

THE BOER BOY



KATE MILNER RABB

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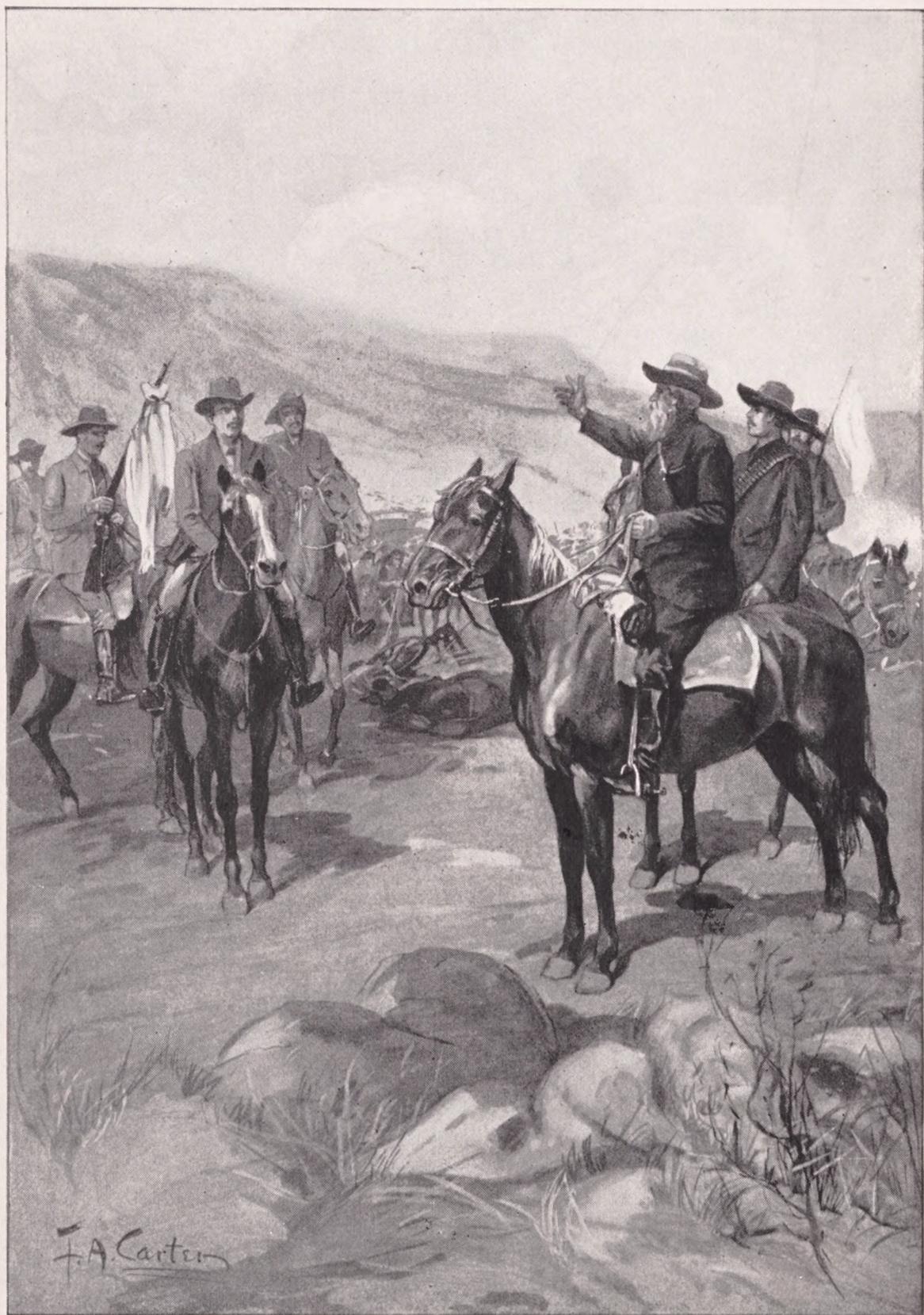
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"DR. JAMESON, YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY OUR GUNS!"

THE BOER BOY

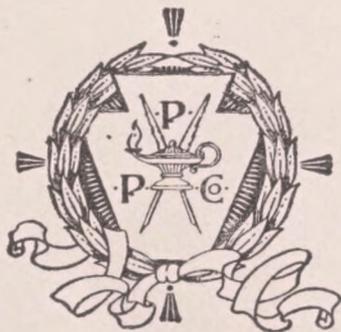
OF THE TRANSVAAL

From the German of AUGUST NIEMANN

BY

KATE MILNER RABB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. A. CARTER



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CONTENTS

| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|-------|---|------|
| I | IN THE DEATH CAVE OF MAKAPANSPOORT | 7 |
| II | PIETER SAVES THE EMBASSADORS OF THE ZULU KING . | 17 |
| III | THE MISSIONARY GIVES PIETER THE HISTORY OF THE TRANSVAAL | 28 |
| IV | THE ESCAPE OF THE ZULU EMBASSADORS | 37 |
| V | A BOER FAMILY AT HOME | 45 |
| VI | PIETER'S RACE WITH LORD FITZHERBERT | 53 |
| VII | PIETER AND FITZHERBERT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE SNAKE | 64 |
| VIII | THE DEATH SENTENCE | 75 |
| IX | CETEWAYO, THE ZULU KING, GREETES THE WHITE TRAVELERS | 87 |
| X | ROYAL MANŒUVRES AND HUNTING | 101 |
| XI | THE ADVENT OF THE RAINMAKER | 117 |
| XII | THE DEPARTURE FROM ZULULAND | 126 |
| XIII | PIETER MARITZ PARTS WITH THE OLD MISSIONARY . | 136 |
| XIV | THE BATTLE OF ISANDULA | 146 |
| XV | PIETER MEETS CORPORAL JOUBERT AND PRESIDENT KRUGER | 157 |

| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|--------|---|------|
| XVI | PIETER MARITZ'S ENLISTMENT | 167 |
| XVII | IN THE ENGLISH SERVICE | 178 |
| XVIII | THE ADVANCE OF THE ZULUS | 187 |
| XIX | THE DEATH OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON | 198 |
| XX | THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI | 209 |
| XXI | THE CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO | 216 |
| XXII | FROM PRETORIA TO KIMBERLEY | 225 |
| XXIII | A GLOOMY FREEDOM | 234 |
| XXIV | DEMANDS OF THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT IGNORED . | 242 |
| XXV | THE BATTLE OF LAING'S NEK | 254 |
| XXVI | REPUBLIC AGAINST MONARCHY | 264 |
| XXVII | PIETER IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP | 272 |
| XXVIII | THE STORMING OF MAJUBA | 285 |
| XXIX | DR. JAMESON'S RAID | 302 |
| XXX | TO-DAY | 330 |
| XXXI | GLOSSARY | 337 |

THE BOER BOY OF THE TRANSVAAL

CHAPTER I

IN THE DEATH CAVE OF MAKAPANSPOORT

It was a hot afternoon in January—mid-summer in the Transvaal—and the sun beat down from a cloudless sky on a wounded farmer riding through the valley of the Nyl, near its source in the Waterberg.

The horse showed signs of distress, and his rider, who had the powerful form of the Transvaal native, wore the rough garments of the Boer equipped for fighting, and was armed with cutlass, cartridge-belt, and gun. His right hand was bandaged, the breast of his blouse was stained with blood, his chin hung on his breast. Pieter Maritz Buurman, his stalwart son of four-

teen, ran at his side, and cast anxious glances at his father from time to time.

“I cannot keep up much longer,” said the elder Buurman, at last, “and these Kafirs may follow us at any minute. Let us try to find a hiding-place I once knew in this neighborhood.”

So saying, he turned aside toward the mountain and entered a dense thicket of cactus bushes, made brilliant by the yellow blossoms of the tall agave, the red pelargonium, and the umbrella-shaped, sky-blue blossoms of the Cape lily. In the thick shade the grass was fresh and green, and the horse sniffed the cool breeze eagerly. Intense silence prevailed, broken only by the cry of the baboon, sentinel of his herd.

Presently they entered a cleft in the rock through which they proceeded until they arrived at an opening at the right into which the rider turned. It was so dark here that the boy could scarcely discern a deep abyss on the right side, and a large cavern on the left. Through this hall they passed on into a low, narrow cave, descending into another high-arched hall, and still another, whose floors were covered with running water. The next room was higher, and through its spacious arches the boy could look

far off into other subterranean chambers. Here his father drew rein and Pieter Maritz looked about him curiously.

Great heaps of bones were scattered about the floor in wild confusion. Here lay a skull with staring eye-sockets; there arm and thigh bones. Opposite, amid a great heap of human bones, were ox-skulls, with long, twisted horns. Scattered about among them were broken assegais and stabbing assegais, battle-axes, kieres, bows and arrows, woven mats, clay pitchers, Kafir drinking flasks, snuff-boxes, necklaces of tigers' teeth, copper arm-rings, karosses and tsechas. It seemed the burial ground of a whole people.

The man dismounted with the assistance of the boy, and sank down on the thick green moss on a ledge of rock.

The boy filled his flask at the underground stream and gave his dying father a drink. The wounded man spoke.

“You need not be afraid here. No Kafir dare enter this cave; they fear the dead. A fearful battle was fought here more than twenty years ago. Thousands of blacks had shut themselves in this cave, but we heaped burning

bushes in the entrance and they all perished in the smoke.

“We have had to conquer this land with difficulty,” he continued after a pause. “Either our blood must flow or that of our enemy. . . . Let me drink again; my blood burns. I fear the arrow that struck my hand was poisoned. I feel that the end is near. Greet your mother and brothers and sister for me. And you, Pieter, be a good boy, and love your country. Be faithful and good and true and brave, and remember that your father helped to buy this country with his life.

“We have only one enemy,” he said, after a moment’s silence, “England. The English united with the Zulus against us not so very long ago, and these miserable Kafirs would never have dared to stand against us to-day had they not been instigated by the English. The hand of the English has killed your father, Pieter Maritz; do not forget it.”

“I shall never forget it,” said the boy firmly.

The father looked long and earnestly on the boy’s open face; a shudder passed through his frame, his limbs trembled, and all was over.

Pieter wept bitterly, kneeling there in the

dusk of the cave by his father's side. Then he arose and thought of his own fate. He must return to his own people, but how to find them? The community of Boers to which he belonged had left their station because of the hostility of the neighboring tribe of Bechuanas. They had met in battle, which in attack and pursuit had covered wide stretches of country. Where was his community now?

There was no time to be lost. He hung the heavy gun and wide cartridge-belt over his shoulders, and, shortening the stirrup straps, mounted the horse. He gave one backward glance, the remembrance of which was imprinted forever on his mind, and rode out the way he had come. When he came through the cleft in the rock he perceived that it was near sunset. He turned his horse to the right to return as they had come, but the horse resisted, and seemed determined to go to the left. He set his forefeet firmly on the ground and began to rear.

“Very well, old Jager,” said Pieter, “perhaps you know better than I which is the right way.”

He dropped the reins on the horse's neck and

Jager immediately started forward at a rapid pace.

With great skill, as if he were at home in the wilderness, the horse avoided the prickly bushes of the cactus and the giraffe-acacia, and found his way through the almost impenetrable forest and into a rocky valley. In this valley the path wound zigzag between bushes and stones; tower-like rocks arose on either side, and the deep silence was broken only by the grunts of baboons that accompanied the rider at a distance, leaping from stone to stone. Gradually these animals increased in number, and as Jager snorted they began to grin and to call loudly until hundreds ran in from all sides. They even approached Pieter, grinning at him, stretching their mouths, and wrinkling their foreheads as if inviting attack. Pieter took his rifle from his shoulder and threatened them. He did not shoot, however, for he knew too well the nature of the animals. If he had wounded one of them, they would have torn him to pieces before he could have fired another shot.

Deliverance soon came from this peril. The narrow valley suddenly opened into a wide plain, and the hateful apes crowded together

at the exit as if holding counsel as to what they should do. Pieter, throwing his gun over his shoulder, urged Jager forward into the open.

The sun sank below the horizon and complete darkness fell over the earth. Pieter looked anxiously around him. Should he stop the horse and pass the night on the open plain? But already he heard in the distance the cries of the jackals and hyenas, who had left their hiding-places to seek their prey. Should he attempt by starlight to reach some thicket, where he could kindle a fire to keep off the beasts of prey? But he feared the light of the fire would attract wandering Kafirs. He determined to remain in the saddle and trust himself entirely to the horse.

The stars soon began to shine brilliantly and the crescent moon appeared. But while, with the light, tranquillity fell on the boy's spirits, he became immediately thereupon attentive to the fact that the wilderness had now become alive. The distant howling laughs and barks of the hyenas and jackals increased and came nearer. Jager also heard and understood these mysterious sounds. He leaped to one side, sniff-

ing the air for signs of peril, and his pace became less measured.

All at once a new sound echoed through the wilderness, and for a time silenced all others. It came from a remote distance, and, while not loud, there was a shuddering power in the long resounding roar. Jager fixed his four feet firmly on the ground, and drew himself together; his flanks trembled; he had recognized the voice of the lion. Then he sprang forward with a great leap so that Pieter was nearly unseated in the saddle, and on they went in a swift gallop. His weariness had disappeared, and anxiety seemed to lend him wings. Yet, again and a third time, after a long pause, the powerful tone sounded, silencing other weaker animals, and this time it seemed to come nearer. No blow could have increased Jager's speed. Pieter gave him the reins and trusted himself fully to the instinct of the noble animal. He noticed that the horse continued in a certain direction, and even in his anxiety did not swerve from it. Straight as an arrow he ran to the southeast, passing over mile after mile. The night wind whistled through the boy's hair and swept back Jager's long mane and tail.

Would they continue ever thus, without reaching the goal until exhaustion put an end to the race?

Then the boy became aware of a faint light near the earth, reddening the horizon just before him. It became clearer as he advanced, and glad hope made his heart beat more rapidly. He knew that the red light could come only from a great fire, and that where the fire was there must be men also. His hope did not deceive him. Soon he saw the red flames of several camp fires, and the smoke and soot of the burning rhenoster bushes.

He shouted for joy as he came nearer. The faithful, shrewd horse had brought him to his own. In a large circle stood the white-covered wagons; long-horned oxen were tied fast to these wagons, and others were gathered in a pen encircled by a rope. Several fires blazed within the wagon citadel. Pieter pushed into the circle of wagons, and saw assembled at the largest of the fires a company of Boers, men and women, among them his own family. They were listening to the evening devotional exercises which were held by a portly man with uncovered white head and long white beard. Pieter

did not recognize this man, but knew from his pronunciation of Dutch that he must be a German. The front part of one of the wagons served as a pulpit, in which he stood above the silent and devout congregation. His noble face was illuminated by the firelight. He spoke of the desolation caused by the last battle, and consoled his hearers for their loss. Finally, he gave out the hymn with a strong voice, and the assembled Boers sang with trust and veneration in their voices.

CHAPTER II

PIETER SAVES THE EMBASSADORS OF THE ZULU KING

PIETER related the sad story of his father's death to the assembled Boers, and then went to his mother, who received the news in bitter silence. Scant slumber that night came to him as he rolled uneasily on his bed of bushes. He was aroused at dawn by a confusion of voices and noisy threats among the black servants, whom he found hurrying through the camp with two black prisoners. Pieter followed to where a number of Boer councillors were already assembled. The entire camp was shortly in an uproar, with angry Boers and blacks clamoring for the immediate execution of the prisoners. The strangers were tall, slender, and powerful. Their black bodies and legs, naked to the waist, glistened as if rubbed with oil.

They stood erect and haughty, scorning the inferior blacks surrounding them. Their hair was ingeniously arranged in stiff curls, plastered with grease, and their bodies were less thickly anointed with oil than the Kafirs.

The servants reported that they had discovered the strangers near the missionary's wagon and believed them to be spies. One of the Boers interrogated the intruders. They made no reply, evidently not understanding Dutch, but pointed toward the missionary's wagon, attempting to explain by signs that they belonged to him.

The Boers were suspicious and in ill-humor. An aged councilor with long, iron-gray beard said quietly: "These rascals have not come here for any good. So long as they cannot explain, the safest course would be to shoot them."

His companions murmured approvingly, and two of the Boers threw their guns over their shoulders and nodded to the servants to lead the prisoners into the open field.

Pieter, full of sympathy, longed to help the strangers, yet how dared he, a boy, oppose the elders of the community? As he thought thus, one of the condemned men, realizing what

was about to happen, pushed back the servants who held him and cried in broken English that he and his companion were under the protection of the missionary, and that they were ambassadors of the Zulu king. The word Zulu, struck all present with terror.

“Zulu!” cried the graybeard Boer. “They are Zulus and speak the language of our enemy. It is sufficient. We will shoot them before they can do further harm.”

At this Pieter ran to the missionary’s wagon, aroused the old man, and led him to the place of execution.

Already the Boers were ready to fire while the Zulus stood proudly and scornfully awaiting death.

“Stop! stop!” cried the missionary. “Shed not the blood of innocent people! I conjure you, Baas,” he continued, turning to the elder, “let these people go. They are the ambassadors of Cetewayo, the powerful Zulu king, sent out to inform themselves concerning Christianity.”

Baas was in an ugly temper and retorted: “Cetewayo troubles himself little about Christianity, old friend. He wishes to commit robbery and murder, and these people are his spies. He

has missionaries in his own land from whom he can learn Christianity."

"I beg of you to listen to a man who has preached the Gospel in this land for half a century," cried the missionary. "You are angry because you had to fight the blacks only yesterday, and I have equal reason, for they burned the house in which for ten years I have taught the gospel of love; but I would not be worthy to be a servant of Christ, did I allow such hatred to creep into my heart. Besides, these are men of another race."

"They are Zulus," replied Baas van der Goot, "and continually molest our frontier. Two years ago they assisted the English against us. They speak the language of our enemy, Let us waste no more words, but put them to death."

Again the selected marksmen raised their weapons, but again the missionary interposed.

"They speak English because they have traveled with English merchants. They have traveled hundreds of miles to visit the mission station; on their return they will spread the Gospel in the land of darkness. You commit a great sin in shedding their blood."

A grim smile appeared on the face of the old Boer.

“My friend,” he said, “I will not go so far as to declare that you deceive us, although at such a time it would be well to beware of every one who is not of Dutch blood. But these rascals are sly and deceive you. They are sent out as spies.”

“We missionaries do not concern ourselves with politics,” cried the missionary, hotly. “We are all brothers. In proof, you see this holy text. It belonged to your great countryman, Van der Kemp, who gave it to the Englishman Moffat, my teacher, who, in turn, gave it to me.”

With these words the missionary drew from his pocket a New Testament in Dutch, tattered and yellow from long use, and showed it to the Boers, who examined it reverently.

“‘Dr. Johann Theodosius van der Kemp, 1799,’” read Baas van der Goot. “‘Acquaint all nations with your mercy; the Lord is near.’”

“What would you do if I let these Zulus go?” he asked the missionary, after a pause. “Where would you go?”

“You know that necessity brought me to you yesterday. I will now continue my journey to the southeast to establish another mission where God indicates a favorable spot to me. Let these two strangers remain with me, or return home, as they will.”

“It is well,” said the elder. “Go in peace.”

“And with you rest the peace of God.”

And the missionary extended his hands in blessing. Then he turned back to his wagon, followed by the Zulus, in whose eyes he read deep emotion.

Baas called Pieter aside.

“You are now nearly grown,” said the elder. “I hope you are worthy of your father and mother. I suspect these Zulus, and as I cannot spare a man, I want you to go with the missionary, to see that these treacherous blacks do not slip away to spy in our cities south and east. If the Zulus turn toward Lydenburg or Pretoria shoot them down. It is an important commission for one of your years. You must be watchful. Do you understand?”

“I do,” replied the boy, flushing with pride.

Great activity prevailed about the missionary's wagon. The three black servants, Jan,

Kobus, and Christian, loosed the thongs with which the legs of the oxen were bound together, and with loud cries drove the long-horned animals in a row. They had inch-thick goads of rhinoceros hide, the terrible sjambocks, whose blows left long stripes on the bodies of the oxen. They arranged the animals in pairs, calling each by his name. Then they placed them along the draw-line, woven of many thongs and provided with a wooden yoke bound to the horns with cords.

Had Baas van der Goot heard the conversation of the Zulus during these arrangements he might have thought his suspicions not altogether unfounded. "The Boers do not like to hear the English language," said one. "And the English are the enemies of the Zulus. Why, then, will the Boers kill the Zulus? Have we not the same enemies?"

The missionary was unpleasantly impressed by these words, and he looked keenly at the Zulus. Never before had they spoken of such things, but only of the Christian religion.

"The Boers are Christians, like the English," he answered, "and neither are enemies of the Zulus, but would like to make them happy while

they teach them of the great God who made all things."

The Zulu smiled. "My father has lived for a long time in a lonely region," he said, "and perhaps knows nothing of frontier troubles. Perhaps these Boers do not know, or they would not have turned their rifles against us."

"I do not trouble myself about war and commerce," said the missionary. "I teach peace to all men."

The younger of the Zulus hastened to change the subject. "Cetewayo is very strong," said he. "He is the mighty elephant, the king of kings, the king of heaven. He will be very thankful to our father for what he has done for us. Will our father permit us to accompany him further? Humbati and Molihabantschi cannot feel safe in this district."

"I prefer to have you to go your own way," replied the missionary. "Go home as soon as possible. You see how dangerous it is among the Boers, and I may not always be able to protect you."

"My father is very powerful and very kind," said the elder Zulu. "He will not leave us to be slain. Cetewayo will reward the missionaries

in his lands for the good our father does. Our father will permit us to travel further in his protection. We will keep ourselves concealed in the rolling houses when we meet other white people."

As the missionary stood, undetermined, Baas van der Goot and Pieter appeared.

"My friend," said Baas to the missionary, "you are an aged man and the black rogues in your service will give you much care on the journey, I will send this young man with you as a guide and protector."

"It is well," said the missionary. "Pieter Maritz may guide me, but God will protect me. Let us start."

The oxen were now hitched, twelve pairs along the trektouw or draw line. The long rope on which all must pull lay on the backs of some, and on the ground between others. Two of the servants went to the head of the line to direct them, while the third sat in the front of the wagon with a long whip. Suddenly whirling the great whip in the air and cracking it over the yoke of the second team, he shouted, "Trek!" The oxen understood the command and instantly started forward; the hard rope

stretched over their backs and pulled them into position, and the ponderous machinery was set in motion.

The great covered wagon was perhaps eighteen feet long, seven feet wide, and heavily built of massive timbers with thick, iron-bound wheels. Its arched, linen cover certainly made it resemble a "rolling house," as the Zulus styled it.

The noise and shouts of the blacks did not cease. Jan and Christian ran like mad up and down the line, calling each ox by name. From his seat, Kobus swung a whip thirty feet long. Where its lash struck the oxen the blood streamed over their sides. Jan and Christian flayed the foremost pair with the cruel sjambocks, making thick, bloody welts on their shoulders and flanks.

Under this discipline, although the wagon was heavy and the ground sandy, the oxen drew their shaking, creaking burden at a swift trot. This would not do, however, as it would too soon exhaust their strength. Jan, who led the two foremost oxen by a riem bound to their horns, loosed it, fell back with astonishing agility, took up a stone and threw it with great skill

just between the horns of one of the first pair. The ox slackened his speed, and likewise his neighbor.

“Avanhou! Avanhou!” shouted all three servants. Thereupon they seized other stones and threw them at the foreheads of the oxen, quickly moderating their pace in this novel manner.

The missionary rode behind the wagon, and beside him walked the swift-footed Zulus. Pieter, with ears alert, brought up the rear. But his young mind was soon to be shown no match for the cunning of the Zulus.

The camp of the Boers disappeared behind them, and the blue column of smoke from the great circle of wagons gradually disappeared in the clear air. Before them was displayed in the splendor of the morning a wide land, full of beauty and danger. Little did Pieter guess what it held in store for him, and how many months fraught with perilous happenings would pass by before he saw once more the campfires of his own community.

CHAPTER III

THE MISSIONARY GIVES PIETER THE HISTORY OF THE TRANSVAAL

THE country through which the travelers passed was very level, and because of the clearness of the atmosphere, objects could be seen at a great distance. As they advanced, the sand plain of the north gave place to prairies covered with high grass, on which herds of hartebeestes and wildebeestes were pasturing. Flights of partridges, guinea fowls, and pheasants arose before the wagon. As the journey continued, the grass, at first so tall that it met above the horns of the oxen, became lower and was studded with many bright, fragrant flowers.

By noon the landscape changed again. Little hills alternated with green valleys, through which rippled limpid brooks. Near one of these small streams they passed the night, the

place being well suited for a camp, except that the growth near the river was so full of sap that it was impossible to collect enough dry wood to keep up a camp fire during the night as a protection against wild beasts.

When night fell the travelers collected in a circle about the embers of the little fire by which supper had been cooked. Pieter had his gun; the Zulus, their assagais. The missionary was busied with a sextant with which he intended to reckon the height of certain stars, and in order to read the figures on the vernier, had beside him a little lantern containing a magnesium light.

Before he began this work, however, he talked for a time with Pieter, who had asked him about the first settlers in South Africa.

“The Dutch came to the Cape first,” said the boy. “My father once told me that all this country belonged to the Dutch, but that the English had taken it away from us.”

“A Portuguese sailor, Bartholomew Diaz, first made the long voyage around the southern point of Africa,” began the missionary. “He came in 1486, with three ships, to Sierra Parda, on the coast of Namaqualand, where he planted

a cross, but did not remain. Eleven years later another Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, landed in Natal, taking possession in the name of his king, and sailing thence to India. More than one hundred years after this the Dutch founded a colony at the Cape of Good Hope. On the 6th of April, 1652, four Dutch ships anchored in the bay at Table Mountain, and nearly one hundred colonists, under the leadership of the bold Jan van Riebek, landed and built a little fortress. They founded a trading company connected with the East India Company, and began to trade with the Hottentots for ivory, ostrich feathers, and other products of the country. As they prospered the States General of Holland sent out to them a large number of girls from the poorhouses and orphans' homes, and so families were founded.

“More emigrants continued to come from Holland, among them bad people who deceived and mistreated the natives. It is said that the Hottentots were honorable, gentle, and amiable people, who kept their word religiously and respected justice. They lived on fruits, vegetables, roots, and milk, and many were over a hundred years old, some one hundred and thirty

and even one hundred and fifty. But when they began to eat the cooked food of the Europeans, and to drink rum, they became greedy and drunken, contracted many diseases, lost their virtues, and no longer lived to old age. Then they made war upon the Europeans, and were made their slaves, or became robbers, called Bushmen, and fell in battle, so that now they are scattered over the lands that were once thickly peopled by them.

“But the Europeans continually increased. In the years from 1685 to 1688, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, nearly four thousand French Protestants came here. They worshiped with the Dutch, as did also the Germans, who came in large numbers, and all together called themselves Boers—that is, peasants—people who carry on agriculture and stock-raising. The Boers conquered all the country round about, and in the year 1774 they sent out bodies of soldiers called commandoes, by which they extended their rule even to the Orange and Vaal Rivers.

“Now a new and powerful people appeared, who showed themselves superior to the Boers. Proud England, who sends to all points of the

earth her ships, her traders, and her soldiers, appeared at the Cape. In 1806 the colonists had to suffer patiently the sovereignty of Britain in Cape Colony, and what the industry, courage, and also the unjust greed of the Boers had taken from the Hottentots, fell now to the stronger robbers. Angrily the Boers moved farther to the north in order to live under their own instead of British laws, and in the year 1837 established themselves in the countries which we now call the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. In 1848, after an open battle with the English, they founded, under Andreas Prætorius, on the right bank of the Vaal River, the Transvaal State, and in 1854 the settlers on the left bank of the Vaal River, between the Orange and Vaal Rivers, declared themselves independent and called their country the Orange Free State, although the English Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Henry George Smith, had, on February 3d, 1848, declared the Queen of England sovereign of all this country. This has very much embittered the Boers, and who knows what wars and terrible happenings may arise therefrom?"

Pieter listened to this story attentively; he

was very glad to learn something of his country. He looked at the missionary with sparkling eyes, and said, clasping his gun barrel: "My father said yesterday, when he died, that the Englishmen were our enemies, and I hope that we may soon show them on which side the right is."

The missionary did not answer, for suddenly there arose a great bellowing among the oxen, followed by a frightful roar near by that seemed to shake the earth. At this sound the oxen ran in every direction, and the horses tied to the wagons began to rear and paw the ground. The Zulus seized their assagais and Pieter caught up his gun, while the missionary lifted his lantern and threw the light about the circle to see where the danger threatened.

There, in an opening in the bushes directly opposite the river, not thirty feet away, stood two immense lions, their great heads covered by long yellow manes, their eyes fixed before them, so near that in the bright light one could count the stiff black hairs on their upper lips. They were evidently blinded by the light, and hence stood motionless.

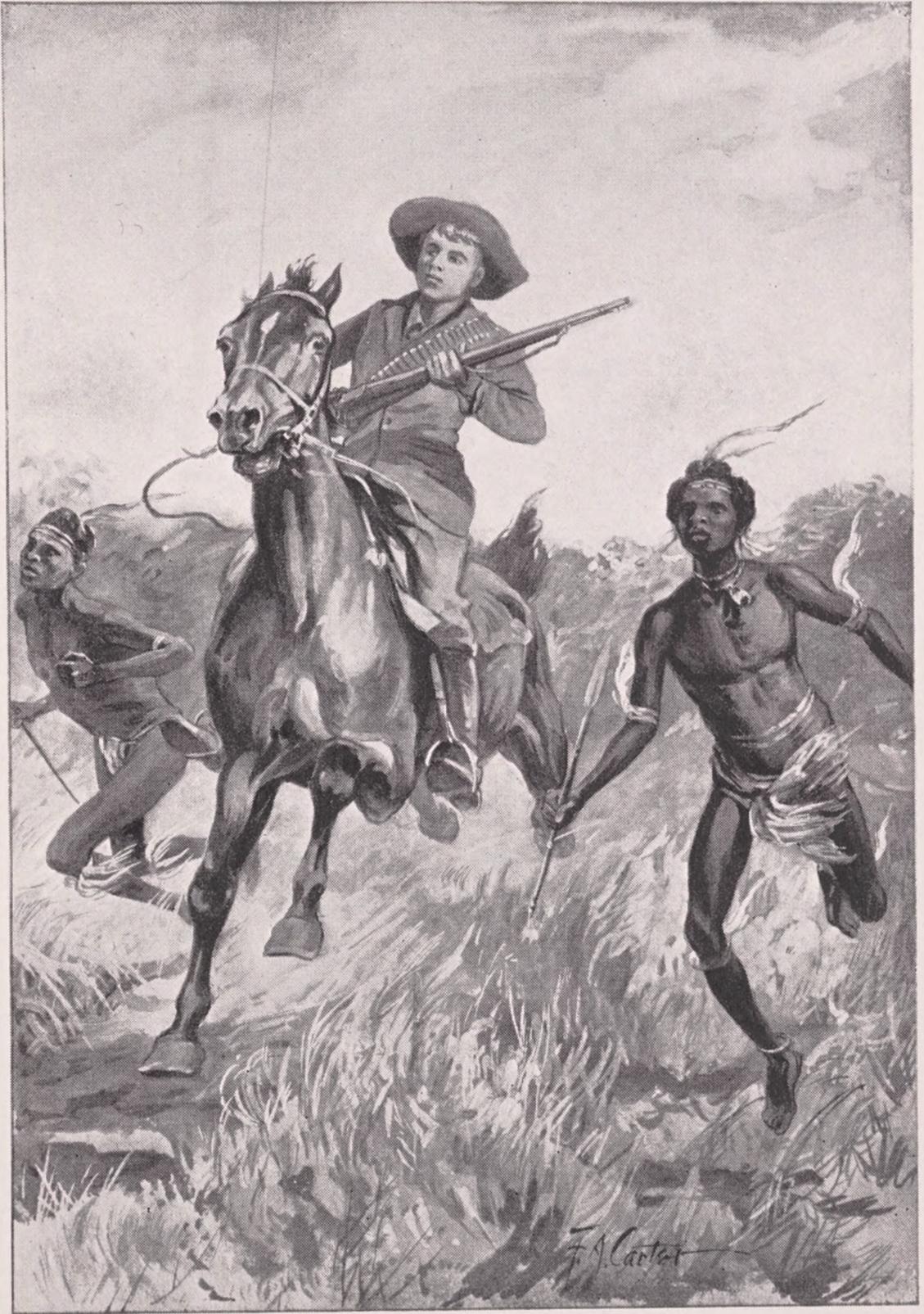
Pieter raised his gun to his shoulder and

touched the trigger. There was a flash, a report, and the larger of the two lions fell, shot in the right eye. The other lion crouched, and before the boy could aim a second time leaped forward at a venture. He touched the ground just before the marksman, where the light did not blind him. In another instant a blow from his lifted paw would have killed the boy. But in that instant, quick as a lightning flash, two dark, athletic forms sprang forward, and two assagai points buried themselves in the lion's brain and heart. Thus did Humbati and Molihabantschi repay their debt of gratitude to the Boer boy.

The next morning the Zulus started out for a hunt while the servants collected the scattered oxen. Pieter, mindful of his commission, joined them, and the three went forward together through the tall grass.

Soon Humbati gave a low call, Jager pricked up his ears, and Pieter saw in the distance the fine spiral horns of two of the large species of antelope—the koodoo—above the high grass.

Had the Zulus been alone they might have slipped up on the animals unnoticed, but the keen scent of the antelopes perceived the presence of the horse at a long distance, and they



THE ZULUS KEPT PACE WITH THE HORSE



were soon skimming over the plain in great leaps. Their pursuers were swift as well. Jager's passion for hunting was aroused, and he fairly flew, his youthful rider giving him the rein and holding his gun ready for instant use.

But how astonished was Pieter to see the Zulus keeping pace with his swift horse! The Kafirs, the Bechuanas, the Hottentots, and the Namaquas were, it is true, skilled runners, but never had he seen men of such swiftness as these nobles of the most warlike of all the South African peoples. Where the grass was low and the ground very level the Zulus fell behind Jager, but where the grass hindered the horse, and there were bushes or the road went up and down hill, the runners gained the advantage. Their slender, shining, black forms glided through the bushes as nimbly as serpents, and the long, blue crane feathers in their curled hair waved behind them as they raced along, assagais held aloft.

Jager himself seemed to feel that the stake was the skill of his master as well as the rare antelope, and ran as he had never run before. Now his brown skin was torn in a thorn tree thicket, which hindered not the Zulus. Now

he crossed with difficulty a swamp, whose miry surface was thickly set with white callas, blue cape lilies, and brilliant orchids, but the Zulu warriors glided over it as if winged. Now he plunged into a silver river, but while he still fought the flood the Zulus were already flying over the next hill, the drops of water rolling from their greasy bodies.

Pieter set his teeth. Here where mountain and valley alternated, he must lose the race. As he came up the hill he saw the Zulus, already more than two hundred paces in advance. He could now see the antelopes distinctly, for their pace had slackened, their strength was exhausted. The rapidity of the Zulus now increased. From either side they ran toward the antelopes with high-poised assagais. In a moment the prey would be theirs.

Pieter suddenly checked his horse. The distance was long, but he knew the range of his rifle. The horse seemed to understand; he stood still as if cast from bronze. Pieter brought his gun to his shoulder, there was a report and still another. He shouted aloud as both antelopes fell to the ground.

CHAPTER IV

THE ESCAPE OF THE ZULU EMBASSADORS

“MY young friend has a sure eye and a steady hand,” said Humbati, when the three hunters found themselves together again with the slain antelopes. “Surely there are not many men among the Boers who shoot so well as he.”

“I am only a boy,” said Pieter, “I have yet to learn to shoot as the Boers do.”

Humbati was silent for a moment. Then he continued: “There are a great many Boers. Their number is great and many dwell in wagons and tents and many also in houses. Yet there are many more English warriors and they will make the Boers their slaves.”

The boy’s eyes flashed scornfully. “That will never happen,” he cried, “so long as a Boer lives and can carry weapons.”

“My young friend is right,” said Humbati. “Noble men would rather die than live among the poor and have no share in the banquets of the great. The great King Cetewayo loves the Boers, for he knows they are soldiers. If the Boers would help this mighty king against the English they would help him against their own enemy. Humbati and Molihabant-schi wanted to say this to the wise men among the Boers, but the Boers wished to slay the ambassadors of the king. My young friend is very wise although he is still young. He can advise Humbati and Molihabantschi as to how they must act to assure the Boers of the friendship of Cetewayo.”

With consummate shrewdness the Zulu had chosen the moment for his speech when the boy was intoxicated with joy and pride. Pieter was almost ready to help the ambassador, but he suddenly bethought himself of his commission from Baas van der Goot.

“Do young boys among the Zulus give advice to their elders?” he asked, smiling. “I can give you but one bit of advice,” he continued, while the ambassadors exchanged meaning glances, marveling at his answer, “and that is

to return quickly to your home, for the Boers do not trust you, because Cetewayo has often come into our country with his army and driven away cattle and burned villages.”

The Zulus exchanged glances as they busied themselves in cutting up the animals with their assagai blades. Soon after their arrival at the camp a meal was prepared, coffee and corn being cooked over the fires and the meat roasted on spits. The Zulu warriors, however, prepared their meat in their own fashion. They laid the back of the antelope on the coals and turned it with a stick to prevent burning. Then they drew it out, devoured all that was cooked, and threw the rest back on the coals.

After the meal the journey was resumed. The road was now bare and sandy and the sun was intensely hot, so that the sand glowed like molten metal. Bleaching skeletons of cattle were scattered along the way, the long, crooked, black horns rising above the staring white skulls. Far in the distance a herd of zebras was seen running across the plain.

After three hours the oxen began to show signs of great thirst; their tongues hung from their mouths, their heads drooped. It was

evident that they could go no farther without water, and of water there was no sign. The missionary ordered the animals unhitched and gave each of them a little drink from the water cask. Then, leaving them with the servants, he set off across the plain, accompanied by the Zulus and Pieter, toward a distant hill, where they hoped to find water.

They were disappointed. The hill was sandy and rocky, and they had to cross it and go a long distance to a little valley, among whose trees and shrubs they found a small, muddy pond.

“Let us return for the oxen,” said the missionary. “I have decided to go on to the mission station at Botschabelo, and this detour will prolong my journey another day, but it cannot be helped.”

