would order a whole regiment to

marry, himself selecting their wives, and these from the daughters of men of some particular regiment. Every year each regiment was called out for a month's training, which was said principally to consist in hunting and dancing. There were twenty military kraals in the kingdom, and during the month of training the troops were quartered in these. Discipline was strictly enforced, cowardice on every occasion being punished by death. The women took their share in the work of the army, being entrusted with the commissariat; and often in carrying supplies to the army in the field, they would walk as many as forty or fifty miles a day.

A love of fighting was, and is still, innate in a Zulu; he possessed a firm conviction in his own invincibility. His tactics in the field were very simple. Advancing in a line the light assegai was thrown, then seizing the stabbing assegai he would rush in and maintain a hand-to-hand fight with his enemy. This mode of attack has now been modified by the use of firearms. Such were the Zulus when war was declared against them by the Imperial Government.

The British and Colonial forces crossed the Tugela River on January 11th, and the following day had their first brush with the enemy. The affair lasted for an hour, when the Zulus broke and fled, leaving forty of their number dead and many prisoners. But later on, direful news reached England of a terrible reverse that had befallen the invading army, which was fully con-

firmed by Lord Chelmsford's letter. This was no less than the terrible struggle at Isandula, a little relieved by the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift.

It appears that on January 21st, Colonel Glyn, in command of the third column, sent away the advance guard under command of Major Dartnall; very soon news was received that it was engaged with the enemy; then Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Glyn pushed forward the main body, leaving Colonel Pulleine in command of the rear-guard. On the 22nd this rear-guard, stationed about twelve miles from Rorke's Drift at Isandula, had finished its usual morning march, and outspanned, when Zulu skirmishers were observed on the surrounding hills. These skirmishers advanced towards the camp, keeping up a desultory fire. The camp was pitched in a broken country in a sort of valley, with distant surrounding hills. Colonel Pulleine sent skirmishers, who responded to the fire of the Zulus. The enemy's number was not estimated; it was merely considered a slight demonstration. But it was soon seen that their scouts were joined by bodies of considerable strength. The skirmishers were recalled, and the camp hastily put upon the defensive. 'The Zulu army then came on rapidly in regular battalions, eight deep, keeping up a heavy steady fire, until well within assegai distance. They then ceased their fire and hurled assegais. Our men kept up a very steady, telling fire, and great numbers of the enemy dropped, but without checking

their progress. The places of the men who fell were constantly filled by comrades.

'While this attack was going on in the rear, a double flank movement was executed, by which the horns of the Zulu army surrounded the camp. The disadvantage of the waggons not being packed in laager was now evident, and it led to the disaster. Our men had emptied their pouches, and found it impossible to replenish them, as the enemy had obtained possession of the ammunition waggons. The affair then became one of absolute butchery. Our officers and men were assegaied where they stood. They made no charges. The Zulu host came down with the weight of its battalions, and literally crushed the small body, which could only defend itself with the bayonet, and very soon it had not even room to use that. The Zulus picked up the dead bodies of their comrades and hurled them on the bayonet points of our soldiers, thus simply beating down all defence.

'The work of destruction was complete. Within two hours from the time the Zulu skirmishers were seen, there was not a living white man in the camp. The ammunition, the guns, the commissariat supplies, the waggons, the oxen, all the material of the column, fell into the hands of the enemy. Fortunately two cannons were spiked by Captain Smith, R.A., who was assegaied whilst in the act of spiking. The Zulus carried away all the ammunition and some waggons, and destroyed whatever was left behind.

'Mr. Young, an officer belonging to Lonsdale's Contingent, who had been wounded in a skirmish some days previously, happened to be at the camp of Isandula, where his brother was superintending the return of the 23rd to Pietermaritzburg. Being invalided and not connected with any regiment, he fired a rifle from a corner of the waggon until he had exhausted his ammunition. Being unable to obtain a further supply, and having no weapon whatever, he saw it was useless for him to remain any longer. Happily for him he had got a good horse, and a desperate dash carried him through a weak point in the enemy's cordon just in time. He was chased by the Zulus, who were swift runners, but could not get up with him. Looking back, he saw our men, completely surrounded, firm as a rock, falling rapidly, but fighting to the last. The loud yells of the Zulus filled the air. There was no other noise except their demoniac shrieks, as the awful work was done with the short stabbing assegai.

'The place Young escaped through was, a minute after he passed it, completely blocked. He saw it was impossible to pierce the dense masses of Zulus between him and the Drift, so he made for a point on the river lower down, where he found no Zulus. He had, however, to jump the cliff, happily only ten feet high. If it had been a hundred he must have jumped it, as his pursuers were not far behind. His horse, having swam a few yards, was able to ford the rest of the river. He rode to

Helpmakaar. A few of the Natal Native Contingent and others were drowned in attempting to swim, but some were saved.

'Mr. Young says that the way in which the men were surrounded and crushed down by weight of numbers caused their utter annihilation. The great wonder was that so few men—for there were only about 600 men in the camp, excluding natives who ran, and not including Colonel Durnford's mounted men, under Captain Barton, who did fight well—were able in the open, and with no protection or cover, to keep off for four or five hours the large number of Zulus that must have attacked them. The line of Zulus which came down the hills to the left was nearly three miles long, and must have consisted of over 15,000 men; while a body of over five thousand remained on the top as a reserve, and took no part in the action, but simply drove off the captured cattle, waggons, and plunder.

'When they moved away, they took most of their dead bodies with them in our waggons, the contents of which—flour, sugar, tea, biscuits, mealies, and oats—were scattered about and wasted in pure wantonness. On the ground there were also dead horses, shot in every position, oxen mutilated, mules stabbed; while lying thick upon the ground in clumps were the bodies of the white men, with only their boots and shirts on, or perhaps an old pair of trousers, or part of their coats, with just enough showing to indicate to which branch

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they belonged. In many cases they lay with sixty or seventy rounds of empty cartridges alongside them showing they had only died after doing their duty.'

After this terrible combat a scene of utter confusion seems to have occurred,—horse and foot, black and white, English and Zulu, all in a struggling mass, making gradually through the camp towards the road, where the Zulus already closed the way of escape. Of what happened during that half-hour even those who lived to tell could remember but little. Every man who had a horse attempted to escape towards the river; those who had none died where they stood. One of the few saved was Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien; he describes his flight to the Buffalo, of which he says:—

'The ground there down to the river was so broken that the Zulus went as fast as the horses, and kept killing all the way. There were very few white men. They were nearly all mounted niggers of ours flying. This lasted till we came to a kind of precipice down to the River Buffalo. I jumped off and led my horse down. There was a poor fellow of the mounted infantry struck through the arm, who said as I passed that if I could bind up his arm and stop the bleeding he would be all right. I accordingly took out my handkerchief and tied up his arm. Just as I had done it, Major Smith, of the Artillery, came down by me, wounded, saying, "For God's sake, get on, man; the Zulus are on the top of

us!" I had done all I could for the wounded man, and so turned to jump on my horse. Just as I was doing so the horse went with a bound to the bottom of the precipice, being struck with an assegai. I gave up all hope, as the Zulus were all round me finishing off the wounded, the man I had helped and Major Smith among the number. However, with the strong hope that everybody clings to that some accident would turn up, I rushed off on foot and plunged into the river, which was little better than a roaring torrent. I was being carried down the stream at a tremendous pace, when a loose horse came by me, and I got hold of his tail, and he landed me safely on the other bank, but I was too tired to stick to him and get on his back.

'I got up again and rushed on, and was several times knocked over by our mounted niggers, who would not even get out of my way; then up a tremendous hill, with my wet clothes and boots full of water. About twenty Zulus got over the water and followed us up over the hill, but I am thankful to say that they had not their firearms. Crossing the river, however, the Zulus kept firing at us as we went up the hill, and killed several of the niggers all round me. I was the only white man to be seen until I came to one who had been kicked by his horse, and could not mount. I put him on his horse and lent him my knife. He said he would catch me a horse. Directly he was up he went

clear away. I struggled into Helpmakaar, about twenty miles off, at nightfall.'

One of the bravest episodes in this memorable fight was the attempt made by Lieutenants Melville and Coghill to save the colours of the regiment. When all hope was lost, the cry was raised, 'Save the colours!' They were seized, and the two officers fought desperately to get clear of the enemy thronging around them on every side. They succeeded in crossing the Buffalo, then very swollen; but while so doing, the colours were washed from their grasp. Climbing the steep cliff which forms the right bank of the river, the two heroes were both shot. The poet has well described the gallant exploit:—

'"Save the colours!" shrieks a dying voice, and lo!
Two horsemen breast the raging ranks, and go—
(In thy sacred list, O Fame!
Keep each dear and noble name!)
See, they flash upon the foe,
Fierce as flame;
And one undaunted form
Lifts a British banner, warm
With the blood-rain and the storm of Isandula!

