



University of Fort Har
Together in Excellence

THE KAFIR WARS
AND THE
BRITISH SETTLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA
FROM SKETCHES
By T. W. BOWLER.
WITH DESCRIPTIONS
BY
W. R. THOMSON.

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THE KAFIR WARS

AND

THE BRITISH SETTLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Series of Picturesque Views

FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES

BY T. W. BOWLER.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS

BY

W. R. THOMSON.

LONDON:

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1865.



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Dedicated, by Permission,

TO

LIEUT.-GENERAL G. WYNYARD, C.B.

COMMANDING THE FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA,

AND

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



PREFACE.

“ O Cape of Storms ! although thy front be dark,
And bleak thy naked cliffs and cheerless vales,
And perilous thy fierce and faithless gales
To staunchest mariner and stoutest bark ;
And though along thy coasts with grief I mark
The servile and the slave, and him who wails
An exile's lot—and blush to hear thy tales
Of sin and sorrow, and oppression stark :—
Yet, spite of physical and moral ill,
And after all I've seen and suffered here,
There are strong links that bind me to thee still,
And render even thy rocks and deserts dear !
There dwell kind hearts, which time nor place can chill—
Loved kindred and congenial friends sincere.”

PRINGLE'S *Sonnets*.

PERHAPS no colony has been more frequently and variously described than that of the Cape of Good Hope ; and yet there are few countries, which have been so long under European dominion, less known and appreciated abroad. Ever since its first occupation by the Dutch, upwards of two hundred years ago, travellers from almost every country in Europe have visited it, and written books on its remarkable geographical and geological formation, its rare and rich botany, its teeming zoology, its salubrious climate, and its fertile soil. Many travellers have also recorded their intercourse with the colonists and the natives within and beyond the boundaries, giving more or less accurate accounts of the manners and customs of a greater amalgamation of races and tribes than can be met with anywhere else in the same geographical compass. The pen has often enough been employed to describe South African scenery and life, but, hitherto, no worthy attempt has been made pictorially to illustrate the peculiar features and characteristics of the country and people. True, illustrated books of travel and magnificent works on the botany and zoology of this southern extremity of the great and mysterious African continent have been published ; but the former never pretended to be anything more than rough sketches of more than ordinarily interesting or thrilling encounters with man or beast—often drawn by artists who only betrayed their utter ignorance of the country and everything in it,—while the latter necessarily confined themselves to the delineation of individual specimens or simple groups of animal or vegetable life. The wild and rugged mountains ; the dense forests, with vivid and variegated tints of foliage ; the dangerous coasts ; the many picturesque beauties of South African scenery ; the towns, villages, and homesteads ; the means and modes of life and locomotion of those inhabiting them, have never formed the main purpose of a pictorial work.

The present volume is the first attempt to supply this deficiency. The artist visited and sketched every one of the localities in this series with no other object than faithfully to portray scenes, not only in themselves beautiful and picturesque, but of personal and historic interest to many families in and beyond the colony.* The title of the work was a sufficient guide to the choice of subjects. With the exception of the frontispiece, they are all confined to the Eastern Province of the colony and the British Kaffraria, and are illustrative of the country occupied by the British settlers of 1820, and especially of

* The writer of the accompanying letter-press has also visited almost every one of the scenes depicted ; but, of course, his task has been a very simple and subordinate one—merely to add a few hints and facts in connexion with the main features and history of the pictorial illustrations.



PREFACE.

such scenes as have become famous in colonial history during the successive wars which have been waged against the original possessors of the soil, the indomitable Caffres.

The artist-traveller always enjoys a great advantage over the mere narrator. Whilst the reader must often wade through pages of print, however graphic and eloquent, and even then fail duly to appreciate or realise the scene described, the one who follows an artist in his tour, in a moment takes in with his eye the actual scenes and incidents of foreign travel. "The artist," says the author of the "Sketcher," "walks the hills and valleys with an elastic step, elated with the dignity of duty, and happy in his thankfulness." His duty it is to picture for others the beauties and grandeur of nature. Happily and thankfully he does that duty, for his eye and hand have been trained carefully to watch and reproduce all the intricate and delicate combinations and gradations of form and colour; and while his labour of love is a constant source of pleasure to himself, he knows that he is conferring an exquisite enjoyment upon those who have not visited the scenes, but can appreciate the art whereby they are so vividly brought home to their conception. If the compiler of the present series has been at all faithful and skilful in his vocation—and many persons who are acquainted with the scenes delineated have given most favourable testimony as to the beauty and accuracy of the original sketches—he ventures to hope that, while many people in the colony will duly esteem these sketches as careful and pleasing illustrations of scenes in which they have lived and struggled; where they themselves, or friends of theirs, now dead and gone, have shed their blood in defence of their hearths and homes;—foreigners who have never visited the country will, upon looking at them, confess that the natural beauties of the country, and the enterprise and courage of those who colonised it, are worthy of genuine admiration. Many people in Great Britain, too, he trusts, will look with pride upon some of the views, and with melancholy interest upon others. There are brave officers and soldiers in the British army who, when they see these plates, will recognise the pathless thickets, the almost inaccessible rocks and crags, and treacherous fastnesses, from which they drove their wily Caffre foes; the very spots where they were wounded, or where lamented chiefs and comrades fell, pierced with assegais. He trusts that, by including in the series views of the chief centres of commerce, of the military establishments, and such spots as are not only simply picturesque, but noted in the wars, he has, in a measure, succeeded in making the work of some pictorial and historic value to all who take an interest in the colony.