Pieter noticed that the Zulus became attentive when they caught the name Botschabelo, but he thought nothing more of it at the time, as they hastened their return to the suffering oxen.

The water that remained in the cask was shared among the oxen to give them fresh courage, and the weary animals set their last

strength to the task and wallowed through the heavy sand and over the rocky hill toward the little valley, where trees and bushes indicated the place of the pond.

Now a wind began to blow toward the little caravan, with a strange, fresh breath. It came from the east, and had a tang of fresh grass, so that the oxen sniffed it eagerly and pressed forward more rapidly, shaking their yokes as if impatient not to be able to run unhindered. Presently the wind became stronger and made a strange, howling noise, as it passed over the hill. The sky darkened suddenly, and the travelers saw the light clouds that at noon had clustered close about the horizon had now risen and, like mountains of snow, hastened towards the wind.

The howling of the wind suddenly ceased, and a death-like silence fell on the plain. The wind and the cloud-mountains had met for a battle and made their preparations silently. The oxen stopped, trembling violently, and drove their hoofs into the sand.

“Outspan them!” cried the missionary. “A hurricane is coming!”

While the blacks hastened to loosen the heavy

yokes the sky showed a remarkable change. The sharply-defined mountain-like clouds were still flying rapidly to the northeast, but in the opposite direction there now came drifting veil-like clouds of uncertain form, much nearer the earth. As these cloud layers approached each other the sun completely disappeared, it became perfectly dark, and all the while the same mysterious silence reigned. Then the terrible tempest broke. The lightning sprang from sky to earth in slanting lines, in curves, zigzag, in chains, and again rolled on the ground like fiery serpents winding themselves about the herd. The thunder crashed incessantly and a flood of rain poured down from the clouds.

In the lightning flashes, Pieter saw that the terror-stricken oxen had disappeared, that the frightened blacks had taken refuge under the wagon, whose cover, torn loose by the wind, fluttered like a giant flag, and that the missionary stood by his horse, his hands clasped over his breast, his face turned toward the sky, his whole attitude expressive of devotion.

The torrents washed loose sand and rocks from the hills, and the stream of water flowing through the valley rose so high that the mis-

sionary and Pieter had to lead their horses up on the hillside, where they were followed by the frightened black servants. The downpour was not of long duration, however. In a little while the thunder and lightning ceased and the sun shone for a while. Then the clouds again collected and rain fell until sunset, when the sky cleared and the valley was lighted by the moon and stars.

The dripping travelers now descended the hill and endeavored to find the oxen. Not a trace of them could be seen, and the dismal roaring of the lions warned the party to give over the search until morning.

As a fire could not be kindled because everything was soaking wet, the missionary determined to pass the night in the wagon, and Pieter volunteered to stand guard. All at once a thought struck him that sent a thrill of terror through his limbs.

“Where are the Zulus?” he cried.

“They have found shelter somewhere,” said the missionary. “These people are more familiar with nature than we.”

Pieter said nothing, but he did not believe that they were in the neighborhood. He was

very anxious. He could not go in search of them; what should he do? All night, as he stood, gun in hand, in the darkness, he looked about unceasingly, in the hope of seeing something that would console him for the fear that tormented him of having failed in his commission. But only the howling of the panther and hyena and the roar of the lion broke the silence of the night. Once he thought he saw Molihabantschi's sparkling eyes, but in the next instant he saw that they were the eyes of a great hyena that had slipped up unobserved by the weary horse that stood sleeping, tied to the wagon.

Pieter took aim at the hyena, and when the shot cracked, it fell, mortally wounded. The terrified sleepers awoke, but soon fell asleep again, their fears quieted by the boy. Then all was still, for the sound of the weapon had silenced the wilderness. But the boy did not rest; he was still making conjectures regarding the vanished ambassadors of the Zulu king.

CHAPTER V

A BOER FAMILY AT HOME

“WHY are you so sad, my son? What is the matter? Surely something is troubling you,” said the missionary to Pieter Maritz on the morning after the storm. “Confide in me; it will ease your heart.”

The boy shook his head obstinately.

“You have been a pleasant companion,” began the missionary again, “but I fear you are homesick, and I must not keep you longer. By evening, with your swift horse, you can be with your family again.”

Pieter bit his lip. “I shall not go back,” he said.

“Do you not desire to see your family again?”

The boy was silent.

“You are surely not afraid to ride back alone?”

Pieter smiled scornfully and again shook his head.

“Well, then,” said the missionary, “I know what troubles you. It was not his concern for me that caused Baas van der Goot to send you with me. It was distrust of the Zulus. And their disappearance is troubling you. Am I not right?”

The boy's reserve melted under the old man's friendly interest. “Yes,” he said, “I was to watch over the Zulus; and now I can never return home again.”

“Why not?”

“Because I should be too much ashamed of myself. I can give no answer when asked how I carried out my commission.”

“Tell the truth; that the Zulus escaped in a terrible storm when you had enough to do to take care of yourself.”

The boy shrugged his shoulders. “They have gone and I should have kept guard over them.”

The missionary told the boy that Baas van der Goot could not desire impossibilities. He promised to send a letter, in which he would explain the Zulus' disappearance. He admon-

ished Pieter to return and take his punishment if necessary. But the boy persisted in his determination.

“Some day,” he said, “I may be able to render my fatherland a service that will atone for my fault. Then I can return again, but now I will not. I like you, sir; let me stay with you.”

“He is very obstinate, but when he has time to think he will recover his senses,” thought the missionary, and concluded to say no more.

After an hour on the road Pieter observed a change in the landscape. There were occasional settlements, and the forests now alternated with cultivated fields of sugar, coffee, cotton, rice, corn, and wheat. They were in the neighborhood of Lydenburg, between the streams that empty into the Olifants.

Toward evening they approached a large, white, gabled farmhouse, set in the midst of irrigated fields. Orange trees grew in the stone-walled gardens, and many herds of cattle were grazing in the broad fields. Pieter rode up to the stout, gray-bearded man who leaned, pipe in mouth and hands in leather trousers pockets, against the doorpost.

“Good-day, uncle,” he called, after the custom of the country.

“Good-day, nephew,” answered the Boer, without moving.

“Will you entertain us for the night?” asked Pieter.

“Who are you and where are you going?” asked the Boer in reply.

When the missionary had explained the purpose of his journey, the Boer invited them in. In the main room, whose floor was composed of clay and cow-manure stamped into a firm, smooth mass, sat the farmer’s stout red-faced wife, whom they greeted as “aunty.” After the Boer had introduced his guests to her, he ordered her to see to the supper.

Large dishes of maize mush were placed on the heavy table, flanked by platters of beef roast and mutton. Seven grown sons, six feet tall, broad-shouldered and clownish, came in from the fields, and from the kitchen and garden came six red-faced daughters. All took their places, with folded hands, around the table. Four black female servants in red woolen dresses entered and stood modestly near the door. All stood save the father, mother and the missionary,

while the old Boer read a psalm from the brass-bound Bible. Then the others seated themselves, and supper began. Each had a plate, but only the guests and the father and mother had knives and forks. The sons whetted their pocket knives on their shoes and cut their meat. For dessert the black women passed luscious oranges, cherries, figs, and grapes.

Next morning the guests said good-bye with friendly wishes, but without thanks, after the custom of the hospitable country.

After a two days' journey the travelers came in sight of the church tower of Botschabelo, founded by the missionary Merensky. On the very summit of the mountain stood little Fort William, which had already afforded protection against the hostile chiefs, Secocoeni and Mapoch, and round about it clustered the huts of the Kafir converts. Farther down the valley was a settlement of a thousand inhabitants composed of three different tribes, the Basutos, Bakapas, and Bapedis.

Botschabelo was the largest of the German mission stations in South Africa, and it was a great joy to the old missionary to meet here the superintendent and his fellow-missionaries, to

hear his mother-tongue once more, and to commune with his brothers in the service of God. He had not seen them for years, for his was a fiery spirit, and he took from choice the most distant and difficult fields for his work. One of the brothers who had just returned from Natal announced that the political situation between the English, the Boers, and the Zulus was very insecure.

“I hear,” said he, “that the English are fitting out an expedition against Cetewayo. Now that the English have declared sovereignty over the Boers they feel in duty bound to protect them against the Zulus.”

“We will be little affected by this war,” said another brother. “Our trouble comes from the East.”

“What is wrong there?” asked the old missionary.

“A dangerous pair of robbers, with a great horde of followers, who hide in the Drakenberg, have become so daring that they have recently been seen two miles east of us in the great forests. They were at one time Basuto princes, and are known among the Boers as The Snake and The Bat, under which names they have

become a terror to the neighborhood of Utrecht, Wakkerstrom, and Lydenburg. They once lived in the Orange Free State, whose Dutch settlers finally got possession of their vast lands and herds, and enslaved them and their followers. They became shepherds for a rich Boer, but he so shamefully treated them, their followers and their women and children, that they finally shot him, escaped across the Vaal River and concealed themselves in the ravines and caves of the Drakenberg, whence, with their followers, they raid the country."

The old missionary listened attentively, and said: "These people have been cruelly treated. I will go among them to sow the seed of the gospel. The hearts of these robbers have become hardened through the injustice of the Christians, but they will melt in the flame of Christian love."

Although the brothers remonstrated with him on account of his age and the ferocity of the robbers, he persisted in his resolution. Pieter followed him from the room. "Take me with you," he said.

"No, no!" replied the missionary. "Our ways must separate here. You must return home."

“Take me with you,” pleaded the boy. “I love you. You need me to take care of you.”

“The Lord’s servants do not need the protection of weapons,” said the missionary. “Their being unarmed is their strongest protection among robbers and murderers.”

The boy still implored, and, grasping the old man’s hand, said: “It will give me such joy to see you soften the hearts of the heathen.”

The missionary looked at Pieter’s ardent face with deep interest. “I will consider it over night,” he said, “and you do the same. In the morning your blood will be cooler. Good-night!”

CHAPTER VI

PIETER'S RACE WITH LORD FITZHERBERT

A FEW days after this, on the evening before the day set by the missionary for his departure, the missionaries of Botschabelo and their families had just seated themselves at the supper table when the blacks ran in crying excitedly that strangers were coming. Running to the door they saw riding up the hill, three abreast, a little company of twenty-four dragoons in splendid scarlet uniforms and white cork helmets. About them flocked the blacks, men, women and children, screaming and dancing.

The young commander drew rein before the mission house and asked Pieter Maritz for the superintendent. The boy understood English, but, astonished at the haughty tone and the peculiar accent, he looked at the speaker without replying.

“Can’t the bumpkin answer, or doesn’t he want to?” cried the Englishman. “These people need to be taught some manners, it seems.”

The young Englishman announced to the superintendent, who now came out, that he was Lord Adolphus Fitzherbert, Lieutenant and Commander of a patrol of Her Majesty’s Dragoons, and that he desired quarters for the night at Botschabelo.

When he went into the dining room Pieter observed his long pale face, close-cropped black hair and white hands, in striking contrast with his own brown hands, hard as iron. The Englishman was a head taller than he, and apparently but a few years older.

“We are after a couple of vagabonds,” the officer informed the brothers, “The Snake and The Bat, they are called. It would be a wholesome lesson to the rest if we caught and hung one or the other of these niggers.”

“How long have you been in Africa, my Lord?” asked the superintendent.

“Just fourteen days,” he replied. “Our troops were sent over to protect the Transvaal Boers; they are more trouble than they are

worth. Now that we rule them, we must protect them, or they will be eaten up by the niggers."

Pieter sprang up angrily. "You don't know the Transvaal Boers! They will neither be eaten by the niggers nor the English!"

"One of them, no doubt!" said the Englishman, scornfully. "Get out of here, rascal!"

The old missionary quickly drew the excited boy from the room, and, once outside, admonished him to be quiet for the sake of the brothers of the station. "You do not know how overbearing are people of rank," said he. "But you will be brave. To conquer one's self is the greatest deed of the hero."

The next morning, when he rode out into the courtyard of the fortress to wait for the missionary's wagon, Pieter saw the dragoons drawn up ready to depart. When the Lieutenant's eye fell on the boy, he cried: "That clownish Boer can make himself useful to-day. Come here, fellow. You can guide us on the way to Pretoria."

"If I knew the way I would not guide you," said Pieter, scornfully.

"I command you to guide us," cried the Lieutenant.

“No one can command me,” replied Pieter. “I am a free citizen of the South African Republic.”

“Indeed!” cried the Lieutenant. “Is that the way they talk down here? Don’t you know that you are committing high treason, boy? There is no such republic. And Her Majesty expects obedience from all her subjects.”

Both the missionary and the superintendent tried to persuade the Lieutenant not to press the matter. But the young officer had an overweening sense of his own importance and that of his commission. The Germans did not want to anger him for fear he might prejudice the Government of Cape Colony against the German missions.

Pieter realized this. He sat on his horse just within the open gate, knowing that a pressure of his foot against Jager’s side would speedily bring him to freedom; but he did not run away. The Englishman had wounded him deeply the evening before, but under the morning’s blue sky it was all forgotten. He did not wish to harm the good brothers, besides he might play the English a trick and return to the missionary, whom he was determined to

accompany. Accordingly he rode up to the Lieutenant and offered his services politely, begging pardon for his words and asking only that he be permitted to go on horseback, and not too rapidly, as his was but a poor peasant's horse, worn out with several days' travel.

The road to Pretoria was good, but it ran over a grassy plain, with no protection from the intense heat of the sun. Far off to the east a long blue line along the horizon indicated the position of the great forests. Pieter soon noticed that the fine black horse of the Lieutenant was the only one which could compare with Jager for strength and speed. The Lieutenant in turn had observed Jager, and commented on Pieter's skill in riding. "Do all the Boers ride?" he inquired.

"We all ride from youth," replied Pieter, "though not so well as the Queen's soldiers."

"Have many of the Boers saddle-horses?" asked the Lieutenant.

"All of them."

"And how many Boers would take the field if war broke out with the Zulus or the Bechuanas?"

"If the Zulus made the attack," replied the

boy, "the Boers near the Zulus would take the field. If the Bechuanas make an invasion the volunteers of that place are called out."

"But if all the armed Boers came together, how many would there be?"

"That I do not know," answered Pieter, innocently. "There are too many of them to count."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Englishman. "If there are so many they would not have submitted to us."

"Probably there are still more English soldiers," answered the boy. "How many men has the Queen in Cape Colony and Natal?"

The Lieutenant looked at the boy suspiciously. "From what region have you come? Where do your parents live?" he asked.

"I was born in the North," replied Pieter. "The community to which I belong does not live in a fixed village, but belongs to the Trek Boers. We go about, which, in our language, is called trekking. When there is no longer good pasture for the cattle or the hunting is bad, we go in search of a better place."

"Then you are nothing but vagabonds," said the Englishman, scornfully. "It is high time we took you in hand."

Pieter's bronzed face flushed, but he did not reply.

They were now approaching hilly land covered with shrubs and traversed by water courses. Pieter's sharp eyes swept over the landscape.

"How far are you going to take me with you, sir?" he asked.

"We will see later," replied the Englishman.

"I should not like to go clear to Pretoria."

"You will do as you are ordered."

"What a handsome horse you have!" spoke the boy. "Did you bring him with you from England?"

The lieutenant looked complacently at his horse.

"He can run much more swiftly than our peasant horses," said Pieter, again.

"He is certainly very swift," replied the Lieutenant.

"Can he jump well?" asked Pieter, innocently.

"Of course," replied the Englishman. "Now keep quiet. It is considered good manners to speak only when you are spoken to."

Pieter adjusted his gun and his cartridge belt more comfortably and gently pressed his leg

against Jager's side. The horse lifted his head and pricked up his ears.

"That would make the journey very tedious," he exclaimed, with a meaning smile. "Farewell; I wish you a happy journey!"

With these words he suddenly turned his horse to the left and started across the field at full speed.

"Curse the fellow!" cried the Englishman. "Catch him, men! After him!"

Looking back, Pieter saw the troop of dragoons coming behind him in broken ranks, the Lieutenant in the lead. He heard the young officer call to the soldiers not to shoot, as he wanted to take the fugitive alive.

"Come on!" shouted Pieter, defiantly, and, leaning over his horse's neck, exclaimed: "Go it, Jager!"

The rest at Botschabelo had given Jager renewed strength, and he fled across the field like a whirlwind. The road ran past a little stream, broadening into a lake at some places. Across one of these, perhaps one hundred feet wide, Pieter swam his horse, followed by the Lieutenant and six of his men. Once across, he galloped along quietly, choosing the roughest

ground, intersected by streams and covered with shrubs and blocks of stone overgrown with cactus. Herds of steinbok leaped from the brush before him, and gnus with buffalo-like horns and tails like those of horses crossed his path.

Turning without checking Jager in the steady gallop into which he had fallen, Pieter saw that all his pursuers save the Lieutenant had abandoned the chase. The Lieutenant's fine black horse was gaining steadily; it was but twenty feet behind him.

A word to Jager, and Pieter's sure-footed animal shot forward, swift as an arrow, toward a thicket of aloes, euphorbias and acacia detinens. The practiced horse slipped through this thicket as an eel, and Pieter laughed when he saw the Englishman emerge from the bushes, his splendid coat in tatters and with blood and sweat streaming down his horse's sides.

The angry English officer urged his horse forward, and by a supreme effort reached the boy. His hand was stretched out to seize him, when at a loud cry from his master, Jager leaped forward with more powerful strides, leaving the black horse again behind.

The ground now became more broken, and a ravine through which rippled a brook barred the way. The slopes were very steep and covered with great stones. With the nimbleness of a cat, Jager clattered down in an oblique line, sprang across the brook and galloped up the opposite side. On the height the boy pulled up, to give Jager a breath and to watch his pursuer cross the treacherous ravine and stream. The Englishman was beside himself with rage. He urged his weary horse down the steep hill, into the brook and then up the rocky incline with difficulty. The Englishman was dumfounded. He seemed to ride behind a dream figure, with fluttering blonde hair and a sun-burned face that sometimes looked back to mock him.

Jager was still fresh. Before them now rose the dark wall of the forest, wrapped in blue mist. The desperate race was now on again. Near the edge of the woods, among the high grass and bushes, stood a natural bank, like a wall. Jager slackened his pace and took the leap easily. The black horse shied at the sight of the wall; then, driven by spur thrusts, lifted himself splendidly and attempted the leap. But

it was too much for his already exhausted strength. His feet struck the wall, and plunging over, he rolled on the ground. Lord Adolphus, himself exhausted, tumbled from his saddle, struck the ground and lay motionless.

CHAPTER VII

PIETER AND FITZHERBERT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF "THE SNAKE"

PIETER had pulled up and was about to return to lend assistance to his hot-tempered pursuer, when he suddenly found himself surrounded by a troop of ugly-looking Kafirs. They had been watching the race from a distance and crept up unperceived in the tall grass to intercept the daring riders. All of them wore the martial hair adornment of ostrich and eagle feathers. While some were clad in trousers and blouses, others wore fur mantles, and some few only the tsecha. All were suspiciously well armed, some with bows and arrows, battle-axes, and assegais; others with guns and cartridge belts.

Pieter concealed his alarm and awaited developments. The blacks rushed up with a shout

and dragged the Boer boy from his horse, appropriating his gun with great delight. Part of the band had hastened on to where the unconscious Lord Fitzherbert lay, and quickly tore off his weapons and valuables. Seeing that he still remained unconscious, the leader of the band examined him, and then, with a grunt, ordered his companions to make a crude litter, on which they placed him. Under the command of their leader, an imperious old man in a lion-skin mantle, they started off through the forest, forcing Pieter to follow on foot between two Kafirs.

The blacks kept up a swift march, as if fearing pursuit. The journey led under the cathedral-like arches of the seven-leaved silk-cotton tree, the tamarind and the fan palm of the vast forest, and lasted two hours. Toward noon they came in sight of a little settlement, where in the midst of a circle of round huts rose the smoke of a rudely constructed fireplace. As they halted, men and women came forth to look at the arrivals, and at the call of the leader a white-haired Kafir approached the litter. He was a physician, and Pieter watched with interest his treatment of the wounded young English officer. He

washed the blood skilfully from the Lieutenant's forehead and sewed the gaping wound carefully with a fine-pointed bone and very thin animal tendons. On the wound he laid a plaster of chewed herbs and covered the whole with a thin piece of leather. Then he laid the unconscious form comfortably on the soft moss and crouched down near him, his arms wrapped around his withered legs, his chin on his knees.

After Pieter had shared the blacks' dinner, he returned to his post beside the litter and was soon rewarded by seeing Lord Fitzherbert open his eyes and look about dreamily. When the Englishman recognized the boy he frowned angrily; then his glance fell on the Kafir physician. Astonished, he tried to rise, but sank back with a groan.

"What does all this mean?" he asked.

While Pieter explained the occurrences of the morning the Kafir leader approached. The Englishman had seen only slavish blacks since his arrival in Africa, and was impressed by the imperious manner of the chief. The old man stood, with lion skin thrown back, a broad gold band flashing on his arm and a white ostrich feather waving from his head. Captive though

he was, and compelled to lie on the ground, Lord Fitzherbert showed the pride of a Briton and a man of rank.

“Tell these rascals,” he said to Pieter, who offered to act as interpreter, “that if they do not take me and my horse back to the place where they found us I will have them all hanged.”

“You forget,” said the boy, “that if they murder us you can have nobody hanged. We are in their power.”

“They will not dare kill me,” said the Englishman. “They know very well that the Governor would smoke every black rascal of them out of the forest. But,” he added, after a moment’s thought, “you know better than I. Tell them they will receive a large sum of money if they will take me to Pretoria.”

The leader replied that another would have to decide as to that, and gave orders that the journey be continued. Pieter noticed as a good omen that his weapons and horse were given in charge of one of the fourteen blacks chosen to accompany them.

They camped in the forest; then the march continued through the next day, by which time

Lord Adolphus had sufficiently recovered to walk for a short time beside the litter. Toward evening they entered a mountainous district. Wild torrents dashed down from the heights and hurried through deep valleys. The forest trees were lower, and there was much undergrowth. Higher peaks towered in the distance. The Englishman now leaned on the Boer boy's shoulder. He felt drawn to his only white companion in captivity, as if they had long been friends. The boy's riding had inspired him with respect, and he was impressed by his honest face.

"Tell me," he said, finally, "what are these fellows going to do with us? Do they roast and eat their captives, or will they demand a ransom?"

"No," replied the boy, "I think we have fallen into the hands of The Snake and The Bat, and this must be the Drakenberg, where they have their stronghold. But what they will do with us I cannot guess."

"Suppose," said Lord Fitzherbert, "that we attack our guard. They would quickly pierce us with their javelins, and that would end it all without any unpleasant suspense."

Pieter shook his head. "I fear your fall has affected your mind," he replied. "Do not think of such madness. All will be well if we but trust in God."

As the journey continued, the region became more and more mountainous. The path now and then dropped into a deep valley only to ascend a greater height on the opposite side. The blacks urged on their captives more swiftly, as if anxious to reach a certain point before stopping. Observing Pieter's weariness, they indicated that he might ride Jager, two of them holding the horse's reins that he might not escape. Fitzherbert had long since been forced to return to his litter.

Night fell gloomily over the mountain passes and the roar of a lion occasionally came to their ears from the depths of the valley. It seemed impossible that the blacks could find their way through the darkness, but guided by instinct they never once paused in their swift march. Coming out from a deep ravine where the darkness was intense because of high rock walls and overhanging bushes, a landscape bathed in moonlight lay spread out before them, with a little lake reflecting the moonlight.

The Englishman sat up in his litter and gazed on this picture with delighted eyes. His courageous mind, despising peril as much as prudence, was not cast down by captivity, and he enjoyed the beauty of the scene as much as if he were taking a pleasure trip through the highlands of his own country.

The leader of the captors now stopped, and while one of the blacks swung a lighted torch in a circle three times, the old man gave three piercing cries, imitating the wild goose.

Soon a black spot appeared on the opposite side of the lake. It grew larger and was soon seen to be a long pointed boat, manned by natives. In this the prisoners and their guards were taken across the small lake, the horses swimming behind.

The rocks rose sharply from the other shore, leaving only a narrow ledge on which to disembark. Stepping cautiously along this, they soon came to an opening in the wall-like rock, like a hidden door. Entering they proceeded into the mountain a little way, and turning to the right there opened before them a large cave, brightly lighted by a great fire in the middle of the room, about which danced many naked

blacks. These, fifty or sixty in number, had just returned from a foray in the mountains, and were engaged in slaughtering some captured oxen preparatory to a feast.

Pieter and Lord Fitzherbert waited near the entrance while the leader left them watching the scene.

The crowd of blacks about the fire had apparently just returned from a marauding expedition, for a meal was being prepared, although it was late at night. Perhaps fifty or sixty black forms were busy about and near the fire, looking in its red light like a crowd of imps. This impression was heightened by the work in which they were engaged.

From a part of the great cave that lay in shadow, from among a group of lowing oxen they led out near the fire a fat animal, threw it on the ground on its back, and bound a rope to each of its feet. These ropes they drew so that the legs were as far apart as possible, and tied them with short stakes in the ground, so that the ox lay immovable. With one stroke of a gleaming knife a black cut the body of the ox through the middle without losing more than a few drops of blood. Then, with the help of

another man, the carcass was cleaned; the men then stirred the blood still flowing in the cavity of the body with sticks that it might not coagulate, and waited until the animal, whose heart remained long in motion, should fully die. The Kafirs stood about attentively and did not lift their eyes from the moving organs.

The leader presently returned and conducted them past the fire into the back of the cave room. Here sat a circle of men of rank, wearing mantles of tiger and panther skins and gold and copper arm and neck bands. They were of different colors and features, some brownish red, others very black, some having the aquiline nose of the Kafir, others the flattened nose of the Hottentot.

On a couch of lion skin lay the chief, a man of low stature, but of massive build. His skin was dark brown, his hair mixed with gray, his black eyes restless and penetrating. He wore a white wool tunic and a lion-skin mantle. Gold bands shone on his arms, and a chain of lion's teeth with gold links hung about his neck. In his belt of embroidered leather was thrust a cutlass.

As the prisoners approached, the chief arose

and looked at them scornfully. Shaking his fists until the golden arm bands clattered, he cried in Dutch: "Sons of the faithless white men, you are in the power of him you call 'The Snake!' Prepare for death!"

The prisoners held their heads erect and looked boldly into the chief's sparkling eyes. Nothing could have induced them to show any sign of fear. The chief became still more angry, and turned to harangue his men.

"See what dangerous people these white men are!" he said. "They are but boys, yet they bear themselves like experienced warriors. Faithless in peace, greedy and overbearing, obstinate in battle, persistent and cruel, these are the characteristics of the enemy which Morimo, to punish us, has brought across the sea. Our tribes melt before them as the fat of oxen before the fire, and the brave men who will not bear their yoke must conceal themselves in caves and on the mountains. Show them no mercy! Revenge is far sweeter than any ransom!"

A murmur of assent arose from the circle. "Take them away!" he commanded. "Tomorrow I will pronounce their sentence."

The cell-like corner of the great cave into which they were led was lighted by a torch brought by their jailers, who also brought furs for a couch and a pot of bad-smelling broth and cooked meat, which they ate together. Fatigue soon sent both prisoners fast asleep on their fur couches.

When they awoke the cell was dimly lighted, and their jailers lay asleep across the threshold. Presently, in the great cave outside, there arose the sound of voices and the clang of weapons. Soon a troop of armed men appeared, led by The Snake. At his side stood a man whom the prisoners had not seen before, but whom, from his appearance, must be The Snake's brother, known as The Bat. He was larger, more strongly built, and wore a cap and mantle of gray monkey skin.

The Snake addressed his prisoners: "This is the day on which you die."

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEATH SENTENCE

TURNING to his soldiers, The Snake continued: "My warriors, will it please you to give them a spear-throw to their advantage, and let them try to run away? Then you may shoot after them. That will give you a fine chase and rejoice the hearts of my brave heroes."

A loud exulting cry answered this speech; spear and shield were swung together, and hundreds of cruel eyes were fixed on the prisoners as the chief signaled them to rise and run forward.

The Englishman was deathly pale, but he smiled scornfully. "They may kill me," he said, "but I shall not run. I shall not stir a step from this place." And he crossed his arms defiantly over his breast, closed his eyes and lay down on the grass. Pieter stood erect, and murmured a prayer his mother had taught him.

“Run, you fellows, run!” cried the chief, furiously. “Run, or I will goad you with spear points!”

Just as several of the blacks approached them with assagais The Bat touched his brother's arm and pointed to the edge of the forest. The chief gave a cry of surprise, echoed by the blacks, and Pieter following the direction of their eyes was filled at once with surprise and joy. For there he saw a wagon drawn by a long train of oxen, driven by three black men. In front of the train rode a man with a long white beard, who could be no other than the old missionary.

Never before had a wagon visited this region, for it was known far and wide and avoided as a rendezvous of the robbers. The astonished blacks, forgetful of their prisoners, stood motionless watching its approach.

The wagon came nearer and nearer; the old man dismounted and approached the chiefs, who stood leaning on their guns in expectant silence. Solemnly raising his hands he said in Dutch: “The blessing of God be upon you, strange people! I have come hither in the name of the Creator of all things to talk with the great princes, The Snake and The Bat. You seem

to be princes in these mountains ; be kind to the messenger of God and show him the way to the renowned men whom I have named to you."

"The Snake and The Bat stand before you," replied the chief. "What do you want of them, white-bearded man?"

"I come to you in the name of the Prince of Heaven," replied the missionary, "to inform you of His will."

The Snake turned, laughing, to his brother and his warriors. "This is one of the men the whites call missionaries," he said. "So long as they are few in number and do not dare to measure their weapons with us, they talk of a Prince of Heaven, who they say wishes men to live in peace with one another. But as soon as there are enough of them to drive the black man from his hunting grounds, they talk no more of the Invisible Prince."

While he spoke Lord Fitzherbert and Pieter had approached the missionary, who looked at them astonished.

"Look!" cried the chief. "You will soon learn the use of the Invisible Prince. This old man will inform us that His will is that we shall spare our prisoners. But I say to you, old man,

you have come in an evil hour. Look about you at the corpses of my men that strew the grass, fallen by the bullets of your brothers. You, too, shall die. You shall share the race with these beardless youths. All three of you shall die, and we will eat your oxen."

Stormy applause sounded among the blacks, and the thought of the ox roast set them dancing with joy. But the missionary raised his voice again, and this time he spoke in the Bechuana language, that all might understand. "Why do I come among the mountains?" he asked. "Do I need corn or meat? Could I not live many months on my oxen? You see that I desire nothing from you. I came to bring you something, something most precious."

"Listen not to this traitor and liar!" cried The Snake; "he wishes to spy about our dwellings and inform the Boers where to attack us. If we allow him to return home again we shall soon see them coming. Follow me, friends. Kill the whites and let us devour their oxen!"

The obedient crowd echoed the cry, thoughtlessly led from one desire to another. The whites seemed to be lost, when suddenly The

Bat gave a piercing cry, and with a gesture of terror pointed to the missionary.

“Morimo!” he cried, warningly. “Morimo!”

The crowd of raging, excited men stopped suddenly and followed the pointing finger of the chief. Their guns and spears fell from their hands, and they stood as if petrified, while many sank to the ground and raised their hands in worship. Awed and angry stood The Snake.

“Morimo!” echoed through the crowd.

On the missionary's white hair sat a strange kind of beetle, about two or three inches long, with green back flecked with white and red, yellow head and shimmering, transparent wings. It was the sacred beetle which the South African people worship, some as the messenger of the divinity, others as the divinity itself. The places on which it sits are consecrated to it, the person on whom it alights is considered fortunate; but if the insect or person or even the animal on which it rests are injured, it signifies the greatest misfortune. “We are saved!” cried Pieter, and sank on his knees, thanking God.

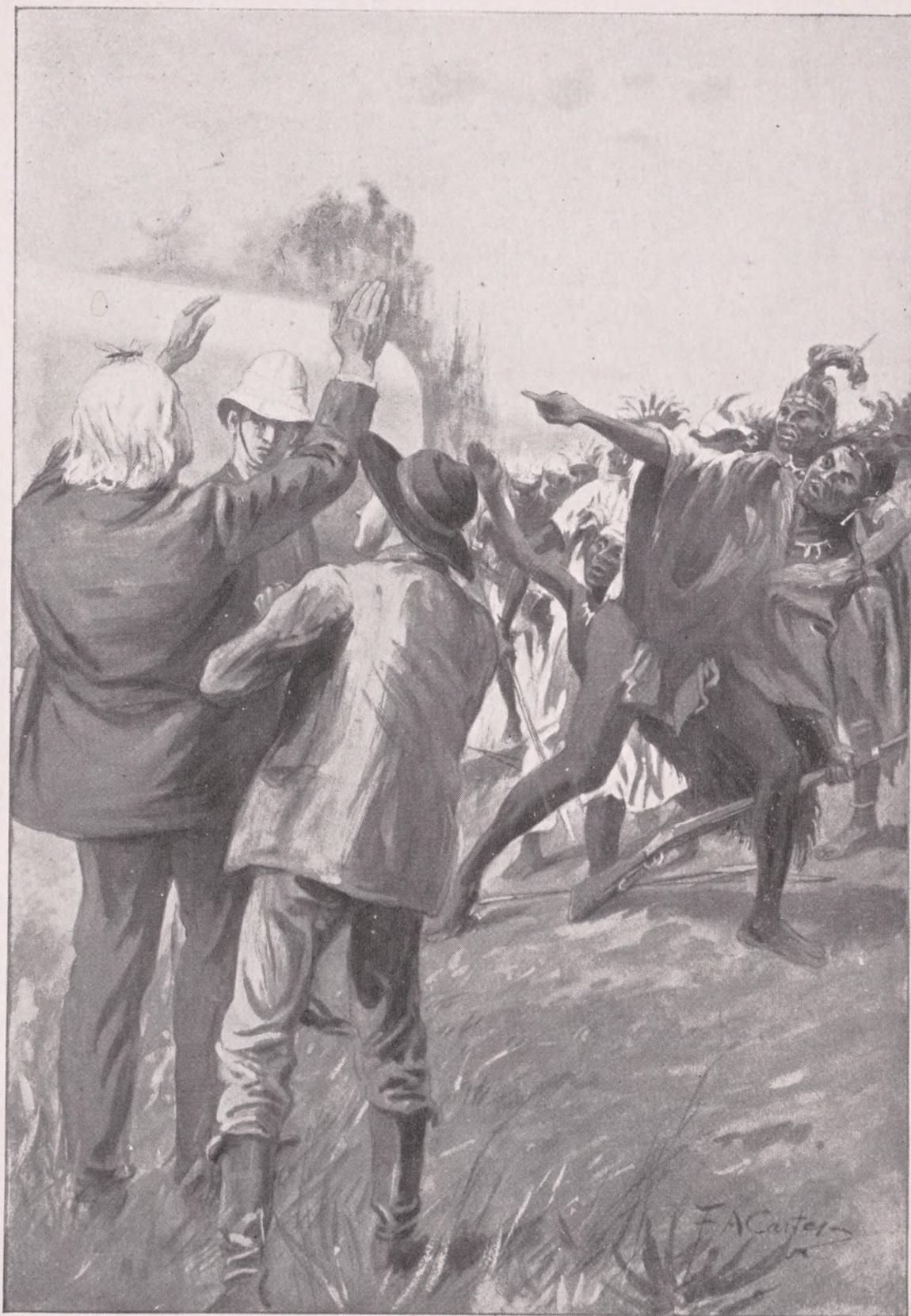
The excited blacks formed a circle about the missionary, shouting a greeting to the little insect. “Welcome, welcome!” they cried. “Give

us much honey! Provide plenty of pasture for our cattle and cause them to give us much milk! Let us steal fat oxen, and fill our pots with meat and fat! Receive our greeting, Morimo! Receive our welcome!"

Thus they cried and danced, swung their spears and shields, struck their weapons together, becoming every moment more and more intoxicated with joy. Some ran up to the missionary's wagon, unhitched the two foremost oxen and killed them, in order to sacrifice them to Morimo and eat the meat in his honor. Others sought an herb, called buchu, rubbed it to powder in their hands, and sprinkled the missionary, the insect, themselves, and the slaughtered cattle with it. A fire was kindled, and a general feast followed.

The Snake watched the whole proceeding with a scornful smile. The whites could easily perceive that he pretended to join in the general outcry only from policy, and that he thought differently from his people, but did not dare to oppose the common superstition.

At nightfall he gave the signal for departure. After an hour's journey the two bands separated, The Snake going to his mountain fastness with



THE SACRED BEETLE ALIGHTED ON THE MISSIONARY'S HEAD

his warriors, and The Bat turning into a valley at the left. The white men were ordered to accompany The Bat.

The Bat's village was situated on a high plateau and consisted of several hundred huts, in which lived a mixed population recruited from homeless and discontented natives of different tribes, who were all intent on the one purpose of fighting the Boers and living happily by robbing instead of toiling wearily in the fields and caring for cattle. The huts were round and constructed of rough woodwork and clay. They had no windows nor chimneys, and the roof, which was cone-shaped, extended beyond the walls and formed a covered walk about the hut. The yard was surrounded by a thorn hedge. The cooking was done in a sunken fireplace before the door.

A hut was assigned to the missionary and his friends, and the wagon was left outside the village because it was too wide to bring into the narrow alleys between the huts.

The missionary's hut was provided with the simple native cooking apparatus, a wooden mortar fashioned from a hollow tree trunk, a hand-mill made of a smooth, hollow stone, wooden

dishes with decorated edges, earthen cooking vessels with covers, urn-shaped water casks, little calabashes adorned with spiral lines, and spoons artistically cut from wood and ivory, their handles representing an elephant, a giraffe, or a lion. Elevated places on the floor covered with furs served for seats.

Every evening the missionary talked to the people, who collected in an open place before his hut, telling them stories into which he wove some lesson. He soon noticed with delight that The Snake began to come down from his cave at this time and take his place in the audience. His attitude was sullen, however, and whenever the missionary talked of Christian love or of immortality the chief laughed scornfully, and sometimes spoke, ridiculing and insulting the teacher. Yet the missionary believed that he would be able to convert him.

He was strengthened in this belief by the fact that when an attack was made on his life one night and he complained to The Snake, the chief became angry and would have slain the guilty ones had not the missionary begged him to spare them. It was but a few days after this that The Snake approached the old man's hut,

deeply troubled. He confessed to the missionary that he had a dream which could mean only that he must become a good man and a Christian, and he was troubled because, if he did so, he would be despised and degraded by his warriors.