'"Save the colours!" and amidst a flood of foes,
At gallop, sword in hand, each horseman goes—
Around the steeds they stride
Cling devils crimson-dyed,
But God! through butchering blows,
How they ride!
Their horses' hoofs are red
With blood of dying and dead,
Trampled down beneath their tread at Isandula!

'"Save the colours!" They *are* saved, and side by side
The horsemen swim a raging river's tide.
They are safe—they are alone—
But one, without a groan,
After tottering, filmy-eyed,
Drops like stone;
And before his comrade true
Can reach his side, *he* too
Falls, smitten through and through at Isandula!'

The colours, which had been so heroically fought for, were afterwards recovered. A party, commanded by Major Black, went out from the camp at Rorke's Drift, and following the downward course of the Buffalo River for some time, then crossed at a drift where fugitives from Isandula had attempted to cross, but perished in the attempt. Nearly half a mile from the river lay the bodies of Melville and Coghill; about 500 yards below, the colours were found, with the pole complete, injured by the action of the rapid stream, but otherwise untouched, the gilt lion and crown surmounting the poles; and the colour case was found a few yards lower down.

After the fatal fight of Isandula, in fact the same evening, the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift occurred. It was left in charge of Lieutenants Bromhead and Chard, with but few men. Fortunately they had been warned of the threatened danger by Lieutenant Coghill, who had been despatched from Isandula for reinforcements. Seeing an attack was imminent, a barricade was hastily thrown up under Lieutenant Chard's direc-

tions. For this purpose everything available was brought into requisition, bags full of meal, biscuit tins, and other articles belonging to the commissariat stores. Part of the time this was being done the men were under fire, but encouraged by the cheery voices and active examples of their officers, they worked with a will. Soon after darkness had enveloped the little camp, the attack began by at least 3000 Zulus.

For the greater part of the night the fight was maintained with a courage worthy of all praise. Six times the Zulus got inside the barricade, and as often were they driven out at the point of the bayonet. While this was going on, another body of Zulu troops made their way to the rear of the military hospital, which they set on fire, killing and burning five patients, and destroying all the medical stores. One man had a narrow escape. He succeeded, by much adroitness, aided by good fortune, in getting away from the burning hospital and crept into the bush; there he lay all night exposed to the fire of the enemy on both sides.

At the little barricade the Zulus fought with an infuriated zeal; they were even daring enough to advance right up to the loopholes and attempt to seize the muzzles of the rifles, while they at the same time made desperate thrusts at the defenders with their assegais. But fight as they would, the heroic little band were not to be defeated. The enemy were successfully held at bay until dawn began to break, when

they withdrew, leaving many dead near the entrenchment. As they withdrew, Lord Chelmsford's column was seen approaching, and was enthusiastically hailed by the gallant defenders, who at first mistook them for another Zulu force. Says Colonel Crealock: 'About 6.30 A.M. we reached Rorke's Drift, and saw the smoke rising from the post. Too late! too late! But no; from amidst the smoke we saw some figures gesticulating, then a flag waved. Glasses out! They are redcoats! Russell and the mounted men are sent forward, plunge into the river, and, scrambling out on the opposite side, gallop up. A moment's doubt if it be not a Zulu ruse. But no; the morning breeze now brings across the frontier river the glad sound of a British cheer. We are not too late. There were 351 dead bodies found lying around, and sixty around and in the burning hospital.'

The resistance experienced by the Zulus at Rorke's Drift was wholly unexpected. No one, indeed, who knew the conditions beforehand could have expected that the post would be held; and had it not been held, there is no doubt that the enemy's forces would have passed over to the camp at Helpmakaar, which was practically undefended, and from thence again would have descended upon the neighbouring villages. As it was, the check received at Rorke's Drift, with their losses at Isandula, staggered them. They went to their homes with their plunder, but at the same time with

great gaps in their ranks; and the non-return of so many thousands cannot but have had a very disheartening effect upon the nation.

The war went on with varying success; now the British meeting with reverses, such as that which befell, on March 12th, a convoy of one hundred men under Captain Moriarty, which was surprised by the enemy at Intombi, and sixty of the men killed. The scene of the surprise was a spot down a hollow, with long grass sluits, and weeds around, so that the movements of the enemy were easily masked. The surprise was most successful, for the Zulus were able to reach the little force unnoticed, and then do their work most effectively. At other times the British made their prowess felt in a way which taught the Zulus that they were not so invincible as they had always hitherto deemed themselves.

On March 27th an expedition started from Colonel Wood's fortified camp at Kambula Hill; it consisted of the Frontier Light Horse and two other volunteer corps, altogether one thousand men, under the command of Colonel Buller. Six hours later another column started under Colonel Russell. The object of the expedition was to storm the Inhlobane mountain, a great Zulu stronghold, where they had collected all their cattle. Colonel Buller with his men had to go round to the back of the mountain coming up from Zululand, as this was the only accessible place for mounted men. On the

side nearest the camp Colonel Russell had to go up and meet Buller on the top. On his arrival at a certain height, it was found he could not go up the slope to the top, as it was full of immense boulders and stones, and there was a wall built across by the enemy.

Meanwhile Colonel Buller had reached the place at which he aimed, and sent some troops to hold a small hillock on the left, to keep the fire down and cover his advance. The place was in the shape of a horse-shoe, and there was a ridge running up the centre. The whole of this horse-shoe shape was filled with Zulus, firing away under the cover of rocks. Buller and his force, by keeping on the left side of the ridge, were protected from the fire coming from the right of the horse-shoe; but there was the fire from the left-hand side to be put down. This the little detachment proceeded to accomplish, when their commander was killed by a ball through the head. Buller, however, reached the top, captured the cattle, and was going back again, when he encountered an immense number of the enemy, who came up the same way, and there was a regular scramble to get down to where it was expected to find Russell. How any got down was a wonder, with the horses plunging madly, and the Zulus assegaying the men. The Zulus, rushing among the cattle, drove them in all directions, and this added greatly to the confusion, so that the battle resolved itself into rather a series of isolated fights than a general engagement. After four

hours' fighting, the rest of the cavalry extricated themselves, and all fell back on the camp.

This was the prelude to the next day's fight, when Colonel Wood's camp was attacked by four Zulu regiments. The camp was in a strong position: on a high narrow ridge on one side of the camp was a precipice, the other side being very steep; in front there was a long narrow open stretch of ground; and immediately in the rear of the camp, about 250 yards off, perched on a small isolated eminence, 100 feet above, was a fort with a deep ditch, mounting two guns. The camp consisted of two laagers, an outside square one composed of about ninety waggons, end to end, and an inner circle of about fifty waggons, where the oxen were kept at night. In addition to all this, the camp was entrenched on three sides.

Against this strongly entrenched camp the Zulus commenced an attack about four o'clock in the afternoon of March 29th. Colonels Buller and Russell were soon engaged with them, on the north side of the camp. The enemy, however, proved too strong and determined to be resisted, and Colonel Buller was compelled to fall back inside the laager. The Zulus came on in great force until within 300 yards of the entrenchment, when a heavy fire was opened upon them by the men of the 13th Regiment. This checked their advance upon the front. The enemy now threatened the rear of the cattle laager by a flanking movement. This was successfully

resisted by two companies under Major Hackett; then the Zulus made an attack round the whole circuit of the camp, their efforts being mainly directed against the right and front rear. The attack continued with great fierceness and resolution until half-past five, when the enemy, who had suffered terribly, began to fall back. Once commenced, the retreat was converted into a rout by the cavalry under Colonel Buller, which sallied out and fell upon them. For seven miles the pursuit lasted, numbers of the enemy being killed. Their loss was estimated at 3000 men.

Then followed the battle of Gingihlovo and relief of Ekowe, where Colonel Pearson had been shut up since January. Lord Chelmsford had fought his way from the Lower Tugela. An attack was expected, and at daybreak on the 1st of April he broke up his camp on the right bank of the Amatikulu, and marched to Gingihlovo. 'Here,' says a correspondent, 'we formed a laager, and threw up strong entrenchments round the camp. Soon after we had encamped, Colonel Pearson flashed some signals to us that a large force of the enemy was on the march, and that it would not be safe for us to let our cattle graze outside the laager.

'The night passed without alarms; but at half-past five in the morning large masses of the enemy were sighted coming down from the north-east. They crossed the River Inyezane, and as they came on they seemed to cover the hills all round. They formed for attack in

a sort of crescent shape. The 60th Rifles covered the front of the camp, sheltered behind entrenchments. To their right was the Naval Brigade of the *Shah*, with Gatlings placed in the entrenchments. Next came the 52nd, under Clarke. At the second corner were two 9-pounders; the 91st held the rear line. At the next corner were again some Gatlings, then came two companies of the 91st, the companies of the 3rd Buffs, and the 99th. Placed near the left rear was the rocket battery, under Lieutenant Cane of the *Shah*.

'The enemy pressed forward to the front at a great speed, but were received by a tremendous fire from the 60th Rifles. In half an hour the onward rush was checked at this point, and by 6.30 the 60th ceased firing, the enemy having been here beaten back.

'Sweeping round to our right, the enemy then made a determined effort to force their way in on that side, but were met and checked by a tremendous fire from the 57th and 91st. Nothing could be finer than the manner in which these masses of Zulus, with their white shields, their head-dresses of leopard skin and feathers, and the wild ox-tails hanging from their necks, advanced, assegai in hand, against our entrenchments. A few fired a shot now and then, but as a rule they advanced at a steady rush, keeping a sort of dancing step with each other, upon our line of entrenchments. Notwithstanding the tremendous musketry fire that they encountered, they pressed forward in the most gallant

manner, right up to our entrenchments, and it looked for some time as if, in spite of the hail of fire from our breech-loaders, they would force their way to the entrenchments, and bring the matter to a hand-to-hand fight. After a few minutes, however, the fire proved too much for them, and they wavered and began to fall back.

'At 6.30 Barrow's cavalry sallied from the camp in front, and most gallantly charged the enemy, who, hidden in the bush, were keeping up a scattered fire upon the entrenchments. At ten minutes past seven, the flank attack being repulsed, the native contingent left the laager and fell upon the rear of the enemy, who were now flying in all directions. At half-past seven all was over, and one of the fiercest little fights that has ever been witnessed came to an end. The victory was a complete one. The next morning the relief of Ekowe was effected.'

The last great battle was that of Ulundi, fought on July 4th. At six o'clock in the morning, the 2nd Division, under Major-General Newdigate, with the flying column of General Wood, crossed the Umvolosi and occupied a position between Inodwengu and Ulundi. Here it was attacked by a large Zulu army, which it resisted in the formation of a hollow square, with cavalry in the centre. 'The battle began,' says Dr. Russell, 'at ten minutes to nine o'clock, the Zulus advancing silently and steadily from all sides. Our

men were four deep, with the first rank kneeling, and the rear rank in reserve. The 90th on the left flank of the square were ordered to throw up shelter, which they did under fire, though not so effectively as was wished. At nine the firing became general. The noise was deafening; and the men behaved admirably. The artillery practice was excellent, and to this mainly is attributed the enemy's repulse. Gunner Morshead, though wounded in the leg, crawled to the Gatling battery, and insisted on helping the sergeant to fill the cartridge drums.

'As an instance of the intrepid manner in which the Zulus came to the attack, we counted only twenty-eight paces from the front square to the nearest dead. One Zulu came within thirty yards of the Gatling gun, and when retiring was shot. The king's regiment suffered heavily. Four regiments of the Amatongas took part in the action. The Zulus were commanded by Dabulamanzi on our right, and by Sirayo on our left. Dabulamanzi was under fire for a considerable time. Our staff was much exposed during the action, which lasted for forty minutes. The lancers, whilst pursuing the enemy, did great execution with their lances. James, of the lancers, had a narrow escape. He charged two Zulus, and both turned upon him. One of his assailants threw an assegai and struck James's cross-belt, penetrating it, and inflicting a slight wound. After the pursuit the mounted men were sent to burn the kraals

at Ulundi. Lord William Beresford was the first in, and has been gazetted in the force as Ulundi Beresford. The king's kraal consists of a round belt of huts eight deep. The house is a thatched building, consisting of four rooms and a verandah. Nothing was found but some empty gin, beer, and champagne bottles, and four prisoners. It is stated that the king was present on a distant hill, with a regiment and a half. He believed that our men could not meet the Zulus in the open ground. The estimated Zulu loss is fifteen hundred.'

Then followed Archibald Forbes' famous ride of more than a hundred miles to convey Lord Chelmsford's despatch to the nearest telegraph station. It was performed in fourteen hours and entirely alone, over a rugged and mountainous country without any proper roads, and with no small risk of being cut off by the straggling bands of the enemy dispersed all over Zululand after the rout of their main army, or probably still lurking about the British rear, and along the route of communications, for the plunder of occasional convoys. All through the night Mr. Forbes rode; it was dark with a thick fog, and he twice lost his way and had to retrace his steps, but finally succeeded in the accomplishment of his purpose.

The pursuit and capture of Cetewayo ended the Zulu war. The king had been a fugitive since the defeat of his army at Ulundi. A pursuit was at once organized under the immediate command of Lord Gifford, who so

cleverly managed the affair that he ran his victim to earth at a kraal on the Black Umvolosi. Major Marter went straight to the hut in which the king was hiding, and called on him to come forth and surrender. 'No, you come in to me,' was the reply. The order was again given for him to come forth; then creeping out, he stood up among the soldiers with stately composure. One sought to lay his hands upon him, but he waved the man back disdainfully, saying, 'White soldier, let me be!' He then asked to be shot. This was not done. He seems to have suffered his capture partly through weariness and exhaustion, partly because he felt himself hemmed in, and partly through one of the fits of morose and sullen resignation which at times seized him.

One of the saddest episodes in this sad war was the death of the Prince Imperial. He went out both as spectator of, and actor in the war; and on the 1st of June joined a small expedition sent on a reconnaissance. The Prince dismounted to take some sketches, and while thus engaged, and his escort already in the act of mounting, the alarm was given that the enemy was at hand; he endeavoured to seize the bridle, but his horse, startled by the sudden confusion, eluded his grasp; he then attempted to escape on foot, but was speedily overtaken and savagely slain. When found, the body showed several gaping wounds, and was partly stripped. The ex-Empress made a pilgrimage to the spot; a monument now adorns the place where he fell.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

MUCH to the discontent of the Boers, and in direct opposition to the majority, the Transvaal Republic of South Africa was annexed to the British Empire in April 1877. Petitions against this annexation were numerously signed, and two deputations were even sent to England to protest against what was called an act of injustice. But all in vain, the English Government turned a deaf ear to all protestations and remonstrances; the act was done and could not be undone, the Transvaal must remain an integral portion of the British Empire. The Boers did not think this, they remained unconvinced and dissatisfied; and at last, in the year 1880, rose in rebellion, threw off the hated yoke, and proclaimed a Republic.

In the war which followed, the Boers proved themselves to be valiant and brave men, but not always honourable in their conduct, resorting at times to treachery to gain their end. Great discredit was thrown on their cause, at the very commencement of

hostilities, by the massacre of the 94th Regiment at Bronker's Spruit. The regiment was on the march, with the band gaily playing, when several hundred Boers were seen advancing towards them. A halt was immediately made, and the music silenced. Three men rode from the midst of the enemy, one of them carrying a flag of truce, which the colonel advanced to meet. After speaking to the bearer of the flag, he turned his horse, and was returning slowly back to his own men, when a shot was fired, followed immediately by volley after volley. Although taken at a disadvantage, the English made what defence they could; but officers and men fell fast, and the order was given to cease firing. The Boers directly rushed forward, and snatched the rifles from the soldiers' hands, took their belts away, and pulled the boots from off the dead and wounded. It has been said that they even fired into the waggons containing the women and children,—killing one of the former,—who tried to save themselves by crouching behind some boxes which a sergeant piled up for their protection. It is supposed the leaders of the rebellion disapproved of this violation of the rules of war, for afterwards the soldiers taken prisoners were released and sent to Pretoria. Not a good commencement of the war.

The method of fighting adopted by the Boers of South Africa is somewhat singular. 'They are,' says one writer, 'to a man, bold and expert horsemen, as

well as good marksmen with the rifle; and it is their practice in war, just as in hunting lions or any other fierce wild beasts, to ride up within shooting distance, quickly dismount, fire deliberately at the approaching foe, then at once remount and gallop off, but only far enough to gain time for reloading,—as few of them possess breech-loaders,—after which they return to the charge, and deliver a second shot. But in the defence of a position which affords some cover, they will lie down or crouch behind the shelter, and take a most careful aim; still keeping their horses "knee-haltered" by a thong attached to the reins, close at hand, ready to ride away from pursuit.'

This method of fighting turned out to be one singularly disastrous to the British troops, as was fully proved at the battle of Laing's Neck, the first really serious affair in which the opposing forces met in conflict; it was called a repulse, but the loss in both men and officers was serious indeed.

It was on Friday, January 28th, that General Sir George Pomeroy Colley commenced his march against the Boers on the Transvaal frontier. The Boers had fixed on a strong position at a place called Laing's Neck, six miles north of the Hatley's Hotel, on the road that proceeds almost due north from Newcastle, in Natal, to a point where several different roads branch off into the Transvaal. It received its name from a deserted farm on the heights above the upper stream of

the Buffalo, which descends here from the Drakenberg mountain range. It was in order to convey speedy relief to the beleaguered English garrisons—Standerton, on the Vaal River, and Pretoria — that Sir George Colley moved from his camp and attacked the Boers' position. And it was here the troops met with a severe repulse.