After this conversation he did not appear again for a week. The white men learned in the meantime that a Picho was to be held on the khotla, the open space before the village.

On the day appointed a great crowd of warriors marched to the khotla with strange leaps and high-swung weapons. All the different divisions of the great host of robbers who dwelt scattered about the mountains assembled and squatted in a circle about a great space in the middle, placing their shields before them so that they formed a closed wall. All sang a song, and then The Snake, as the greatest among them, gave a dance, accompanying the music with solemn steps and leaps. Then another leader made a speech, introduced with a yell, thrice repeated.

This speech contained a severe arraignment of the two chiefs, The Snake and The Bat. He said that the chiefs were neglectful of the wel-

fare of the people. Especially did he blame The Snake, who instead of holding councils with his warriors, sat with the whites, gossiping like women. They no longer led marauding expeditions; they grew fat, and that was a bad sign, indicating neglect of the use of weapons. Two other speakers made similar complaints. The supply of cattle was becoming smaller, the respect for the troop declining, the warriors consequently unhappy. In conclusion, a fourth speaker, with the general approval of the assembly, challenged The Snake to give back the young Englishman to his countrymen for a ransom, to kill the Boer boy, to send away the missionary, and then to undertake a great expedition against the Boers to re-establish their pristine glory.

Contrary to custom, The Snake made no reply, but sat with bowed head as if the affair was nothing to him. His brother spoke to him reproachfully.

“Why do you not speak?” asked The Bat. “Do you know nothing to say? Must I speak for you?”

The chief rose slowly, supporting himself on his battle-ax, and looked sadly over the assembly.

“There was a time,” he began, “when a chief dwelt in distant valleys with his brothers and sisters, in the fields which had been his fathers’, and round about were the meadows covered with his cattle. He was happy and rich. But Morimo became angry with him and let the white men come into his land. He lost everything through them—his cattle, his pastures, his fields. He swore that he would never forgive the whites, and went into the mountains. There he assembled brave men about him and waged war against the Boers. Again he was rich and strong, but he was not happy. For in his heart that Invisible Being of whom the white men know, tormented him and made him unhappy. It whispered to him that the slain men and orphaned children despised him and would give him no peace if they met him after death in that place above the earth where the dead live again. Now this Invisible Being has become so strong that he benumbs him, and the sight of his warriors and of the fat cattle is disagreeable to him. He no longer wishes to go about on the plain with his weapons, warring against the white men. Therefore, farewell, warlike weapons and ornaments of the chief!

The Snake will no longer wear you ; he will live in concealment and pray God to be gracious to his soul !”

With these words the chief threw down the battle-ax and gun, and stripped the golden rings from his arms and the warriors' feathers from his head.

For an instant deep silence reigned in the astonished assembly, followed by a loud cry and scornful laughs. Several of the warriors seized their spears as if they would strike down the chief, who in their eyes had made so lamentable a spectacle of himself.

But in a moment the behavior of the Picho changed and silence again reigned. Two dark, supple forms stepped into the circle, and Pieter recognized in them the ambassadors of the Zulu king, Humbati and Molihabantschi. His blood chilled. What new and terrible peril did these arrivals portend to him ?

CHAPTER IX

CETEWAYO, THE ZULU KING, GREETES THE WHITE TRAVELERS

IN the respectful silence that fell upon the Picho the missionary recognized the importance of the two men whom he had saved from death, and found therein the confirmation of a suspicion which he had recently begun to cherish, namely, that the power of The Snake did not rest on his strength alone, but that he enjoyed the support of the powerful prince who was feared in all South Africa. In this supposition he was strengthened by the events that followed.

Humbati and Molihabantschi who were greeted on all sides with deep inclinations, proposed that the crowd of warriors remain in the khotla for a feast, while the chiefs withdrew for a secret council. This being agreed to, the chiefs returned to the courtyard of The Bat's

hut, where they remained for a long time in secret session.

To the white men, who had withdrawn to their hut to talk over the effect of these happenings on their future, there presently appeared Humbati, who bowed politely and seated himself near the missionary.

“My father,” he said, humbly, “you were our protector. If your hand had not protected us, Humbati and Molihabantschi would be dead men. We are your servants; we belong to you. But a few days’ journey from here dwells great Cetewayo. He will know how to thank my father who has shown us this kindness, for he is rich and powerful. My father will have the kindness to accompany us to the king.”

“It is not possible,” said the missionary. “The journey is too long. Besides, I must continue my labors here.”

“My father is very wise,” replied the Zulu, “and Humbati has not a ready tongue with which to answer his arguments. But my father must have pity on the ambassadors of Cetewayo. The king will be angry when we return alone; he will not believe that we invited the white man to his court. Before the sun sets on the

day when we appear before him our heads will fall. Therefore, if my father really loves us, he must accompany us."

"What will become of my companions?" asked the missionary.

The Zulu did not hesitate for an instant. "They would go with us in any case," said he.

He fixed his eyes on the young people. "If they will give me their word not to escape," he said, in broken English, "I will let them have their horses and weapons. It is painful for a soldier to go unarmed."

"As God will!" cried the missionary. "I will go with you."

Any change was welcome to the young men, weary with the eight-weeks' stay in the Kafir village. They were rejoiced to see their horses again. Pieter ran up to Jager with a cry of joy, embraced him and pressed his face to the horse's neck. Jager, as well, rejoiced at the meeting, rubbed his head on the boy's shoulder, whinnied, and pawed the ground. The weapons were restored in good condition, and Lord Fitzherbert received his valuables. He wrote some words on a piece of paper, stuck it in the gold cigarette case and handed it to The Bat.

“Take this for a keepsake, you nigger robber,” he said, “and if ever any of my countrymen wish to hang you to a tree as a well-deserved reward for your deeds, show them this recommendation from me. For you have treated me, all in all, better than any robber in Europe would have done.”

As he spoke in English, which The Bat did not understand, the chief grunted with satisfaction as he took the beautiful case.

When the wagon was ready for the journey twelve warriors from The Bat's band were chosen for an escort, and The Snake also appeared with twenty of his most faithful followers, who wished also to become Christians. He wished to accompany the missionary, that he might learn more of the new religion.

The road ran gradually to the south, and they passed through great forests and crossed several rivers with much difficulty. Severe rainstorms hindered their progress for several days, but at last the caravan approached the neighborhood of Ulundi, the capital city of Cetewayo. Humbati now left them and went in advance to announce their coming. As a stream obstructed the direct route to the city, Molihabantschi

suggested that the wagon make a detour under the care of The Snake, while they hurried on in order not to disappoint the king, who was expecting their arrival. The missionary agreed, and they crossed the stream, and after a few hours' ride came in sight of the wide valley, surrounded by hills and mountains, in which lay Ulundi. From afar they saw several dark circles lying near one another like garlands on the grass.

These they learned were the military kraals, garrison of the king's army.

"That circle is Umlambongwemja, the kraal of the dead king, Panda; the next is Quikazi, the third is Undabakaombi, and the fourth is Ulundi, where dwells the great elephant," explained Molihabantschi.

From their horses they could see over the low walls that the city consisted of a number of circles, formed of huts, one within the other, a wide-open space in the center.

When they reached the innermost circle, and stood within the great open space, they looked at each other in surprise. Nothing met their eyes but shields, spear-points, warrior feathers. There were dense ranks of men—ten thousand,

they calculated—apparently divided into regiments, designated by color, for here there were blue shields and feathers, there black, there white, there red, there yellow, and again, red and white stripes laid diagonally across the shield.

At a sound of command the thousand warriors with red shields, who had formed the entrance-way, moved in well-ordered ranks behind the guests, shutting off retreat. The horses were then taken by the courtiers, and the death-like silence that reigned in the palace was broken by the war song. It rolled like thunder, with a hollow, tremulous sound, caused by the warriors holding their shields before their mouths and roaring into them with the full power of their lungs. Again this noise was interrupted by a music that seemed as if it might come from the lower regions. It imitated groans of the dying on the battlefield, mingled with the shrill, hissing sounds of exultation of the victors.

The song ceased and silence again reigned.

The white men looked about in wonder. The ranks of warriors parted and the monarch appeared.

The king stepped out into the middle of the circle and motioned the strangers to come forward. He had evidently been instructed in the English manner of greeting, for he shook hands heartily, but so powerfully that they felt as if their arms had been seized by a vise. He was very tall and stout, his mouth and chin covered with a thin beard, a feature that they learned later distinguished the Zulus from the other South African races. He carried no weapons, but he held in his hand an ivory scepter, ornamented with rings of gold. In his short, curled hair were thrust three ostrich feathers and a golden arrow, and a magnificent strand of real pearls hung about his neck. He also wore pearl earrings and two gold rings on his left hand.

After having shaken hands with the whites, he took the missionary's arm familiarly. "The land lies before you," he said. "You have come to your son. Rest where it pleases you."

He then invited the white men to be seated, crouched down himself, and ordered the servants who had followed him to set down their baskets on the finely woven mats before him and his guests.

When he squatted down a loud cry burst

from the ranks of the warriors. "The great king seats himself. The mighty king of heaven will eat! The strong elephant has the grace to sit down!"

Humbati came forth from the ranks and crouched down at the right hand of the king. He did not greet his acquaintances, but looked down modestly, seeming to wait for the monarch's nod. Molihabantschi and the other courtiers conducted themselves in the same way.

The king said nothing more during the meal. In the pretty woven baskets were oranges, melons, pomegranates and other fruits, and all kinds of pastry. Milk and honey were also served. Twelve Indunas sat with them. They were much simpler in their attire than the warriors, but wore more ornaments than the king. All bore shields and stabbing assagais. It was a warriors' court, and nothing was to be seen of the women.

When the king arose and dismissed his guests with a gesture, the deathlike stillness was again broken by the warriors' cry, led by Humbati: "Pezulu! Pezulu! The king arises! The mighty elephant has dined!"

Humbati conducted the white men to their

dwelling—five huts surrounded by a hedge, well-furnished and provided with servants. They realized, however, that they were to be surrounded entirely by Zulus. Humbati here informed them that only consideration had induced the king to spare The Snake's life, and that he had been ordered to remain at a remote mission station and not to show his face at Ulundi.

The following day the king paid the missionary a visit, accompanied by Humbati and Moli-habantschi and two other Indunas.

Embracing the missionary and laying his right hand on his own breast, he said: "Panda! I call you Panda, for you are my father. You have made my heart as white as milk. Milk is to-day not white; my heart is white. I cannot cease wondering over the love of a stranger. You have never seen me, and yet you love me! You dressed me when I was naked, you fed me when I was hungry, and you bore me in your bosom. This arm protected me from my enemies."

The missionary perceived that Cetewayo alluded to the protection he had given the ambassadors, and saw that the cunning Humbati,

in order to give himself greater importance, had placed the white guest in a dazzling light.

“These are great men,” continued the king, pointing to the ambassadors. “Humbati is my right hand. When I sent these away in order to see the land of the white men I sent away my eyes, my ears, my mouth. When they would have been killed you covered them with your shield. That have you done for me, for Cete-wayo, the son of Panda.”

The missionary saw that, while the king was grateful, it was also flattering to him to think that his name was so mighty and so widely known that it was feared even in the remote north. A low murmur arose from the lips of the courtiers when he ceased to speak: “Pezulu! The king of heaven, the king of kings! The people know his power, the nations fear him.”

The king drew the missionary aside confidentially, where no one could hear them.

“My father is very wise,” he said, “and also very good. You tell me the truth and do not flatter; therefore I trust you. Tell me, have the English all come over into Cape Colony and Natal, or have some of them remained behind in their own home?”

It was evident that Cetewayo wished to learn whether the English troops would be reinforced, and in his ignorance held it possible that the English might all be in Africa. According to this he would regulate his policy.

“O King,” said the missionary, “the power of the English is very great. They rule not only their own island, but have conquered kingdoms all over the earth. For every subject you have they have a thousand.”

The king’s face grew gloomy. “You have not seen a fourth part of Cetewayo’s warriors,” he said. “They are scattered all over the country. The English are much weaker in number.”

“But consider,” said the missionary, “the English have guns. And again, England never lets herself be defeated. She dares not show her conquered kingdoms that she can be beaten, so she continues to send new soldiers until she conquers. I advise you, O King, if possible, to keep peace with the English.”

This was a daring speech, but Cetewayo did not become angry.

“You speak the truth,” he said. “Cetewayo thinks as you do. And my father may help

him. He may whisper to the young English Induna that I will honor him as a chief, and dismiss him to his home that he may take them my message. If the English wish to gain lands and cattle they should make war against the Boers. Cetewayo will help them, and we will divide the Boers' country between us."

"The English do not want to take away the Boers' land and cattle," replied the missionary. "They only want to make them acknowledge the sovereignty of their queen. They do not want you to devastate the country; they want to make of it a rich country, where Christianity is preached. I do not believe they will listen to your proposal."

Cetewayo shook his head. "My father is very wise, but he does not know the English. Have they not once made war against the Boers with Cetewayo's aid? They would take all the land in Africa for themselves. Cetewayo cannot live in peace with the white men. Either he must kill them, or they him.

"Not all the white people are bad," he continued. "You are good; you love me. Talk to the English Induna, and if my wish succeeds I will make you rich and great," and before the

missionary could reply he had motioned to his attendants and left the hut.

The missionary hastened to communicate the good news to Lord Fitzherbert. "I have told the king," he said, "that I thought his proposition would have no result, but I keep my promise to offer you this embassy."

"That is splendid," cried Lord Fitzherbert, flushing with joy. "I will see my regiment again! I have no influence with the Governor for I am only an insignificant lieutenant, but really Cetewayo's proposition is not so bad. But he comes too late, for he no longer counts in political affairs. I must confess, however, that the sight of his army fills me with respect. How well they are drilled! How powerful they are!"

"It is very disagreeable for me to become entangled in political affairs," said the missionary. "I devoutly hope that there will be no war. Perhaps, if God will, I may gain power over Cetewayo's mind and bring him to cease considering the shedding of blood as a hero's deed."

"Never!" said the Englishman. "That is his only way of asserting his mastery. I have

heard the situation discussed in England by people who know. So let me advise you, my dear friend. You are not safe here; use your influence to induce the king to let you go. The Government of Cape Colony is determined to settle with the Zulus. Many troops have already landed, and more are coming. By the end of the year our troops will march into this country and make an end of the Zulu power. Your life will be imperiled. Escape as soon as possible."

"I thank you for your interest, my lord," replied the missionary, "but let me advise you to give the Governor some information on many things which he does not know. I think the English underestimate the power of Cetewayo and the strength of the Boers. I wish you would exert your influence for peace. Do not attack the Zulus. Leave it to Christianity to break this wild power."

"I will do what I can," said the Englishman. "But who am I? The Governor will not trouble himself about my advice. I am a soldier and have only to obey. Believe me, Cetewayo is lost!"

CHAPTER X

ROYAL MANŒUVRES AND HUNTING

CETEWAYO'S plan for honoring the English lord as a chief mainly consisted in displaying his own power. Soon after his conversation with the missionary he invited his guests to accompany him to the north to witness the manœuvres which were to be held there in Lord Fitzherbert's honor.

After a day's march they reached a plain where a large number of men were already assembled. The next morning twenty thousand warriors were led out for manœuvres. Some of the regiments numbered only five hundred, others were two thousand strong. In each regiment the warriors were the same age, the youngest regiment consisting of youths of fifteen or sixteen years. They greeted the monarch as he came forth to inspect them with deafening songs, during which he took his

place on a hill, with the white men, the missionary acting as interpreter between him and Lord Fitzherbert.

Cetewayo informed the Englishman that every able-bodied man in his country must serve. Even the boys learned to march, throw the spear and bear the heavy shield. No one was allowed to marry without permission, and this permission was not given to individuals, but to entire regiments, in reward for some service, so that the title "married man" was regarded as a distinction.

The king, after breakfast, told Lord Fitzherbert that he thought of having an elephant hunt in his honor.

This announcement greatly delighted Lord Fitzherbert and Pieter, for elephants had become so scarce in South Africa that the Boer boy had never seen one taken. Their delight was tempered, however, by regret that they could not take part in the hunt except as spectators, as the Englishman was without weapons except his sword, and Pieter could not count on piercing the elephant's thick skin with a gun of such small calibre as his. Both were curious to see how the king would direct the chase.

Their steps were now turned toward the banks of the Black Umvolosi. They climbed high mountains and traversed deep valleys, and after a long day's march reached the river, just at nightfall. The moon was shining, and occasionally its light broke through the clefts in the high, rocky bluffs, and shone on the surface of the water, and again the hunters marched over perilous paths in utter darkness. The court master of the chase, who had gone in advance with a retinue, presently returned with the information that the elephants were near by.

Soon there was a stir in the long train, and all stopped. The king who had followed the master of the chase, commanded the Blue Shields to turn aside and approach the river in a wide circuit. The king motioned to the white men to look before them, and they saw at some distance dark forms in and near the water. They could be seen distinctly, and their size left no doubt as to their being elephants. Down to the place where they bathed and drank ran a little valley, and thither the king had sent the Blue Shields to cut off their retreat. The king advanced slowly to give the Blue Shields time to get to the place; when he came so near that

his party could count the elephants and see their tusks and trunks, he mounted a rock at one side, from which he could overlook the valley, evidently not intending to take part in the hunt himself. He invited the missionary, the Englishman and a company of Indunas to join him there.

Pieter attached himself to the master of the chase, rejoiced that he could accompany the hunters. Hiding behind a willow bush he soon saw the powerful animals closely. There were ten large elephants and three young ones. The great animals paddled about in the shallow water, sprinkling their hides and enjoying their bath to the utmost. The leader of the herd, an immense animal, stood in the middle of the river. Occasionally he lifted his head and listened, showing some uneasiness.

The Boer boy, not daring to show himself, remained hiding in a clump of willows two hundred feet from the nearest elephant. He looked over a high curved bough, and, when he lay flat on the ground, was entirely buried in green and in shadow. He held his gun before him, with its barrel on the branch so that it might be ready for instant use, and involuntarily he aimed it at the eye of the largest elephant.

At a trumpet-like sound from the leader of the herd the elephants suddenly became still. The leader went to the bank, lifted his trunk and sniffed the air, lifting his ears to catch every sound. At his warning call the other animals began to move after him clumsily. At that instant forty warriors, under the leadership of the master of the chase, sprang from the bushes and ran toward the elephants.

Half the hunters attacked the giant leader of the herd. Two stood before him, and then ran ahead to entice him to pursuit. The others ran at his side. He paid no attention to them, however, but giving another roar and assembling all the other animals about him, with the young ones in the middle, swung his trunk in the air, and with ears flying out, ran into the valley, the other elephants with him, crushing trees and bushes under their heavy feet.

From the valley arose the piercing cry of the Blue Shields, followed by the trumpeting of the elephants and cries of pain from Zulus who had been attacked by them. Pieter noticed with surprise that the leader did not seem to think so much of flight as of protecting his companions and the young, about whom four of the

other animals pressed themselves closely. So led, they advanced toward the place where Pieter lay concealed, evidently wishing, since barred from the valley, to run along the river.

The master of the chase interposed to stop this. His athletic naked form, followed by his crowd of hunters, dashed into the path, spear in hand. With one swerve of his trunk the elephant seized the agile hunter by his crown of hair, swung him high in the air, threw him on the ground, and, in an instant, crushed him to a bloody pulp. Then, feeling his feet pricked by spears, he turned savagely, seized one of the hunters at his side, threw him down and pierced his breast with his tusks. But the agile hunters, undismayed, cut the tendons of his feet with their broad spear-points, so that he sank groaning to the ground in a pool of blood.

Now Pieter saw a touching scene. The other animals, although surrounded by the hunters, pressed up to the fallen beast and sought to help him up with their trunks, at the same time making sorrowful sounds, while he threw his trunk about a young one, as though he would protect it from the weapons of the enemy.

Forth from the valley broke the howling Blue

Shields, the naked black forms swarming thick as flies. They attacked the animals from all sides, hundreds of assagais whistled through the air, and pierced the great bodies, and, although many daring hunters lost their lives, pierced, trodden and swung in the air, the animals were gradually separated and surrounded singly.

All at once a great elephant broke through the circle of warriors with assagais sticking in its back and flanks, and ran with lifted trunk in its flight directly to the place where Pieter lay concealed. There was no time for the boy to spring up and run away. If he arose the animal would seize him with its trunk; if he lay still it would trample him under foot. He lay paralyzed with fear; but when the giant form appeared directly above him, he recovered himself with an effort, fired his gun without aiming, and cried out at the same time, involuntarily, with the full strength of his lungs.

The elephant, astonished at the shot and cry, since he could see no enemy, stopped, trumpeted loudly and turned aside. Soon the hunters overtook him, and he sank dying to the ground. In a short time all the animals had fallen, bleeding from many wounds, but it was almost an

hour before all were dead, as the wounds were not deep, and they died only from loss of blood. Till the last moment they gazed reproachfully at their merciless enemies, and tenderly embraced their dead young with their trunks.

Next morning the tusks were broken from the elephants and the journey was continued, this time in a southeastern direction over the mountains. After a three-hours' march they were joined by an army whose leader they recognized as Dabulamanzi, the king's brother.

The prince was a handsome man, perhaps ten years younger than the king. His hair was cut short, and his only ornaments were a heavy gold head-ring and a gold necklace. He carried a gun and cartridge pocket. His followers were also armed with breech-loaders.

The party soon reached a little mountain from whose summit they overlooked a wide green valley broken by little elevations. Through it flowed two beautiful rivers—the Black and White Umvolosi—wandering between rocky banks and uniting in the distance. In the angle between the two lay several kraals, before which stood a large army.

The king turned to the missionary with a

triumphant glance. "My father has seen only a portion of Cetewayo's army," he said. "Now he will see another part. Dabulamanzi rules in Mainze-kanze. Tell the English Induna that Mainze-kanze means: 'Let the enemy come.'"

The white men soon saw why the kraal bore so proud a name. When they reached the foot of the mountain ten thousand warriors in turn marched up, all armed with guns. They were divided into regiments, distinguished by colors, and there were also four regiments of Amatongas, a people dwelling north of the Zulus, who recognized the sovereignty of Cetewayo. Their headdress was especially striking. Some regiments wore white or spotted forehead bands of ox or tiger skin, bound together at the back of the head, with white oxtails depending therefrom like a white peruke. Over these headbands rose the huge crown of hair, adorned with feathers, with the effect of high caps or helmets. One regiment really wore caps, made of black or spotted skins, adorned with feathers. The breasts of these warriors were covered with bunches of hair hanging from the neck ornament, and they were known as the "Regiment of the King," and were commanded by a

younger brother of Humbati. All these warriors carried the shield, assagai and spear in the left hand, the breech-loader in the right.

The king also proudly displayed a powder factory, cartridge factory, and a magazine of weapons, in charge of a white man, whom the guests suspected was a criminal escaped from the colonies.

Twenty men were next ordered out and placed two hundred feet from a target painted to represent a Boer. These shot very well, hitting the figure in the head or breast.

When the king noticed the intense interest with which Pieter looked at the target and clutched his gun, he told the missionary to tell the boy that he might shoot with the king's guard for a wager.

Flushed with pleasure the boy stepped forth. When he shot, the man at the target instantly pointed to a hole exactly in the middle of the face. The king nodded.

"Please say to the king," said Pieter to the missionary, "that I will now hit the right eye of the figure."

"Let him do it," cried Cetewayo. "The Zulus shall do the same."

Pieter aimed, the gun cracked, and the man pointed to the exact spot. Nine of the Zulus struck the figure, but not one of them touched the eye. The tenth struck it, and the king nodded, satisfied.

Pieter was pricked with ambition, and, being angry that the target should represent one of his countrymen, determined to show the Zulus what shooting was. "That is no mark for a Boer," he said proudly. "Let them place a crane's feather on a spear point, and set it farther away."

The little black feather was set up three hundred paces away, where the Englishman and the missionary could not even see it. The Zulus were commanded to shoot first. All missed it save the man who had struck the eye of the figure. His ball shattered the spear close to the point.

"Good! Very good!" cried the king, and commanded one of his courtiers to take off his golden armband and present it to the fortunate marksman.

Another spear was set up. Pieter's gun cracked, and the little feather disappeared, leaving the spear still standing.

The king cried approval, though rage shone in his eyes. With an evident effort he called the boy to him, drawing a ring from his finger. "Here," said he, "is a reward for your shooting. King Cetewayo thanks you for the example you have given him."

The king turned away, followed by his retinue. Pieter looked at the ring. It was very thick and heavy and set with a sparkling ruby. As it was much too large for his finger he hung it round his neck on a thin leather strap. The missionary watched him with a troubled face, for he feared the king's anger.

The king was indeed very angry. The entire manœuvres had displeased him, and the Boer boy's shooting had increased his ill-humor. But he turned his wrath against his own people. Assembling his court, he summoned the leader of the regiment, Humbati's brother.

"Lay down your shield and spear," he commanded, threateningly.

All present were filled with terror. Humbati turned pale and leaned forward anxiously. The young Induna obeyed. He was a handsome, slender man, with intelligent face, his head adorned with a golden ring. As he knelt

before the king deep silence reigned in the assembly.

“I am not satisfied with your regiment,” said Cetewayo. “As the regiment of the king it should be an example to all other warriors. But you have led the warriors as if they were a herd of oxen.”

The Induna kept his eyes fixed on the king's face. Although he was kneeling, dignity and pride spoke in his carriage. Not a muscle in his nobly cut face moved.

“You are a dead man,” continued the king, “but”—he turned to the missionary—“I will do to-day what I have never done before—I will spare your life for the sake of my father and friend, who does not like to see me shed blood, for I love him. But you must be degraded your whole life. You shall no longer associate with the noble of the land or come into the cities of the princes, or take part in the royal feasts. Take up your spear and shield again, and enter that regiment which lies far away by the great water.”

The Induna dropped his head, then lifted it again, crossed his arms over his breast and replied, “O King, sadden not my heart! I have

deserved your inclemency, let me be killed as a chief! How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace this sign of honor which I wore among the mighty?" He pointed to the golden head-ring. "No; I can no longer live; let me die, O Pezulu."

"It is well," said the king. "Your wish is granted."

At his nod, warriors stepped forth, bound the prince's hands and led him away. Humbati made a movement as if to follow them, but restrained himself and murmured so that the king could hear, "The king is just; he is very just. Humbati knows his brother no more."

But the Englishman whispered to the missionary: "If I were the king and had seen Humbati's look, I should have uneasy nights."

That evening Cetewayo called Lord Fitzherbert to him. He told the young man that he would dismiss him, charged with a message to the Governor of Natal. He was to tell him that Cetewayo was England's best friend; the Boers her worst enemy. Cetewayo would help the English against the Boers with an army of thirty thousand men, half the regiments armed with guns. The Englishman replied that he would

carry the message, but the king must remember that he was a young man, not one of the great Indunas, and he could not promise that his errand would be successful. Yet he was convinced that the Governor would know how to honor the great power of Cetewayo, and would recognize the alliance according to its true significance.

Cetewayo commanded one of the Indunas to bring him a magnificent pearl necklace, which he handed to the Englishman. "England Indunas do not wear such ornaments," he said, "but you can hang the chain about your sweetheart's neck as a remembrance of Cetewayo. Journey where you will, the country lies before you."

The young man blushed, recalling a soft-eyed girl at home who might some day wear this precious gift. Then, drawing out his costly watch, he handed it to the king.

"I know that the gift is not worthy the king," he said, "but perhaps you will give the plaything to one of your favorite wives as a keepsake from the Englishman who thanks you for his freedom."

That afternoon Humbati announced to Lord Fitzherbert that he was to start away at sunset, and that he himself would accompany

him to the frontier, there to await the answer from the Governor of Natal.

The missionary observed the Zulu closely, and noticed that his voice had a peculiar ring, and his face, formerly so calm, had a peculiar and unwonted expression. He seemed to be moved by a secret thought; his eyes sparkled with a gloomy fire; his whole attitude of composure seemed forced.

It could not be grief for his brother alone, for it was not softness, but secret rage. Was Humbati angry with the white men because of his brother's death? Pieter felt that in some way his agitation was connected with Lord Fitzherbert's journey. He must have brought it about himself that he, so noble a man, was named as companion on the journey, for this office could very well have been borne by some one of lower degree.

Over these things the missionary pondered as he, with the sad Boer boy, watched the little train depart, the setting sun shining on the Englishman's sword, the golden head-ring of the chief, and the spear points of the warriors who formed the escort until they disappeared behind a distant hill.

CHAPTER XI

THE ADVENT OF THE RAINMAKER

Now, for the first time, Pieter realized that he was in captivity. During the months that he and Lord Fitzherbert had been together in Cetewayo's kraal a true friendship had grown up between the two. The Englishman had taught Pieter many things concerning the great world of which the boy knew nothing, and the boy had learned to speak English very well, and with the accent of a man of quality. But now all was changed. There was no more riding, no more hunting. He and the missionary sat together in their hut, and while they were treated with great respect, felt the restraint of their situation. They were constantly surrounded by servants of the king, who watched them like jailers.

The government of Cetewayo was a despotism

in the fullest sense of the word. The persons of his subjects, as well as their possessions, were the property of the tyrant, who disposed of them as he thought best. No one in the kingdom dared to express an opinion on any subject, with the exception of Dabulamanzi, who was heard in all affairs of the army. That the king did not become angry when the missionary spoke so independently to him was a riddle to the whole court, the only solution of which was that he was a wizard. Cetewayo himself seemed sometimes inclined to this opinion, and once asked the missionary seriously, when the rainy season was slow in coming, whether he could make it rain. He could not believe that it was by any natural means that the missionary approached him so fearlessly and thought not of his own advantage.

After their return to Ulundi, the king became much disturbed by the continued drought, and called on his rainmakers, who, after much effort, informed the king that the sky was stone and that their combined efforts would not soften it; that he would better send for the celebrated rainmaker of the Swazis.

Only the most skillful of the native doctors

undertook to exercise power over the sky, and their hold on the people was wonderful, often proving a serious obstacle to the introduction of Christianity. Consequently the missionary looked forward to the arrival of this man with some curiosity.

When the rainmaker appeared in the distance the people ran forth from their huts, screaming for joy, and presently could be seen running toward a small stream near the city, the rainmaker having commanded them all to wash their feet before he entered the city.

While the people were still washing, dark clouds began to appear in the clear sky, and a few drops of rain fell. The excited people danced, sang, blew on their musical instruments, and acted as if struck with sudden madness. In the midst of this sudden tumult the rainmaker strode forward proudly, with erect head and unmoved countenance. He was a stately man, gorgeously attired. On his head there rose a foot-high structure of hair, feathers, pearl chains, and gold ornaments. From his breast, arms, and legs hung costly chains and wonderful ornaments of bone and ivory. When the

chiefs greeted him, he thanked them indifferently.

Thus was he escorted in triumph to the dwelling of one of the most famous doctors of Ulundi, where he was surrounded by a dense circle of people. Here he replied to the doctor's questions, which were propounded for the purpose of displaying his wisdom. In the meantime the clouds had rolled away and the sun was again shining.

“Great wisdom is necessary to rule the heavens,” said he. “Only a few men know the secret, but I understand it well. You will be surprised. Look over the country; all is yellow, dry, and burned, but within a short time you will look again, and as far as you can see everything will be green, and there will not be enough hands to bring in the corn. Listen to me: In the former years the Swazi were injured by the Bapedis, and they mustered an army to punish their enemy. But the Indunas came to me and said, ‘Help us and you shall have a hundred oxen and four golden chains.’ I answered, ‘Count on me; I will help you.’ I went to the frontier of the Bapedis before the Swazi army was mustered. I stretched out my

hand and spoke to the ruler of the clouds. Fire fell from heaven on the kraal of the Bapedis. They wished to flee, but I stretched out this hand, and so heavy a rainstorm fell that all the fugitives were drowned.

“Hear me further: The Bechuanas were in great need, and had given me two hundred oxen, six women, and much ivory, that I might make it rain on their dry land. But while I was there they became frightened, because the King of Herero threatened them with war. They gave me two hundred more oxen and many treasures. I threw my staff against Herero, who had assembled many warriors and was marching toward the frontier. Where the staff fell the earth opened and a stream of water gushed forth. It became larger and larger, and reached the feet of Herero. It mounted to his knee, to his breast. Then flight helped him not. All Herero had to drown; not one returned to his land.”

These and many similar stories the rainmaker told with the greatest readiness and composure, shrewdly watching the effect of his words on the assembly. His voice was now soft and insinuating, now threatening and thundering; his

gestures were majestic. As he talked the enthusiasm of the people increased. A beautiful hut was presented to him, and many cattle and servants.

The rainmaker soon heard of the missionary and made a call alone on the white magician. "We must deal openly with one another," he said to the missionary. "If we are friends, we can become rich. But if we are enemies, we will injure each other at the same time, and the stupid people will scoff at us. Wise men should be friends, for they stand alone against the people."

He was piqued at the missionary's refusal to consider him a comrade, and when the promised rain failed to fall he began to speak of secret knaves who were experienced in magic and were envious of his arts. He also attempted to influence the king against the missionary.

As the days passed by in cloudless clearness, the rainmaker made many attempts to bring rain; he had the people gather roots and herbs to kindle the "fire of mystery;" he built great fires on the hills to raise a wind; he had the dead unearthed and reburied; but nothing availed, and the cattle died in herds in the sun-

dried meadows, and many people perished from starvation.

One day he told the people that if only he had a live baboon, on whom not a single hair was missing, he could make rain with it. "Without it, it would be impossible," he said.

As the baboons about Ulundi lived on almost inaccessible heights, he thought himself safe in making such a statement, but he did not reckon on the fearless Zulus. Three of them were killed, three broke limbs, and many were wounded in the chase, but at nightfall they returned home in triumph, bearing the baboon.

The rainmaker was somewhat disconcerted, but he hastened to examine the baboon critically. "Oh, oh!" he cried. "My heart is torn to pieces! I am silent from grief! Do you not see that the baboon is scratched, and has lost several hairs? Did I not say that I could not make it rain if he had lost a single hair?"

So he continued with many preposterous devices to deceive the people, but when the drought continued, he came one night in secret to the missionary's hut. "You are a friend of the king," he said; "tell him he must save me."

“What!” cried the missionary. “Are you in need of help?”

“It is the women,” cried the rainmaker, despairingly. “They stir up their husbands against me. Do women in your land meddle in public affairs?”

The missionary smiled. “Christianity teaches that men and women are of equal importance,” he said. “Do you not know that the great kingdom of England is ruled by a woman?”

“It is a horrible thought!” cried the rainmaker. “May Christianity never come to us! I wish all women were men. I can manage the men, but it is impossible to do anything with the women.”

“Yes,” said the missionary. “The women keep house, and feel most the need of water.”

“They will kill me,” said the rainmaker, despairingly. “Tell me what to do to quiet them.”

“Tell the truth,” said the missionary. “Confess that you cannot make it rain, and I will beg the king to protect you.”

“That is impossible,” replied the rainmaker. “Then the other doctors would kill me.”

“It is better always to tell the truth and leave the consequences to God,” said the missionary.

“Save me!” implored the rainmaker. “I am a lost man!”

CHAPTER XII

THE DEPARTURE FROM ZULULAND

WHILE the missionary was wondering how he might save the forlorn rainmaker, a messenger summoned him to the king. He found the monarch on the veranda of his palace, with Prince Sirajo beside him.

“Come nearer, my father,” said Cetewayo. “I need my father’s knowledge. The English do not like to speak through the mouth of the Indunas, but they send a paper to the king.”

The missionary saw that the answer to Cetewayo’s proposal had arrived, and that the manner of its coming had angered the monarch.

“I am at the king’s service,” he replied. “Has Humbati brought this letter?”

“Humbati!” cried the king. “Where is Humbati? Where is the bird that flew away

over the plain? Humbati has not returned. He is a traitor, he who possessed the ear of the king, he who knew the secrets of my breast, for I bore him near my heart as my friend and brother—Humbati has become a traitor to me. But read me this letter which English horsemen carried to the kraal of my brother Sirajo.”

“ ‘In the service of her Majesty, the Queen,’ ” read the missionary. “ ‘The Governor-General of Cape Colony and Upper Commissary for the affairs of the natives, Sir Bartle Frere to King Cetewayo. Her Majesty’s Government acknowledges the receipt of King Cetewayo’s message, which he has sent by Lord Adolphus Fitzherbert, lieutenant in her Majesty’s service, and thanks the king for the kind and honorable treatment which he has accorded the British officer.’ ”

The face of the king cleared at these words.

“ ‘Sir Bartle Frere thanks the king for the expression of his friendly disposition toward the British possessions, and expresses the hope that these friendly intentions may be made good in deed, in order that there may always be neighborly relations between Zululand and Natal. This proof by deed is lacking at the present time, for several offenses along the

frontier have been very recently committed by subjects of the king.'

"What!" cried the king. "But read on!"

"'Twice armed men have swum the lower Tugela and the Buffalo, and have carried off cattle belonging to farmers under British protection. Besides this, a still more heinous offence was committed. Two women from the kraal of Sirajo—'

"Ha!" cried the king. "Read on!"

"'Two women from the kraal of Sirajo escaped and sought protection on British territory. Thereupon a number of warriors came ten miles into British territory, took the women by force, dragged them back to the kraal of Sirajo, and stoned them to death, showing not only their disdain for British laws, but a cruel and savage disposition.'

"Stop!" said the king. "What does this mean, Sirajo?"

"The Englishman writes the truth," replied the prince. "Two of my women were refractory, and when I would punish them, fled secretly. I learned through spies where they were, had them brought back, and killed them, as was fitting."

“You are right,” replied the king, “and the Englishman is insolent to complain of it. But it would have been wiser, my brother, not to have given these overbearing men a pretext for complaint at such a time. If you cannot act more shrewdly in the future I cannot continue you in the chief command on the frontier. Read on.”

“‘The king is certainly very ignorant of English laws and conditions,’” read the missionary, “‘if he supposes that the Government of Cape Colony would make an alliance with him for war against the Transvaal. The Transvaal Boers are good and loyal subjects of the queen, and their land will be protected by the British Government, and not injured by it. King Cetewayo has long demanded the district of Utrecht, but he must understand that he has no claim to it whatever.’ I pray you,” said the missionary, “consider that I only read. Let not your wrath fall upon me, who am innocent.”

The missionary had reason to make this request, for the king was so furious that he breathed with difficulty, and his right hand grasped the ivory sceptre as if he would fell the reader of the message to the ground.