'Leaving the main road about half a mile to our left,' wrote the General, 'and crossing a deep valley immediately under our camp, the column moved towards the enemy's position, along an open ridge out of shot of the hills, and formed up on a rise directly opposite, and from 2800 to 2500 yards distant from Table Hill,—the guns in the centre, the 60th Rifles, Naval Brigade, and Natal Mounted Police on the left, the 58th Regiment and mounted squadron on the right. From near the eastern end of the Table Hill a spur runs forward in a southerly direction, falling steeply, almost to the level of the ground occupied by us, and then rising again with easy and open slopes to an isolated and conical hill 1500 yards distant from the Table Hill, and overlooking our right at about the same distance. This hill was occupied by a picket of the enemy, probably from 100 to 200 strong. Had the force at my disposal been sufficient, I would have commenced by taking this hill with my infantry; but to have done so would have entailed a wide turning movement, and would have too much extended my small force. I determined therefore

to attack the spur directly, covering the attack with artillery fire, and protecting the right or exposed flank of the infantry with the mounted corps. The face of the spur was very steep, but hidden from view or fire, except from the slopes of the isolated hill already mentioned.

'At half-past nine o'clock I commenced the action by shelling different parts of the enemy's position, and pushing forward a company of the 60th Rifles and the Naval Brigade, with their rockets, into some enclosed ground on the road, about 1200 yards from the Neck. From this point the Naval Brigade sent rockets with good effect on the Neck, and among the Boer reserves and horses collected behind. A sharp fire was soon opened on this force from the wooden kloof beyond the road; but, as the men were well posted under cover of a stone wall, our casualties here were few.

'When this force had become engaged, the 58th Regiment, under Major Hingeston, moved forward to attack the spur, covered on their right by the mounted squadron under Major Brownlow, and by the fire of the artillery, which was now concentrated on this side of the enemy's position. Colonel Deane personally led this attack. The mounted squadron, moving on the right of the infantry, gradually drew up the slope of the isolated hill and charged. This charge was splendidly led by Major Brownlow, who, with Troop Sergeant-Major Lunny, was first on the ridge. Major Brownlow's

horse was shot under him, as was that of Lieutenant Lermitte, and Sergeant-Major Lunny was instantly killed; but Major Brownlow shot the Boer leader with his revolver, and continued to lead his men, who now crowned the ridge. Could he have been promptly supported, the hill was won, for the Boers had already begun to retire, and many had run to their horses. But the fire was still heavy, and the hill was steep, while many of the horses of the mounted troops were quite untrained to fire. The support troop was checked; the leading troops, fatigued and broken by the charge, with its leaders all down, could not push on, and the whole gave way down the hill.

'Meanwhile the 58th Regiment had begun to climb the steep ascent of the spur, when the Boers on the isolated hill, having repulsed the cavalry attack, moved down the ridge and opened fire on the right rear of the infantry now exposed, the enemy on the Table Hill at the same time collecting to resist them at the brow of the hill. The 58th now pushed on eagerly, forming a few men to the right flank to return the enemy's fire. But the climb was a very trying one, and when the men got near the top they were too fatigued and breathless for a charge, while the fire from the ridge behind continued to tell heavily, and the Boers on the brow shot down on the men as they struggled up. The officers led nobly, and Colonel Deane, with splendid gallantry, tried to carry the hill by a rush. His horse was shot, but he

extricated himself, and dashed forward on foot, fell, riddled with bullets, ten yards in front of the foremost man. Major Poole, who joined him in the charge, with two lieutenants were killed close by him; and Major Hingeston, commanding the 58th Regiment, and all the mounted officers of the regiment, were shot down or dismounted.

'The men continued to hold their ground unflinchingly for some time; but the ground was too unfavourable and the fire too severe, and ultimately the regiment was compelled to retire, covered for some time by the fire of two companies posted behind a slight ledge. Part of the 60th pushed forward to cover the retirement, and the 58th, which had fallen back leisurely, without haste or confusion, re-formed at the foot of the hill, and marched back into position in as good order and with as erect and soldierly bearing as when it marched out.

'The main attack having failed, it became necessary to withdraw the advanced parties on the left. This was done without loss, though the Boers began to show in increasing numbers on that flank, and the force was re-formed on its ground. I remained on this ground for some time, partly to direct the removal of the wounded, and partly that the enemy might attempt to follow up his success. But as the Boer commander would not allow me to send succour to the wounded on the hill so long as I maintained my advanced position, I withdrew slowly to the camp in the afternoon. All the wounded,

and the bodies of the dead officers, were brought into camp that evening; and the dead were buried under a flag of truce, some of them that evening, and the remainder next day.'

Such was the battle of Laing's Neck. The opposing force was estimated to amount to 2000; their losses could not be estimated, but were supposed to be comparatively small, as they fought mostly under cover in well-sheltered positions. Sir G. Colley did his adversaries the justice to say, that they fought with great courage and determination. Some of the fighting was at short ranges, but the Boers showed no fear of the troops, but rather advanced to meet them.

After this repulse, General Colley awaited in his camp near Hatley's Hotel for reinforcements; but while waiting, he gained the unwelcome intelligence that the enemy were threatening his rear on the road to Newcastle, eighteen miles distant; indeed, a large force had already made its appearance there, intercepting the mails, waggon convoys, and ambulances conveying the wounded to the hospital; and, as Newcastle was practically undefended, and might fall into the enemy's hands, Sir George determined to attack and disperse them. The following is an account of this engagement on the Ingogo, otherwise called that of Schain's Hoogte :—

'On Tuesday morning, February 8th, General Colley moved out from the camp with five companies of the 60th Rifles, numbering 500 men, two field and two

mounted guns, and a detachment of mounted men patrolled the road. To cover the passage over the River Ingogo, a company of the 60th, with two mounted guns, was left on a commanding height; the rest of the column crossed the river and passed on to a ridge of hills, from which a large body of the enemy were seen about four hundred yards off. The 60th Rifles extended in skirmishing order, and took up position along the ridge, whilst the main body made for and obtained possession of a plateau,—about four acres of flat land. In the meantime the Boers, numbering about 100 horsemen, extended along a ridge rather lower than that taken up by the British.

'The nine-pounder field-pieces opened fire, but were not of much use, the elevation being too high; but the fire had the effect of causing the Boers at once to relinquish their position and rush to the nearest dongas for shelter. The rifles then opened fire, and the nine-pounders still continued in action. The Boers, having gained the shelter of the dongas, replied with a heavy fusillade, directing the principal part of their fire upon the artillerymen; and both horses and men began to fall rapidly. Captain Grier was killed early in the action, and Lieutenant Parsons, who thereupon took charge of the guns, behaved with the greatest coolness.

'At first the Boers had only attacked from three sides, but about two hours after the commencement of the fight they gradually got to the remaining side and

kept up a dropping fire. The General and his staff were in the middle of the hill, where few shots reached. The Boers kept up a hot fire during the afternoon, receiving reinforcements from time to time, while our men looked in vain for the remainder of their men, with the two seven-pounders, to come to their assistance. The artillery, being stationed within five hundred yards of the Boers' position, suffered severely. Men dropped very fast, although the limber and dead horses were taken advantage of for the cover they afforded. At four in the afternoon a heavy thunderstorm came on. The sufferings of the wounded, who were lying out in the open, and were sadly in want of water, were very great.

'From four to six o'clock the Boers kept up a telling fire, insomuch that it was dangerous to show above ground, and men were shot in a recumbent position. Lieutenant Parsons was wounded whilst walking towards the guns for the purpose of giving an order, and the 60th Rifles were obliged to supply the place of gunners, as man after man was hit. For six hours this kind of warfare was carried on, the British troops having no chance against the Boers in the way of shooting, the aim of the latter being particularly deadly.

'Darkness was now coming on, and as the ammunition of the British was running short, whilst the Boers were constantly receiving supplies from their camp, it was determined to retreat. At 9 P.M. the retreat was commenced, and a terrible time it seems to have been. Seven

of the 60th Rifles are reported to have been drowned in recrossing the Ingogo, and the survivors did not reach camp until seven o'clock on the following morning. About fifty wounded were brought in; but three times that number were left upon the field, and, as soon as possible, assistance was sent forward under a flag of truce. The British troops are reported to have behaved with great gallantry; but they were too few in number to do anything more than hold their own, whilst their fire was never at any moment so effective as that of the enemy. It is estimated that about 1000 Boers were engaged.'

The third and last battle, the most disastrous, in this unfortunate war was that of Majuba Hill, where the General himself was killed. He had observed that this hill, which overlooked the right of the enemy's position, although held during the day by a Boer picket, was left unoccupied at night, and had determined to seize and hold the point at once, fearing that if he delayed any longer the enemy might also discover its value, and intrench it as they had done with Laing's Neck. Boer working parties had been seen in close proximity to the top during the day of February 26th; so, to make possession a certainty, the order was given for 180 Highlanders of the 92nd Regiment, 148 men of the 58th, 150 Rifles, and 70 Bluejackets to assemble at nine in the evening. They marched off in silence three miles and a half from the British camp, and had a long and toilsome climb of three

hours to the top. They got there between four and five in the morning, before daylight. They found themselves on a spacious plateau, some thousand yards round, sloping gently downwards from the summit, where was an oblong hollow basin, about 200 yards long by 60 wide, the rocky ridges of which constituted a kind of natural citadel where they might prove impregnable. It was not more than 2000 yards from the nearest Boer intrenchment on Laing's Neck, and at an elevation of 2000 feet above them.

As soon as the men had recovered from the fatigue of the climb,—and some were so overcome that when they gained the top they fell down with exhaustion,—they were posted, at intervals of ten paces, leaving the Naval Brigade and fifty men of the 58th Regiment as a reserve in the central hollow. When daylight came they looked down on the Boers' encampment,—laagers formed of waggons with tents inside. It was about seven o'clock when the Boers perceived that the British were on the top of the hill above them. This discovery seemed at first to excite great alarm and confusion among them; they began to drive in their horses and cattle, and even prepared to move their waggons. This was only a brief panic, for soon some of them began climbing the hill. Firing commenced at nine o'clock, on a part of the summit held by Lieutenant Hamilton and only twenty Highlanders. The commander of the Naval Brigade was killed early in the morning by a chance shot;

but during the whole of the morning the casualties were few.

'We had been exposed,' says Mr. Cameron, 'to five hours of unceasing fire, and had become accustomed to the constant humming of bullets, which at noon almost ceased, when the General, wearied with the exertions of the previous night, lay down to sleep. Communication by heliograph had been established with the camp, and confidence in our ability to hold our own had increased rather than abated. Lieutenant Hamilton, however, who with his few men had been opposing the enemy alone throughout the morning, did not share in the general assurance. A little after twelve he came back from his position for a few minutes to tell us, that having seen large numbers of the enemy pass to the hollow underneath him, he feared that they were up to some mischief. Reinforcements were promised him, and he returned to his post, but these did not reach him until it was almost too late.

'Shortly afterwards Major Hay, Colonel Stewart, Major Fraser, and myself were discussing the situation, when we were startled by a loud and sustained rattle of musketry, the bullets of which shrieked over our heads in a perfect hail. Lieutenant Wright, of the 92nd, rushed back, shouting for immediate reinforcements. The General, assisted by his staff, set about getting these forward, and then for the first time it dawned upon us that we might lose the hill, for the soldiers moved

forward but slowly and hesitatingly. It was only too evident they did not like the work before them. By dint of some hard shouting, and even pushing, they were most of them got over the ridge, where they lay down some distance behind Hamilton and his thin line of Highlanders, who, although opposed to about 500 men at 120 yards, never budged an inch.

'It seems that the advance of the enemy had been thoroughly checked, when one of our people—an officer, I believe—noticing the Boers for the first time, ejaculated, "Oh, there they are! quite close!" and the words were hardly out of his lips, ere every man of the newly arrived reinforcements bolted back panic-stricken. This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the skirmishing line under Hamilton gave way also,—the retreating troops being exposed, of course, to the Boer fire with disastrous effect.

'I was on the left of the ridge when the men came back on us, and was a witness of the wild confusion which then prevailed. I saw Macdonald, of the 92nd, revolver in hand, threaten to shoot any man who passed him; and, indeed, everybody was hard at work, rallying the broken troops. Many, of course, got away and disappeared over the side of the hill next the camp; but some 150 good men, mostly Highlanders, Bluejackets, and old soldiers of the 58th, remained to man the ridge for a final stand.

'Some of the Boers appeared, and the fire that was

interchanged was something awful. Three times they showed themselves, and three times they as quickly withdrew—our men, when that occurred, at once stopping their fire. I could hear the soldiers ejaculate, "We'll not budge from this! We'll give them the bayonet if they come closer!" and so on; but all the time dropping fast, for Boer marksmen had apparently got to work in secure positions, and every shot told, the men falling back hit mostly through the head.

'It was a hot five minutes, but nevertheless I thought at the time we should hold our own. I expected every minute to hear the order given for a bayonet charge. That order unfortunately never came; although I am sure the men would have responded to it. But our flanks were exposed, and the enemy, checked in front, were stealing round them. Across the hollow on the side of the hill facing the camp we had no one, and as the men were evidently anxious about that point, frequently looking over their shoulders, Colonel Stewart sent me over to see how matters were going on. There I reported all clear, and, indeed, if the enemy had attempted to storm the hill on that face he would have been decimated by the fire of his own people, aimed from the other side.

'We were most anxious about our right flank. It was evident that the enemy were stealing round it, so men were taken to prolong the position there. They were chiefly Bluejackets, led by a brave young officer; and, as

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I watched them follow him up, for the third time that day the conviction flashed across me that we should lose the hill. There was a knoll on the threatened point, up which the reinforcements hesitated to climb. Some of them went back over the top of the plateau to the further ridge, others went round.

'By and by there was confusion on the knoll itself. Some of the men on it stood up, and were at once shot down; and at last the whole of those who were holding it gave way. Helter-skelter they were at once followed by the Boers, who were able then to pour a volley into our flank in the main line, from which instant the Hill of Majuba was theirs. It was *sauve qui peut.* Major Hay, Captain Singleton, and some other officers, were the last to leave, and these were immediately shot down and taken prisoners.

'The General had turned round the last of all to walk after his retreating troops, when he also was shot dead, through the head. A minute or two previously Lieutenant Hamilton had asked for a charge, as the men would not stand the fire much longer. Sir George replied, "Wait until they come on; we will give them a volley and then charge;" but before that moment arrived it was too late.

'To move over about 100 yards of ground under the fire of some 500 rifles at close range is not a pleasant experience, but it is what all who remained of us on the hill that day had to go through. On every side, men

were throwing up their arms, and, with sharp cries of agony, were pitching forward on the ground. At last we went over the side of the hill.

'The Boers were instantly on the ridge above, and for about ten minutes kept up their terrible fire on our soldiers, who plunged down every path. Many, exhausted with the night's marching and the day's fighting, unable to go further, lay down behind rocks and bushes, and were afterwards taken prisoners; but of those who remained on the hill, to the very last, probably not one in six got clear away. The Boers were everywhere assisting our disabled men. Dr. Landon, who, when the hill was abandoned by our panic-stricken troops, had steadily remained by his wounded, was lying on the ground with a shot through his chest. The Boers, as they rushed on the plateau, not seeing, or not caring for, the Geneva Cross, had fired into and knocked over both him and his hospital assistant; so there was only one—Dr. Mahon—left to look after a great number of very bad cases.'

This disastrous battle practically ended the war; the besieged in the several towns still held out, although no help could now reach them. A cessation of hostilities soon took place, and during its continuance Sir Evelyn Wood arranged the terms of peace with the Boer leaders. And peace was welcomed by both sides with heartfelt thanks and blessings.

## CHAPTER XII.

### WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

THE Soudan, the Nubia of the ancients, has been the scene of innumerable wars. 'Since the date of the Turkish conquest,' says Colonel Butler, 'Soudan history can be easily told: war, that has always been extermination; trade, that has ever been in slaves; government, that has always been cruel and corrupt,—a narrowing area of cultivation, a wider wilderness of misery.' What lengthened description can convey a more vivid picture of that unhappy region, the name of which has been so prominently before us for the last few years, and where so much English blood has been shed, and so many English lives sacrificed. Truly we may call it the land of desolation and death. A sterile barren waste,—bare gorges covered with sand and walled in by rocks, where no water can be obtained, where there is no vegetation, save here and there, in some deeper valley, a few palms and mimosas,—all silence, desolation, and death.

Here is one tragic occurrence which shows the ruthless character of warfare carried on in this unhappy country:—

Mehemet Ali determined to conquer the Soudan; and in 1819 an Egyptian army under the command of his son, Ismail Pasha, set out for that object. The familiar scenes of a Turkish invasion occurred. 'Skies black by day and red by night, with the smoke and flame of home and harvest,—plunder, destruction, and outrage.' Many provinces were conquered, and expeditions sent in various directions; then Ismail led his army back to Shendy. And at Shendy dwelt a ruler who was called the Tiger, and he determined to have a terrible revenge upon the invader.