“Read!” he cried.

“‘The Governor-General,’” continued the missionary, “‘wishes to live in peace with Cetewayo, for in peace the welfare of both the British and Zulu kingdoms increases. But he would have good security for the statement that Cetewayo really loves peace. Why has Cetewayo so large a standing army? The British Government feels disquieted at this, for an armed power of more than forty thousand men so near its possessions is a perpetual menace. It makes the king the following proposition: The king must lessen the number of his army in a way agreed upon with the Governor-General. The king must abandon the fortified kraals along the Tugela and Buffalo, and must move his garrisons further back. The king must surrender the Bay of Santa Lucia to the English, for through this bay he receives weapons and ammunition from foreign ships, and the British Government fears that these weapons will be used in war against the British possessions. Finally, the king shall allow a British Minister resident to dwell in Ulundi, and take part in all the important councils of the king and his Indunas. If the king will consent to these conditions, the British

Government can reckon with security on the peaceful intentions of the Zulu Government, and then peace and friendship will reign between the two, and the Governor-General will do everything to advance the wishes of Cetewayo. For it is the sincere desire of the British Government to keep peace with Cetewayo and to lend support to all undertakings of Cetewayo, whose aim is the good of his country and his people. The king need not fear that the British Government prepares war against him. It only secures itself out of love for peace against the warlike desires of the Zulus. The Governor-General greets King Cetewayo.’”

“Ha!” cried the king, gasping with rage. “Ha! O! O! Sirajo! Assemble my army! Dabulamanzi shall march out! O Humbati! This is Humbati’s hand! The traitor! Sirajo, bring me this traitor from the hands of the English, that I may tear his heart from his breast with my teeth!”

The veins on the king’s forehead swelled, his eyes became bloodshot, and, gasping, he fell forward insensible.

As soon as Cetewayo had recovered he set himself to drilling his army. All were equipped

with guns; the regiments were brought from Mainze-kanze and manœuvres held together. Pieter learned from the boastful Zulus of a new manœuvre practiced with great success. A little corps was brought forward and the rest of the army attacked it. Then the main body of the warriors formed a long line that marched against the enemy and gradually stopped in the middle, the two wings swinging about and shutting the enemy in the semicircle. The missionary became much disturbed during these preparations for war lest the king's wrath should fall on him and Pieter. But they were still treated with respect, and supplied with food, though they yet were confined through the weary weeks like prisoners in their huts. They were precious days to Pieter, however, for, to while away their tediousness, the missionary gave him much instruction in history, geography, and mathematics, so that his mind developed in proportion to his body, and a new world was revealed to him that would have forever remained unknown had he stayed in his old home.

Toward the close of the year Cetewayo sent for the missionary.

"You were my father," he said gently.

“Cetewayo’s heart has not forgotten what good you did him. I see that your heart is sad, and longs for the land of King William. Go; I leave the land open to you, and when you return home, tell your king that Cetewayo was good to you.”

The missionary expressed his regret that he had not accomplished his purpose in Zululand.

“You wish,” asked the king, “that I and my people would lay aside our weapons and worship the invisible God?”

“I have scarcely the courage to speak of Christianity,” said the missionary, “but I should like to give you some advice in regard to this war you wish to enter into.”

“Say not that I wish to enter into war,” said the king bitterly. “It is the English. They have surrounded me with weapons, as the hunters surround the elephants. It is necessary to fight—therefore, I will go against my enemy and conquer and be powerful, or die as befits a king! Go, take your friend, your servants, and your oxen, before war begins. Try no longer to melt the heart of the king!”

“Farewell, then, and the Almighty be with

you," cried the missionary, solemnly raising his hands.

When Pieter heard the good news he was intoxicated with joy. At last he would again see his family from whom he had been separated almost a year. How were they? How would they look? Was the community prospering? His imagination painted everything in glowing colors, and the long distance, the hardships and perils of the journey seemed in his joy quite insignificant.

They traveled for eight days, passing through the valley of the Inlangana River, on the border of Zululand, and approached one of the Zulu outposts, where the armed escort sent by Cetewayo turned back. Pieter now rode in advance of the wagon, gun in hand, to be ready for any attack on the unquiet frontier. The missionary wished to reach Potgieter's Farm on this day that they might pass the night in security.

But at evening the farm had not appeared, and they continued the journey by starlight, passing through a valley, where groups of trees cast a dense shadow on the road. All at once Pieter stopped his horse at the sound of voices.

As he turned his horse back to the wagon to stop it, a number of dark forms appeared at the side of the road and shots sounded. Immediately thereupon a dozen black warriors ran forward, stopped the oxen and began to plunder the wagon. While Pieter was endeavoring to drive them back an English subaltern appeared.

“You rascals!” he cried, pushing them away with the butt end of his gun, “have I stationed you as pickets in order to steal?” Then he apologized to the missionary for the stupidity of his Swazi soldiers: “They are like cattle,” he said. “Actually, they would shoot at the Queen’s carriage—God save her!—if Her Most Gracious Majesty should happen to go out riding here.”

“Now let us go in peace,” said the missionary, when quiet had been restored.

“I regret that it is not possible,” replied the subaltern. “My orders are to lead all travelers from Zululand to the commander. You must follow me.”

“Whither?” asked the missionary.

“To Commander La Trobe Lonsdale, in his quarters at Potgieter’s Farm.”

CHAPTER XIII

PIETER MARITZ PARTS WITH THE OLD MISSIONARY

THE journey continued for another half-hour before they arrived at the camp where were stationed more than a thousand Swazi soldiers, a tribe always unfriendly to the Zulus, under the command of La Trobe Lonsdale and several young English subalterns. It extended from Natal to New Scotland, and formed the outermost post on the border between the Transvaal and Zululand. Farther back, in Utrecht and other places, English columns for attack were being formed under Colonel Wood.

La Trobe Lonsdale was aroused, and ordered the newcomers to his tent. He was greatly astonished that Cetewayo had spared any whites in his power, and rejoiced to see before him people who could give him information concerning

the conditions in Zululand. His surprise increased when the missionary and Pieter refused this information on the ground that it would be treachery to the king, whose guests they had been.

After a moment's thought the officer announced that on account of the age and calling of the missionary he would place no obstacle in the way of his journey, but that the young man, being a Boer, must go to headquarters at Utrecht, to Colonel Wood.

“I will let you keep your horse and weapons,” he said, “because I trust you will make no attempt to escape. You will bethink yourself of what patriotism dictates to every English subject.”

The next morning Pieter sadly bade farewell to the old missionary, who had been his companion for so many long months, and started on his journey to Utrecht. In spite of the fact that he was, perhaps, going toward imprisonment, Pieter felt the exhilaration of being again on Jager's back in the open, and rode swiftly with the two slender Swazis, who accompanied him as a guard. Toward evening the black chain of the Balebasberg appeared, and just as

the sun sank they passed through a valley at whose exit lay the city of Utrecht. The lights of the city became visible, horn signals sounded, all the noises of a camp were heard. The stars shone brightly from a dark-blue sky, and warm winds blew from the plain toward the mountains.

A troop of riders hailed the arrivals, Boers fully armed, and accompanied them into Utrecht. The wide streets were filled with a heterogeneous crowd. English infantry in red coats, black soldiers and Kafir women running about with baskets on their heads filled with food for the troops. Without the city stood long rows of white, pointed tents.

Before the handsomest house in Utrecht, a two-story building with glass windows brightly lighted, they halted. It was the first time Pieter had ever seen a city with houses built in the European fashion, and he fancied himself in fairyland.

They passed the red-coated sentry and entered the hall, where stood a crowd of men in red coats and Boers' blouses. An officer took Pieter's letter from Commander Lonsdale to Colonel Wood and presently returned to usher him into that officer's presence.

The first sight that struck Peter's surprised eyes when he entered the room was the well-known figures of Molihabantschi and Prince Sirajo, gorgeously adorned, sitting in the middle of the room. Before them, at a long table covered with maps and papers, sat an officer, his breast decorated with several orders. A Zulu in European clothes stood near the table.

"Come nearer," cried the officer to Pieter. "Commander Lonsdale writes me that you come from Ulundi. Do you understand Zulu well enough to act as an interpreter?"

"I think so," replied the youth. "I lived almost a year in Ulundi, and I learned the language pretty well."

"If you understand it as well as you do English you are a master," said Colonel Wood. "Who in the world was your English teacher?"

"Lord Adolphus Fitzherbert."

"Are you mad?" asked the officer. "But now I recall it, I did hear that Lord Fitzherbert had been a prisoner among the Zulus."

"I cannot understand clearly what these ambassadors want to say," continued he, "and I do not think that our interpreter is reliable. Let them give their message to you, and you

tell it to me. One of them, if I have understood correctly, is a brother of Cetewayo."

"These men are Prince Sirajo, a brother of the king, and Molihabantschi, one of the highest counsellors," said Pieter, after he had spoken with the Zulus. "I know them both. They say that King Cetewayo wishes peace. He regrets his subjects' depredations along the frontier, and will not let it occur again. He expresses his astonishment that the English are collecting in such numbers along his borders, and prays for information concerning the aim and object of these troops. He is especially disquieted over the erection of Fort Luneburg, asks for a satisfactory explanation of England's war-like preparations, since he would like to be notified in order to make preparations for war on his side."

"Ask the ambassadors," said Colonel Wood, shrugging his shoulders, "whether Cetewayo does not know the demands of the Governor-General: The reduction of his army, drawing back the garrisons from the frontier, the reception of a British resident at Ulundi, and the cession of the Bay of Santa Lucia?"

The eyes of the Zulus blazed when Pieter

translated this question. "The king has not replied to these demands," said they, "because they are not conformable to his royal dignity."

"The conditions of the Governor-General are clear and distinct," said Colonel Wood. "If Cetewayo will not comply with them, the English troops will open the war. Let the ambassadors tell him that."

The Zulus arose proudly. "Let it be war, then!" cried Sirajo, threateningly, and the two strode forth together.

Pieter could see from the amusement of the English officers over this incident that they had little idea of Cetewayo's power in war. As they no longer paid any attention to him, he was preparing to leave the room, when Colonel Wood called him.

"Now, young man," said he, "sit down here and tell me at once what you know of the Zulus. How many troops has Cetewayo? How are they armed? What is their manner of fighting?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Pieter. "I cannot tell you. As I was Cetewayo's guest, it would be treachery for me to betray him."

"What?" cried the officer. "There is no joking here. We are at war."

“For that very reason,” said Pieter, “I will not return thanks for Cetewayo’s generous treatment by telling his enemies how to attack him.”

“You hard-headed Boer,” said the officer, “think before whom you are standing. You are a subject of the Queen, and stand before her representative.”

“I am not a subject of the Queen of England,” replied the boy, defiantly. “And you cannot give me orders. I am not an inhabitant of Natal, but a native of the South African Republic.”

“Oh, these Boers!” cried the Colonel. “They are as thick-headed as their oxen. We will apprehend you; you are a suspicious character.”

Obedient to the Colonel’s orders, a subaltern approached, seized Pieter’s arm roughly and dragged him away. The poor boy was broken-hearted, thus to see his dreams of home disappear. He felt that the English were far more cruel than the robbers of the Drakenberg, and was not even comforted by the assurance of the lieutenant who accompanied him that his gun and horse should be well cared for.

Through the crowded streets they passed until they reached a house with grated windows, to

whose owner, an old Boer, the lieutenant confided the boy.

The old jailer was kind to the boy of his own people, and comforted him as much as possible in his imprisonment. Each day the lieutenant came to see if Pieter had yet learned who was his sovereign, and if he would give information concerning the Zulus, and each day Pieter shook his head and remained obstinately silent. He raged inwardly, but he was determined to stay in his cell forever rather than yield.

The old Boer told him that the English were preparing to enter Zululand from three sides—Colonel Wood from Transvaal, Colonel Glyn from Helpmakaar, in Natal, and Colonel Pearson from Greyton, in Natal—and march toward Ulundi. Sir Bartle Frere had had the ultimatum read on the banks of the Tugela, and as Cetewayo had not accepted it, war had begun.

On January 14th, the old man told him excitedly that two days before, the British troops had crossed the Buffalo on rafts and boats and had stormed Sirajo's kraal.

On the 20th of January, when Pieter had been in prison for two weeks, he was awakened by martial music, and going to the window saw

troops marching by. In breathless interest he watched the long procession, the English Light Horse, the infantry, the artillery, all clad in splendid uniform, the like of which the Boer boy had never seen before, white helmets, red coats, gold braid and glittering arms, mounted volunteers, mostly Boers from Natal, and two wagon trains of ammunition and provisions.

Pieter recalled the great horde of Zulus, and the little English host, barely three thousand men strong, seemed very small. How heavy and broad-shouldered were these soldiers of the Queen in comparison with the tall, slender Zulus! And what quantities of baggage! what an immense amount of food! During manœuvres the Zulus ate only once in twenty-four hours, or perhaps not at all. An active naked carrier with a basket on his head, for every wagon of the English, and ten thousand Zulus were provided with Kafir corn for several days. For their drink ran brooks and rivers.

But the sight of armed men stirred him. He had nothing to do with the wars of the English, yet—there were Boers in the procession, and he would have found it natural to ride with them.

The old jailer tapped him on the shoulder.

“Come, nephew,” he said, “your horse stands saddled at the door. Colonel Wood is going to send a patrol to General Chelmsford to announce to him that he has gone to Luneberg, and he wants you to go to Lord Chelmsford with them.”

Pieter jumped up in delight. Whither fate would lead him he knew not, but at any rate he was to escape from the gloomy prison.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE OF ISANDULA

PIETER MARITZ rode off with the subaltern and four men who stood before the prison door, feeling like a bird escaped from a cage, such joy was it to be on Jager's back once more, under the blue sky. Escape was impossible, as the country was so thickly patrolled, so he concluded that it was best to ride along quietly and let the future bring what it might.

The road which ran south from Utrecht into Natal was filled with travelers on foot and in wagons, hurrying north in the fear of a Zulu invasion.

It was six o'clock the next evening before they had crossed the Buffalo and reached Helpmakaar, only to find that Lord Chelmsford had gone northwest with Colonel Glyn, crossing the Buffalo at Rorke's Drift, and therefore being

now in Zululand. The commander at Helpmakaar ordered the subaltern to pass the night there, and early the next morning to follow Lord Chelmsford with the dispatches and the prisoner.

The following day, January 22d, was clear and warm, and when the patrol rode away, about five o'clock, the sun's heat was already oppressive. After a two hours' ride they reached the Buffalo River and crossed the ford known as Rorke's Drift. On the Zulu side, ten minutes' ride from the river, stood a mission church and dwelling, transformed by the English into a commissariat and hospital, and here they breakfasted.

While Pieter stood quietly beside his horse, eating a piece of pastry, he came near choking from surprise. In the distance, between two cactus bushes, he saw appear, all at once, a black head, with a hairbush atop, bound with black and white. It was an easy matter for spies to slip up and conceal themselves in the rocky bank, full of clefts and ravines, and Pieter could have sworn that the owner of the hairbush was one of the "Black Shield" regiment of Dabulamanzi.

"It would be well to look about carefully,"

Pieter said to the subaltern, as he tightened his saddle-girth, examined Jager's hoofs and tested his gun. "The Zulus are nimble-footed, and we are on their territory."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the jovial officer. "I am not at all worried!"

As they rode forward Pieter spied carefully through every hiding place offered by the uneven, hilly land. Soon he stopped involuntarily at the sight of forms in the distance. They had run down a path and quickly disappeared, but their red feathers indicated plainly to him that they belonged to Dabulamanzi's second regiment.

"What's the matter?" asked the subaltern.

"Sir, I see Zulus on our left flank," replied the boy.

"Zulus?" asked the subaltern. "Ghosts, maybe. I see nothing. The Zulus will take care not to run about here. But perhaps you are catching the cannon fever." And he laughed at his own joke.

Another half hour's ride and the boy's practiced eye perceived far off, in a little valley to the left, dark points, which could only be the caps worn by the regiment of the king. He was

now convinced that a great force of Zulus was in the neighborhood, but he said nothing more, since it would not have been credited.

They now arrived at the English tents, pitched in a valley not far from which rose a steep, isolated mountain. More than a hundred wagons were placed in long lines, the draft oxen tied to them. The troops—English, Boers and blacks, Zulus of Natal and Basutos, one thousand six hundred men in all, half Africans—were busy preparing breakfast.

“Lord Chelmsford is not here,” said First Lieutenant Pulleine, to whom Pieter was taken. “But tell me what you know of the Zulu army. Have they guns?”

“Of the Zulus I can only say to you, sir,” replied Peter, “that they march very rapidly, and are already in the neighborhood.”

“How do you know that they are in the neighborhood?” asked the commander in a severe tone.

“Three times, on the way here, I have seen Zulu spies from Dabulamanzi’s army.”

“Who is Dabulamanzi?”

“He is the king’s brother, who commands the best troops, all armed with breech-loaders.”

“Pooh!” said the commander. “Our videttes have announced nothing. Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Glyn are both out, and have had the whole country searched through. There is Lonsdale, too, with his Swazi niggers, who must know the country like a book. Surely there are not more than a couple of fellows spying around out there. However, ride out and see.”

While Lieutenant Durnford rode out to the west with two hundred Basutos, Lieutenant Pulleine turned again to Pieter.

“The Zulus march very rapidly, you say?”

“Very rapidly,” replied Pieter. Then he added, hesitatingly: “You will pardon me if I express my surprise at your camp.”

“How so?”

“When we Boers fight the Kafirs we form a circle of wagons, stop up all the holes with thorn bushes, and put the draft oxen within the circle. Then we shoot from the wagons as from a fortress. As your wagons are they will be no protection to you.”

The officers laughed, but Lieutenant Pulleine replied: “That is not so bad, but it is not necessary for English soldiers to creep behind wagons. We go toward the enemy.”

Shots were now heard, and it was evident that Lieutenant Durnford had found the enemy. The soldiers, however, continued their breakfast quietly until Lieutenant Pulleine had the alarm blown. Then they ran to their guns, and Lieutenant Durnford came galloping in.

The Zulus had been gathering from north and west, and already single balls were whistling about the camp, although they were still far away.

Pieter sat on his horse undecided. His instinct for battle impelled him to ride forward and shoot at the Zulus with the English. Another feeling held him back. He had been treated kindly by the Zulus, and England was his enemy. He determined to watch the conflict for a time and then trust to his horse to save him from captivity or death. The peril was great, but he could not yet tear himself away from the spectacle.

Behind the scattered, fighting swarms of riflemen now appeared long black ranks of Zulus on the opposite heights. Regiment after regiment climbed down from the height, Dabulamanzi among them on horseback.

The English grew pale in the face of the ter-

rible danger, but grim determination spoke in their carriage and faces. The artillerists now opened fire, and Pieter, who heard cannon for the first time, watched the effect of the shots.

Great breaches were torn in the advancing ranks, but they closed instantly, and the forward march was not interrupted for an instant.

A gunshot distant behind the advancing regiment of fifteen thousand men came another dense mass of perhaps five thousand, and now Pieter saw executed the manœuvres of which he had heard. The regiment of the king marched up to the artillery in regular step, but the two wings ran to shut in the English in a semicircle.

As the Zulu shields were no protection, they suffered a severe loss, for the English stood in line and fired steadily, so that the advancing ranks must constantly be renewed from behind. But the English suffered loss, too, as the Zulus fired rapidly during their advance. The Indunas had the regiments stop, the front ranks fire, and then the whole body rush forward again. Yet their fire was not to be compared with that of the English, and the blood of the whites showed plainly its superiority in battle.

Now the enemy was so near that their thundering battle song almost drowned the roar of the cannon, and the terrified black soldiers, who had only been kept in order by the sabre blows of the English officers, began to flee. Pieter saw that the camp would soon be surrounded, and that unless he speedily took flight he, too, would be destroyed. Yet the smoke and battle sounds were fast filling his mind with the intoxication of battle, and he hesitated before he turned, pressed his knees on the saddle, and fled forward in a swift gallop.

After some moments he paused on a little height and looked back, fascinated by the horrible scene before him. The Zulus, now but a hundred paces from the English, hurled their assagais, and then, seizing their favorite weapon, the stabbing assagai, rushed forward with wild, demoniac cries for hand-to-hand conflict. The English sold their lives dearly. The Zulus, shot and stabbed with bayonets, fell in rows. But undismayed they lifted the bodies of their own killed and wounded, carried them as shields and pushed them on the bayonets in order to make a way for themselves.

Man by man the English fell—the subaltern,

who had laughed at Pieter ; First Lieutenant Pulleine, Lieutenant Durnford, the officer of the artillery, just as he had finished spiking his guns, all fighting like heroes, firing pistols and swinging sabres until the last. The Zulus sprang forward like panthers, shouting their hideous war song, drunk with murder, until all was wild confusion. The scarlet coats and white helmets lay in a river of blood, and the naked feet of the black warriors trod on the confused mass of dead bodies of men and animals, weapons, helmets, provisions, ammunition, cooking vessels, shattered wagons and broken casks and chests.

Chained to the spot, Pieter stood until he suddenly realized that the Zulus were now turning to the pursuit of fugitives. Quickly he turned his horse. " Now, old fellow," he cried, " show what you can do !"

It had been his intention to return to Rorke's Drift, and amid all the terror of the last half hour had kept in mind the position of the surrounding heights in order not to miss the way back. But the Zulus had already cut off flight in that direction, and he must ride the nearest way to the river and trust to luck to get across.

Already other fugitives had adopted the same plan.

How long the terrible ride lasted he never knew, for the minutes dragged like hours, with the cries of his swift pursuers ringing in his ears, with the death cry of many fallen fugitives. Soon he had reached the hills near the river, and now he was on the height in a narrow path, and could see far below him the mirroring surface of the river. The bluff was very steep, and there was no beaten path, only a sunken place in the midst of impassable precipices. Before him ran some fifty black men, and a few men on horseback were clambering down with difficulty.

As Pieter rode down carefully, he saw behind him the red shields of his pursuers. He set his teeth as an assagai whistled past and rebounded from the rock wall. Looking back, he threatened the Red Shield with his gun, crying to them in Zulu, "Take care!"

They may have recognized him, for they ceased their shouts and followed but slowly. Pieter reached the river without accident. The bank rose precipitously, so that a ten-foot leap was necessary, but there was no time for thought.

Others had gone through and so could he. Jager sprang, obedient to his direction, and for an instant the water closed over the heads of horse and rider. Then they arose, and Jager swam powerfully through the broad, swift river. Fugitives were swimming round about them, and some of their pursuers threw themselves into the water. Pieter heard a cry for help near by, and saw a black head sinking. He seized the man by the hand and helped him across. Dripping, but uninjured, the boy rode out on the right bank of the Buffalo.

CHAPTER XV

PIETER MEETS CORPORAL JOUBERT AND PRESIDENT KRUGER

WHEN Pieter found himself safely on the Natal side of the river, he thanked Heaven for his rescue, and turned his horse to the right to ride up along the Buffalo. He thought of nothing but home, and wished to get into the Transvaal as soon as possible.

That night he stayed with a hospitable Boer, and the next day reached Utrecht, which was in great excitement over the news of the defeat. Fearing to tell anyone that he had been an eyewitness of the disaster lest he be detained, he hastened on, riding through Wesselstrom and Heidelberg, and reaching Pretoria on the fourth day, in which city he hoped to learn the whereabouts of his community.

It was toward evening when he approached

Pretoria, and when he rode over the hills that border the wide valley at the south, he saw the city spread out at his feet. The houses were scattered about among gardens, and only in the heart of the city were the buildings crowded together. An English camp was here, for at one side of the city Pieter saw rows of the well-known tents. As he drew nearer, he found the roads crowded with black women coming from market, black men laughable in European garments, and Boers on foot and on horseback.

A little company of the horsemen, Boers, but unarmed and elegantly dressed, passed him just before he reached the first houses. As they trotted past, one of them, an older man with dark full beard, cast a piercing glance at Pieter, checked his horse and asked him in Dutch who he was and whence he came.

At the word "Isandula" the riders surrounded him and looked at him curiously. In answer to their questions he told them of his experiences of the past year and explained that he was trying to find his community, of which Baas van der Goot was the leader.

"I know Baas van der Goot," said a fierce-looking man with sharp black eyes. "A true

Boer is he—a pious, respectable man, an excellent shot. I saw him two years ago, when I led a commando on our northern frontier. He had at that time killed many Kafirs with his own hand.”

“That is Corporal Joubert,” said one of the men, in answer to Pieter’s inquiry.

This, then, was the renowned, feared Joubert, of whom he had so often heard the men of his community speak.

“Are you the son of Andries or Klaas Buurman?” asked Joubert.

“Andries,” replied Pieter. “My father fell in battle last year at the Nyl River.”

“Andries dead!” exclaimed Joubert. “He was a brave man, and his death is a great loss to the republic. I hope his son will fill his place therein.” And he looked with pleasure at the boy’s stalwart form and frank face.

As they rode through the city the men continued to question Pieter, and the boy fancied that they felt a secret joy in the English defeat at Isandula.

As the first questioner paused before a beautiful house, he expressed a desire to see Pieter again. “You have certainly much more to

tell," said he. "Can you not come to my house for supper this evening, to meet a few of my friends?"

Pieter flushed with pleasure; then he looked down at his ragged garments. "You are very kind, sir," said he, "and I should like to come, for I am hungry. But you are a great gentleman, and I would better seek entertainment with some poor man."

The men laughed. "This young man," cried one, "has a fine instinct; he has smelt out the treasurer. You are certainly in need of money, young man."

He spoke so kindly that Pieter confessed that he had not a penny in the world.

"Then you have come to the right place," said the bearded man, still laughing. "This is Mr. Swart, the State Secretary of the Treasury, who has invited you to supper. He will fill your purse. I think the state is indebted to this young man," said he, turning to his friends, "and should compensate him for what he has suffered in war service."

"Certainly," said the treasurer, putting his hand in the pocket. "And it will pay on the spot. Here are fifty pounds; buy yourself some

clothes, my boy, and I shall count on seeing you at eight o'clock this evening."

Their kindness did not end here. Corporal Joubert himself accompanied the boy to find a lodging place. Pieter rode as if in a dream through the beautiful city, beside which Utrecht was a village. The paved streets were wide, and though many of the houses were but one story, they were built of stone, with glass windows. There were several churches, and the houses were set in the midst of gardens. As for the shops—what magic wares were not displayed in their windows!

Although the beautiful hotel—the first Pieter had ever seen—was full of guests, at Joubert's command the obsequious servant promised to find a place for the boy.

When, after a visit to the shops, he again saw his image in the mirror, the white collar rising above the blue blouse, the new leather trousers, fine riding boots and broad hat, from under which rippled his yellow hair, he blushed with pleasure at the sight.

Girding on his cartridge-belt and cutlass, and taking his gun, he set out for the secretary's house. Just as he reached it, a carriage stopped

before the door and a beautiful girl in a blue silk gown, with flowers in her brown hair, stepped out.

Frightened, Pieter fled into the house, where his smiling host relieved him of his gun and led him into the parlors, where the company had assembled.

The men were all dressed like the servants at the hotel, but the appearance of the women was such that Pieter, who had looked lions and Zulus in the face unterrified, felt the ground tremble under his feet. They wore beautiful long light silk gowns, and around their necks and arms hung sparkling stones and chains like those of the great Indunas at Ulundi. Their hair, too, was almost as artificially dressed as that of the Zulus, but was a prettier color. What completed Pieter's confusion was that they had bare necks and arms, and the shimmer of the white skin was a strange sight to one so long accustomed to the shining black skin of the Zulus. If his host had not held his arm the boy would have slipped away.

When Secretary Swart had presented Pieter to his guests the boy was immediately surrounded by men and women, who greeted him

kindly and asked him innumerable questions. Pieter bit his lips, his face became scarlet, and as he had not his gun, he did not know what to do with his hands. But the guests continued to ask him questions about Cetewayo, who had become a personage of importance since Isandula, and to examine the ring which he still wore about his neck.

When supper was announced, the secretary asked Pieter to escort his niece, who proved to be the pretty girl in the blue gown. Opposite him sat a little man with a pale, yellow face and long black hair and beard. His hands were as brown as Pieter's, and his dress as unsuitable for the occasion. "Who is he?" Pieter asked his partner.

"He is the second lion; you are the first," she replied, with a roguish smile. Then she explained, in reply to his look of amazement: "Lions are interesting people, the center of attraction of a company. This man has come from the interior of Africa; he has roamed over the whole continent. He is the Portuguese Major Serpa Pinto."

The table was beautifully set with sparkling glass and china, and the menu altogether dif-

ferent from that at Ulundi. Given confidence by his neighbor's friendliness, Pieter asked her many questions concerning the strange dishes, and she was so natural and helpful that he soon overcame his shyness.

The company continued to ask him questions, and when it came out that he had told Colonel Wood that he was a citizen of the South African Republic, he was loudly applauded. The man with the full beard, who had first accosted him on the road, made a little speech in which he responded to the toast, "The South African Republic." At the conclusion all rose and cheered.

"Who is he?" inquired Pieter.

"That is Paul Kruger, President of the Republic," she replied, smiling.

After supper, when the company had again assembled in the parlor to listen to music, Corporal Joubert called Pieter aside into a little room.

"Understanding English as you do," said Joubert, "you are able to render the republic a great service. You know the English persist in regarding the republic as a British colonial possession, and because of this bloody dissensions may arise at any time. It is, therefore, very

necessary for me to have an accurate knowledge of the English army now in South Africa. I want to know where are the single divisions and how strong they are, how many officers are with the troops, how many horses the cavalry and artillery have, and many other things. I want to know how old are the English troops, whether they are strong or weak, how they shoot, what is their manner of fighting, and whether the men obey their officers well. This war with the Zulus furnishes the opportunity. You, I think, are the right person to procure this information for me. Enter this campaign, but take care not to get killed. You are going to see, not to fight. Your shrewdness can find a way. Either attach yourself to the Natal volunteers or join an English regiment. Remember to give me full accounts of everything you see, but never in writing—always by word of mouth. Will you accept this commission?"

"Willingly," replied Pieter, "and I will do my best to do it well. But first I must find my community, for my mother does not know that I am living."

"Good," replied the corporal. "Seek out your family. There is ample time. Then come

back and receive further directions. It occurs to me that—but what noise is that?”

From the streets came shouts and cries, and when they ran to the window, although Pretoria's streets were unlighted, they could see men running past. English soldiers without guns, black women and men, all seized by some great terror.

CHAPTER XVI

PIETER MARITZ'S ENLISTMENT

“WHAT is the matter?” called Corporal Joubert to the people. No one answered, but one of the servants ran in crying, “The Zulus are coming!”

“Nonsense!” thundered Joubert. “Be at ease,” he added to the guests who ran in to him. “Such a thing is impossible.”

“Zulu! Zulu!” sounded from the streets from the mouths of English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Kafirs. Drums and horns sounded from the English camp and several shots were heard.

At last English officers appeared, driving the soldiers back to camp with drawn swords, and it turned out as they had supposed—that there was no reason for alarm.

Pieter Maritz fancied he recognized one of

the officers in the dim light—the voice, the figure, could belong to no other than Lord Adolphus Fitzherbert. “My Lord Fitzherbert!” he cried.

“Hurrah!” cried the officer. “That must be my Dutch friend!” And springing from his horse he seized the Boer boy’s hand. “Hurrah for old Holland! We must see each other again, but just now I have to drive these cowards home. They are frightened out of their wits by the very name Zulu.”

The next morning, when Pieter called on Corporal Joubert to learn more about his trip to the north, he found him at a table on which maps were spread. He wore a light blue linen blouse, open at the throat, and Pieter noticed more clearly than he had the day before how like a lion looked this celebrated warrior, with his broad, high forehead, thick, bristling hair, and waving beard.

“Tell me, my boy,” was the Corporal’s greeting, “can the English shoot?”

“No,” replied the lad. “They do better than the Zulus, but they cannot shoot accurately.”

“I thought so. Describe the battle again.

How did it happen that First Lieutenant Pulleine did not discover the Zulus sooner?"

Pieter gave a vivid description of what he had seen and heard on the day of Isandula, and the Corporal listened with close attention and visible pleasure. He laughed and stroked his beard when Pieter said that he had seen the Zulus spying about long before the attack, while the English had not noticed them, and when he told how the English commander had scorned his advice to arrange the wagons Boer fashion. Then he informed the boy that he had heard that several communities of Boers, among them that of Baas van der Goot, had recently moved to the vicinity of Lydenburg, where they traded with the gold diggers and diamond washers, and, apparently, had made much money. A party was going to Lydenburg on the morrow, which Pieter could join.

As he left the house, Pieter noticed that the streets were crowded with people, all going in the same direction, and, on inquiry, learned that they were going out to the English camp to see a new regiment that had just arrived.

As he passed along a residence street, Pieter noticed two gentlemen and two ladies ride away

from the yard of a handsome house. One of them, he was sure, was the father of the pretty girl he had met the night before. Yes, he was not mistaken, for there at the window stood the pretty girl herself, with anything but a happy expression on her face.

“You look very sad,” said he, after he had greeted her.

The young lady smiled. “Yes, Mr. Buurman. Have you not yet learned that one cannot always be happy?”

“Yes, indeed,” replied Pieter in his simple-hearted fashion. “And when I see that you are not happy, I am sad, too.”

“It is very nice of you to be so sympathetic,” said the young lady, with a charming glance of her brown eyes.

“What has occurred to trouble you?” asked Pieter.

“Nothing important; but I wanted to go out riding and my father, out of politeness, had to give my horse to my aunt.”

“Is that all?” asked the boy. “Then if you have a saddle, you shall have a horse.”

He hurried back for Jager, and when he returned the young lady was on the steps in her

habit. "What a beautiful horse!" she cried as he swung her into the saddle. "But how thoughtless I am! Now you cannot ride!"

"I did not intend to," he said. But when he looked after her his face became as sad as hers had been. Ride he must now, so he hurried back to the hotel to try to get a horse. There was but one there, however, a brown horse that would suffer no one to mount it.

Pieter caressed the horse and asked to be allowed to try it, since he greatly desired to see the English.

The animal allowed himself to be saddled, but no sooner had Pieter sprung on his back than he reared, turned in a circle, and struck out behind with all his strength.

Pieter observed that it would be no trifle, not only to keep the horse in the road, but even to remain in the saddle. But he did not despair. Once in the street, he managed to keep his head in the right direction, and on the country road it did not so much matter if he occasionally got too near the field. So skillfully did he guide him with his knees that it seemed that he would soon become accustomed to the rider and obey the reins.

But when they approached the cloud of dust that indicated the crowd from the city, a burst of martial music rose from the regiment, invisible in the dust. The horse became utterly unmanageable; he made a succession of leaps, kicked up his heels, and struck out so powerfully in every direction that Pieter saw that he must not remain here. If he could ride in advance of the regiment and the crowd to the English camp, he might quiet the horse and see something of the procession, after all. He turned the horse in the direction of the camp and the animal dashed along the road, head up, with great leaps, in one of which his rider's hat fell from his head.

Pieter looked sadly after his beautiful new hat, when, to his astonishment, the young lady came riding swiftly behind him on Jager, and with wonderful skill bent over, in full career, picked up the hat and followed its owner. Just before they reached the camp she overtook Pieter, gave him the hat with a charming smile, and rode away.

But alas! he had more eyes for the young lady than for the direction in which he was going, and the next instant he found that he had come

too near the tents. The horse's kicks against a tent were answered by loud voices from within, and the terrified inmates rushed out.

“*Sacre nom d'une pipe! Que vous emballe!*” cried a half-angry, half-laughing voice, and Pieter saw before him a little, broad-shouldered man in the uniform of a second lieutenant, with gray mustache and whiskers and an immense scar on his face, who threatened him with a revolver, at the same time keeping carefully out of the horse's way. The horse seemed to consider it a personal injury that the tent still stood, and continued to strike at it while the lieutenant threatened Pieter. They were interrupted by the arrival of a group of cavalry officers, among them Lord Fitzherbert, who asked Pieter to dismount, promising to give him one of his horses and to send the brown horse back to the city while he stayed to dine with him.

Lord Fitzherbert was rejoiced to have the friend of his captivity with him once more, and explained to him that the second lieutenant whose tent he had destroyed was a Frenchman, who during the last thirty years had taken part in campaigns in France, Mexico, Algiers, Italy, Crimea, and China, and at last in the war

with Germany, when, in vexation at his country's defeat, he had entered the English army.

"Just your luck," he added, "to get into a quarrel with the most dangerous man in the whole army the minute you entered the camp. I wonder that he did not shoot you. We must try to appease him. I will invite him to dinner. He is an amusing fellow, with a store of stories from every country, speaks many languages, and can fight like one possessed."

As the young people rode to meet the regiment Pieter noticed that one side of the English camp was built like a fort, with earth walls and moats and subterranean powder magazines. Cannon stood on the walls pointing directly at the market place of Pretoria. The English had thoughtfully placed the fort so that its guns commanded not only the entrance to the camp, but also governed the capital of Pretoria.

Pieter was surprised at the elegance and luxury of Lord Fitzherbert's tent, which they first visited. In the dining tent about forty officers in splendid uniforms were grouped about a table decorated with silver, porcelain, and sparkling glass. They welcomed Lord Fitzherbert's companion in captivity kindly, and

the little Frenchman shook hands with Pieter and assured him that it was a fortunate thing that Lord Fitzherbert came up when he did or he would certainly have shot him.

When they sat down at the table, one of the officers said that the fifth part of the Zulu army had been lost at Isandula, and that Cetewayo, in terror at his loss, had asked the bishop of the Norwegian mission to intercede for him. He would accept the conditions of peace, and had already sent a present to Lord Chelmsford. Another said that, after the defeat at Isandula, the English would not accept peace, but would destroy the whole Zulu power. "I know Cetewayo," said Lord Fitzherbert, "and I know he would never sue for peace. Do you think he would yield after he has got us in the position we are? He has destroyed a third of Colonel Glyn's force; Colonel Wood has to remain at Luneberg and cannot venture over the border; and Colonel Pearson is besieged at Ekowe. If Cetewayo knew the real state of affairs he would lead his entire army across the Buffalo, and could march through all Natal without our being able to hinder him."

"Lord Fitzherbert is right," said one of the

older officers. "Until reinforcements come, we can do nothing."