'Ismail and his principal officers were deep in sleep, following a debauch, in the midst of the Turkish army, as the shout and glow of fire broke upon the camp. The Pasha's quarters were wrapt in flames. Great contributions of grain and forage had been levied upon the inhabitants, these had been stored round the buildings occupied by the Turkish commander, and it was this straw which was now on fire. The straw or stalk of the dhurra corn burns as no other straw can burn. In it flame is the quickness of parched grass, and the strength and heat of dry pine-wood. Great bundles of this stalk had been placed quietly at every door and window of the Pasha's dwelling,—each outlet had been stopped. Caught in this flaming trap, Ismail and his chief officers were roasted to death.'

The cause of all this recent bloodshed in the Soudan arose from the fact that a new prophet had arisen, a

prophet of Islam, who preached one religion, one law, one ownership, one equality. 'There was one God,' he said, 'Mahomet was His prophet; and he, Mahomet Achmet, was the guide of Islam.' This was 'the Mahdi,' a native of the province of Dongola, the son of a carpenter. He had been apprenticed to an uncle, a boatman by trade, from whom he ran away to become the disciple of a faki (head dervish) who lived near Khartoum. He applied himself diligently to the study of religion, and in due time became a faki himself. In 1870 he took up his residence on the island of Abba, near Kana, on the White Nile.

Here he soon acquired a reputation for great sanctity, became wealthy, gathered disciples, and married freely, selecting wives from the families of the most influential sheikhs of the vicinity. In 1881 he first began to lay claim to the title of the Mahdi, 'the long-expected redeemer of Islam, whom Mahomet had foretold, and claiming a divine mission to reform Islam.' He addressed himself to his brother fakis, hoping to win their co-operation in the crusade he was planning. He soon obtained a large following, as most religious fanatics have ever done, especially in the Soudan, for there, one writes, 'the Arabs and Dongolawis, negroes and others settled within the Arab (the northern) zone of the Soudan, all are Mohammedans of the Maliki school. This religion, however, owing to the prevailing ignorance of the people, partakes mostly of an emotional and superstitious nature.

Hence the enormous influence of the fakis, or spiritual leaders, who are credited with a supernatural power, and are almost more venerated than the Prophet.' Added to these, so easily persuaded to become the followers of the Mahdi, were the chiefs and sheikhs, who had been, or still were, great slave-owners, and who were willing to engage in any enterprise against Egyptian rule. These were the men the Mahdi gathered round him with which to carry out his great undertaking.

'In person,' says Colonel Stewart, 'the Mahdi is tall and slim, with a black beard, and a light brown complexion. Like most Dongolawis, he reads and writes with difficulty. Judging from his conduct of affairs and policy, I should say he has considerable natural ability. The manner in which he has managed to merge together the usually discordant tribes denotes great tact.'

Information of the Mahdi's proceedings reached the ears of the Government, and steps were taken by Raouf Pasha, the then Governor of the Soudan, to capture and bring him to punishment. But the detachment sent was easily overpowered, and a far stronger force sent to drive him out of Gabel Gadir was speedily defeated. Yet these were petty victories compared with that the Mahdi's followers obtained, in June 1882, over the main Egyptian army of the Soudan, when but few of the Egyptian soldiers escaped, and all their commanders were slain. 'Thus early,' says one, 'did the Arab fanaticism display itself.' The attack was led by the

dervishes, headed by an enthusiast of exceptional dash and fury. After this victory at Gabel Geon the Mahdi assumed the offensive, meeting with many successes and reverses.

A retired Indian officer, Colonel Hicks, early in the summer of 1883, conducted a short and successful campaign in the Sennaar district, against a section of the Mahdi's forces. While on the march for Gebel Ain, on the morning of April 29th, he was most furiously assailed. He had just time to form a square, and in that attitude awaited the attack. The attack is well described by a military correspondent, and is the first account we have of that method of attack which our soldiers had to encounter later on :—

'We opened a tremendous fusillade from our front face, apparently without effect, for still they came on gallantly, but at 500 yards they began to fall fast. Still the chiefs led on their men with all the reckless and romantic chivalry of the Saracen knights. One by one they fell dismounted, two or three to rise again and dart forward on foot, waving their standards, only to drop and rise no more. After half an hour's continuous rattle of musketry, seeing their chiefs fallen and their banners in the dust, the advancing hordes waver, and are treated with a tremendous yell from our troops, who had stood firmly and unflinchingly, and I may say as steadily as any troops could.

'Now the enemy move off to the right among the

long grass, and our front is cleared. Shells burst among them. Soon all were out of sight, except a few who walked about unconcernedly, and actually singly came up, after the rest had retreated, to within a few yards, brandishing their spears in defiance. One after another those fanatics were shot down. Sheikh after sheikh had gone down with his banner, although the Mahdi had assured each that he was invulnerable, and their faithful but misguided followers had fallen in circles around the chiefs they blindly followed. Twelve of the most prominent leaders had left their bones to whiten on the field amidst three hundred of their followers.'

But a terrible revenge was in store for the Mahdi, which amply compensated for his late defeat. In September, Hicks Pasha moved out from El Duem on his fatal march to El Obeid. A general foreboding of disaster seems to have been felt by all the Europeans with him. One wrote, 'I have seen Egyptians in three battles, and should be at a loss to find one hero among them.' O'Donovan, of the *Daily News*, who had received information of a friend's death, in his last letter wrote :—

'It would be odd if the next intelligence from this part of the world told that I too had gone the way of all flesh. However, to die even out here, with a lance-head as big as a shovel through me, will meet my views better than the slow, gradual sinking into the grave, which is the lot of so many. You know I am by this

time, after an experience of many years, pretty well accustomed to dangers of most kinds, yet I assure you I feel it terrible to face deadly peril far away from civilized ideas, and when no mercy is to be met with, in company with fellows that you expect to see run at any moment, and who will leave you behind to face the worst.'

His last telegram, with the last news of the ill-fated army, contained these words:—'We are running a terrible risk in abandoning our communications and marching 230 miles into an unknown country. But we have burnt our ships. The enemy is still retiring and sweeping the country bare of cattle. The water supply is the cause of intense anxiety. The camels are dropping.'

The above were the last words ever received from one of that ill-fated army. How it was destroyed still remains a mystery: 12,000 men utterly disappeared from all European knowledge. Their bleached bones were supposed to have been discovered during subsequent campaigns, but no living soul survived to tell the terrible story in all its awful details.

In January 1884 General Gordon left England on a mission of peace to the Soudan, and was soon after shut up in Khartoum. Then the English Government bestirred itself, and a relief expedition was organized under the general superintendence of Lord, then Sir Garnet, Wolseley.

Sir Garnet was soon ready for active service. He had already telegraphed to Colonel Butler to find out or con-

struct craft suitable to convey a strong brigade of troops to Dongola by way of the Nile, and to supply lists of all outfit, stores, food, and other supplies necessary for the equipment of the boats and their crews during the long voyage into regions where the requisites of life were not likely to be found. In due time the boats were built. The men engaged were chiefly Canadian *voyageurs*, while African Kroo boys were also secured as boatmen. There was no question but what the voyage would be one of great difficulty, and yet not so much so as an adverse press prophesied. But if Gordon was to be saved no time must be wasted, so in October the expedition started. We use Colonel Butler's own words in describing how the first boat passed the Big Gate of the second cataract:*—

'A letter to Hassan Effendi was forthwith despatched, asking for the required assistance, a present of vaseline to Koko for his injured leg closed the proceedings, and I went back to my tent to await the result of the negotiations. Before lying down for the night, I sent the interpreter again to Koko to ascertain if all was right for the morrow.

'The reply brought back was eminently satisfactory. "He thought I was a Turk," said the Syrian, "and therefore he spoke his mind to me, and this is what he said: 'I will bring the boat safely up the Bab-el-Kebir to-morrow morning if no Christian comes near me while

* *Campaign of the Cataracts.*

I am at work;' he added," continued the interpreter, "that whenever a Christian came behind him he could do nothing right." The die was now cast, and, sink or swim, the boat must try the Big Gate.

'At daybreak I was up. No figure could be seen on the black rocks; all was deserted and silent, save for the roar of the pent waters pouring through the narrow passages. Sunrise came, but still no figures showed upon the rocks, which now glistened like newly mined coal in the level rays of the morning sun. It was close on seven o'clock when the first native appeared. Dots of white began to show about the black rocks; then, after a pause, I saw the boat in the reach below the rapid coming up towards the Bab. Many halts and delays now took place to adjust lines; and I could see that a figure perched upon a commanding rock was gesticulating with great vehemence. It was Koko. So much time had been lost, and the hour was now so late, that I think if I could, I would have stopped the attempt; but my tent was pitched, as I have said, at the far side of the smooth bay from the Bab, and while I could see right down the torrent, I could only reach the spot by a détour. And it was better that it should have been so, for had not Koko pledged himself to succeed "if no Christian came behind him"?

'By this time the craft had reached the foot of the rapid, where she was hidden from my view by the descent of the cataract; but I could tell by the shouting and

increased gesticulation among the figures upon the rocks, that the tug-of-war had begun; and with glasses fixed on the rim of the descending flood, I watched anxiously for the reappearance of the ascending bows. It was only a short interval before the boat came in view, but it seemed to me a very long time. Daoud Koko, nephew to Koko the Great, stood in the bows, naked in case of disaster, alternately waving his arms to incite the men on the shore to fresh exertions, and using with extraordinary dexterity and rapidity a long pole to keep the boat from the rocks.

'The Big Gate had three very bad lifts in its total distance of eighty yards. When the first of those jumps had been passed, there came a brief pause to take breath and rearrange the lines for the next ascent. Then came a second series of shouts and waving of arms, and again the white bows rode up the slanting flood, and Daoud's black figure stood triumphant in the stem. At the foot of the third and last step there was again a pause, and then the final struggle began. It was the steepest ledge in all the Big Gate—so steep, indeed, that the boat and Daoud's figure disappeared altogether from my sight, and for a moment I thought all was over. But it was not so. Up out of space came the bows again, showing as though the boat was being lifted perpendicularly out of the whirl of waters. In this position the little craft hung for a moment, and then, with one great pull, her centre passed the edge of the fall, and she struck down

in her entire length upon the smooth surface of the bay, safe and sound over the Bab-el-Kebir.'

In the vast cataracts of the Nile this was about the worst, and its successful accomplishment was a good omen for the future. Yet the work was truly awful, out in that burning desert and among the rocks, and it is not surprising that a soldier lying in the sand with his heavy burden beside him should have been overheard to say—'If they are putting down for anything new, they had better put down for new soldiers.'

On and on went the expedition, overcoming all obstacles, and in due time arrived as far as the country of the Shagghieh Arabs—one of the best and most renowned tribes which had made their name famous on the upper river.

'Will the Arabs fight?' asked Colonel Butler of one who knew them well.

'If there were only nine of them left, those nine would still fight that column,' was the ready reply.

The sketch of these Arabs is peculiarly interesting:—

'They are far more Arab than their neighbours the Dongolawis, and they speak no tongue but Arabic. Before the conquest by Mehemet Ali, they could put 8000 spearmen and 2000 cavalry in the field, the latter as expert in all the exercises of sword and lance as were the Mamelukes with whom they had so often crossed weapons. They possessed one art in war which was

almost their own; it was the power of swimming their active little horses with perfect safety across the Nile in every state of the water, by day or night. A couple of lances, the long, straight, two-edged sword, and a small oblong shield cut from the crocodile or hippopotamus skin, formed their weapons of attack and defence. "Peace be yours," was their strange war-cry, as galloping up to an enemy they launched their lances against him.

'In their battles with the son of Mehemet at Korti, which we have just left, and here by the foot of Gebel Dager, which we are to-day passing, they showed to the full all the old desert valour. Mowed down by the grape of the Pasha's numerous cannon, and shot into by his trained Moggrebin and Albanian troops, the Shagghieh came on time after time, making their little horses spring like the antelope, to distract the aim of their enemies. This curious manœuvre in galloping is peculiar to the horses of the Dongola breed, and although it would speedily unseat riders unaccustomed to its rapid bucking motion, the Shagghieh threw their lances, or dealt their sword-blows with perfect dexterity. But neither trick of horse nor thrust of spear could avail much against the bullets of the Turkish soldiers, or the shells of the Turkish cannon. The "Dogs," as the Shagghieh called their enemies, who had come "from the North, from the East, and from the West," and who had brought "the spirits of hell to fight

against them," triumphed, and Ismail passed on to the Fourth Cataract, to leave the bones of his fleet to bleach upon the rocks of these famous rapids, and to meet his own fate a year or two later in the flaming dhurra straw at Shendy.

'"I have come to make you a nation of fellahs instead of a nation of warriors," the Pasha had said to the Arab envoys at the beginning of his invasion. "You may drive us to the gates of the world, but we will not be slaves," was the Shagghieh answer. Since that day sixty years have gone by, and Time has brought his usual harvest of revenge — the grandson of Mehemet Ali is to-day the exile, the Shagghieh are now free as their deserts.'

The purpose for which the expedition was planned and organised was never accomplished; the time, labour, and expense were all wasted, Gordon was not to be rescued, and they resolved to return. But the white tunics of the Mahdi's soldiers are seen at the red granite groups near the river, and on the white-streaked crest of Kirbekan. They make no attempt at concealment, but shake their spears and shout their shrill war-cry along the whole ridge. Then comes the fight, resulting in the defeat of the Arabs, but the English lose their commander, General Earle.

'He had fallen at the wall of the small stone hut which five days earlier the slave boy had shown me in the centre of the granite rocks. A dozen desperate

Arabs, holding this rough building to the last, had sold their lives very dearly. Their last cartridge had cost the river column its best life.'

Sad at the loss of his commander, Colonel Butler rides on to the camp to meet two other bodies coming in, those of Colonels Eyre and Coveney. Altogether a dozen lives, officers and men, had been lost among these stubbornly-held boulders. And for what? 'A week ago,' writes the Colonel, 'this would have seemed a trifling price to pay for any rock or ridge that brought us nearer Khartoum. Now there was no Khartoum.'

Before this, the Nile expedition arriving at Korti, Sir Garnet despatched General Stewart with a large force across the desert to Metammeh, to strike the Nile there, and thus proceed to Gordon's relief. It is impossible to follow the march, interesting though it was, in all its detail, and can only join it at Abu Klea, and there witness the fight near the Wells.

After a night spent in the zeribah, where they were incessantly annoyed by shots from the enemy, who must have kept a sharp look-out, 'for as one of the surgeons was performing an operation in the hospital, the man holding the lantern incautiously turned it towards the hill occupied by the riflemen; a volley of bullets was the immediate answer, succeeded by a steady fire, which luckily did little harm,'—an attack was expected, and all stood to their arms. When daylight did appear the enemy's fire became hotter, several

of them showing great daring, running down the hill and creeping close to the zeribah. Finding no attack was made, Sir H. Stewart determined to march out and give battle, leaving a force behind to protect the zeribah. The square was formed and marched down the valley towards the row of flags which stretched across it. As the men moved forward the firing continued, many men and officers being hit, some badly.

'The square was halted,' says Sir C. W. Wilson, 'for the rear to close up, and at this moment the enemy rose from the ravine in which they were hidden, in the most perfect order. It was a beautiful and striking sight, such a one as Fitz-James must have seen when Roderick Dhu's men rose out of the heather. How they managed to conceal their horses I know not, but they did so very effectually. The formation was curious, a sort of variety of the old phalanx. It was as if there were portions of three phalanxes with rows of men behind. At the head of each rode an emir or sheikh with a banner, accompanied by personal attendants, and then came the fighting men. They advanced at a quick, even pace as if on parade, and our skirmishers had only just time to get into the square before they were upon us: one poor fellow who lagged behind was caught and speared at once.

'When the enemy advanced, I remember experiencing a feeling of pity mixed with admiration for them, as I thought they would all be shot down in a few

minutes. I could not have believed beforehand that men in close formation would have been able to advance for 200 to 400 yards over bare ground in the face of Martini-Henrys. As they advanced, the feeling was changed to wonder that the tremendous fire we were keeping up had so little effect. When they got within 80 yards, the fire of the Guards and mounted infantry began to take good effect, and a huge pile of dead rose in front of them. Then to my astonishment the enemy took ground to their right as if on parade, so as to envelope the rear of the square. I remember thinking, "By Jove, they will be into the square!" And almost the next moment I saw a fine old sheikh on horseback plant his banner in the centre of the square, behind the camels. He was at once shot down, falling on his banner. He turned out to be Musa, Emir of the Duguain Arabs, from Kordofan. I had noticed him in the advance, with his banner in one hand and a book of prayers in the other, and never saw anything finer. The old man never swerved to the right or left, and never ceased chanting his prayers until he had planted his banner in our square. If any man deserved a place in the Moslem paradise, he did.

'When I saw the old sheikh in the square, and heard the wild uproar behind the camels, I drew my revolver; for directly the sheikh fell, the Arabs began running in under the camels to the front part of the square. Some of the rear rank now faced about and began firing. By

this fire Herbert Stewart's horse was shot, and as he fell three Arabs ran at him. I was close to his horse's tail, and disposed of the one nearest to me, about three paces off; and the others were, I think, killed by the mounted infantry officers close by. Almost immediately afterwards the enemy retired, and loud and long cheering broke out from the square.