Pieter enjoyed the excellent dinner and the conversation of the officers, but he did not once forget his instructions, and listened attentively to the conversation between Lord Fitzherbert and Lieutenant Dubois. He was attracted to the Frenchman at once; there was something so martial and so adventurous in his black eyes and round brown face. Dubois remarked that the war with the Zulus had already shown the English that they did not have enough cavalry, and that he had just received a commission to form a division of light cavalry, several of which were to be made up for scouting and picket duty. They hoped to enlist Boers in the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and Natal for this service. Several officers had been commissioned to recruit such troops, which were then to be united into squadrons under higher officers.

"Can you make use of me?" asked Pieter.

Lord Fitzherbert looked at him astonished, and the Frenchman's face expressed his delight.

"Capital! capital!" cried he, stretching out

his hand to the boy. "Accept you! You shall lead a company of cavalry, provided we get one. How old are you? You must be eighteen."

"I am going on sixteen," replied Pieter, not daring, in his eagerness to lead a company, to say how recently he had passed his fifteenth birthday.

"Sixteen!" cried the Frenchman. "Well, no matter; capability counts, not years."

Lord Fitzherbert congratulated Lieutenant Dubois. "You have made an excellent catch, Dubois," said he. "He is a valuable fellow. But are you in earnest, Pieter? Do you really want to go? If not, Lieutenant Dubois shall release you."

"No, no!" cried Pieter. "I am in earnest. I am anxious to learn the art of war from so excellent and experienced a teacher as Lieutenant Dubois."

"My faith!" cried the flattered Frenchman. "You who have smelt powder at Isandula know it already. I am the fortunate one."

It was now agreed that Pieter should go north to find his family, and return as soon as possible to take his place in the commando of Lieutenant Dubois.

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE ENGLISH SERVICE

THE next morning Pieter Maritz went out to the camp, renewed his contract with Lieutenant Dubois, and said good-by to him and Lord Fitzherbert. As he rode away he thought over his new position in the world. Soon he would be in English pay, going against the Zulus. He would receive thirty pounds a month, and, if he lived to return home after the war, he could take a large sum of money home to his mother. Then, as a light horseman, he could carry out Joubert's plan in excellent fashion and render his fatherland a great service.

His next duty was to visit the stores and purchase gifts for his mother and brothers and sisters; this done, he was ready, the next day, to join the little party of twenty, all men on horseback, who were going to Lydenburg.

At Lydenburg, which, like other Transvaal cities, had wide streets and pleasant gardens about the houses, they found a crowd of strangers, adventurers brought there in part by the gold-digging in the north, in part by the war. Pieter hastened to inform himself concerning his community, and learned that they were about four miles north of the city.

As he rode out of their camp on the first day of February, he beguiled the time by picturing to himself how his brothers and sisters would look. He himself had grown half a head in the last year, and his stirrup-straps lacked only two holes of being as long as his father had worn them. He was, moreover, a cavalry soldier in the English service—nay, more, a man of the position and dignity of a subaltern, since he would lead a company. What would they think of that in the community? What would all his old comrades whom he had left as a boy say, at seeing him again as a man?

When, just at noon, he saw rising from a pretty green valley the smoke of several huts and campfires, and many wagons standing in a circle, he swung his hat in the air and gave a loud shout. After a few minutes' ride he recog-

nized familiar faces—elderly men with gray beards, who sat in the shadow of the trees and were served with mush and goat's flesh by the black servants. Baas van der Goot was in their midst, and his Uncle Klaas sat near him.

At first they scarcely knew him, and when they realized that he was their own Pieter Maritz Buurman, whom they had given up for lost, they surrounded him with the greatest curiosity. Baas van der Goot had almost forgotten the incident of the Zulus, and when he heard the message from the celebrated Joubert he was so flattered that he looked with very kindly eyes on the bearer of the message.

Pieter tore himself away from his questioners and hurried toward the hut which his uncle had pointed out to him as his mother's abode.

Several of his brothers and sisters were playing outside. He stepped on the threshold, and there sat his mother within, with two of his sisters. She looked up, astonished, her face grew pale, but the next moment Pieter was on his knees beside her, embracing her, and their tears of joy mingled.

After his departure his mother's lot had been a hard one. She had led the ox-wagon, and

had often sat in the saddle to watch the herd. But now she had her own home and traded in cattle, as did the whole community, which carried on a lively trade in cattle, corn and fodder in the northern mining districts, so that she had now a comfortable income.

Full of astonishment and pride, she looked at her boy, long mourned as dead, and when he went to his bag and brought forth his presents the children were speechless from joy.

That evening Pieter was honored by a visit from Baas van der Goot, who came to invite him to sit with the elders. It was a proud moment for Pieter when he sat with the elders of the community about the campfire while the pipes were smoked. Here he must tell his experiences. But his enlistment with the English displeased them.

“Uncle,” said he to Baas van der Goot, “I have talked over this thing with Field Corporal Joubert, and he has approved of it.”

Baas smiled thoughtfully for a few moments. Then he said: “If Joubert has approved of it, it must certainly be all right. I hope, however, that you will be with us when we set up the vier-klor and drive the English from our land.”

“I shall be with you then, God willing,” replied Pieter.

After a week of the pleasant life of the community he bade his mother farewell and returned to Corporal Joubert for the promised letters of recommendation. With Joubert he found a celebrated leader of the Boers, named Smit, and from them Pieter learned that Cape Colony had asked help from the Boers against Cetewayo, but that the Transvaal Government had refused it. “Not until England recognizes our independence will we come to her aid,” said Mr. Smit. “They are friendly to us now because they are afraid of Cetewayo; but if we were so foolish as to help them without reliable security, we would soon learn what the victory signified to us. No, the independence of our country must be our highest aim; on that we will stake property and blood.”

Next morning Pieter rode out to the camp and found Lieutenant Dubois very busy. The excitable Frenchman was all enthusiasm over his new duty, and had already enlisted about fifty men of different ages—some young, some with gray beards—all Boers, mounted for the most part on small, strong, swift horses. The Lieu-

tenant sat on a handsome horse and talked to them rapidly in a language which none understood, because it was composed of French, English, Dutch, and other languages. He welcomed Pieter, and immediately commissioned him to explain to the men what he was saying.

His orders were that the volunteers should, on the following day, march to Durban, where they would be formed into larger corps, with other volunteers. Pieter translated the speech and immediately became a kind of adjutant of the Lieutenant, who had heard much of him from Lord Fitzherbert, and who was also well pleased with the way in which the boy conducted himself.

The camp was very much changed, and many of the soldiers were gone. One part of the troops had gone to Sir Evelyn Wood, the other to Lord Chelmsford. Two strong lines were formed, one on the border of Transvaal, the other at the Tugela River.

Lieutenant Dubois continually stopped along the way to recruit, but it was not easy to find volunteers; the English had already pressed into service all who cared to go, and most of the Boers hated the English too much to take

service with them. In this work Pieter's knowledge of the country and people proved of great service.

The route led along the English front, past Helpmakaar, Graytown, and Pietermaritzburg to Durban, and Pieter was amused on the way to see how much respect the English had acquired for the Zulus. At Pietermaritzburg he saw a railroad for the first time—the line which runs to Port Natal. At Helpmakaar lay Colonel Glyn's detachment, that had lost its baggage at Isandula, and the men were working in the trenches in wonderful costumes—half Kafir, half Boer. Here at Helpmakaar, which was transformed into a fortress, an attack was momentarily expected, because of its proximity to the Zulu enemy.

Lieutenant Dubois' company, now increased to one hundred and fifty men, at last arrived at Durban, the city on the celebrated harbor of Port Natal, where the British troops were landed.

Pieter's heart beat more rapidly as he stood on a hill in the harbor and looked for the first time on the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. Ships were riding in the harbor, and soldiers were

landing from a transport. The new soldiers were needed. On the way to Durban they had heard of the loss of a part of the Eightieth Regiment, under Captain Moriarity of Colonel Wood's division, and there had been other defeats. Lord Chelmsford was awaiting reinforcement to relieve Colonel Pearson, who had been shut up for six weeks in Fort Ekowe.

Durban was very interesting to Pieter, because it was so different from the Transvaal cities, its houses all being set close together. The streets were crowded, and he was especially attracted by the many Malays, the men with bright shawls crossed over their breasts, the women in full, airy white gowns, their blue-black hair wound in a great coil through which was thrust a silver arrow. Carriages, English cavalry, dragoons, Uhlans, light horse, rode through the confusion of the streets, and many Kafirs ran about, crying their wares. It was a gay confusion of different sights, faces, garments, such as Pieter had never seen before.

After he had reported to Major Walker, according to Lieutenant Dubois' orders, and had been informed that in a few days Lord Chelmsford would break camp and go to the relief of

Colonel Pearson, Pieter wandered through the camp, entertaining himself with the sight of the different uniforms and garments. He came finally to a place where the English tents gave place to the familiar forms of Kafir huts and all the smells and sounds of a Kafir community. Many hundred Kafir warriors camped here, and Pieter saw also the familiar ox shields and asagais of the Zulus of Natal, who had a large contingent for battle against their kinsmen.

As he wandered among the huts his eyes fell on a form that seemed familiar. Leaning on his spear stood a man of proud carriage, his head inclined, his left foot advanced before the right.

Pieter stepped nearer, and at the sound of his step the man turned. It was Humbati. His face grew dark when he saw the Boer boy, and he turned away as though he would say that their friendship belonged to other days.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ADVANCE OF THE ZULUS

LORD CHELMSFORD marched north toward the enemy from his fortified position on the Tugela, but this time he had learned caution, and marched with wagons protected, and with spies in advance to warn them of the coming of the fleet-footed enemy. Here the light horse rendered great service, and especially the volunteer Boers, since their eyes were better, their horses more serviceable, and their knowledge of the country most valuable. They could travel over ten to fifteen German miles a day, and their watchful eyes surrounded the English army on all sides day and night.

On March 29th they passed the night at the Kraal Inyoni; on the 30th they came to the Kraal Amatikulo, on the Amatikulo River, both kraals deserted, though single Zulus had been discovered spying on the army from among

the tall grass. On the 1st of April they left Amatikulo, crossed the river, and took the road to the east.

At about five miles from Fort Ekowe, Lord Chelmsford stopped and communicated with Colonel Pearson by means of the heliograph. Pieter, who stood by, saw the commander-in-chief closely for the first time. The expression of his slender face was not energetic, and his eyes were sad. He called up Humbati and talked to him for a few moments, then turned to one of his officers.

“Colonel Pearson says that at least thirty-five thousand Zulus are in the neighborhood, and this Induna thinks the number is not exaggerated. A pretty pickle Sir Bartle Frere has got us into,” he continued, sighing. “With the tenth part of the cost in money we could have settled this affair peaceably. Every conquered Zulu, as it is, costs England three hundred pounds, and the worst of it is that when it is conquered, the country will be worse off than it was before.”

As he turned away to give the signal to advance, an officer, bearing a dispatch from Colonel Wood, dashed up at full gallop.

“Colonel Wood had a severe battle on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, but was victorious. But on the first day he lost twelve officers and eighty-six men, and on the second, many more. Oh, these Zulus!”

As the General spoke these words, Pieter saw Humbati standing near by, unspeakable pride illuminating his dark face. But his expression touched the boy's heart, for he read in it not only high pride but a deep grief, and he thought he could understand something of the torture the traitor suffered, who wished to revenge his brother's death on the tyrant, yet could not destroy his love for his fatherland.

Lord Chelmsford immediately returned to the camp and hastened to make it as strong as possible. It was in the form of an immense square, large enough for the troops and the thousands of oxen that had drawn the wagons and guns. Banks, and occasionally walls and ditches, surrounded the four sides; thorn bushes filled all the holes save the openings left for the guns, cannon, mortar guns, and the fearful mitrailleuse. One side was fortified only by the heavy wagons, in order that cavalry might break through when necessary.

The camp was carefully arranged with infantry, cavalry, sailors, and Zulus, the tents for the General and his staff in the open space in the centre.

Near midnight Pieter arose and awoke the comrades who were to take with him a certain position in front of the camp, near the Inyezane River, which formed a wide curve north and east of the camp, and two miles away emptied into the Indian Ocean. On the way he met Lieutenant Dubois and his patrol, who informed him that they had seen nothing suspicious. Pieter relieved the pickets on duty with his own men, and himself remained with one of the men in the middle of the row and in front of the camp.

It was very still, even the horse's step being almost inaudible in the high grass. There was a blue-gray haze over the narrow, shallow river, dimly lighted by the stars.

At midnight the weather changed. Clouds gathered in the sky, the thunder rolled in the distance, and a heavy storm broke over the camp. When it ceased, the earth was soaked, and the river roared and foamed over its banks into the little plain on which rode the pickets.

As Pieter waited for the sunrise, shivering in his wet garments, he fancied he saw a dark object moving in the water. It was difficult to distinguish it in the twilight among the bushes, and he pushed Jager through the reed grass to the very edge of the water and looked searchingly at the objects floating in the stream. Suddenly he caught up his gun; before him, still half in water, elbows supported on the flat bank, was a black form, assagai in right hand, shield in left, motionless at the unexpected sight of the gun-barrel leveled at his head. For a moment they remained thus, the Boer's hand on the trigger. But something held him back. He had never shed human blood; he could not now. So he called softly in the Zulu tongue, "Go back, Zulu!"

Sending the alarm to camp at once, Pieter rode along the river as day dawned to see from what points and in what number the Zulus were coming. Many were already visible, slipping along on the other side of the river, and a strong force was marching swiftly toward the right side of the camp. Although most of the pickets, had ridden back to the camp, Pieter remained concealed for a time near a thicket,

that he might observe the approaching army as long as possible.

The column was ten men broad. Rank upon rank they came, marching shoulder to shoulder, shield against shield, spear-points glistening in the sunlight. As they swam the river Pieter recognized the first company as the "Blue Shields," with whom he had once gone elephant hunting. Turning in his saddle as he rode back, he recognized also the next regiment. But he dared wait no longer; he was the last picket outside the camp.

As he galloped into camp he found all hushed in expectation of battle. Lord Chelmsford listened attentively when Pieter told him that the flower of the Zulu army was approaching, in part the same troops that had been at Isandula.

Now the army appeared stretched out like a bow, as if to surround the camp in front and on two sides.

"Half-past four o'clock," said Lord Chelmsford, watch in hand. "Let us begin with shrapnel."

One gap after another was made in the advancing host, as the thunder of the cannon made itself heard; but they quickly closed

again, and the march continued in the midst of the fearful fire and quite without protection. Seeming to realize that the old manœuver would not avail against the fortified camp, the Zulus placed their right wing opposite the English camp and held the left wing in reserve. Their balls, which had at first struck harmlessly against the wagon-covers, came more thickly as they advanced, and several English sank down, wounded.

Suddenly a wind from the northwest lifted the smoke-veil, and Pieter looked out astonished. The attacking party of the Zulus was as broad as the English camp. In the middle was the "Regiment of the King," on the right the "White Shields," on the left the "Red Shields." They advanced like a wall, shields before breasts, stabbing assagais in the right hand, the head feathers and white ox-tails on breasts and legs waving in the wind, the spotted headbands distinctly visible above the wild faces. Without firing, they came up running, springing over the dead and wounded, undismayed by the shells that hissed and flamed in their midst. Shot after shot from the Remingtons pierced shield and breast, headband and head, but the wild

shouting and the swift measure of the battle song never ceased. Now they were but two hundred paces away; now the white teeth and rolling eyes could be seen distinctly; the next minute the plain just before ditch and wall was filled with black forms. The English stood firmly behind the breastwork, gun against gun, and the deadly fire of the breech-loaders completed what neither shrapnel, nor shells, nor the balls of the Gatling gun were able to do. The grass was colored with blood and covered with corpses. Some heads appeared above the edge of the wall, but at once sank back. Even the Zulu ranks wavered under such fearful loss, the shrill cries ceased, the black crowd retreated, and the defenders of the camp breathed more freely.

Then Pieter saw behind the fleeing Zulus Dabulamansi on horseback, swinging his spear and trying to drive back the fugitives. Behind him came the reserve, which the shrewd prince led up to strengthen the attacking line. Scarcely had the shout with which the English had hailed the victory died on their lips when the second line rushed forward with the same force and rapidity.

This time they fired as they advanced, and the English commander called on the Boer light horsemen to strengthen the English firing line. Pieter joined them, and under the deadly fire man after man fell in the Zulu line.

As he fired, Pieter let his eyes run along the firing line and observed the difference between the fire of the English sharpshooters and that of the Boers. The English aimed only at the crowd, and incessantly fired and loaded, but the Boers aimed carefully at a certain enemy. The magazines of their guns spared them the continued loading, and they combined accuracy and rapidity. They seldom took the weapon from their cheeks, and one shot followed another with deadly surety.

Pieter was seized with the rage for battle which inflamed all hearts. All knew that they must either conquer or die. If their line weakened at a single point, not one of all the defenders of the camp would live to see the light of another day. So, regularly as machines, with burning eyes, faces and hands powder-blackened, they kept up their steady fire.

Three sides of the camp were now attacked, and at all four corners the cannon and mitrail-

leuse were working incessantly. Climbing over the bodies of the fallen, the Zulus crept up to the breastwork, and their tiger eyes looked into the camp; they crept under the guns, but not one escaped alive. At last the English fire became too murderous for them, and again the Zulu ranks broke and retired.

This time the wagon wall opened, and Humbati rushed forth with his black battalion, closely followed by the dragoons and the Boer light horsemen. The Zulus were in flight, but part of them collected and turned toward the enemy. Their art of fighting, however, was based altogether on attack; they understood little of defense.

Inspired with the lust for fighting, Pieter raced along, crying to Lord Fitzherbert as he passed him, "Adolphus! A wager! Who will first get Dabulamanzi's gold headband?"

"Forward! Let's after it!" cried Lord Fitzherbert.

Together with Lieutenant Dubois they galloped for the wager into the thickest of the fight, between the desperate Zulus and the cavalry at the river's brink. Pieter thought nothing of risking his life, but only of battle.

Coolly he parried the kirri blows and avoided assagais. Once an assagai struck his arm, but he did not drop the reins; encouraging Jager, he swung his sword against Dabulamanzi, striking the assagai from his uplifted hand, and next moment piercing the prince's breast. Dabulamanzi spread out his arms and sank back amidst a wild howl from the surrounding Zulus. Holding his sword in his teeth, Pieter rushed forward, tore the gold band from the woolly head, and swung it aloft triumphantly.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DEATH OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON

WHEN the little company rode back to the English camp, the commander of the dragoons led Pieter up to Lord Chelmsford.

“I recommend this young man to your especial notice,” said he. “He has shown himself brave and able. By his hand the Zulu leader fell, and this ring he took from his head in hand-to-hand conflict!”

“Is not this the young man who was a witness of the battle of Isandula?” he inquired.

Pieter bowed.

“But you are wounded,” he said, noticing the blood from the wounded arm. “Dr. Johnson—but stay; I will myself lay a plaster on the wound.” And so saying, he took from his own breast the Victoria cross and fastened it on Pieter’s blouse.

“In the name of the Queen,” said he, “I give you this badge of honor for military distinction. The ring I beg you to give me as a trophy. You shall receive threefold its weight in gold.” And while Pieter murmured his thanks, overcome by the honor, the officers crowded about to congratulate him and examine the head ring.

Lord Chelmsford believed that the attack had not been made by the entire Zulu force, but by only about twelve thousand. Since Colonel Pearson had signaled that a much larger force was in the vicinity, it was not improbable that other battles might occur near Ekowe.

But this expectation was not fulfilled. The flying column sent by Lord Chelmsford to Fort Ekowe was not disturbed. The terror of their defeat and the fall of their leader had frightened away the Zulus, and only the traces of their camp were to be seen about Ekowe.

The besieged men were overjoyed to see Lord Chelmsford's force, for they were almost famished, and could have held out but a few days longer. On the 22d of January, which had brought the news of Isandula, a strong Zulu force had fallen on Colonel Pearson, driven him

back into the fort, and had kept him besieged there ever since.

It was impossible, however, to hold Fort Ekowe, as Lord Chelmsford had not enough provisions; neither did he have a sufficient force to advance against the Zulus. Nothing remained but to return to the fort on the Tugela, there to pass week after week in inaction. Nothing, in the meantime, was heard of the Zulus.

During this time, Pieter saw with astonishment rich England's great preparations for the war. New troops continued to arrive, and many horses and mules. A regiment of Uhlans, in splendid uniform, marched into the Transvaal, where it was said the Boers were troublesome, so that the Government deemed it advisable to keep some troops there. The division along the Zulu frontier was strengthened by artillery and cavalry. Colonel Wood was made a brigadier-general, his column increased to more than three thousand men, and called a flying column. Other columns were likewise strengthened; the one to which Pieter belonged, and which was commanded by General Crealock, numbered over nine thousand men. Lord

Chelmsford tarried in the Transvaal, and it was said would attempt from there to enter Zululand.

But in May the report was circulated in the camp at Tugela that the queen was dissatisfied with the administration of Sir Bartle Frere and with Lord Chelmsford's conduct of the war, and had appointed her most fortunate general, Sir Garnet Wolseley, to the highest place in the civil government, and also to conduct the war in South Africa.

The Boer light horse, which had been serving as pickets before Fort Tenedos, Fort Pearson, Fort Williamson, and Fort Chelmsford, where the English were continually expecting attacks from the Zulus, now received orders to march along the frontier of Natal to Transvaal. Pieter's wound had now fully healed, and he had sat many nights in the saddle. The one hundred and sixty sovereigns he had received for the golden head ring he had left with a Boer in Durban, who had been recommended to him by Joubert.

On May 20th the Boers, with other forces of dragoons, Uhlans, and artillery, were ordered to reconnoiter in Zululand to learn what a Zulu

force was doing that had shown itself about Isandula. The next day, when Pieter rode out before the Boer force beside Lieutenant Dubois, his attention was at once attracted by a young man who accompanied the general, mounted on a splendid chestnut horse. His face was pale and delicately cut, and he wore a small black moustache. His head was covered with the familiar English cork helmet, wrapped about with a white veil.

At the same moment the young man's eyes fell on Lieutenant Dubois, and, after a word to the general, he trotted up to the old Frenchman and spoke to him, smiling.

"A countryman, I hear," said he. "As soon as I saw you, I thought your face must have come from our dear old France."

"An old soldier, your Highness," said Dubois, bowing to his horse's neck. "For thirty-five years I served under the tri-color."

The young man grasped his hand. "I am rejoiced to have found a countryman. So France's sons meet in foreign lands during the misfortunes of their fatherland. I am with the English to learn the art of war. How happy would I be if God in his mercy would grant

that faithful, deserving French officers might again be united under the only name that can provide them with proper recognition."

Pieter learned later that he was the young Prince Imperial of France, son of Napoleon III.

The troops rode past the battlefield of Isandula, a mournful spectacle, with its heaps of bones and shattered wagons, on to the place where Lord Chelmsford's forces had been at the time of the attack. The time for the march against Ulundi had now been set; on May 24th Sir Garnet Wolseley had arrived at Port Natal, and the early part of June was set for the advance.

On the morning of June 1st Pieter was doing picket duty before General Wood's camp, not far from the Kraal Itelesi, on the frontier between Transvaal and Zululand. He could see far over the hilly country, dotted with deserted kraals, to the camp of General Newdigate.

As he looked he saw distinctly a little group ride away from the camp, the Prince Louis Napoleon in advance, an officer, six horsemen, and a Zulu guide. The prince paused on a hilltop, looked through his field glass, and wrote in a

notebook. Then they rode on and disappeared from sight.

While Pieter was still on duty at his post, General Wood and Colonel Buller rode up.

“Have you seen the Prince Imperial?” asked General Wood.

“Yes,” replied Pieter. “He rode past me toward the enemy, with his escort, about three hours ago.”

“Three hours!” cried General Wood. Then turning to Colonel Buller, he said: “I am worried about the prince. His zeal should be restrained. He knows neither the country nor the enemy. How easily one could be surprised on this ground! If anything should happen to him, it would be an irredeemable shame to the British flag.”

“I will send some of my men out to find him,” replied Colonel Buller. “Yet Lieutenant Carey, a reliable officer, is with him. But it is hard to watch over the prince—”

General Wood dropped his field glass. “Is not that a rider coming?” he cried.

“That is the officer I saw with the prince. I recognize his horse,” said Pieter.

The lieutenant approached in a gallop, fol-

lowed by four men, his horse dripping with sweat, his face anxious, so excited that for a moment he could not speak.

“The prince! Where is the prince?” cried General Wood.

“We have lost him,” said the lieutenant, touching his hat. “We rode out together, and the prince made topographical sketches. Then we came to a deserted kraal and the prince inspected the huts. They were all empty, and we sat down to breakfast—”

“What! In the kraal itself?”

“Yes, the prince desired it. We unsaddled, and—”

“You unsaddled? In the kraal? In the neighborhood of the enemy?”

“Yes, we unsaddled because the prince desired to rest his horse, and ate breakfast near a wall not far from the horses, which were held by two men. All at once I saw a black face between the thorn hedge, and pointed it out to the prince. We ran to the horses, and while I threw on my saddle and flung myself on my horse there were several shots and two men fell. The Zulus were so close behind us with their assagais that I saved myself only by the swiftest

gallop. When I came to a brook in the ravine and looked behind me, I saw only these four men. I saw nothing of the prince, and do not know what has become of him."

"We dare not ride after him," said General Wood, "without a strong division, for a large force of Zulus may be there. Besides, it is too late. Lieutenant Carey, you should have performed your duty better. You are under arrest, and shall be tried by court-martial. Give me your sword!"

The following morning a division went out to seek the prince, with Lieutenant Dubois and the Boer light horsemen in advance. As they approached the kraal where, according to Lieutenant Carey's description, the halt had been made, a riderless horse came trotting up, the prince's chestnut, a revolver sticking in the saddle holsters, together with maps and writing materials. The stirrups hung down, but Dubois noticed that a leather strap that held the bag at the back of the saddle was torn and the bag gone.

"Does it not look," said he, "as if the prince had torn the strap away in mounting?"

In the ravine to which they came next a sad

sight met their eyes. A naked corpse lay there, and, although it was covered with blood and the face greatly disfigured, they had no difficulty in recognizing the prince. He was pierced by eighteen assagai wounds, and stripped of everything save a small gold medallion.

“O miserable end of a renowned race!” cried the Frenchman, deeply moved, tears coursing down his scarred cheeks. “O hope of France, must thou die thus, cut down by the spears of savages, thou heir of the proudest throne of the world? In thy veins flowed the blood of the greatest conquerors, thy grandsire shook the earth with the nod of his head, and thou, poor prince! liest here, on African earth, fallen in a thicket, in an inglorious war!”

“Your fault is it that he fell!” he cried, as the English officers rode up. “Could not you have protected him better? He did your arms an honor when he allied himself with them, and you should have known how to protect a Napoleon when he confided his youth to your guidance. On us falls the misfortune, but the blame lies with you.”

The English officers did not reply, but pardoned his grief. Silent and sad, they stood near

the corpse, while Lieutenant Dubois kneeled down and kissed the hand of the dead prince.

The body was placed on a shield and borne out of the ravine to an ambulance that had been hastily summoned. As the train approached the tents it was met by all the high officers, the troops presented arms, and the funeral procession passed through the tent streets between long rows of sabres and bayonets under military honors. In the centre of the camp the wagon stopped and the shield was lifted out. Generals carried it, and Lieutenant Dubois took his place with them. The prince's horse was led behind the shield.

Quiet and the feeling of shame rested on the English camp. The fall of the prince was the bitterest blow added to the defeats and losses already suffered, for it carried with it the consciousness that all the nations of the earth contemplated with astonishment England's manner of carrying on war.

CHAPTER XX

THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI

LORD CHELMSFORD, now determining to gain a victory before Wolseley reached the army, at last undertook the advance toward Ulundi, with Newdigate and Wood from Transvaal and General Crealock from Natal. The great army rolled like a broad river through the hill land, preceded by the watchful Boer light horsemen and Humbati's troop. Before them lay a country wasted by fire, kindled by the retreating Zulus. The progress was very slow, for the sudden changes of weather were very injurious to the English, too highly fed for great endurance.

When Cetewayo became aware of the advance of the army, he sent an embassy with rich gifts to the English, offering to accept the former conditions of peace. It was refused, however,

for the English knew that only a complete defeat of Cetewayo could set them right in the eyes of the world.

Pieter Maritz, who had acted as interpreter for the Zulus, did not doubt that the English would eventually conquer, since they had everything in their favor, cavalry, the terrible artillery and engineers, whereas the Zulus had nothing but their courage, rapidity, their perseverance and their ability to do without necessities. And the victory would strengthen England's power in South Africa. He had learned, now, the English way of thinking and acting. They considered Africa their property and looked with scorn on the other people.

To Cape Colony and Natal they had added the Orange Free State, Transvaal, and now Zululand, and, with their gold, hired the inhabitants to fight one against another. Would the South African Republic succeed in freeing itself from this power?

It was a gaily attired army that marched toward Ulundi—the Boer light horsemen, Lonsdale's Swazi troops, Cook's light cavalry, the mounted Basutos and Humbati's Zulu troops in advance. The Swazis and Zulus wore portions

of cast-off uniforms of Uhlans, dragoons, hussars, and infantry, discarding trousers and shoes, however. On their black heads rested helmets, shakos, field caps, Boer hats, and cylinder hats with veils. The lowing of many thousand oxen, the clashing of the long whips, mingled with the melancholy song of the Highlanders and the Scottish Guard Fusileers. Mules from South America and horses from Germany, Hungary, and Russia pastured under the palms and euphorbia. The noise of the army frightened away lions and leopards and hyenas as though they were antelopes.

On the 2d of July, Pieter, who rode in advance, saw Ulundi again, just as he had seen it a year ago in company with the missionary. There lay the broad valley, surrounded by heights, in which the black rings of the military kraals lay like garlands on a green carpet. Yet there was a difference, for to-day there were a number of Zulu outposts, looking like ants in the distance. It was evident that the king had determined to have a decisive battle before his capital city.

On July 3d the army marched up to the river, placed a battery on the bank to protect the ford,

and sent over a detachment under Colonel Buller, which fell into ambush and escaped with difficulty. Pieter was among them, and when the signal for retreat was given he almost forgot to flee, so astonished was he at the figure he saw at the head of the Zulu band. There was no mistaking it—it was Dabulamanzi.

On the next day, as Cetewayo had not accepted the English demand for unconditional surrender, Lord Chelmsford ordered the troops to advance. Not an enemy was in sight to interrupt the passage across the river.

As the battle must be fought in the open field, without protection, Lord Chelmsford formed his troops in a hollow square, the Eightieth Infantry Regiment and a battery of Gatling guns in front, infantry regiments on each side and at the back. Guns were placed at the four corners. The infantry was four rows deep, and the black battalions stood within the square. Six thousand men were led out, a reserve remaining at the front.

Before this square, which of necessity moved very slowly, the light horsemen were sent out to explore thoroughly every thicket and ravine, for fear of ambush. Pieter, familiar with the

region, rode far in advance, wondering where the Zulu regiments could be concealed. Thinking he saw a movement near the Kraal Lickasi, a favorite place of Cetewayo, he ventured still farther and saw, at the foot of the hill of Lickasi, a Zulu force of about two thousand, standing motionless, the king before them. The same moment balls whistling about him told him that he, too, had been observed.

When he returned to his people, he found the English square moving slowly along; parallel with it, at a distance of scarcely two thousand paces on its right flank, marched a Zulu army likewise in a square, silent and slow, almost like a shadow of the English host.

As he looked forth from a long, low thicket, suddenly appeared another Zulu host on the left flank of the English, but farther away, and now at last the third division appeared from Ulundi, marching toward the English front.

Lord Chelmsford was astonished at the skillful manœuvres of the Zulus, and guessing that they were waiting for a break in his line, stopped the square and awaited the attack.

It was Gingilowo over again, save that no war song resounded from the Zulu ranks. To many

of the Europeans the silence was more dreadful than the war song, for it indicated the despair of brave men, who went to their last battle under the eyes of their king.

Pieter noticed how the old regiments had shrunk. The Red, Blue, and Black Shields had suffered most, only four or five hundred men remaining in them. Prince Dabulamanzi, on a black horse, was everywhere to be seen; no shot could harm him, as, flying here and there over the field, he directed the battle.

The Zulus mounted the little plateau on which Lord Chelmsford had taken his stand, and threw themselves against the guns to no avail. Their broken remnant finally retreated, made a desperate stand against the Uhlans, who were let out of the square to pursue them, and then fled, among the hurrahs of the army and the strains of "Rule Britannia!"

Pieter rode forward to Ulundi and saw that the English horsemen were already in the city. The outermost huts were empty. When he came to the king's dwelling, he saw the beautiful grassy spot, where once the women had danced at the king's feast, filled with Uhlans, while flames leaped up from the wide veranda.

He rode slowly back, saddened at the sight of desolation and death, where once he had seen a happy people. Once more he looked back. The black smoke rose to the skies; the light huts burned like torches. Cetewayo's power was broken, and for the fall of his kingdom, for the burning of his capital city, the English musicians were playing "Rule Britannia."

CHAPTER XXI

THE CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO

LORD CHELMSFORD detailed a small force, principally cavalry, to the pursuit of Cetewayo, who had disappeared immediately after the defeat. The Zulu princes, who began to flock in soon after the victory to swear allegiance to the English, told him that the king, with six thousand men, had fled into the most distant and wildest portion of his kingdom.

The Uhlans, the dragoons, the sharpshooters of the Sixtieth, the Boers, and Humbati's troop hastened after this last little army, marching first to Mainze-kanze, where the treacherous Indunas reported that they had halted.

One bright moonlight night, when the little force was several miles south of the junction of the Black and White Umvolosi, Pieter observed that Humbati hurried forward, followed by

Colonel Barrow, who motioned to Lieutenant Dubois and his Boers to accompany him. Humbati's manner had remained unchanged since the victory. Although he was treated with much reverence by the surrendered Indunas, as the possible future ruler of the country, the unhappy man still remained silent and gloomy, as though impelled by revenge, and not ambition.

They advanced laboriously through the narrow valley, thickly set with rocks and trees, and arrived at an open space—a lonely, concealed spot, with a few palm trees and many huge rocks, in part overgrown with grass and vines.

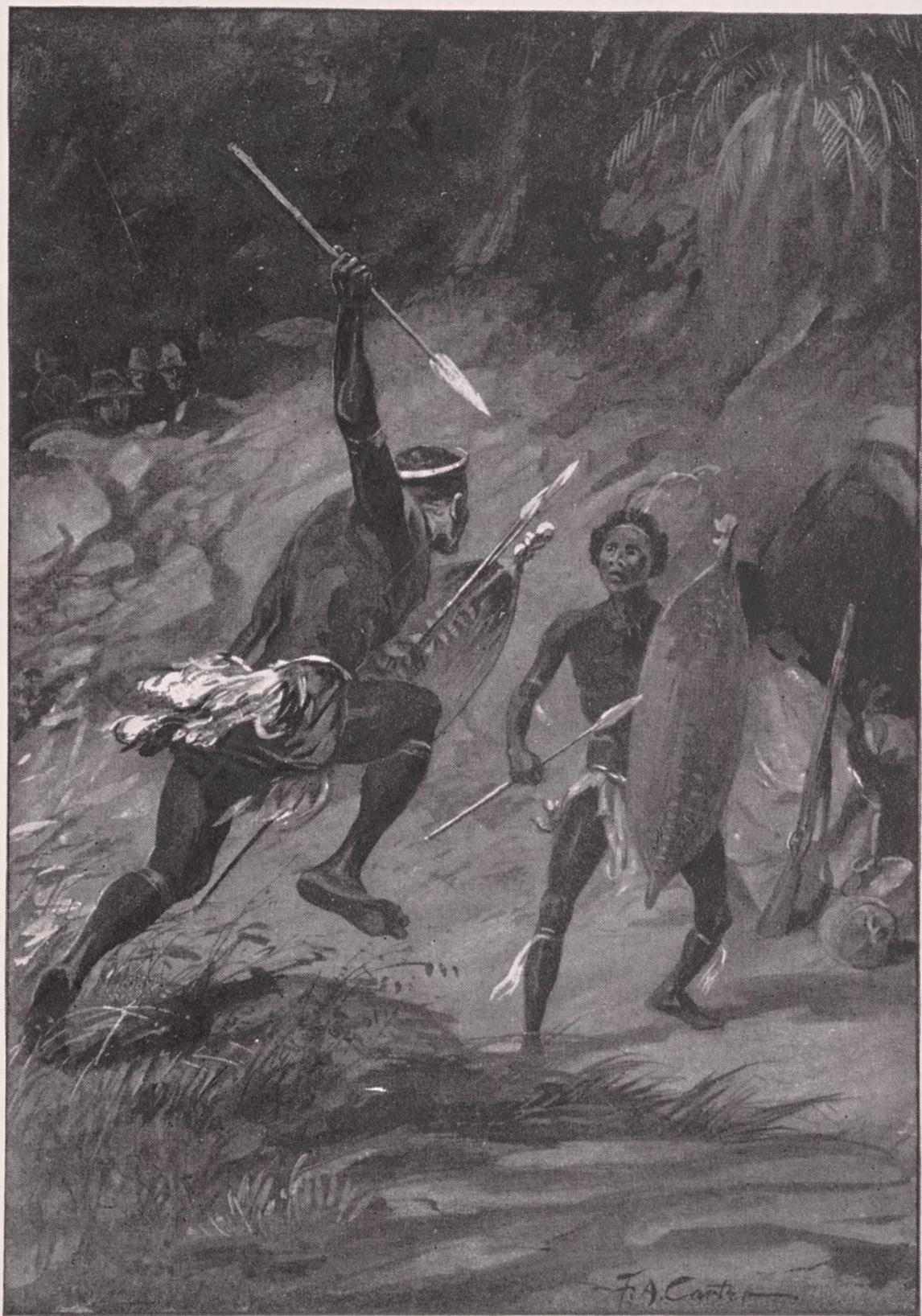
Here Humbati paused and whispered to the Colonel, who ordered some of the soldiers to dismount. The Zulu approached one of the heaps of stones, dislodged several, and presently disclosed a cave-like opening filled with shining articles, golden rings, metal vessels, bundles filled with ostrich feathers and costly stuffs. Humbati had betrayed the treasure-house of the king.

While all eyes were fixed on the cave, a wild cry rang out and a dark form rushed down the hillside. At sight of the Zulus the English and

Boers instantly concealed themselves among the rocks.