'Our men had by this time got somewhat out of hand, wild with excitement. It was for a few moments difficult to get them into their places; and if the enemy had charged again, few of us would have escaped. At one time this seemed likely, as they retired slowly, and for a short time hesitated in the valley before they made their final bolt. During this period of excitement, groups of three to five Arabs, who had feigned death, would start up from the slain and rush wildly at the square. They were met by a heavy fire, but so badly directed, that several of them got right up to the bayonets. The men did not quiet down until the square was re-formed on the gravel slope, about fifty yards in advance of the spot where it had stood to meet the attack.

'Many of the officers and men now went out to bring in water-skins and ammunition boxes from the camels which had been killed. Curious how one's feelings get blunted by the sight of blood and horrors. There was one strange incident. An unwounded Arab, armed with a spear, jumped up and charged an officer. The

officer grasped the spear with his left hand, and with his right ran his sword through the Arab's body; and there for a few seconds they stood, the officer being unable to withdraw his sword, until a man ran up and shot the Arab. It was a living embodiment of one of the old gladiatorial frescoes at Pompeii. It did not, strange to say, seem horrible; rather, after what had passed, an everyday occurrence. I used to wonder before how the Romans could look on at the gladiatorial fights; I do so no longer.'

Where the square had been broken presented a horrible scene, too horrible for description. The men were so excited that they fired wildly, and in the confusion two officers were accidentally shot by their own men, while others owed their preservation to the men, in their excitement, firing up in the air. When all was over, all felt how narrow had been their escape; the camels in the centre of the square alone saved them, as they stopped the rush of the Arabs. Many who helped to make the square were dismounted cavalry men, and not being taught, as infantry men are, to stand in a rigid line as they fired, they moved back, and thus got wedged together. Colonel Burnaby tried all he could to open them out, so as to command a greater development of fire, and allow the Gardner gun to come into play; but finding this impossible, he rode out and 'met his death like a gallant English gentleman,' being killed by a mere lad thrusting his spear in his throat.

'Another cause of the disaster was the jamming of the cartridges, which are made on economical principles, and do not stand knocking about. I saw myself several men throw their rifles down, with bitter curses, when they found them jammed and useless; and if infantry did this, the cavalry using the long rifle for the first time must have been worse. Can you imagine a more dreadful position than that of being face to face with an Arab, and your only arm a rifle that will not go off? The sailors were pressed back with the cavalry, and lost heavily: they got very excited, and would storm a work or do anything of that kind well; but they are trained to fight in ships, and you cannot expect them to stand shoulder to shoulder in a square like grenadiers. Their officers died disdaining to move from their gun.'

The demeanour of the officers of the Guards appears to have been that of men who not only knew their duty, but were fully determined to carry it out. There was no noise or fuss, every order was given as if on parade, and to their men they spoke in a quiet manner, as if nothing extraordinary was going on. One of the officers seeing the Arabs had swept by him, handed his company to the next in command, and rushed headlong into the thick of the fight round Colonel Burnaby. The heavies fought with the most determined bravery, not a single Arab passed through the ranks of the Life Guards and Blues.

'It was only by degrees,' says Wilson, 'that we realized how heavy our losses had been, not only in men, but in camels. After we had drawn off from the scene of the fight, we found several boxes of ammunition for which there were no camels, and all the rifles of the killed and wounded men. A lot of the ammunition was burned, and many of the rifles broken, but several rifles and boxes of ammunition were left on the ground. The fire from the burning cartridges caught the pack-saddles of the dead and wounded camels, and added to the horrors.'

Soon after the fight was over, the square moved on to secure the Abu Klea Wells, 'a series of pits in the sand of the valley-bed, with little basins at the bottom into which the water trickled.' The men were told off to the different wells, and, although hot and thirsty after the fight and march, behaved admirably, the officers having no trouble in reserving the best well for the wounded.

Then followed a terrible night march, which none who were in it will ever forget. The guide was a little uncertain as to his way, and although he told Sir H. Stewart the Nile would be reached by a certain hour, the hour passed by long before there were any signs of the river. Horses, camels, men, all got mixed up in the utmost confusion. The high grass made it impossible for the men to keep order. Had the enemy then attacked, all would have been annihilated, and the expedition closed in disaster.

But although the enemy refrained from harassing the night march, they tried to intercept the march to the river. While the men were having breakfast, 'the enemy,' says Wilson, 'ran round our front with great rapidity, and soon began firing upon us from the long grass on the right and left. By 8 A.M. they had got well round us, and bullets began to drop pretty freely into the square. Stewart then ordered the formation of a zeribah of camel saddles and commissariat boxes to protect the men. No one now thought of breakfast, and I fear many of the men got nothing to eat, and water was not at all plentiful.'

It was while the zeribah was being constructed that Sir H. Stewart was wounded and taken to the hospital. The fire became hotter and hotter, and many casualties occurred. 'Cameron of the *Standard* was shot early. He had had a presentiment of his coming end, and during the night march had been full of forebodings. He had seated himself near his camels, and was shot as he had half risen to get a box of sardines from his servant. St. Leger Herbert was shot through the head as he was going to get his water-bottle before joining the square, and death must have been instantaneous.'

A square was formed with the object of forcing its way through the enemy to the Nile; all the men felt they had their work cut out, and that if they did not reach water that night it would go hard with the whole force. But 'the men's faces were set in a determined

way which meant business,—they moved in a cool, collected way, without noise or any appearance of excitement. Yet many of them never expected to live through the fight, but were fully resolved to sell their lives dearly. The march was in zig-zag fashion, so as to keep on the more open ground; the enemy, well concealed in the long grass, kept up a hot fire, and did much mischief. At one time many thought they should be compelled to turn back, and give up all hopes of reaching the Nile that night.

'All at once,' says Wilson, 'as suddenly as at Abu Klea, the firing ceased, and the enemy's spearmen came running down the hill at a great pace, with several horsemen in front. It was a relief to know the crisis had come. The square was at once halted to receive the charge, and the men gave vent to their feelings in a wild, spontaneous cheer. Then they set to work, firing as they would have done at an Aldershot field-day. At first the fire had little effect, and the bugle sounded "cease firing," the men, much to my surprise, answering to the call. The momentary rest steadied them, and when the enemy got within about 300 yards, they responded to the call "commence firing" with deadly effect. All the leaders with their fluttering banners went down, and no one got within 50 yards of the square. It only lasted a few minutes: the whole of the front ranks were swept away; and then we saw a backward movement, followed by the rapid disappearance of the Arabs in

front of and all around us. We had won, and gave three ringing cheers.'

In spite of all efforts, it was too late to save the heroic Gordon. For when Sir Charles Wilson reached Khartoum, with two of Gordon's steamers, he found that the citadel as well as the town was completely occupied by the Mahdi's forces. He tried to effect a landing, but found this to be impossible, and was compelled to return to Gubat, and without being able definitely to discover the fate of Gordon.

It is now known the place was lost by treachery. The city gate was opened to the Mahdi's troops on the morning of January 26, 1885, and that by the commander of Gordon's Soudanese soldiers. And he died during that black Monday, when, as an eye-witness said, the scene was one of unequalled horror,—women were murdered in cold blood, and children spitted on Arab spears in pure wantonness.

And of the great, unselfish Christian hero, who died in the midst of scenes so horrible, can we not say of him what Wordsworth said of the Happier Warrior:—

> 'Who, if he rise to station of command,
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honourable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire;
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;

Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
*But who, if he be called upon to face*
*Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined*
*Great issues, good or bad for human kind,*
*Is happy as a lover ; and attired*
*With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;*
*And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law*
*In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;*
*Or if an unexpected call succeed,*
*Come when it will, is equal to the need.'*

And what more appropriate words can be said than those so recently penned by Colonel Butler in his work *The Campaign of the Cataracts,* words which will also form a fitting close to this volume :—

'The man who on the vast horizons of Asia and Africa blazed like a sun, had been scarce known in his own land. Above the waste of yellow desert, near the pyramids of Gizeh, a great rock cut in the form of a human head looks across all the wretchedness of modern Egypt into the desert and the sunrise beyond. Men have named it the Sphinx. The drift of the desert has blown across it. This is all we know about it. Has it been left to mark the ebb of life from some vaster human ideal? Is it a lonely relic of a world now sunken beneath the sea of Time, still left looking into the sunrise, waiting for some future resurrection?

'So, when I think over the solitary figure of the great

Celtic soldier, standing far out in the desert, waiting for the end, it seems to me that he, too, has been set there to mark for ever the real height he held among the children of his day.

'Better that thus it should have been, than that, brought back by our little hands, he should have been lost to us again in the babble of our streets.

'The vastness of this desert death fitted the lonely grandeur of his life, and evermore he stands looking across the centuries, the mark and measure of Christian knighthood, alike to the children of Islam, who dimly felt his power, and to the sons of modern unbelief, who knew so little of his glory.'

THE END.

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