Pieter recognized the tall form as that of Dabulamanzi, who now flung himself in a frenzy on Humbati. The Induna stood before the treasure-house, disdainful of flight, awaiting his enemy. Both bore guns, but in this battle they cast aside the strange firearms and seized their assagais. Pieter read in Dabulamanzi's look and gesture the pride and scorn of the ruler and the conqueror, determined to revenge his suffering and rage over the defeat on this traitor, more hated than victorious England. Humbati, on his part, had never forgotten the injury and sorrow the king had caused him, his trusted friend, in robbing his brother of honor and dignity before the eyes of the whole court for a failure that was as much Dabulamanzi's fault as his. Now he would take blood for blood from the king's brother.

Dabulamanzi plunged his assagai at his enemy's breast, but the nimble Humbati evaded the blow and sprang forward with lightning-like rapidity with his own weapon, which pierced the heavy ox-hide and stripped off the skin. Now assagais were flung aside and the opponents



IN A FRENZY HE FLUNG HIMSELF ON HIS ENEMY

grappled. Their black skins shone in the moonlight, as now Dabulamanzi's iron grip seemed to gain the upper hand and Humbati's muscles to weaken. A powerful push of the prince, and Humbati fell to the ground, Dabulamanzi with him. Now the contest continued on the grass, the two writhing about like serpents. Pieter could not tell which was the prince, which Humbati, so swiftly did they roll from side to side, now one on top, now the other, the faces being only for a second visible. Now he saw Dabulamanzi's short hair and proud eyes, now Humbati's gloomy face, his eyes gleaming like a tiger's, his white set teeth shining from his wild black face. Then Dabulamanzi sprang up. Humbati had struck his head on a stone and was unconscious. The prince seized his assagai, plunged it in his enemy's heart, and fled with a howl of triumph, without molesting the whites.

The next day at Mainze-kanze, the ambitious Dabulamanzi surrendered, with his army, and swore allegiance to the English, in the hope that his rule over Mainze-kanze and the surrounding country might be recognized.

In accordance with orders to send a smaller

force in pursuit of Cetewayo, and to send back the remaining troops to Port Natal, Lord Gifford went forward to the northeast with six hundred men, Boers, dragoons, and sharpshooters. It was now near the end of July.

The wild, mountainous country made progress very difficult. The kraals were scattered, the country thinly populated; there was great danger from wild animals. They were continually receiving tidings of Cetewayo's whereabouts, but by the time they had reached the place he had flown. On these long rides and midnight watches Pieter rode often with Lord Fitzherbert, and the two renewed their old friendship. They had together, one day, a bit of luck. Returning from a hunt, they overtook and captured some Zulus, one of whom proved to be the king's physician, whom they had known at Ulundi.

The men were not unwilling to save their lives and property by surrendering, and the physician was easily bribed to tell that the king, whose flight had been continually retarded by attacks of melancholy and shortness of breath, was now in the Negowe wood, in Molihabant-schi's kraal.

At sunset, Colonel Clark, with three hundred men and a crowd of Zulus, set out, dividing his force into four small divisions that were to surround the kraal. The strongest of these divisions was commanded by Major Marter, and in it were Pieter and Lord Fitzherbert.

The whole night they marched, the country becoming wilder and rougher as they advanced. Mountains and valleys alternated continually, and deep ravines, dense prickly thickets, and little water courses made riding very difficult. The roar of wild beasts and the cries of the baboons were incessant. At daybreak, at a signal from the treacherous physician, they halted at the edge of the forest.

The rising sun illuminated a wild, mountainous landscape. Half a mile away rose a single barren peak in the midst of a chain of mountains, surrounded by deep ravines, and on its yellow-green summit the black huts of Molihabantschi's kraal were distinctly visible.

Much caution was necessary, as the ground was impassable for horses and favorable to secret flight. After some indecision, Major Marter decided to go as quietly as possible to

the strip of forest back of the kraal, and from there to slip up to the huts.

As they mounted the hill, Pieter saw the king standing before his hut, in a little circle of his followers. The Zulus, who ran in advance of the white men, cried out, "The white man comes! You are caught!"

Cetewayo paid no attention to them, but stood motionless until the white men came nearer. Then he turned and went within the hut.

Major Marter dismounted and called in a loud voice for the king to come out. For a time he refused, then crept out of the low door and stood proudly before his captors. When one of the dragoons attempted to lay hands on him, he shook him off scornfully, saying, "White warrior, do not touch me!" Then, turning to Pieter, who acted as interpreter, he said, quietly, "Tell the soldiers of the English queen that they may shoot me."

Major Marter explained that they did not wish to do him injury, but merely desired him to accompany them.

"What is the man's rank? Is he an Induna?" inquired Cetewayo.

Lord Gifford now appeared and the hill was

soon covered with soldiers, who wondered at the king's proud demeanor. When he and his followers left the kraal, the sharpshooters and dragoons formed the lines through which he passed with slow step, his head erect, looking with hard, searching glances at the English soldiers, as if he were reviewing his own warriors.

The king was first taken to the English camp at Ulundi, where Pieter saw for the first time the shrewd face of the new commander-in-chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, accompanied by the chief of his staff, Sir George Pomeroy Colley. Wolseley was arranging the affairs of Zululand, and receiving the allegiance of the Indunas and all of their weapons of European fashion. He was preparing to divide the country into small principalities.

By his command, Cetewayo, in company with a dozen of his favorite wives and some servants, was sent to Port Durnford, in Natal, and thence by sea to Cape Town. His Indunas together with Sirajo and Molihabantschi remained behind in Zululand.

Pieter rode with the escort of dragoons that accompanied the king to Port Durnford. When

the giant black figure crossed the gangplank to the ship Pieter looked his last on the great tyrant.

With the war, Pieter's mission was ended. As he stood looking into the foaming water, he thought of the past and the future. So far, his fate had been strangely entangled with the English, and something told him that the end was not yet.

CHAPTER XXII

FROM PRETORIA TO KIMBERLEY

IN the year that elapsed since the close of the Zulu war, Pieter had grown to be a tall, strong youth, in his eighteenth year.

On his return from Zululand, he had proved of inestimable service to President Kruger in the affairs of the republic, in riding through the State preparing the Boers for an uprising, which, in despair at the English disregard for their rights, they had at last determined on. It was now December, and Pieter had attended a meeting of Boers, not far from Pretoria, six hundred men, many of them from communities in the far north, who had camped there to hear President Kruger's proclamation.

These men were of very different age and appearance, some gray, with unshorn hair and beard, others young and slender and carefully dressed, but all were very tall and splendidly

built, their carriage expressing self-confidence and firmness. As he looked at them, Pieter felt renewed confidence in the future of his country. At this meeting he was commissioned by President Kruger to go into the Orange Free State, whose President, Brand, had, so far, refused to assist the Transvaal, and endeavor to induce its inhabitants to take an active part in the coming conflict between Boers and English.

That day, as Pieter rode from Pretoria to the south full of pride in the confidence reposed in him by the best men of his fatherland, and sure of his people's future, he saw, while but a mile from Heidelberg, the glitter of weapons in the distance and the uniform of English dragoons. He thought at first to turn aside, but reflecting that that would only excite suspicion, whereas peace still ruled, and the papers he carried were not incriminating, he rode on to come face to face with Lord Fitzherbert at the head of a body of dragoons.

Although a year had passed since they parted, the young Englishman's face expressed anything but pleasure at the sight of his friend. At his nod, a sergeant rode forward and seized Jager's reins.

“You are my prisoner,” cried Lord Fitzherbert. “Sergeant, take his weapon.”

Motioning the astonished boy to ride forward with him out of hearing of the men, he spoke:

“Ah, Pieter, my dear friend, how unhappy I am to have met you! If I had only known it I would have taken another road. To think, after the days that we have ridden and fought together, that I must become the tool of your misfortune!”

“But why?” asked Pieter. “Why have you taken me prisoner? Are not we at peace? Are not the roads free to every one?”

Lord Adolphus shook his head. “You know as well as I what is going on. The English Government has learned that the Boers are preparing for an uprising, and I have here a list of names of those to be arrested for inciting the people to seditious acts. Among the names I find yours. I hope you have no incriminating papers to make it go the harder with you.”

“I do not know what the English would call incriminating papers,” replied Pieter. “I have some printed proclamations that show the just claims of the South African Republic. We

desire nothing but the recognition of our treaty made with England thirty years ago."

"Give me the papers," said Lord Fitzherbert, sadly. "How can you do this? You, who have fought with us, to lead a peasant revolt!"

"I am proud to suffer for my fatherland," said Pieter. "I fought with you to learn the art of war. What I learned there I will turn to the service of my country."

Lord Adolphus tried in vain to convince his friend that the Boers could never conquer England; then, promising that if Pieter was detained as a prisoner he would send his horse and weapons to the address the boy gave him, led him to headquarters at Heidelberg.

Through the intercession of his friend, Pieter was more kindly treated than he would otherwise have been, but the papers and the news of activity among the Boers caused him to be detained and sent the next day, with another Boer, to Potschefstrom, where was Colonel Winslow.

The journey was made in a little four-horse open vehicle, in which sat two policemen, who threatened the handcuffed prisoners with their revolvers if they attempted to escape. When they were alone together, Pieter lamented their

fate loudly and reproached himself for his imprudence in running into the hands of the English. The other Boer, an older man, who had left home, wife, and children for his country, said little, but his face and bearing showed his determination to bear good or evil fortune with the same composure.

Three days they traveled up-hill and down-hill through the mountainous land of southern Transvaal, the police being careful to stop only at little places where they were known, or with farmers who adhered to the English. For many of the Boers in southern Transvaal were of English blood and were either unfriendly or indifferent to the ambitions and desires of the majority of the people.

At Potschefstrom, the former capital of Transvaal, was a fort and a military garrison, where the prisoners were at once taken before Colonel Winslow. Pieter observed that great excitement prevailed in the garrison. Messengers and patrols were coming and going continually. It was evident that although peace still prevailed, the report of the Boer uprising was having its effect on the lonely scattered posts.

Colonel Winslow was very severe with them. "Do you know," said he, "that you are insurrectionists? Make an open confession or I will have you shot to-morrow."

"You can shoot us," replied Pieter, "but it will be murder. England has broken her treaty with Transvaal, and her military possession and annexation is an act of force. Shoot us if you dare. We are not afraid. Our blood will be avenged by our countrymen."

This Colonel Winslow well knew, and the threat was made only in the hope of extorting a confession. He talked aside with his officers for a time, and then told the prisoners that he would send them to the Governor-General at Cape Town. The next morning, in the same vehicle, with the same guards, they started along the frontier of the Orange Free State to the southwest.

Eight long days and they crossed the frontier into Griqualand West and arrived at Kimberley. It was much larger than Potoschefstrom and Pretoria and made a very dismal impression on him, with its houses almost altogether covered with iron plate. As far as one could see, nothing met the eye but sand and iron. Some of

the streets were narrow and crooked, others very wide; the houses mostly one story high and unpainted. There were many shops, and a number of people were on the streets—white laborers and wretched-looking Kafirs.

As the wagon rolled through the streets Pieter saw a strange sight—an immense gulf yawning in the midst of the city, so deep that the men at work in it looked like very small ants. From the edges of the pit many iron wires led down below, supported half way down by buttresses, and on these wires iron boxes ran up and down, carrying earth and stones. This hole was one of the Kimberley diamond mines.

“I once lived here,” said Pieter’s silent companion, “but when the Englishmen came with their policy I trekked. They took everything away from us; for, where anything is to be gained, the English arrive immediately. It has changed greatly since I left.

“The English annexed the land in 1868,” he continued, “and in 1869 I left. At that time a word began to be used which drove many away—Idibi, from the initial letters of the words, illicit diamond buying. This word had a terrible

significance, because the English condemned all with whom diamonds were found, the names of which were not in the Government books, to from five to ten years' compulsory labor."

"But how could all the diamonds be found in the Government books?" asked Pieter.

"This way: The Government divided all the land where there was 'blue ground,' and diamonds are found only in blue ground, into little claims, and the possessor had to work it with shovel and pick. It is hard work. The blue ground must be dug up and then worked and sieved until only the thousandth part remains. In this are the diamonds, and the possessor must show them to the court, where they are recorded and described. Thus, every diamond received its pedigree. But the Kafirs who work in the claims are unconscionable thieves. They are stripped when they come from work, and their clothes, hair, ears, and mouths examined; but the rascals steal many stones, anyway, which are quickly bought up, because they sell more cheaply and their buyers think they can slip through and get rich. One man, with seven pounds of diamonds, was caught on board ship at Cape Town. For that reason, Idibi has a

terrible sound in Kimberley. The English can rarely catch the thieves, so that they punish the illicit diamond buyers.”

By this time the wagon had reached the jail, a two-story building with barred windows. It was an English prison, for Kimberley, with its large population of covetous, criminal people, of thieves and receivers of stolen goods, and all kinds of sharpers, needed a regular prison and a strong police system.

Sadly Pieter entered the great building and heard the iron doors close after him.

CHAPTER XXIII

A GLOOMY FREEDOM

THE Boer boy, accustomed to the freedom of the wide plains, was very much depressed by his gloomy surroundings, and by the separation from his companion. He sat at his table, his head supported on his hands, wondering what would be his fate. The Boer uprising had by this time begun, and the incensed authorities at Cape Town would probably sentence him to death, a hateful death to one who was not afraid to die on the battlefield for his fatherland. Escape from the prison was impossible; the floor and ceiling were of iron; the walls, tile, the windows heavily barred.

As he thought thus, on this gloomy Christmas Eve, he presently became conscious of a peculiar sound, now like the scratching of rusted iron, now like a dull knocking. It came from above; what could it be?

The building, he had noticed, was two-story, and his room was on the upper floor. There might be a room in the roof, and the low, cautious manner of the knocking led him to think that a prisoner lived above him who was trying to get out. He kept very quiet, so that he might not disturb the worker.

It was night, and the room was but dimly lighted by the stars and the new moon. All at once the noise stopped, to be succeeded presently by another noise, like the pushing of a heavy body, and immediately thereafter a form appeared in the room, dangling a moment from the ceiling, and then springing elastically to the floor. The man carried a kind of chisel in his mouth and a bundle over his shoulder. As he turned, Pieter recognized the cunning face of the Swazi Rainmaker whom he had known while a prisoner at Ulundi.

The recognition was mutual, and the Rainmaker's look of alarm at the sight of some one in the room changed to a smile as he gave a cry of astonishment. Then, hastily dressing himself from his bundle, he explained that he had been imprisoned for a long time for Idibi and wished to escape through the window.

Hope awoke in Pieter's breast, and together they turned to the window. The bars could be cut, but the guard walked below! The Rainmaker crouched on the floor and sighed.

The Rainmaker's tool had been a bolt which he had sharpened on the window-sill, and with which he had broken through the iron roof-plates into Pieter's room in the hope of escaping through its window by means of a rope made from his mattress covering.

"We can only get out on the roof from my room," he said, "and the rope is too short to get down from it."

"Let us see how high it is," said Pieter. Climbing on the table, they managed to get up through the hole in the ceiling, and finally out on the roof.

The roof was not very steep, but was slippery from the mist. It was iron, and some of its windows were flat, some set in gables. None of the neighboring roofs were close enough to spring to. The sky was alternately dark and clear as the clouds drifted over it. The diamond mine looked very strange from this distance, so brightly lighted that its width and depth could be clearly seen.

The two sat on the edge of the roof and looked down, seeing no chance for escape, as the roof was too high, even had they been able to find a place to fasten the rope securely.

At last they found a gable window without bars. Pieter tied the rope about the Rainmaker and let him down, but the room was so high that Pieter could not spring down without running the risk of injuring himself. The Rainmaker disengaged himself from the rope and examined the room, presently reporting that he had found a door that could easily be broken open. Now Pieter undertook to fasten the rope so that he could let himself down. Finally he pushed the chisel with all his strength between two of the iron plates, intending to tie the rope to it. But as he pushed his foot slipped, and, to his terror, he felt himself sliding down the roof. He tried to hold fast with elbows and knees, not letting go of rope and chisel, but in vain. He slipped perhaps ten feet and went over the edge of the roof.

As he saw himself, in his imagination, lying shattered on the ground, and pictured his weeping mother, he felt a severe jolt and found his elbows stayed by the gutter. His legs hung

over the edge of the roof, but the upper part of his body was still above the gutter and his arms had a resting place. Instinctively, he bent over, pressed with all his force on the gutter, and succeeded, almost miraculously it seemed, in stopping the force of his fall. As he hung so, chisel and rope still in hand, by a powerful effort he succeeded in getting first one leg and then his whole body on the roof again. It then occurred to him that he might slide down the eaves-trough, but on going cautiously to the corner, he found the roof projected too much to make this possible. So he clambered back to the Rainmaker, who had heard him fall and had given him up for lost.

This time he tore loose one of the sheets of iron, tied the rope to the nail and hammered it back again, and slid down safely into the room, chisel in hand. Inserting this in the door, with their united strength they soon succeeded in forcing the door open, and stood motionless for some minutes to see if the noise attracted attention. As all remained quiet, they went out into the hall past several doors, and in spite of the darkness found the stairs and descended to the ground floor. Here they heard voices and

saw lights in the room where the guards were entertaining themselves. Quietly they slipped past the door of this room and tried to open the front door. But there was no key to the lock, and it was useless to think of breaking open this heavy iron door, even had it not been out of the question because of the noise. They turned away and tried to find other means of exit, but it was impossible. Everywhere were either strong walls or closely barred doors.

“Let us remain here,” said Pieter, “until guards are changed, and then try to rush out in the crowd.”

But the Rainmaker had not the courage to attempt resistance with armed guards, and Pieter himself recognized how desperate was such a plan. A thousand wild ideas suggested themselves, each of which was scouted as impossible. Then, as the prison air was hateful to Pieter, he suggested that they return to the empty room, and, clambering up the rope, he crouched down on the window-sill, that he might at least have the open sky above him and the fresh air.

All at once it seemed to him that something strange was happening at the mines. Lights collected in a certain place at the edge of the

abyss and continually increased in number. He called to the Rainmaker to come up and see what was the matter.

“The mine-workers are collecting,” said the Swazi. “They often become discontented because they do not receive enough wages, and because they are searched when they come from the mines.”

Now a heavy sound as of many voices could be heard in the distance, and suddenly there was a flash on the edge of the pit and the sound of a shot. Plainly there was a battle at the mines, and the overseers were trying to bring the workers to order. The prisoners on the roof watched the scene with eager attention. The lights became more distinct, and a great number of men marched from the mines through the streets by the light of torches. It could easily be seen that the number increased. Lights appeared in many windows, and many people came out of the houses and mixed with the crowd of mine-workers.

Now there was the sound of voices in the prison. Pieter heard the guards call, and then the door opened and the voices were heard in the street. A little division of men went from

the prison to assist the overseers against the miners. Louder and louder arose the tumult of the mine-workers. Curses and wild cries filled the air, and the darkness increased the horror of the situation.

But the night had no terrors for Pieter. He hoped that there might be some chance for escape in the midst of the tumult, and he proposed to the Rainmaker that they again slide down the rope and return to the lower floor to wait for the opening of the door. On the way down the stairs they heard the crowd come nearer, and several shots were fired. Within the prison there was a great confusion. The prisoners awoke, called, and knocked on the doors. Pieter paused. "We will release my countryman," said he, and passing from door to door, knocked and called the Boer's name. At last the reply came from within, and he slipped the iron in the lock and pushed with all his strength. But, although the Boer within laid his broad shoulder to the door, it refused to yield.

All at once there sounded from without a terrible crash, which drowned all other noise, and for the instant silenced all within and without the prison.

CHAPTER XXIV

DEMANDS OF THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT IGNORED

THE solid house trembled and clattered and the anxious quiet was succeeded by wild cries and several shots, after which Pieter heard the people rush into the prison. In a few minutes the stairs were filled with the crowd of mine-workers, Kafirs and white men, armed with axes and hatchets, who broke open the doors and released the prisoners. Pieter seized his friend's hand as he came from his cell, and they, together with the Rainmaker, sought to escape from the crowd.

It was with difficulty that they clambered over the ruins of the door shattered with dynamite and through the crowd, and when the Boers at last found themselves without, the Rainmaker had disappeared, not desiring company in the rescue of his concealed diamonds.

It was very fortunate now that the older Boer knew the country. He took Pieter to the farm of a friendly Boer not far from the city, who hired them a wagon in which to continue their journey to Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, where they hoped to be secure from English pursuit, and from which they could most easily return to the Transvaal.

In two days they saw the flag of the Orange Free State, orange and white stripes, with the Dutch tri-color in the corner. The beautiful city well deserved its name, "Flower Fountain," with its many gardens and its tall eucalyptus and willow trees. The houses were tasteful, and many elegant equipages were on the streets. Men and women splendidly attired were taking their afternoon promenade.

"These people make an immense amount of money," said Pieter's companion. "They sell meat and vegetables to the diamond fields, where they cost twice what they do elsewhere."

At the hotel they found great excitement over the Transvaal. Sir Hercules Robinson, who had succeeded Sir Bartle Frere as Governor-General of Cape Colony, had refused the demands of the Transvaal Government, and had

ordered Sir George Pomeroy Colley to strengthen his garrison in Transvaal. Thereupon the Boers had declared war, and a division of infantry under First Lieutenant Anstruther had a battle with the Boers between Lydenburg and Pretoria, and had lost one hundred and twenty-three soldiers and all the officers, and the rest of the troops taken prisoners. This was the signal for a general uprising, and all the garrisons in Pretoria and Potschefstrom were besieged in their forts.

“I am going to President Brand,” said Pieter to his companion, “and ask him to give us horses and weapons that we may go home.”

But, alas for his hopes! Although President Brand received him kindly, he soon gave him to understand that he could not incur the enmity of England by furnishing a Transvaal Boer with arms. The disappointed boy, who had supposed all Boers were brothers, indignantly refused the offer of money and left the house to meet his old friend, Secretary of the Treasury Swart, who had come to try to induce President Brand at least to express sympathy with the Transvaal. Brand's excessive caution and his English blood (his mother was English) would

not allow him to do this; but the journey was fortunate in a way, for it provided Pieter and his friend a way to return home to Transvaal.

When Pieter rode into Heidelberg, he at once sought out Joubert's house, over whose roof waved the Transvaal flag, the vier-klor—three horizontal stripes, red, white, and blue, and a green perpendicular stripe. Joyful at the sight of the sign of his fatherland's independence, the boy swung his hat in the air and cried loudly: "Hurrah for the South African Republic!"

From the circle of men before the door the General rose and shook the boy's hand warmly. "You came just in the nick of time," said he. "We have learned that General Colley is marching hither and is probably in or near Newcastle. He may come on the high road direct from Newcastle to Pretoria, but he must pass through one difficult piece of country—the Drakenberg—and there, with God's help, we will stop him before he sets foot on Transvaal ground."

"That we will!" echoed the Boers near by.

"There are several ways through the mountains from Newcastle," continued Joubert. "The English can cross the Buffalo and go to Wakkerstrom, or they can go up the river on the

right bank. We must learn what they are going to do, and you are the fellow to find out. Tomorrow morning you and a dozen others must ride out to find the English."

As he walked through the camp that evening, Pieter was struck with the contrast between it and the English camps. Here was no gay singing, no jesting speech, no gambling, no outbreak of military mirth or military roughness. The Boers were either silent, or talked together quietly. He paused at one place to listen to the evening service. "God has given the Midianites into Gideon's hands," read the elder, for the Boers read always from the Old Testament, and they believe themselves to be the chosen people; the English and the Kafirs are the Philistines, Amelekites, Midianites, and servants of Baal. The song that followed came harshly and un-musically from the rough throats, but it showed the fervor of their devotion.

The next morning, with ten young Boers of about his own age, Pieter galloped off over the hilly land of Hooge Veldt to the Drakenberg, with which he was very familiar, the northern part through his journey to The Snake, the southern through his ride from Isandula. He

was now to go to a spot not far distant from Rorke's Drift.

On the second day they reached the foot of the mountain, near the border of Natal. Nothing was to be seen or heard of the English, and Pieter divided his force, sending five men across the Buffalo, on the left side, himself remaining with the five on the road leading to Newcastle. If nothing happened, they were to meet at the ford north of Newcastle, on the old post road between Newcastle and Wakkerstrom.

As he was on hostile ground, Pieter advanced very cautiously, passing "Coldstream Inn," a farm called Laing's Nek, Hatley's Hotel, and, toward evening, the farm Schain's Hoogte, without seeing or hearing anything of the English, and meeting at the ford his other companions, who had likewise seen or heard nothing of the enemy.

Early next morning, protected by the fine mist that rose from the Buffalo, they rode into the mountains that tower immediately above Newcastle on the north, choosing a narrow, dangerously rough path, in order to avoid meeting a patrol. They went in the shadow of the trees, and none but the small, strong Boer horses

would have been able to make their way over the almost impassable path. It gradually became lighter as they mounted higher; the path ceased, and they rode up the steep slope among the trees and rocks that covered the mountain's southern ridge. As they came out of the prickly mimosa thicket on to the mountain's peak, they saw the morning sun shining through the woods on the hill east of them.

All day they remained here, securely hid from observation, while watching Newcastle, which lay spread out at their feet. White tents filled the little green valley near the city, and there were single pickets—very few, however, and very near the city. How many troops there were, Pieter could not tell, but he hoped soon to learn.

Evening came and the troops remained quiet. Evidently they did not yet intend to move. Pieter had thought out a way by which he could get to the city, and had noticed accurately how the pickets were placed at evening.

“Come,” said he, rising, “we must do something. Are you ready? It would be fine if we young fellows could show our elders that we could be of use.”

“Lead your horses and follow me,” he commanded, when they assented, and together they picked their way through the dark down the mountain side.

Pieter had observed from above that the soldiers were continually going and coming to and from a single house in the outskirts, near the country road, and concluded that an English picket was placed there to guard the road. He knew the careless English fashion of forepost service, and was satisfied that the soldiers remained comfortably in the house. He had seen that only a single infantry soldier stood outside, about two hundred steps from the house, on the country road.

It was near midnight, and the city was perfectly quiet, as Pieter led his little company near the house on the banks of the Incandu, a little stream north of Newcastle, emptying into the Buffalo, whose noisy current covered the sound of their voices.

Taking but one of his companions, Pieter advanced on foot, trying to slip between the house and the picket. They had to clamber over a low wall, go through a garden, then a cornfield, and there at their left lay the lighted

house, from which they could hear the men's voices. From the church tower came the midnight stroke. As the two Boers crouched in the bushes the door opened and the relief appeared. The soldiers were too far away from them to hear the password.

As Pieter and his companion now attempted to approach the house, the guard noticed them. "Who goes there?" he cried.

"Round!" replied Pieter in a commanding tone. "Are you watching carefully, guard?"

It was too dark for the man to see whether the man who approached him wore uniform. "Give the password!" he said.

"Do you not know your own officer?" asked Pieter, rebukingly. "Keep your eyes open, guard!"

For a moment the man stood confused. Then he must have seen that the man who addressed him was no officer, for he called, "Stop! or I will shoot."

He had not reckoned on the Boer boy's swiftness. That instant Pieter's hand was on his throat and he was disarmed and threatened with death if he spoke a word. Then Pieter sent him back to the Boers at the river, by his com-

panion, with orders for eight of them to join him immediately.

Then he slipped up to the house and peeped in at the window, which was a separate opening without glass, Boer-house fashion. In one room were eleven men and a subaltern asleep on benches and floor; in the other two officers, one presumably the commandant of the picket, both young men, second lieutenants.

“It is very tedious here,” said one. “I wanted a furlough, but now this trouble with the Boers is on, it may be months before I get it.”

“Oh, no!” said the other. “Once at Pretoria, we will soon settle them.”

“No laurels can be won in such a war,” said the other. “It is only police service. These cattle drivers and peasants have neither cavalry nor artillery. They hide among the mountains and shoot at us as we pass.”

“Our Ninety-fourth suffered terribly,” replied his companion. “They shoot remarkably well. But wait till they hear our cannon—that will frighten them. Our general thinks so, too, or he would not advance with only a thousand men.”

Pieter smiled as he listened to this conversa-

tion. Concealed in the darkness, he heard distinctly before his men arrived the strength of the English army, the time it would set out, and the direction of its march.

“Friends,” said he to his men, as they came up, “we must take the whole company prisoners, without allowing an alarm to be given. Stand at the windows with your guns to prevent escape.”

Two men went before the house and two behind and guarded the windows. Followed by the others, Pieter entered the outer room. “Surrender!” he cried, threateningly, “or we will shoot you down!”

The half-aroused soldiers looked about in confusion and gave themselves up, when they found escape from the windows was impossible. Pieter left his companions there, and opening the door of the inner room, found the lieutenants in great confusion, one with his revolver in his hand, the other his sabre. A Boer stood before the window, his gun on the window-sill. The lieutenants had heard the noise in the other room, and supposed that they had been attacked by a greatly superior force, so that it was wiser not to use their weapons.

“Gentlemen,” said Pieter, politely, and with a triumphant smile, “you are my prisoners. Offer no resistance. I should be sorry to have you shot. Will you give me your word of honor not to try to escape?”

“We do,” said both, after some consideration.

In a short time all were disarmed, and the little company was on its way north along the high road back to the Boer army.

The captured pickets raged inwardly when they saw by how small a force they had been taken, but General Joubert laughed when he saw them coming. He lay, with a thousand Boers, in the mountains north of Laing’s Nek.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BATTLE OF LAING'S NEK

GENERAL JOUBERT had selected for his camp a little depression through which ran a brook, a tributary of the Buffalo. From this could be seen the road that ran from Newcastle through the mountain to Transvaal. On the other side of the road rose steep and rugged Majuba Mountain, the passing clouds draping its proud summit. To the south the heights bounded the horizon, through which ran the pass called Lange's, or Laing's Nek as the English call it, from Hans von Lange, who had been hanged there for the murder of an Englishman.

General Smit, the commander-in-chief of the Boer troops, was in his headquarters at Pretoria. Slowly, from the distant north and west portions of Transvaal came the trains of Boers into the southeast part of the State, and only a part of

the army was as yet in Natal under Joubert's command. They came slowly, because they came in their ox wagons, but the army steadily increased, and Joubert thought that six thousand Boers in all would assemble. With such a force the commander hoped to cope with the great English army that was about to advance.

The Boers had heard that General Roberts, who a short time before had made a bold and much-marveled-at march diagonally through all Afghanistan from Kabul to Kandahar, had been ordered to Africa, and they knew that many English regiments in Malta, London, and India had been ordered to prepare for the voyage to the Cape or Port Natal, for they had captured English papers in which they found this news.

Now the scouts reported that General Colley had broken camp at Newcastle and marched north to Laing's Nek. Pieter Maritz was among the men who, from the heights, watched the English force—first the dragoons, then the sharpshooters and mounted police officers of Natal, infantry and artillery, and General Colley among his officers. At Hatley's Hotel they halted and made a camp, deeming the place suitable because of its elevated position.

“He will not stay there,” said Joubert, as he looked at the camp from the cliff of the Inkweloberg. “He will come on if we keep still. If he comes down from his height and sticks in Laing’s Nek, we will fall on him from above.”

The next morning, January 28th, 1881, the scouts announced that the English were striking their tents, and the Boers began to bestir themselves. Those who were to remain behind saw to hitching the wagons, so that in case of defeat all would be ready for retreat. Those who were to go forward swung themselves into their saddles, surrounded their elders, and listened reverently to the morning devotional exercise.

The sun was just rising over the heights along the Buffalo as they rode out under Joubert’s orders, one division turning to the right, another to the left, a third going straight ahead, and a fourth remaining behind near the camp as a reserve. Pieter Maritz was with the men of his community in the third group, two hundred strong.

As they reached the pass, the Boer scouts rode hastily back to announce that the English were coming. The Boer groups divided, picked their way up the rocky mountain sides, and selected

good places from which their guns would command the road.

The road was very winding, as the nature of the hilly land demanded. In order to make the climbing of the heights and the descent into the valleys as easy as possible, the builders of the road had endeavored to follow the natural formation of the mountain. So it wound about the heights like a serpent, making it easy to attack a column passing along it both in front and rear. Baas van der Goot chose a natural terrace on a slope that commanded the pass, and, dismounting, crouched behind a stone, and looked with his right eye over the sight of his gun to the road. Pieter crouched beside him, greatly disturbed at the thought that to-day he must shoot at men with whom he had fought as a brother. Only the thought of the prison at Kimberley, of his dying father's words, and of the freedom denied his country nerved him to the conflict.

Now the red coats of three dragoons appeared down the road.

“Pieter Maritz,” said Baas van der Goot, “these men, I take it, are six hundred paces distant. You take the right, I will take the left one. But consider, boy, they are Christians.

Shoot them in the head, that they may die quickly.”

Fire flashed from the two guns and the dragoons fell. As the third, terrified, turned to flee, a shot rang out from another place on the hillside and he, too, rolled on the dusty road. The shots echoed through the mountains and again all was still.

Horns and trumpets were now heard, and soon the sharpshooters were seen, sent out in advance to drive away the enemy. They looked all about them, but could see no one. The Boers let them come close, so that they could get better aim.

As the division of infantry followed, shots again resounded from the terrace. The officer who was in front fell forward on his face; after him fell the subaltern and the soldiers. The troops stopped in confusion, fired wildly, and ran back; the sharpshooters along the side of the road began to fire, answered by shots from the Boers.

For a quarter of an hour the fight lasted, nothing being seen of the English save the sharpshooters. Then a hundred foot soldiers came running along the pass, scattering themselves

along the road, trying to find protection in the grass, between trees, bushes, and stones. A higher officer, on horseback, followed—Pieter recognized him as Colonel Deane—accompanied by others, and behind them came the mountain guns, each drawn by six mules. The guns were lifted from the carriages and pointed at the mountain side, the infantry meantime keeping up a steady, protecting fire about the artillerists.

For a moment the Boers looked curiously at the guns; then they began again their steady, careful fire. Old Baas van der Goot pulled his hat over his left ear, that the mounting sun might not shine on his sight, and aimed carefully at the commanding officer. When he fired, the reins fell from Colonel Deane's hands, and he fell backward on his horse's croup. Two officers hastened up to support him, but while they were in the act of dismounting they fell, and the Colonel himself slipped heavily from his horse. Shot upon shot came from the mountain side, and confusion seized the English, for after a few minutes not an officer among them stood on his feet or sat in his saddle.

But the artillerists did their work bravely without commanders and they aimed well, for

the first cannon-shot fell near Pieter's head. One after another the cannon boomed, and then the artillerists began to fall, one by one, as they attempted to approach the guns. Soon the surviving artillerists fastened the guns on the carriages, lashed the mules, and fled wildly around the curve of the road. The confused mass of infantry followed them. Brave as they were, this slow, sure fire from an unseen enemy filled them with terror.

Nothing now was to be seen in the pass save the heaps of dead bodies, but in the distance, where the principal part of the English force stood, sounds arose that indicated an attack on the flank. Shots could be heard, and from the heights rose many clouds of smoke. Pieter could not see the course of the battle distinctly from the terrace, but it was evident that the English were not able to gain a footing on the mountain.

The shooting now ceased entirely, and the Boers swung themselves again on their horses and rode down the mountain to the place of battle. Most of the men were dead, but among the living the Boers passed, offering them their canteens and caring for their wounds. Used as

they were to living in remote communities, where doctors were few, they had learned to help themselves in times of necessity, and they bound up the wounds skillfully.

“What is that, my boy?” asked Baas van der Goot. “Do you see the white flag there?”

Down the road came an officer of the dragoons, swinging a white cloth on his sword. Pieter recognized him as Lord Fitzherbert, but when he approached his angry eyes expressed no recognition of his former friend.

“General Colley wishes to arrange with you for a brief truce,” said he, when General Joubert had been pointed out to him, “in order to bury the dead and care for the wounded.”

“I am ready to make such arrangements. General Colley may come to speak with me.”

Lord Fitzherbert bit his lips. “The General asks that you will come to him.”

“I should think,” said Joubert, pleasantly, “that if General Colley wanted anything of me, he could come to me. However, tell him I will meet him half way down the road.”

The conference arranged, General Colley took the opportunity to entreat the Boers to give up their opposition to the English, which he assured

them was useless, ending by a threat that they would finally be crushed by the superior force of England.

“Let the army come,” said Joubert. “We submit ourselves to fate and to the almighty hand of the just God who directs the lot of nations.”

“Amen !” cried the Boers about him.

At this moment a strange sight attracted the attention of the English General. A train of Boers came down from the heights bearing the wounded English soldiers ; sometimes two, one holding the head and shoulders, one the legs ; again others of the tall, strong men carrying a soldier in their arms like a child. Down from the hills they continued to come, and went over the battlefield seeking the living, refreshing them with water and bearing them to the ambulances. Pieter noticed that General Colley looked with astonishment at the Boers, and that he was not only touched by this proof of the pious Christian disposition of these people, but that the contrast between them and his own soldiers was remarkable to him. When he learned that the Boers had lost twelve dead and twenty wounded, while his own loss was one hundred

and sixty-nine dead and wounded, besides many officers, his face became gloomy and he soon withdrew to his former position at Hatley's Hotel, where that night the Boer patrol reported that the soldiers were engaged fortifying the walls.

CHAPTER XXVI

REPUBLIC AGAINST MONARCHY

AN English messenger to General Colley, captured by the Boers a few days after the disastrous battle of Laing's Nek, carried a letter from Sir Evelyn Wood in Natal, saying that he hoped to reach him with a large reinforcement on the twentieth of February.

"My friends," said General Joubert to his leaders, in council, "we must not allow General Wood to march here. We will send out a strong division south, past Newcastle, to stop the English when they come up from Ladysmith. At Biggarberg is just such a position as we had at Laing's Nek. Besides this, we will set a strong force on the way between Newcastle and Hatley's Hotel, so that General Colley can neither go forward nor backward."

The next day it rained, and the hills and val-

leys of the Drakenberg were veiled in mist, as the force of three hundred mounted Boers rode slowly up the heights. "See," said Baas van der Goot, who led them, as they halted for breakfast on the edge of a wood of umbrella-shaped mimosas. "Joubert himself could find no better position than this. We are midway between Newcastle and Hatley's Hotel; down there is Schain's Hoogte, and, without our permission, no one, unless he had wings, could get from one place to the other."

As he spoke, a Boer rode hurriedly past to the north without spying the group. He was recalled by a shrill whistle, and announced that he was seeking them to inform them that the English camp was breaking up, probably to return to Newcastle.

Baas van der Goot turned to his companions. "I will ride out with twenty men; the rest of you remain here."

The little troop rode down the road by which the English must return to Newcastle and soon reached the River Ingogo. Pieter Maritz, who rode at the end of the right wing, thought, just as he crossed the river, that he heard the sound of weapons down the road. Just before him

was the gleam of red coats, and at that moment a gust of wind lifted the mist and he found himself face to face with a troop of dragoons. His warning whistle to his companions was simultaneous with a shout in the well-known voice of Lord Fitzherbert.

“Forward on them! Attack!” cried he, rushing forward with high-swung sword.

A scene of wildest confusion followed this sudden and unexpected meeting. The Boers were too close to the enemy to follow their usual custom of shooting from concealment. Several of them shot from their horses, then turned and fled, and in the flight down the ravine and across the river their small, strong horses were of great advantage to them.

On the other bank Peter paused to observe a conflict that was taking place in the middle of the stream between Baas van der Goot and an English officer whom he had long known. The old Boer parried the thrusts of his enemy's sword with his gun for a time, and then, throwing his weapon into the stream, grappled with his enemy and leaped with him from his horse into the water. There they wrestled, breast to breast, as if rooted on the bed of the stream,

lips tight shut, old Baas' hat fallen from his head, and his white hair shining in the sunlight. The horses of the two soldiers remained standing at their sides, and for the moment both Boer and English paused to watch the conflict. But the stronger muscles of the Boer won the victory. With a powerful jerk old Baas wrenched his left hand free, and still holding his opponent with his right hand, drew his hanger from its sheath and plunged it into the Englishman's body. With a wild cry, the man spread out his arms and fell forward in the water.

But vengeance was near. As Baas van der Goot set his foot in the stirrup, Lord Fitzherbert rushed forward, swung his sword high in the air, and brought it down on the bare head. The swift-gushing blood dyed the white hair, the old man's foot slipped from the stirrup and he fell backward into the stream, whose waves covered him as they had his opponent.

Pieter dashed up to the English officer. "Here, Adolphus!" he cried, "I will test the sword you once gave me on yourself."

Lord Fitzherbert prepared himself for the fight. "So be it, Pieter," said he.

"But first my thanks, Adolphus," said the

Boer boy, "for taking care of my horse and arms while I was a prisoner."

"It was a friend's duty," replied the Englishman, "and I regret that the time has come when you defiant Boers measure your strength with ours, but we will both do our duty."

Tears sprang to Pieter's eyes, but he rode forward. It was not the first time they had fought together, for from the Englishman Pieter had learned, while in captivity, the art of fencing.

"For Her Majesty the Queen!" cried Lord Fitzherbert, as the swords crossed.

"For the South African Republic!" cried Pieter.

Lord Fitzherbert sent back the dragoons who rode up to his assistance. His pride was aroused, for he knew how difficult a task he had before him. His temper rose, too, as he fancied that his opponent parried his thrusts skillfully, without attacking him, and he recalled the fluttering blonde hair he had once pursued in vain. He pushed his horse close to Pieter, and made a heavy stroke at the boy's head. Pieter partly warded off the blow with his blade, and his own blood began to rise, but the remembrance of the old friendship held him back. Suddenly re-

calling how Lord William Beresford had carried a wounded sergeant through the river at Ulundi, he pressed Jager against the black horse, took his sword in his teeth, and with a sudden, powerful movement flung his arms about his friend and lifted him into his saddle.

“Your pardon, Adolphus!” he cried. “It couldn’t be helped. You took me prisoner once; now you are my prisoner.”

The two dragoons who pursued him across the river both fell by the sword which he swung with his free arm, and he galloped off to his people with his prisoner, followed by the faithful black horse, comforting his shamed and angry friend as best he might.

In the barren hills north of Schain’s Hoogte, along the road which the enemy must come, the Boers ensconced themselves, and soon the sparkle of weapons near the Ingogo and the wheels of wagons and guns announced the approach of the English. Since his defeat at Laing’s Nek, Colley had grown cautious, and now he had sent foot soldiers in advance carefully to spy out the way. Two guns and a little company of men remained at the bridge to secure a retreat, if necessary.

The Boers had secured excellent hiding places behind stones and bushes. Pieter chose a little embankment high enough to protect Jager as well as himself, and lay flat, gun over the edge of bank, Jager's rein over his right arm.

The English soldiers had caught sight of the enemy, and opened the fire, concealing themselves as much as possible, Boer fashion.

The English artillery had an excellent place and the shrapnel flew with such precision that, at a whistle from Klaas Buurman, the Boers retreated, but when pursued by the redcoats were already under cover and able to drive back the pursuing enemy with a heavy fire.

The battle was long and severe, for the English had learned a lesson at Laing's Nek, fought better and protected themselves better; but the Boers' position was so well taken, their aim so correct, that they were not able to dislodge them from their hills. When the artillerists were shot down and the mules killed, and when many of the officers had fallen, confusion reigned among the English troops.

But again they rallied, and the fight raged three hours longer, Colley still hoping, because of his superior force, to be able to continue his

march. At the end of that time firing began on both right and left flanks of his army, and the Boers knew that Joubert's reinforcements had arrived.

Still the English fought desperately, determined to win their way through the pass, when suddenly aid came from heaven. The darkened sky and pealing thunder announced the terrible African thunderstorm. The rain fell in torrents, the frightened soldiers became uncontrollable, and English and Boer no longer made any effort to continue the fight. One officer with a flag of truce led those who sought the wounded, and several Boers appeared to assist them. At the river the confusion was even greater, and many were swept away in the swollen stream.

Pieter remained in the saddle all night, and early next morning, when he had seen the last redcoat disappear toward the camp, he turned Jager's head toward the Boer host at Laing's Nek.

CHAPTER XXVII

PIETER IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

PIETER MARITZ, on picket duty before the Boer camp, chafed at the inactivity of the army.

Eighteen days had elapsed since the battle of Schain's Hoogte. Had the Boers fallen on the disheartened soldiers at Hatley's Hotel they could have won an easy victory. But he knew his countrymen. These strong men were as quiet as they were brave; they waited for what would happen, let things come to them—had no mind for warlike undertakings. Joubert knew that it would have been shrewder to attack the English camp, but he had to do what would please his countrymen.

As Pieter thought thus and recalled General Wood's letter, he fancied he heard in the distance the sound of horses' hoofs and the clatter

of sabres. It was very faint and only perceptible occasionally, but his sharp ear was able to distinguish it from the sounds of nature.

Riding forward some distance and carefully concealing himself behind a thicket, he saw distinctly the gay uniform of the Fifteenth Regiment Hussars and the Gordon Highlanders. He hastened back to Joubert with the news.

“I read in your face,” said the General, “that you wished to attack General Colley.”

“Yes,” replied Pieter. “I think six hundred determined men could have taken them all prisoners.”

“Certainly,” replied the commander, “and I should have been delighted to do it. But our people have no taste for such things, and also the Government at Pretoria does not wish us to attack—they wish to show the English that we are only on the defensive in case of peril. They are hoping every day that England will offer peace.”

That night, after supper, Pieter rode out into the mountains to the farthest Boer picket. His heart misgave him. The English, he knew, must be planning something. Colley was an active, madly daring man. Now that reinforce-

ments had come, he would be preparing to strike a new blow, the more so that his opinion of the Boers must have lessened because of their inactivity.

It was a beautiful starlight night, the faint sickle of the new moon hanging over the great black peak of Majuba. The Boer pickets surrounded the enemy's camp in a semicircle; the English pickets were distinctly visible, far apart and single, for Colley was short of men and had to spare both men and beasts.

Pieter had often watched the camp at night and knew the customs as well as they could be known from a distance. As he watched to-night it seemed to him that there was an unusual stir about the camp, the clatter of weapons and an occasional call of command. He strained eye and ear and leaned far over, with wrinkled brow, to catch every sound. A thought occurred to him, was banished, but came again and again. He would try to get into the enemy's camp, to learn what was going on. Daring courage and confidence in his luck inspired him.

He rode back and called to the nearest picket, an old friend.

“Listen, Jacob,” said he; “I am going to find

out what they are doing over there. Keep my horse and weapons for me."

While he talked he cut off with his sword a stout staff from the acacia bush.

"Do you see that dragoon over there? I am going to him. When you hear me whistle, come and help me."

Pieter took his long staff and went along the country road toward the dragoon, whose helmet was visible through the darkness. When he was within a few hundred paces of the picket, he bowed his slender, active form, leaned on his staff and went along with a slow, shuffling step, coughing pitifully, like a broken old man. The dragoon, whose next picket stood at a long distance, nearer to the mountain, was evidently deceived, for he allowed the man to come close to him.

"Who's there?" he cried then. "Stand still, old friend. Whence come you, and whither go you? No stranger can pass here."

"Ah, dear sir," said Pieter in Dutch, in a trembling voice, "I want to go over to Schain's Hoogte. Let me pass."

"No, indeed," replied the dragoon. "If you want to get to Schain's Hoogte, old friend, you

must climb over the mountain. No one goes by the road.”

“Cannot understand, cannot understand,” replied Pieter, coming nearer.

While he spoke the dragoon suddenly saw to his terror the bent form straighten, felt his throat clutched by an iron hand, and heard a threat in good English that he would lose his life if he did not keep still.

At the sound of Pieter's whistle Jacob galloped up, delighted at the sight of the captured dragoon, and still more astonished at Pieter's next act. For he laid aside his blouse and hat and commanded the dragoon, whom he had gagged, to exchange garments with him. The coat cracked in the seams, but the fit was not bad, and Pieter armed himself, mounted the horse, and ordered Jacob to take the Englishman back with him.

As Pieter sat in the dragoon's place awaiting the hour of relief, at which he could go to the English camp, he thought little of the peril of his situation, although he did not underestimate it. He knew that if he was discovered the English would show him no mercy, but the weapons gave him courage, and he was deter-

mined not to be taken alive. There might still be among the dragoons some of the men he had known in the Zulu war, and others who had been at Heidelberg when Lord Fitzherbert had arrested him, but he trusted that the night was dark enough to prevent his being recognized.

In half an hour a subaltern appeared with six men.

“Who goes there?” cried Pieter.

“Relief,” they replied.

“Password?” asked Pieter, who was familiar with English picket duty.

“Majuba,” said the sergeant.

“Password correct. Relief approach,” said Pieter.

A dragoon rode up and took the place, and Pieter rode on with the soldiers, who did not notice him, going about their duty wearily and indifferently. Pieter thought about the password. What could Majuba signify? Had it been chosen accidentally by General Colley, or had it some special meaning?

The men in the camp were drowsy and dull, and Pieter found it easy to avoid their notice. He tied his horse with the others, taking care to keep his face in shadow, wrapped himself in the dragoon's mantle with the collar turned up,

and strolled about the camp, aided by the confusion caused by the arrival of the new troops. The hussars and highlanders were still busy with the erection of their tents, and sat and lay around the fires, talking, drinking, and smoking. The old troops, four weeks in camp, seemed depressed and weary, and were for the most part asleep. Yet it seemed to Pieter that a certain suspense and expectation were to be felt in the camp, unnoticeable to any save one very familiar with military affairs. The pickets at the walls were continually looking toward the tents, as if expecting something to happen there; none of the officers had retired, the windows in Hatley's Hotel were still brightly lighted, and from time to time an adjutant passed through the camp and talked with officers who sat about the fires.

Pieter approached a fire about which sat a group of hussars, none of whom could possibly recognize him, since they came from another part of the earth. He sat down on a bundle and waited for some one to address him.

"Well, comrade," finally said a handsome young fellow, who wore his cap over his right ear, "have you been in Africa long?"

"For some time," replied Pieter.

“Were you in the Zulu war?”

“Yes, I took part in it.”

“Did you get through all right?”

“With an assagai thrust in my arm.”

“Assagai!” said the hussar. “That’s a great word. I suppose it’s a kind of spear. It’s a pity we had not been there. We would have hacked the niggers to a fricassee.”

“Well, now you have a chance to hack the Boers to a fricassee,” said the supposed dragoon.

“Yes, the Boers,” said the hussar, thoughtfully. “I have heard on the way that they are mighty fine shots. Is it true?”

“Well, they shoot passably,” replied Pieter. “But now that we have received reinforcements we shall soon defeat them. Where is General Wood now?”

“General Wood was in Port Natal when we arrived, but they said he would leave there soon. I think he can be here with a thousand men in eight days.”

“It would be well if he came soon,” said Pieter, “for we can’t begin alone. We have lost many men.”

“You seem to lack courage, comrade,” said the hussar. “Are not we here? Where we

hussars are, all goes well. If we could only attack the Boers on the open field, you would see how we manage things. You should have seen how we chased the yellow rascals in Afghanistan; you should have seen General Roberts! He's the fellow for you!"

Some officers and a man in Boer dress came out of the house door, talking earnestly, and walked through the east side of the camp. As they passed a fire Pieter recognized the man next to the Boer as General Colley. Arising, he sauntered carelessly near the place where they stood. The Scots camped there, and he joined in a group of them near a fire, close to the officers.

"It is cool to-night," said Pieter to one of the men, who was smoking a short pipe.

The men crowded closer to make room for him, but he scarcely heard what they said, so intent was he on listening the conversation of the General and the Boer, who stood not more than ten steps away from him.

"It is dark enough not to be seen and light enough to find the way," said the General. "Are you sure you could lead us there in two hours without the Boers smelling a mouse?"

"Yes," answered the Boer in English. "The

Boer pickets stand in a semicircle out there, but on the south the land is free, and if we make a circuit over the mountains, we can get there without being seen."

"He is a wretched man who would betray his countrymen," said Pieter to himself, "but after all he is a Natal Boer of English blood." As he thought thus he was interrupted by one of the highlanders. "Is that according to regulation with the dragoon guards?" he asked, pointing to the leather trousers and high, soft riding boots which the Boer boy wore, and which were now visible because his mantle had fallen aside.

For a second Pieter was disconcerted. His breath stopped, he realized the terrible consequences, should he be discovered. But he collected himself quickly.

"Ah, according to regulation!" he said, laughing. "When one has been as long in the field as we have, he is glad if he can get a whole piece of anything to cover his legs."

The sergeant was satisfied, and Pieter again turned his attention to General Colley.

"The ascent will be very tiresome," said he.

"Yes," returned the Boer. "The mountain

is very steep, but once you are up, you find a beautiful position. It is level up there, and great stones lie around the edge that form a good shelter for the soldiers."

"Will it be possible to take up the cannon?"

"No."

"It would be well," said the General to the two officers, "if we could at least take up one of the Gatling guns. Do you think, Romilly, that your men could drag up one of them without horses?"

"If it is possible to human strength," replied the officer, "it shall be done."

"We must have them, if it is possible," said Colley. "They shoot down ten men for every one of ours that is shot down. I consider this investment of Majuba a capital idea. Up there we will have just such an advantage over the Boers as they have hitherto had over us."

Major Hay, of the highlanders, endeavored to dissuade the General from his purpose, because of the difficulty of defending so steep and high a mountain. But the General persisted, declaring that it was an excellent position, because no Boer could approach them under cover, and therefore would not undertake to approach them

at all. "The occupation of Majuba," said he, "will decide the war. General Wood will be here in a few days, and from the mountain we can communicate with him by heliograph. If we keep this commanding position on Majuba until then, the war is over. Threatened from Majuba as from an invincible fastness, and then attacked by General Wood, the Boers will sue for peace. The thought that we can burn their villages and drive away their cattle will soon bring them to their senses. I have made every imaginable effort for peace, and in my dispatches to the Minister of War I have mentioned with praise the conduct of the Boers toward our wounded. But I find they make the rebels no conditions, so long as they have weapons in their hands. We must punish them before we offer them peace. Who will not hear, must feel."

General Colley stepped nearer the fire and looked at his watch.

"Half an hour until midnight," said he. "By three o'clock we must be at the foot of the mountain, and when the sun rises the Boers must be waked by the balls of our Gatling guns."

With these words he turned and went toward the buildings. As Pieter looked after him he caught the voice of the sergeant, who said, scornfully, "Well, old prophet, what now?"

Looking around, he noticed an old man with gray beard, who looked after the General with a strange expression in his eyes.

"What do you see, McGregor?" repeated the sergeant. "Ghosts again?"

The old Scot shook his head. His gray eyes shone with a strange light.

"Sunday has begun," said he. "I have observed our General when the firelight fell on his face."

"Well?" asked the sergeant, while the rest of the soldiers looked with startled eyes at the graybeard.

"He is marked," said the old Scotchman. "To-morrow evening our General will no longer be alive."

Pieter shuddered and thought of his own fate. How was he to escape unperceived from the enemy's camp?

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE STORMING OF MAJUBA

IF Joubert could only be informed at once, he could fall on the English on the march. But how to escape from the camp? It was impossible for Pieter to escape on horseback, because of the guard. He thought of clambering over the wall and running away on foot—this was desperate; but just as he was preparing to attempt it he was called by a subaltern of the dragoons, who ordered him to saddle his horse at once. There was nothing to do but to obey and begin the march, trusting to luck to escape before daylight would bring recognition and death.

Five hundred and forty-eight men from the highlanders, sharpshooters, and marines, besides the hussars and a troop of dragoons, were chosen to make the ascent; the others remained behind to defend the camp until the arrival of General Wood.

They marched silently over hill and valley until the giant form of the mountain was seen distinctly against the clear sky. Its peak was flat, like that of all South African mountains; on every side the slopes fell off steeply, though they were less rugged on the side of the Boer camp than on that by which the English ascended.

General Colley marched all the troops up to the place where the cone of the mountain began. The ascent was too steep for cavalry so he ordered the hussars and dragoons and two companies of infantry to remain as a reserve to keep connection with the camp, while a division of about four hundred men and twenty officers were chosen to make the ascent. General Colley himself threw aside his staff, that he might have both hands free for climbing, and led the way with encouraging shouts.

The ascent there was very difficult, with many clefts and huge loose stones. The soldiers scattered over the mountain without any order, and even the highlanders, who were skilled climbers, discovered it to be a task that demanded all their strength and skill. The sailors found it impossible to drag their gun any farther, and General

Colley, furious at the failure, at last commanded it to be left behind.

Pieter saw that day would soon dawn, and also observed that the attention of the soldiers at the foot of the cone was fixed on the men struggling up the steep ascent, or that they were busied with their horses, or at rest. The moment seemed propitious for flight, as no pickets had yet been stationed. He rode away slowly to the right, as though unintentionally, stopping frequently to look up at the mountain, until he was past the last redcoat. Some dragoons looked after him, and he heard one ask another what the comrade was going to do, but they did not call or pursue him. As soon as he was out of sight, he galloped toward the Boer camp, narrowly escaping death at the hands of his own pickets, surprised at the sight of a man in dragoon's uniform hastening toward them.

General Joubert laughed at the figure he cut in his red coat and white helmet, but his face grew grave when he heard of the reason for it, and of the investment of Majuba.

“My young friend,” said he, “you have earned the thanks of the republic.”

Carefully General Joubert observed the form

of the mountain whose outline showed distinctly against the blue sky. Gray-blue lay the barren peak, dark furrows indicated depressions, and very dark places showed ravines and holes in the steep cone.

“Now I see the English,” said Joubert, suddenly, after he had looked a long time through his glass. “They have reached the summit.”

“General Colley has thought that out very finely,” he added, “but I think we will catch him so up there that he will come down faster than he went up. I will call a council of war and decide what to do. There is plenty of time. Our people shall breakfast in peace.”

Lord Fitzherbert, who, since his captivity, slept in Klaas Buurman's wagon, sat up and rubbed his eyes sleepily when he saw Pieter. “What in the world are you doing in that masquerade?” he cried.

“To-day you shall see that we Boers can also make an attack,” replied Pieter, proudly. “General Colley, with more than four hundred men, is up there on the peak of Majuba.”

Lord Fitzherbert looked toward the mountain, and when Pieter told his story, stared at him in astonishment.

“Oh, Pieter,” said he, “you Boers are a terrible people, and I see that your star is now in the ascendant.”

Sadly he sat, watching the Boer boy preparing breakfast.

“What a soldier you have become, Pieter!” he exclaimed at last. “What a cavalry officer you would make! Oh, if you were only with us in the service of the Queen! You would surely become famous; you would become a great general!”

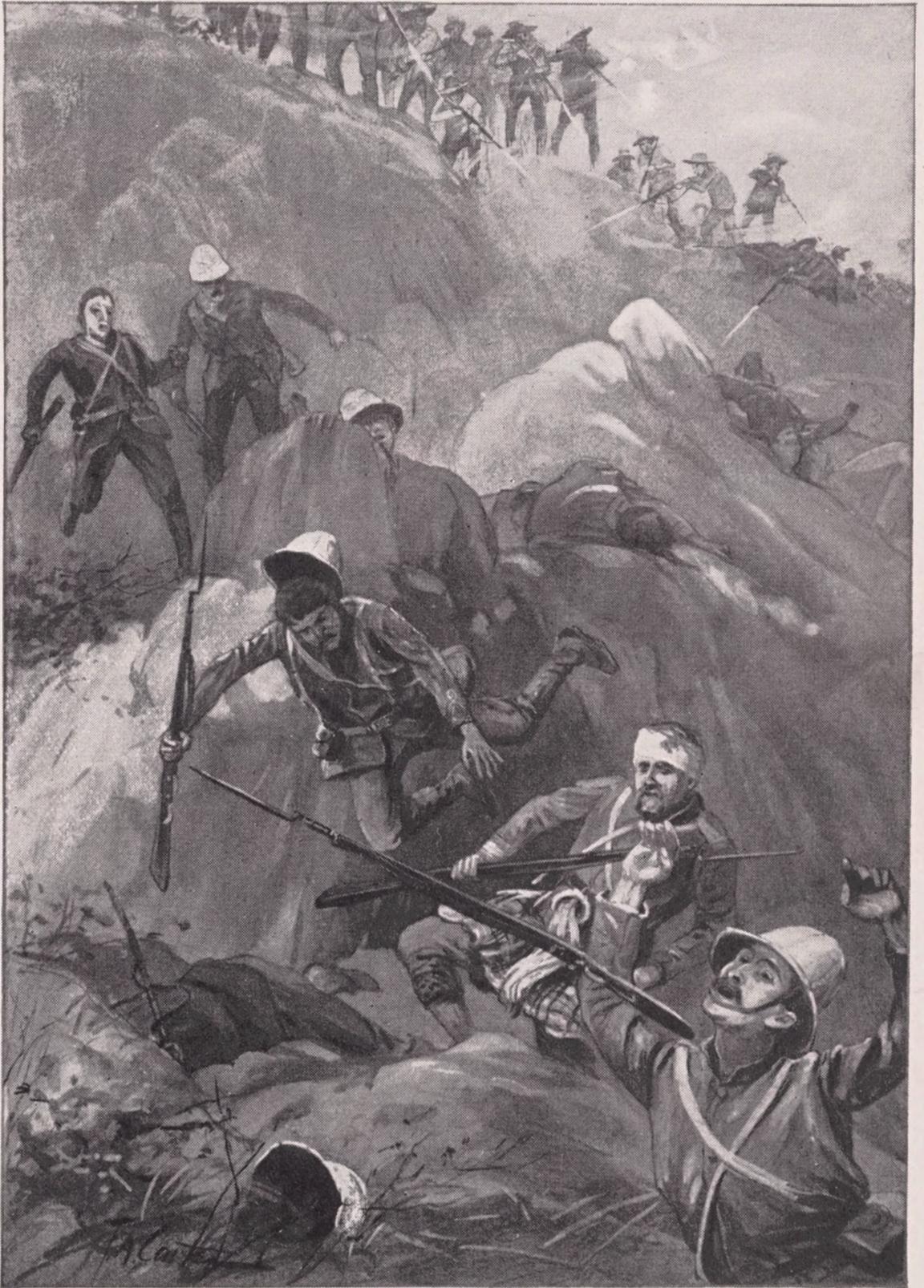
Pieter laughed and shook his head, and the two, the Englishman in a Boer coat, and the Boer boy in English uniform, sat like brothers at their breakfast of coffee and maize mush. At nine o'clock the active company of mounted Boers assembled at the edge of the camp, and Pieter hastened to join the men of his community. A company of two hundred men went toward the northern slope of Majuba to undertake the storming of it, while other divisions stood ready to meet any chance attacks from the English troops remaining below.

Majuba was silent; no sound came from the enemy, no weapon had been fired since the three shots that were the signal to the forces below

of the complete investment of the mountain. As he approached, Pieter could see the form and nature of the mountain very clearly in the bright sunlight, and could distinguish the rocks, ravines, and bushes on the slopes. General Joubert had chosen the best place for the storming, and Pieter could but think of the old Scotchman's prophecy, for the mountain offered the Boers many favorable opportunities to fight their way up, step by step, under cover.

At the foot of the mountain the Boers dismounted and left their horses. Two thousand feet above them rose the peak of the mountain, steep and threatening. But the English had seen them, and several shots resounded, and bullets whistled round their heads. Like hunters who would slip up on the wary prey, the Boers went forward, a dangerous company.

Pieter and several companions found a ravine, which ran up the mountain, and in which they would be entirely protected from shots from above. The mountain was much easier of ascent on this side than on that by which the English had ascended, but nevertheless it was very steep and required much strength and skill in mounting.



THE STORMING OF MAJUBA HILL

When Pieter reached the end of the ravine, he peeped forth cautiously and saw the enemy. A thousand feet above him, above the stones that formed a breastwork about the flat top, his sharp eye distinguished the uniform of an officer of the highlanders. He lifted his gun, the shot echoed through the mountain, the Boers' first shot of the day, and the officer fell. For a moment confusion reigned among the highlanders. Then shots whistled down on the invisible enemy. But while they shot, their helmets and faces showed above the breastwork, and the balls from the ravine flew with deadly accuracy. One by one the Scots fell, and soon their fire ceased altogether.

The broad hats now appeared to the right and left of Pieter, and soon a long chain of sharpshooters surrounded the high peak on the north and east, behind huge stones and prickly bushes. Clambering up like chamois, they sprang from stone to stone, rising quickly, running stooped over, and quickly crouching behind a new cover. These strong men set their whole strength and skill to the task of coming nearer to the hated enemy, their sober, slow natures roused by the ardor of climbing and of battle.

In the powder smoke of Majuba they showed for the first time their complete fitness for battle. Under a rain of bullets, against a far superior force, up an almost perpendicular mountain, they passed to victory. Their attack was ceaseless. They hung to the mountain, they lay behind rocks as if they were part of its rocky covering, and they sprang forward if they wished to reach a new place of protection as if they had wings. The fight had already lasted an hour, ten thousand bullets had rained down upon them, and they had not lost a single man.

Pieter was with a group of a dozen Boers in the foremost line. They had found a new ravine, only five hundred paces from the summit, and fired upon the enemy from there in perfect concealment. The position of the English was well taken, but they scarcely dared to show their heads, for the sight of a helmet or a bit of red cloth brought the whistle of a Boer's bullet. It could easily be seen that the English soldiers were terrified and aimed their guns very guardedly.

“If only we could reach the edge,” said Pieter to his companions, “we would have the victory. From there we could command the

whole level field of the summit, and few could escape."

While he spoke he noticed a movement among the enemy. The English had determined to make an attempt to change their position. In a division that moved to one side he recognized the blue jackets of the sailors among the red coats. This division ran to a rock cone, which lay a little below the true peak of the mountain, and from which the attacking enemy could perhaps be caught on the flank. Several of the English fell before the cone was reached, but they soon disappeared behind it and opened a sharp fire on the Boers. A man near Pieter received a shot in his arm, and another's hat was torn from his head.

"That will never do," said the Boers. "We must get them out of there."

Twenty or thirty of them collected, and, hiding behind stones, fired, in part at the new point, in part at the mountain top. Pieter and five others, however, crept to one side, behind blocks of stone, in order to catch the enemy from the other side. The English were crouching behind stones and earth, and soon Pieter saw their red coats and blue jackets. There were perhaps

fifty of them, commanded by a marine officer. They shot at the Boers in the ravine, but Pieter noticed they had difficulty in holding their position, continually ducking to avoid the rain of bullets. Now Pieter's little troop began its fire from concealment. The officer fell first; with him sank five other men, and terror seized all. They sprang up when they realized that they were caught at the side, and, furious, a little troop of the brave sailors rushed forward, while the others retreated. But scarcely had they advanced a hundred steps when half of them fell to the ground, and the others rushed back, terrified. Exposed to the fire of the Boers in the ravine, and to this other group, few of them survived to reach the mountain top again.

“Now forward, and after them!” cried Pieter. “We can reach the edge of the height.”

They rushed forward with glowing faces blackened with dust and powder, guns in hand, clambering over prickly bushes and rocks. Shots cracked round about them and powder smoke veiled the cliff. The men in the ravine joined Pieter and his companions, and the crowd pressed forward, while the fire from above was almost silenced. On they pressed, eager for

battle and drunk with victory, over the bodies of the enemy lying on the slope, and reached the summit. Pieter was the first who reached the rock-bordered edge. With loud, wild cries the Boers rushed on, the last defenders flying before them, and intrenched themselves on the edge which surrounded this side of the plateau like a bulwark.

Then they saw what work their guns had done. Dead bodies lay about them, and the wounded groaned on the ground. Several English soldiers kneeled behind the breastwork as if alive, guns in hand, the shot in the head having killed them so suddenly that they had not changed their position. Pieter saw the old Scotchman who had predicted the death of the General. He lay as if alive, and Pieter wondered to see no wound on him. But when he lifted the helmet from his head a stream of blood rushed forth; a shot in the head had killed him and the hat had held back the blood. Almost all who lay here were killed by shots in the head.

From this position, Pieter could see over the whole plateau. It was very large and could hold many thousand men. The farther slope could

not be seen distinctly because of the distance and the powder smoke that veiled the whole mountain top.

But the English troops over there could be seen, and Pieter knew that the victory was almost certain to be with the Boers. He and the men with him began to fire at the distant red-coats.

Diagonally across the plateau ran a deep depression whose ravines and heights offered the English protection against the Boers who had reached the summit. But the battle was a desperate one for the English, now attacked on two sides. From the east the Boers came up slowly, driving the defenders from the edge, and from the north, where stood Pieter, the balls came from the plateau itself. As Pieter pushed forward with his companions he saw the English soldiers—highlanders, sailors, and men of other regiments—running confusedly, while officers, revolver and sword in hand, vainly tried to stop the fugitives. It was a terrible scene. Now from the east side the broad hats came clambering over the mountain's edge. For an instant Pieter saw General Colley himself. He stood in the midst of a group of soldiers, revolver in

his right hand, as if to command. He stood proudly, bravely, as if he, like the rock in the breakers, would also offer resistance to the flood. But in the next instant his hands sank, his helmet fell from his head, he fell, and the soldiers about him sank down as if mowed to the ground. The powerful forms of the Boers now appeared everywhere.

Pieter sprang over dead and dying and hastened to the side of the plateau down which the English fled. On the same side up which they had slowly and wearily climbed they now rushed down in mad haste. The guns behind them seemed to lend them wings, deadly fear impelled them forward. Pieter could shoot no more. Sympathy and pity chained his hands. He saw the English springing from rock to rock, many breaking their necks in headlong falls, others their limbs in the deep holes; many struck in the back by balls from the Boers, who now stood in a long chain on the summit, firing at everything in uniform. It was a terrible sight to see a fugitive in full flight struck by a ball, spread out his arms with a piercing cry, and fall forward.

Not only the troops above, but those left

below, suffered from the deadly fire. Pieter saw the hussars in wild flight. From where he stood they looked no larger than grasshoppers scattered in mad chase over the green grass, the crowd of Boers behind them—a division sent by Joubert around the mountain. Pieter turned and looked over the plateau. Victory—complete victory! Perhaps a hundred soldiers stood prisoners; all the rest were dead or hunted down the slope. Desolation and death crowned Majuba. Everywhere death, everywhere wounded men, everywhere blood, everywhere shrieks and groans. The officers and soldiers lay dead about their dead General, and the victorious Boers covered the plateau. Pieter went about among them, inquiring after friends and relatives; it seemed miraculous that of all the Boers, but one was killed and six were wounded. “What a victory!” cried the Boer boy, “what a victory!”

General Wood came, but he brought peace, not a renewal of hostilities. England was at last willing to recognize the justice of the claims of the Transvaal.

From mouth to mouth the joyful tidings were carried in the Boer army, and joyful excitement

seized the daring men who had staked their lives for the freedom of their fatherland. They collected in groups and exulted; they surrounded their elders and gave thanks to God, who had given them the victory. From Heidelberg and Pretoria men hastened to the camp, and wives and daughters hurried to their husbands and fathers to thank them for their valor.

While this tumult of joy filled the camp, Pieter swung himself on Jager's back and lifted the waving vier-klor high in the air above the huzzaing multitude.

"Long live the Transvaal! Long live the South African Republic!" he cried with a strong voice, which was echoed a thousandfold by those about him.

As he shouted thus, a light vehicle rolled up, showing within the shrewd face and white beard that Pieter had once seen at Bloemfontein. President Johannes Brand came to serve as a mediator between English and Boers.

"Long live the Boers!" cried Pieter, waving the flag. General Joubert noticed the smile with which President Brand recognized the boy.

"One of our best fighters," said he. "Pieter

has a good voice. He cried just as loud on Majuba as he cries now over the victory. We owe him many thanks—his fatherland is greatly indebted to him.”

Pieter blushed for happiness and pride, and the blush increased as a pretty girl rode toward him, one whom he recognized at once as the chestnut-haired girl he had met at Pretoria and had never quite forgotten in all the stress of battle. She rode up with a charming smile and took a red rose from her breast.

“To the victor,” said she, giving him the flower. “Take this rose as a token of the thanks that we women of Transvaal give to the protectors of our fatherland.”

Pieter took the rose with a joy he had never known before.

Then his eyes fell on a red uniform, among the ranks of the Boers, and a gloomy, sad face. Lord Fitzherbert, his prisoner, had approached President Brand.

“Oh, Adolphus, not this sad face,” cried Pieter. “I am so happy that I would willingly share my joy with you. Let me not lose your friendship, even though fate has not given your country the victory.” Springing from his

horse, he handed his flag to a countryman and threw his arm about the Englishman.

“Do not be angry, Adolphus,” he pleaded. “Do not deprive me of your friendship on this happy day.”

As the Englishman tried to shake himself free and was yet touched by his friend's request, he stopped suddenly and looked before him, astonished. Pieter, following his look, gave a cry of glad surprise. The crowd parted, and the old missionary stood before them, the mild light of his earnest, kind eyes beaming on them.

“I see you arm in arm, in spite of battle and blood,” said he, “and I trust that your friendship, which has endured through the war, is a good sign for peace. If human love is so strong, how much more may the love of God prevail! So may the peoples whose blood has reddened the soil of Africa become reconciled, and in the light of Christianity this land may become a blessed field for the seed of the Divine Word.”

CHAPTER XXIX

DR. JAMESON'S RAID

THE years sped by, and the charming girl who gave Pieter the rose as the reward of victory became his wife. They were married in the church at Pretoria by the old missionary, who soon after passed away.

From his father-in-law Pieter received a large tract of land south of Pretoria, on the southern slope of Witwater's Rand. The land was well adapted to horse-breeding as well as agriculture, and his horses soon became famous throughout the country. But Pieter did not long remain here. Changes were taking place in this region which induced him, soon after his marriage, to return the property to his father-in-law.

In the neighborhood of Witwater's Rand—so Pieter told him, when asked his reasons—and Gat's Rand, directly south, a number of

English, and also Germans, French, and Italians, who did nothing by the way of stock-raising or agriculture, but were simply gold-diggers, had formed a little settlement called Johannesburg. They did not find the gold in veins or nuggets, but had to sift the earth, wash it with lye, crush the ore and melt it, in order to get the gold-dust, and, in consequence, could not dig alone, but must form companies and use machinery. If in a ton of earth they found an ounce of gold they were satisfied, but often they found five, six, or even ten ounces to the ton. These people, whom the Boers called Uitlanders, Pieter did not like, and when, one day, a number of them offered to buy his property, he said he would think over it, and mounting his horse, rode to Pretoria to his father-in-law.

“How much have they offered you?” asked the latter.

Pieter named a large amount.

“It is worth it. But you could get half as much again, for just where your house stands the exchange will be built, and it is probable that in a few years Johannesburg will become an important city.”

“But, father,” said Pieter, “the money does not belong to me, but to you, who gave me the land.”

“Don’t worry about that. I have much more money than you, and the Uitlanders are able to pay it.”

“That may be,” replied Pieter, thoughtfully, “but the gold and the Uitlanders will yet be the ruin of us. It is not by any means a blessing to the republic that gold has been found here. Yesterday I went hunting with five young men from the country, and I observed that they cannot shoot. The Boers think too much of gold and of business. But what maintains the republic is not business and not gold, but guns.”

“There is some truth in that,” replied his father-in-law, “but the course of affairs cannot be checked. We cannot hinder the Uitlanders from coming among us. We can only take care that they do not get the upper hand in the republic. Only yesterday I talked with Oom Paul of this, and he assured me that so long as he was President the Uitlanders should have no voice in the Government. And consider, my son, that the Uitlanders make us rich. They must pay heavy taxes, they and their gold com-

panies. The President has given a heavy order to Krupp, the German, for cannon and ammunition, which will be paid for with the Uitlanders' money. If our young people do not shoot so well as they used, we shall at least have artillery instead."

Pieter shook his head. "When I was twelve years old I was too late for dinner one day," he said. "I was hungry, and when I asked for meat my father said, 'Here, take your gun and shoot yourself something for dinner.' But now one has to go too far to find wild animals. Trekking has ceased, and the young men are unused to the chase. And if our young people are effeminate, we shall have a difficult position to hold against the English. Who are the Uitlanders? Most of them are English, and in time they will get us into difficulty with the Government of Cape Colony and Natal. The English will want to take our country from us if so much gold is found in it. On that account I shall have nothing to do with the gold and the Uitlanders."

In spite of his father-in-law's protestations, Pieter remained firm in his refusal to take the mining company's money, and finally accepted

instead another tract of land that lay on the western frontier, north of Mafeking.

Here Pieter dwelt contentedly; his mother lived with him and his unmarried brothers, who were of great assistance with the horses and ostriches. His sisters, who were all married, also lived near-by, and the whole family were always reunited at holiday seasons.

They were all sitting together in the largest room of Pieter's house, which could hardly hold them, on Christmas Day, 1895, but their voices were not so cheerful as on former occasions, for disquieting rumors had reached them of troubles at Johannesburg, and of the Government's measures to quiet the Uitlanders. Johannesburg had become a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, and the exchange had really been built on the place where Pieter's house had stood.

As they talked together of these things, a young man galloped up, who proved to be young Cronje, son of Commander Cronje, at Johannesburg.

"My father sends me," said he, "to say that he has no confidence in the peace. On the frontier here, near you, at Pitsani Potlugo, the

administrator of Nyassaland, Dr. Jameson, is collecting troops. It is feared that he is in communication with the Reform Committee in Johannesburg, and that a conspiracy against the State is on foot. My father thinks that you are in a position to get information concerning Dr. Jameson's troops and his designs."

Pieter nodded. "I have seen Dr. Jim and his camp," said he. "He is a shrewd fellow, a little man, with broad head and little, sparkling eyes. I went over to see him because he wanted to buy horses of me, but I did not sell him any. Tell your father I know accurately how large a force there is at Pitsani. Dr. Jim has six hundred and fifty horsemen in camp, in part police troops from Bechuanaland, in part Rhodesia cavalry. Besides, he has a twelve-pounder, two seven-pounders, and eight Maxim guns. There are, also, about a hundred Kafirs in camp, who are armed and ride the reserve horses. Among his people are a number of British officers, and, in my opinion, that indicates clearly what Dr. Jim's design is. Tell your father I was in Pretoria three days ago, and told General Joubert all I knew."

"What did he say?"

“Very little. But our duty is clear. Fifteen years ago we had to defend ourselves against the troops of the Queen. It is not the Queen in England who attacks us now, but we have a king in Africa itself, Cecil Rhodes, who will transact as private business what the Queen may not transact for the State. He came here ten years ago to cure himself of consumption, and to-day he has a property of fifteen million pounds sterling, and as president of the Chartered Company is the real ruler of the British colonies in South Africa. His brother is at the head of the Reform Committee at Johannesburg, and Dr. Jameson holds forces ready on the border to support the Uitlanders when the Reform Committee has incited them to insurrection. Tell your father to rest assured that I will keep him informed of what is going on.”

Hereupon Pieter and young Cronje mounted and rode southeast over the border into Bechuanaland. They passed Mafeking to the left, and after an hour's ride reached a height from which they could see Dr. Jameson's camp. Several groups of white tents stood in the brown fields, and near them were several long sheds in which

Pieter said the artillery and the greater part of the horses were kept. All was quiet and the two Boers rode away.

On Sunday evening, December 29th, 1895, a circle of athletic-looking men, in undress uniform and smoking short pipes, were sitting in Dr. Jameson's tent at Pitsani Potlugo, discussing the contents of a letter he had just read aloud to them.

"What is your opinion, Willoughby?" asked he. "Every day different news and different orders. Now they telegraph that we shall march, now they advise to wait. Now they say the Boers have wind of our plans and our countrymen at Johannesburg are in danger. Do you think the right time has come?"

Major Sir John Willoughby, commander of the troops of the Chartered Company, a strong man, who at first glance would have passed for a youth of twenty, laughed. "The right time," said he, "is the time when we will be successful."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Jameson. "Success turns the scale. If we conquer, we are deliverers and heroes. If we are defeated, we are robbers and scoundrels. You command the troops, Wil-

loughby—do you think we are strong enough to march on Johannesburg?”

“I think we are strong enough,” replied Willoughby; “but in all cases we must protect the rear. On that account I would not lead the people were I in your place, Jameson. Call out volunteers—then the thing has no official character. We will get through if we set about it in the right way.”

“And what is the right way?”

“March according to all campaign rules and shoot down all who block the way.”

“No, that would not be wise,” said Dr. Jameson. “That would horrify everybody, and our own philanthropic press in London would protest against such barbarism. We must get to Johannesburg without shedding blood, if possible, and we can do so if we are only quick enough. If we conducted a regular campaign, it would be necessary to supply ourselves with provisions, and we have no time for that. This letter proves that haste is necessary. The Boers will surround Johannesburg. If they do, we will be too late. We must appear unexpectedly in the city if we are to get the upper hand. The majority of the people are on our side, even though a few hundred

Germans have offered their services to the Government against us. Two thousand volunteers will join us, they promise, as soon as we come in sight of Johannesburg."

"Dr. Jim is right," said Colonel White. "Haste is necessary."

"We will not use ceremony with the Boers," added Colonel Scott. "They are greatly overvalued, simply because they surprised our weak divisions at Laing's Nek and Majuba. The Government's forbearance is unendurable. It is so in India as well. When a band of robbers choose to murder our outposts they can do it. Then the Government comes and says to the leader of the band: 'It is not right that you should murder our soldiers. Promise that you will not do it again and we will give you ten thousand pounds.'"

"Bravo!" cried the others.

"The Boers are a heavenly herd," said Captain Thatcher, "a new chosen people. Jehovah himself has intended them to rule in Transvaal forever, all teaching of history to the contrary. These cunning Dutch intend to make of Transvaal a spear to be thrown into the heart of our African possessions. If our patience

endures, we shall live to see Dutch soldiers come to Africa to protect Dutch subjects, and where the Teuton's foot is once planted it is never lifted up. To that will the wisdom of the Government yet bring us. What! shall the Government dictate from London what is to be done in Africa? Whenever affairs have been mismanaged in India, it has always been proved to be the fault of the Secretary of State. The governors in the colonies should be independent."

"Well, gentlemen," said Dr. Jameson, "I think we are clear on the subject. We will ride to-morrow. I will call for volunteers for the ride early, and we will in that way avoid giving the expedition an official character. We will take only two days' provisions with us, for either we will get to Johannesburg before a Boer power has assembled against us or our expedition will be a total failure. But how can the Boers, scattered as they are on isolated farms, collect so quickly? And if only we get to Johannesburg first, we shall have things in our own hands. Once the Reform Committee has a couple of hundred determined men at its back, it can take a different attitude toward President Kruger."

“And I do not think,” added Colonel White, “that there is a man in the camp who will not go with you as a volunteer. The weal and woe of English women and children are concerned. If there is an uprising at Johannesburg, the wives and children of our countrymen are without protection against the brutality of these Boers, whose piety is but a slight varnish.”

“They are like the old Jews,” said Captain Thatcher, “who desired only the circumcision of the Canaanites, and then, in spite of it, destroyed them, root and branch, for God’s glory.”

Early on the morning of December 30th, bugles sounded in the camp at Pitsani, the riders mounted, the artillery put horses to the guns, the Kafirs made ready the reserve horses. The police troops of Bechuanaland, the cavalry of Rhodesia, and all the officers in the camp assembled. They were no such troops as General Colley had led against the Boers—no young soldiers, little practiced in shooting, but tested, powerful men, mounted on excellent horses, which, like their riders, were accustomed to the climate and the nature of the soil.

The police troops were dressed in brown khaki, the Rhodesia riders in gray uniform; all

wore the torai, the broad-brimmed felt hat, turned up on the left side, but shading the right eye for aiming. They also wore leather cartridge belts and carried magazine guns.

Dr. Jameson, in a long brown coat with velvet collar, unarmed and carrying only a field glass, rode before the front and drew a paper from his pocket.

“Gentlemen and dear friends,” cried he, “I have a communication here which has come from our countrymen at Johannesburg. It is a call for help—a cry against oppression. Kruger and his people have evil designs. Our men can take care of themselves, but the women and children are in peril. If it comes to bloodshed, we fear that the Boers will not spare the defenseless. I will say no more. Time presses, and you know me. I need a handful of determined fellows, who will ride with me to Johannesburg to help our countrymen. Those of you who so desire, and are not lacking in courage, say so, and follow me.”

“Hurrah! Hurrah for Dr. Jim!” came thunderingly from the squadron, and soon the whole company started, under the leadership of Willoughby.

At the same time two riders, unobserved by the English troops, left the hill south of the camp and galloped to the frontier. They rode swift horses from Pieter Maritz's stables, and while the English column wound slowly through the fields to the east, with guns and wagons, Pieter and young Cronje had already arrived at Ottersboop and announced to Commander Cronje and President Kruger that Dr. Jameson, with his troops, was on the march.

An hour later the advance riders of the English reached Ottersboop, and the inhabitants of the place, which formed the middle point of the rich gold fields of Malmai, looked on curiously as Dr. Jameson directed the cutting of the wires before continuing on his way to the east.

Progress was slow. The cavalry galloped forward from time to time, but had to wait again for the artillery and wagons. Then all must stop for a few hours to rest the draught animals.

Toward evening on December 31st, a messenger, his horse covered with foam, overtook the column and handed Dr. Jameson a dispatch from Sir Hercules Robinson, upper commissary of the Queen at Cape Town.

“Altogether my view,” said Dr. Jameson to some of the officers. “I think he has said what he thought he ought to say, and now that we have heard we will proceed.”

He stuck the paper in his pocket and sent the messenger back.

An hour later a rider wearing the uniform of a Transvaal police officer approached the column.

“What do you want?” asked Dr. Jameson. “Who are you?”

“My name is Eloff,” replied the man, “and in my capacity as an officer of Krugersdorp I ask you, in the name of the law, why this armed body of men has entered the territory of the republic?”

“That will soon become apparent,” said Dr. Jameson, smiling. “By way of preliminary, give up your gun and follow the column as our prisoner.”

“Give up my gun!” exclaimed the officer.

“Don’t be worried; we sha’n’t steal it,” cried Dr. Jameson, laughing. “You can have it back at Pretoria. Ride with us.”

The officer’s gun was taken, and he joined the riders at the rear.

Not long after this another rider appeared, rising as suddenly as if the brown field had produced him by magic. He dashed directly in the way of Dr. Jameson.

"I ought to know this man," said Dr. Jameson to the officers near him.

"Dr. Jameson, if I am not mistaken," said the Boer in the purest English, lifting his hat.

"Quite correct. And, if I am not mistaken, you are Mr. Buurman."

"I am he. The military commander of Marico district sends by me his orders that you at once leave the territory of the republic."

"And if I refuse to do so?"

"Dr. Jameson," said Pieter, "you will meet an armed force if you do not turn back. You invade the country in times of peace, without a previous declaration of war. The commander says to you that the blood shed will rest on your head."

"Let us hope that there will be no bloodshed," replied Dr. Jameson. "Give up your gun, Mr. Buurman, and follow us at the rear, where you will find a countryman."

"I urge you earnestly, Dr. Jameson, turn back!" cried Pieter Maritz.

“Hold his horse and take his gun,” cried Dr. Jameson to some of the soldiers.

The men sprang forward, but before they reached Pieter he had turned his horse around and in a few seconds was out of reach. Two of the men lifted their guns, but Dr. Jameson forbade them to fire.

“A very fine man and a very fine horse,” said he. “If I recall rightly, he is one of the old soldiers and a friend of several of our officers in the Zulu war.”

“I do not like this,” said Willoughby. “I think we will get to see more of the Boers than we had expected.”

The march continued into the night, for the leaders were anxious to proceed. Time was pressing, and a long distance still lay between them and Johannesburg.

Just at midnight, as the moon was shining brightly, the advance guard reached a height which stretched diagonally across the road like a horseshoe. As they rode forward, lights flashed from a dozen places on the dark hills, and the crackling of firearms was heard.

The advance guard hastened back, and soon the Maxim guns were brought up. Thousands

of balls whistled against the hills, but it could not be seen whether or not they were effective. Yet presently the Boer fire withdrew from the right to the left wing, and gradually ceased altogether.

The English column suffered no loss, but had had two hours' delay. After a half-hour's advance they went into camp for the night, and when day dawned, the first day of the year 1896, they arose and prepared for the march, suffering greatly from lack of water. Nothing was seen of the Boers, and toward noon they reached a solitary inn, where man and beast refreshed themselves, and after two hours' rest, continued the march.

Now the plain gradually rose to a height about five hundred feet above the inn. When the advance guard reached the height it became apparent that the Boers had made ready for the reception of their guests. From trenches and behind blocks of stone a heavy fire broke forth and several Englishmen fell.

The Maxim guns were brought up and firing began; a part of the riders dismounted and sought cover for shooting. Fortunately, however, no Boer could be seen; only here and

there a hat-brim showed over the edge of stone or walls. The fight continued for an hour; then the Boers' fire stopped and they retired. The English, following, reached the heights and saw the last Boers running through the valley, on the other side of which lay a second height from which came shots.

Dr. Jameson looked at the battlefield through his field glass. Shots came from a house covered with sheet-iron on the height. Not far off stood a wooden frame-work which seemed to be built over mining shafts, and there stood a number of miners, who were not armed and were only spectators of the battle.

“Behind the heights lies Krugersdorp,” said Willoughby, “and if we continue the fight by firing the town we can cause the Boers to retreat.”

“That we will not do in any case,” said Dr. Jameson. “On the contrary, we will take care that not a grenade by any accident falls in the village. I only hope that our friends in Johannesburg will come to meet us, and that the Boers will then retire. Too much blood has been shed already.”

“There is nothing for it but to fight,” said

Colonel White. "The expedition is a failure; but at least the Boers shall not have it to say that we have shown ourselves cowards."

"We will draw around to the right flank, fighting, and surround the Boers, in that way getting back of Krugersdorp and on the direct road to Johannesburg," said Willoughby, giving directions to the men.

This movement was made as soon as it became dark, and they succeeded in getting around Krugersdorp. Yet in the last minutes before complete darkness fell, the Boers made use of a stratagem that cost the English several men. The Boers appeared suddenly in a long line outside their covering, their forms distinctly visible against the evening sky. Made impatient by the cautious defensive fight which had already lasted six hours, Willoughby let three hundred of the swiftest riders make an attack in a gallop. As they rushed forward the Boers disappeared and again opened a hot fire from the trenches, under which several of the English fell and the rest hastily retreated.

The English now drew back and went into camp. They suffered greatly from lack of food and water, and the realization that their un-

dertaking was a failure. The wounded were to be brought into the camp, against which the Boers in the distance kept up a constant fire. In the morning twilight the men arose and prepared for battle. The wagons were left in the camp and the men were led still further to the right; an unfortunate movement it proved, as it led them directly into the trap placed by the Boers.

The English were now in the Doorn Kop Valley, surrounded on three sides by heights that were occupied by Boers. Now for the first time the English guns were answered by artillery fire from the Boers.

Already in utter despair, the English trained their Maxim guns upon the hill from which came the heaviest fire. But soon the horses were shot down and the guns could not be moved. The cannon of the Boers did no harm, as all the balls struck the ground. But about eleven o'clock in the morning Dr. Jameson and his officers gave up all hope of advancing, and even of retreating. A soldier's white shirt was tied to a gun and waved in token of surrender.

Shortly after, the Boers' fire ceased and the English, for the most part, stretched themselves

on the ground and awaited their fate in gloomy silence, completely exhausted from lack of food and exertion. Many of the weary men fell asleep immediately.

Dr. Jameson, accompanied by some officers and the man with the flag, rode slowly forward to meet several riders who came down the hill, among them, too, a man carrying a white flag. With them was a white-bearded man of austere appearance, who, Dr. Jameson learned, was Commander Cronje, and near him rode the same Mr. Buurman who had warned them against marching forward.

“What do you want?” asked Cronje, after they had met.

“We want to end the hostilities,” replied Dr. Jameson.

“You should not have begun them,” said the commander. “But if you surrender at discretion, I will forbid my people further battle.”

Dr. Jameson's eyes blazed. “At discretion?” he cried. “Never! We desire unhindered retreat, with horses, arms, and baggage, over the frontier, or else we will continue the fight.”

“That would be bad for you,” said Cronje.

“Consider what you are doing. Look! You are surrounded by our guns.”

“Do not forget, commander,” said Jameson, “that we also have friends. If we continue the fight, our friends at Johannesburg will hear the thunder of the cannon and come to our assistance.”

“Your friends at Johannesburg are near by, it is true,” said Pieter, to whom Cronje looked. “I saw them half an hour ago. But they satisfied themselves with being spectators.”

“Are they in the neighborhood?”

“A hundred of them came out of the city and looked this way. But don’t have the slightest hope of their assistance,” replied Pieter. “If you wish it, and the commander will permit, I will lead you up the hill, and you can see for yourself that they are not thinking of battle.”

Dr. Jameson looked searchingly at the Boers and then inquiringly at his companions. Willoughby shook his head.

“It is clear to me that we are left in the lurch,” said he.

“In no case will we surrender at discretion,” reiterated Dr. Jameson, turning to the commander.

“I promise,” said Cronje, “that the lives of officers as well as men shall be spared. As for yourself, Dr. Jameson, you will be given over to the authorities at Pretoria, who will decide your case.”

“I am indifferent as to what concerns me personally,” said Dr. Jameson. “I wish only a guarantee for the lives of my people, and, since you promise that, we will surrender.”

“It is well,” said Cronje.

“And now give us an opportunity to purchase food and drink,” said Dr. Jameson, “for we are starving, and that is the real reason for our surrender.”

Commander Cronje sent back his companions, and soon crowds of Boers came galloping down the hills, giving cries of exultation and swinging their guns. They hurried up to the English and shared their bread and meat with the exhausted men. So heartfelt was their sympathy, so hearty their hospitality, and so determined their refusal of pay for the food that the Englishmen gazed at them in astonishment.

Pieter approached Dr. Jameson, who still sat downcast on his horse, and offered him food, which he refused.

“So our countrymen in Johannesburg satisfied themselves with looking on?” he asked.

“They could not do otherwise,” replied Pieter. “We would not let them.”

“And what will the Boers say of us? They will laugh at us.”

“We do not laugh over bloodshed,” said Pieter, gravely.

“You have many losses? How many dead and wounded have you?”

“I do not know,” replied Pieter. “But I saw my friend, Commander Cronje’s son, fall.”

“I regret it,” replied Dr. Jameson. “My plan was not built on bloodshed. I hoped to reach Johannesburg without battle.”

“Your plan failed, Dr. Jameson, for either one carries on war or remains at peace. There is no middle way, as your present condition shows you.”

“We did not think of war. Our intention was to protect our countrymen, and we would not have shot first.”

“The time when British troops can march into this country and build camps and forts at Pretoria is passed, Dr. Jameson. We regard foreign troops that march into our territory as

enemies. Cecil Rhodes is mistaken if he thinks himself able to carry on speculations of the Chartered Company with armed men without our protesting against it in arms as soon as the territory of the South African Republic comes into question."

Dr. Jameson was silent.

Commander Cronje gave orders to lead away the disarmed squadron. A long column was formed, and on both sides of the English rode ranks of Boers, guns in hand, Dr. Jameson and the officers being carefully guarded. So the little train of victors and vanquished started north toward Pretoria.

Pieter, however, rode with some friends to Johannesburg. The region was full of armed Boers, and the city itself surrounded on all sides. Everywhere mounted men held themselves ready to open fire in case the Uitlanders attempted to go to the aid of Dr. Jameson's troops. But no such thought was in their minds. The Boers' victory had dampened their zeal. Pieter saw, indeed, divisions of several hundred men before the city, and even in the city itself, but they lacked a leader who possessed the courage and skill to lead them to the

attack. The leaders of the seditious movement were rich men who wished neither to hazard their fortunes nor their lives. So the thousands of men who formed the adherents of the great English owners of the gold mines and speculators wandered about the streets, confused and without counsel.

But there were other armed men besides the armed adherents of the Reform Committee. Several hundred Germans collected about the Town Hall as defenders of the Government, and formed dense groups who stood ready to ward off an attack. One of these, a friend, Mr. Becker, from Dresden, stepped out and shook hands with Pieter. His manly face glowed with confidence.

“We will not desert you,” said he. “We Germans will support the Government.”

Pieter thanked him and went into the hall, where the Government officials were at their posts prepared for the worst. But no acts of violence occurred. The Uitlanders were depressed by their defeat.

Soon new courage and confidence came to the Government of the Boer State, who, in spite of victory, could not altogether cast off their ap-

prehensions. The German emperor sent his congratulations over the sea from Berlin to Pretoria. The emperor's dispatch to President Kruger weighed powerfully in the scales of political relations. It aroused great enthusiasm over the entire country. The Boer State felt itself supported by a great nation, and the English desisted from the attempt to cover the miscarried undertaking of the Chartered Company with the shield of State authority.

Pieter rode back to his farm with proudly erect head, and unfurled the vier-klor over the roof of his house.

CHAPTER XXX

TO-DAY

NOT long, however, was Pieter Maritz destined to see the vier-klor wave undisturbed over his home. Four years had passed since the Jameson raid, and in this time so many Uitlanders had been attracted to the Transvaal by the richness of the gold fields that they now outnumbered the Boers three to one. Their insolence increased with their numbers, and Pieter shook his head in foreboding when he heard of their efforts to gain control of the Government.

One afternoon, late in the spring of 1899, he rode home from a distant part of his farm to find his brothers in great excitement over the news that had just reached them of a petition to the English Government, signed by twenty-one thousand Uitlanders, and also by Sir Alfred

Milner, Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, for assistance in securing their rights in the South African Republic. The rights, so called, were these :

1. The right to vote for the real legislative authority—the First Chamber of the Volksraad, not the impotent Second Chamber.

2. Such a redistribution of seats for the gold fields in the Volksraad as would give them a proper representation.

3. A constitution safeguarded from sudden changes.

4. The heads of the Government responsible to the Volksraad.

5. Independence of the courts.

6. Cancellation of monopolies.

7. Equality in recognition by the courts of the English and Dutch languages, just as in Cape Colony.

8. Removal of religious disabilities.

9. Reorganization of the civil service.

10. A free press.

11. Proper schools.

12. Free trade.

“This very petition,” exclaimed Pieter, bitterly, “shows that they still consider themselves

British subjects, and yet at the same time they wish also to be citizens of the Transvaal. Under the treaties of 1881 and of 1884 they were given equal privileges and civil rights before the law, but political rights were not promised to unnaturalized citizens. But I have expected nothing else since the gold was discovered. I said then that this gold would be our ruin; I say it now. You will see." And he shook his head sadly.

The next tidings brought to the isolated farmhouse were that Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger had held a conference, in which the Governor of Cape Colony demanded that five years should be sufficient to secure the franchise, with a naturalization oath similar to that in the Orange Free State, and that President Kruger had consented to halve the present residence of fourteen years, but insisted on Great Britain's abandonment of her claim of suzerainty.

Soon after this came the news that the Volksraad had granted a franchise after seven years' residence, provided Great Britain would abandon her claim to suzerainty and pledge herself never again to interfere in Transvaal affairs. This

Great Britain refused to do, but proposed a joint conference.

President Kruger next proposed a five years' residence, with abandonment of suzerainty. This being refused, he withdrew his proposal, but agreed to a conference, provided Great Britain would acknowledge the Transvaal as a sovereign State.

This was refused, and in the weeks that followed, friends from Pretoria informed Pieter of the tidings that had come to them of England's preparations for war. Reserve supplies and ammunition had been sent to South Africa; General Buller, who was in command of the Cape troops, had been ordered to complete arrangements for transportation of men to the front; police and local forces were to be organized at the Cape, and batteries and the Aldershot mounted infantry were ordered to be prepared to leave for Africa at a moment's notice. After hearing this, Pieter Maritz's blood boiled at the assurance of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, England's Colonial Secretary, that there was "no desire to interfere in any way with the independence of the South African Republic," and his offer "to give complete

guarantee against any attack upon that independence either from within any part of the British dominions or from the territory of a foreign State."

After this, Pieter, in common with all Boers who had fought at Laing's Nek and Majuba, felt that President Kruger was justified in sending to London, on October 10th, 1899, his ultimatum, demanding: first, that all points of mutual difference shall be regulated by diplomacy or arbitration; second, that all British troops on the borders of the Transvaal shall be instantly withdrawn; third, that all reinforcements of troops that have arrived in South Africa since June 1st shall be removed; and fourth, that troops now on the seas shall not be landed in any part of South Africa. The refusal to accede to these demands before five o'clock of the next day to be regarded by the Transvaal Government as a formal declaration of war.

While this was pending, the burghers were not idle. Ten thousand men were at Volksrust, the nearest town to the Natal border, and three thousand more under Cronje were camped near the Bechuana border. President Steyn, of the



TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH FOR LIBERTY

Orange Free State, had replied to Sir Alfred Milner's inquiry that, in accordance with its offensive and defensive alliance, the Free State must make common cause with the Transvaal.

Immediately upon the refusal of Great Britain to consider the ultimatum, the Transvaal forces, joined by the Orange Free State Boers, hastened through the Drakenberg into Natal to prevent the concentration of the British forces, made some important captures, and shortly laid siege to the towns of Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley.

These things Pieter heard as he was setting his affairs in order, that he might join the troops under Cronje that were advancing into Bechuanaland. This time, however, the thought of battle did not fill him with the joyful anticipation it had of old. He knew the strength of the foe; and the missionary's words to Cetewayo, "England does not dare to let herself be defeated," repeated themselves over and over to him. He had heard Joubert's words: "God only knows what the end will be. We read in all English newspapers of the auxiliary troops from all lands and colonies sent to Mr. Chamberlain by Canada, Australia, India, New

Zealand, all to help crush the poor little band of Boers; so that unless there be a God who desires that they shall live, the name of Afrikaner will soon be no more spoken."

But saddened though he was at the thought of the future, Pieter was ready to fight to the death for liberty.

"As God wills it," he said as he bade his wife farewell. "My father's last words were a curse on our enemy, England. I seem doomed never to forget them."

His mother handed him his gun. "And you will fight them as a brave man should, Pieter," she cried, her eyes blazing, "else you are not my son. Many a time have I stood by the wagon, axe in hand, and hewed down the Kafirs. And to-day, old as I am, I would stand in the trenches and fight for the country I helped to found."

"And I!" cried his wife.

Pieter sprang on his horse and galloped swiftly away. When he paused a moment, on a distant hill, the little group still stood before the house door, and the setting sun gilded the waving folds of the vier-klor on the house roof.

GLOSSARY

OF

NATIVE, DUTCH, AND GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES

ACACIA DETINENS.—The Dutch “Wacht-een-beetje,” or “wait a little.” The thorns of this species of the acacia are shaped like a fish-hook, and are so strong that they will sustain a weight of seven pounds.

AGAVE (a-ga've).—A genus of plants of the order amaryllidaceæ, known as American aloes. The plant produces a circle of stiff, erect, fleshy leaves, often seven to ten inches long and five to seven inches thick at the base, growing on top of a short, woody trunk. When the plant has attained maturity, it sends forth a stem forty feet high, with numerous branches, forming a cylindrical pyramid of perfect symmetry. Each branch is crowned with a cluster of greenish-yellow branches which continue in perfect bloom for several months.

ASSAGAI (as-say-gay).—A light javelin with a reed shaft, six feet long, and iron head. The end is sometimes ornamented with an ox-tail.

AVANHOU.—Altogether. A native word.

BAAS (Bahs).—Master.

BALEBASBERGE.—A range of mountains in the Province of Utrecht.

BAPEDI AND HERORO.—Kafir tribes.

BASUTOS.—The country of the Basutos lies north of Kafirland, between the Winterberg mountains and the higher branches of the Orange River. They are a tribe of the Bechuanas. The Bakopas and Bapedis are Bechuana tribes also.

BATTLE AXE.—The battle axe of the Zulus has a triangular blade and a handle formed from the rhinoceros horn.

BECHUANAS.—The Bechuanas are the most widely distributed and powerful of the native South African tribes. They are lively and intelligent, well formed, with good features, light copper color and short woolly hair.

BOTSCHABELO.—A mission station founded by a German missionary, Merensky, in Eastern Transvaal, near the Olifants River.

BULLER, COLONEL.—His present title is Major-General Rt. Hon. Sir Redvers Buller, on whose campaign in South Africa the eyes of the world have been fixed. He is reticent, serious, and seemingly ungra-

cious in social intercourse, but a man of iron will, whose soldierly qualities have been well proven on many desperate fields. He has been a soldier forty-one years, having served in China, India, and in West Africa against the Ashantis, and in South Africa against the Kafirs and Zulus. In this last war he won the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous bravery.

CAPE LILY.—These magnificent blue lilies are said by some travelers to be identical with the sacred blue lotus of the Egyptians.

CETEWAYO.—King of the Zulus, and son of Panda.

DRAKENBERG.—This rugged mountain range extends between the Orange Free State and Natal.

EKOWE.—A village and fort in Zululand, near Transvaal border.

EUPHORBIA (yu-for-bi-a).—Spurge or bastard spurge. A genus of plants of many species. This African variety is shrubby and armed with thorns.

GIRAFFE-ACACIA.—Cameel-doorn. So called because it is the favorite food of the giraffe (the Dutch cameel), a tall, very hard, slow-growing tree, with fern-like leaves.

HARTEBEEEST.—A species of rare antelope, very large and reddish-brown color. Now very rare.

HOOGTE.—A grassy rock-strewn hill.

HOTTENTOTS.—A people of South Africa, in-

cluding the original inhabitants of the territory now occupied by Cape Colony. Their complexion is a yellowish-brown, their hair crisp and tufted, foreheads narrow, cheek bones projecting, chin pointed, body of medium height, skull flat and narrow. They are intelligent and courageous, and of mild disposition.

INDUNAS.—Nobles, men of rank among the Zulus and other tribes.

JOUBERT, HON. PETRUS JACOBUS.—Commandant-General of the Transvaal forces and Vice-President of the Boer Republic. He is about sixty years of age, and is a great-great-grandson of one of the Huguenots who fled from religious persecution to South Africa. He was born in Congo, Cape Colony. He endured hardship in his early life, and, after making a little money, became a stock farmer in the Transvaal. Before reaching middle life he had become rich, and a member of the Volksraad. When Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal, Mr. Joubert was President Kruger's companion on the mission to London to seek retrocession. When war was declared he was put in command of the Boer forces. To him was due, no doubt, the skillful, tactful use of the guerilla methods of Boer warfare, eighteen years ago. Since then, his power in the state has been second only to that of Kruger himself.

KAFIRS.—The Kafirs form one tribe of the great Bechuana family. Their national character is bold and warlike. At the time of this story there were a number of strong Kafir tribes in the Transvaal who, having obtained guns, kept themselves free and independent. It was in a battle with one of these tribes and a community of Trek Boers that Andreas Buurman received his fatal wound.

KAROSS.—A fur cloak, in the manufacture of which the Bechuanas especially excelled.

KEMP, DR. JOHANN THEODOSIUS VAN DER.—A celebrated Dutch missionary, who went to Cape Town in 1799 and settled in Kafirland. As a pioneer in the missionary field in this country, his perils and privations were indescribable. He died in Africa, December 15th, 1811, at an advanced age, "his soul still burning with youthful ardor."

KIERIE or KERRY.—Sometimes called knob-kerry. A club with knob-shaped head.

KOODOO.—Perhaps the handsomest and most characteristic of all South African antelopes. Its tall spiral horns are much sought for by hunters. Despite its bulk, its speed and activity give it great advantages, especially over stalkers on foot. It is able to exist for long periods without water.

KRAAL.—A kraal is a collection of huts arranged about a circular fence of thorns, which incloses the cattle fold. This fence is eight or ten

feet high, with a stronger and larger one outside the huts, walling the whole. The military kraal consists of two hundred or more huts in which are quartered the king's soldiers. The huts are made of long wattles or poles, the ends of which are fastened in the ground, the tops bent over and lashed together with "monkey rope," a vine well suited for the purpose.

KRUGER, "OOM PAUL," who is now serving his fourth term as President of the Transvaal, is one of the most astute, able, determined and diplomatic men among rulers, great or small. His success must be ascribed to his natural ability, for he had at the start no better chances than the average Boer. He was a successful farmer and trader, and gradually built up a fortune estimated at \$25,000,000, and has always commanded the esteem and confidence of his countrymen in his personal rectitude.

LUNEBURG, FORT.—In Southeastern Transvaal.

LYDENBURG.—A city in Eastern Transvaal, near the Olifants River.

MOFFAT, ROBERT.—A Scotch missionary, born in 1795. He went to Namaqualand, South Africa, in 1817, and labored there with great success. He was the father-in-law of Dr. David Livingstone. His work is described in his book, "Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa." (London, 1842.)

MORIMO.—The name used by Bechuana tribes to designate their vague ideas of a Supreme Being.

NAMAQUAS.—A tribe of South Africa inhabiting both banks of the Orange River near its mouth. Their country is divided into Great and Little Namaqualand, the latter now absorbed by Cape Colony. They speak the Nama, oldest and purest of Hottentot dialects. Their tribe is now small.

NEK.—The rounded hollow of the dip between any two peaks of a mountain chain. Not a pass unless a road goes through it.

NYL.—A small river in Northern Transvaal; tributary of the Limpopo.

OLIFANTS.—This river rises in Southeastern Transvaal, flows north, and then east, and empties into the Limpopo in Gasaland, east of Transvaal. Its native name is Libalule.

OX WAGON, BOER.—These wagons are very large and powerful, about twenty feet long and six feet wide. The canvas cover is fastened to iron staples fixed in the wagon sides. A large chest, called the fore-chest, is fixed in the front part of the wagon; another, the after-chest, at the rear, and the side-chest along the sides, all these fastened to the wagon with buffalo riems. Rows of canvas bags, called side pockets, are suspended along the sides of the cover for holding various articles. A cot, called cardell, eight feet long, and the breadth of the

wagon, forms the traveler's bed. A strong, wooden frame-work called the trap is suspended underneath the wagon, in which are stowed the pots and grid-irons. The wagon is steered by a pole called the dissel-boom, to the end of which is fastened the trek-tow, a stout rope of raw buffalo hide. The oxen are "inspanned," that is, hitched, and "outspanned," unhitched.

PALM, FAN.—The vegetable ivory palm. A tall, graceful palm, whose fruit is about the size of an apple, of a deep brown color, with a kernel as hard as a stone, and not unlike vegetable ivory.

PARTRIDGE.—There are two species of partridge in South Africa, the red wing and gray wing. The Namaqua partridge, so called, is really a species of grouse.

PELARGONIUM.—Stork's bill. A genus of ornamental plants allied to the geranium.

PICHO.—A native parliament. In some of the Bechuana tribes the chief's power is restricted by a council of subordinate chiefs called the Picho. In this meeting the greatest plainness of speech is used in exposing what they consider culpable or lax in the ruling government.

SECOCOENI AND MAPOCH.—Chiefs of the Basutos, living northeast of the Transvaal. They were conquered by the Boers and the English.

SERPA PINTO, ALEXANDRE DE.—A celebrated

Portuguese explorer. His book, "How I Crossed Africa," was published in 1880.

SEVEN-LEAVED SILK-COTTON TREE.—A tree of the genus *Bombax*, growing to immense size, and having its seeds enveloped in a cottony substance.

SJAMBOCK (shambock).—This consists of a strip of the stoutest part of the hide of the rhinoceros or the hippopotamus. After being stretched on the ground, and when it has acquired a certain stiffness, the strip is subjected to a severe hammering for the double purpose of condensing it and giving it a rounded shape. It is then reduced to the desired size by means of a knife or plane; and lastly a piece of sandpaper or glass is employed to give it the finishing smoothness and polish. It is exceedingly hard and pliable, will inflict the most severe wounds and bruises, and will last for years. The price of one of these sjambocks in the colonies varies from eighteen pence to as much as eight or nine shillings.

"THE SNAKE" AND "THE BAT."—The incident here narrated is true. These outlaws belonged to the noted Africaner family, whose members were at one time a terror in every village in the neighborhood, but who were converted by the English missionary, Ebner. Later, Moffat worked several years at Africaner's kraal.

SNUFF BOXES.—These were worn about the neck,

and were formed of a tiny gourd trained to grow bottle-shaped.

STABBING ASSAGAI.—This weapon is used for hand-to-hand conflict, and is thicker and shorter than the assagai.

STEINBOKS.—The puruhuru of the Bechuanas; is found abundantly in South Africa. It is a beautiful little antelope, and its flesh is finely flavored.

SWAZILAND.—Lies north of Zululand and south-east of the Transvaal. The Swazi are a large tribe of what is sometimes called the Bantus, to which belong Kafirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, etc.

TAMARIND.—A leguminous tree of the genus *Tamarindus*. The trunk is lofty, large, and covered with wide-spreading branches. Its fruit is highly valued.

TREK (pronounced *treck*).—Go.

TREK OXEN.—These are of enormous size and strength, the withers high, the tendency to hump pronounced. They are managed by strong, raw-hide reins bound to the horns. Their horns are of enormous size, measuring, frequently, eight and one-half feet from tip to tip.

TSECHA.—A fur breech-cloth.

UITLANDERS.—Outlanders, foreigners; pronounced Ate-landers.

UMVOLOSI.—The Black and White Umvolosi Rivers both rise in the Transvaal and unite near

the central part of Zululand, at Mainze-Kanze, forming the Umvolosi River, which empties into Santa Lucia Bay.

UTRECHT.—A city in the province of Utrecht, in southeastern Transvaal.

VELDT.—The open country.

VIER-KLOR.—The Transvaal flag, three horizontal stripes of red, white, and blue, and a perpendicular stripe of green.

WATERBERG.—Mountain range in Central Transvaal.

WHIP, BOER.—This is a bamboo pole, twenty feet or more in length, with a thong twenty-five feet long, to the end of which is sewed "rheimpys" or strips of dressed steinbok skin, to which is fastened the "fore slock," which is about a yard in length, and is formed of a strip of the supple skin of a particular variety of antelope, prepared in a peculiar manner.

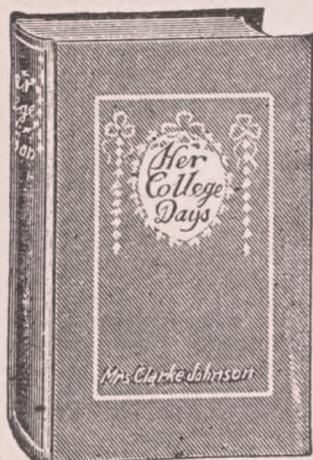
WILDEBEESTE.—Brindled gnu; a species of antelope having the body, neck, and tail of a horse, and buffalo-like horns.

ZULUS.—Natives of South Africa living between Natal and Delagoa Bay, occupying an intermediary position between the negro and a higher type. Under a chief named Chaka, they overran the country as far as the southern border of Natal. Chaka was succeeded by Dingan and the latter by

Panda. Under these chiefs the Zulus had a regular military organization, and it is said that as early as 1840 they could put 40,000 men in the field. They were greatly dreaded by the other South African tribes.

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