Till Livingstone published his wonderful travels, the impression was pretty general in England and elsewhere that the greater part of the colonial territory was almost as dreary and monotonous as those vast deserts which were supposed to stretch right over the interior of the continent. These plates will, it is hoped, convince many that, whatever the pen may have achieved, the pencil has not hitherto done South African scenery justice; and, mayhap, more European artists than have done so yet, meditating a sketching tour in far lands, may come to believe that they might go farther and not find such worthy occupation for their pencils as in the ever-varying landscapes and phases of life in this sunny clime. The gifted and lamented author of the sonnet affixed to this preface, long a resident, but now too little read and admired in this colony, showed, both in his prose and poetical sketches of South African life, that he had a painter's as well as a poet's eye; and had he been able to wield his pencil with as delicate and vigorous a power as he did his pen, many engravings of the scenes now done for the first time would, no doubt, long ere now have been multiplied in Annuals and other illustrated serial publications.

The artist submits his work to the British and Colonial public in the hope that, if not found very useful in the library among more exhausting books of travel, it will be thought ornamental in the drawing-room.

Mr. BOWLER would beg, in conclusion, to offer his sincerest acknowledgments and thanks to General WYNYARD, Commander of the Forces, Colonel BISSET of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and many other military and civil functionaries on the eastern frontier, for the courteous assistance rendered him while on his sketching tour.



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T.W. Bowler del^o

London, Pub^d Oct^r 18th 1864 by Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Gate Str. Lincoln's Inn Fields

Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen

CAPE POINT — H.M.S. "BIRKENHEAD"



I.

CAPE POINT.—H. M. STEAMER “BIRKENHEAD.”

THIS is Cape Point, the dreadful “Cape of Storms”—a scene of wild and desolate grandeur. The African continent properly terminates in a low, sandy beach, known as the “Cape Flats,” which have, during long ages, been thrown up by the two contrary prevailing winds and the tides, and stretched out into the sea, connecting what was evidently once an island with the mainland. This island is nothing more than a long, narrow strip of mountainous coast, stretching right across and beyond the Flats, in form not unlike a huge pick-axe, the one arm of which, consisting of the Devil’s Peak, Table Mountain, and the Lion’s Rump, encloses Table Bay; while the other arm, stretching far out into the sea, and terminating in the bold precipitous promontory here depicted, forms the one side of the wide, inviting, but dangerous False Bay. Cape Point, though not the most southerly, is generally regarded as the extreme end of the continent. On the summit of the outermost crag, overhanging the sea, a very fine light-house, with very powerful revolving reflectors, has been erected. Leaning out of one of the windows of the lantern, the awed spectator gazes straight down into an abyss of dark rocks and tumbling waters, and sees the flash of the wings, and hears the scream of the sea-fowl, wheeling in the horrid gloom a thousand feet below. During a strong south-easter the surf breaks, and boils, and roars, for a mile out to sea, as it dashes with mad fury over the Bellows and other remarkable rocks.

The artist has very appropriately, in connexion with the scenes which follow, introduced the ill-fated “Birkenhead,” freighted with five hundred soldiers, on their way to the Kaffre war, steaming past the Point a few hours before she struck on Point Danger. The memory of this fearful shipwreck, on the 26th February, 1852, is still fresh in the minds of all who treasure deeds of daring, courage, and devotion. It is a fitting tribute to the gallantry of the British army, to picture in a work of this kind the actual scene of as brave a battle as ever was fought against a worse enemy than man. In Thomson’s “Comprehensive History of England” we read:—“This vessel was conveying detachments from several of our regiments to the seat of war, under Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Seton, of the 74th Highlanders (who had succeeded to the command on the death of Colonel Fordyce), and had proceeded on her voyage from Simon’s Bay, when she suddenly struck upon a sunken rock near the shore, off Point Danger. The shock was so tremendous that the iron plates of the ship’s bottom gave way, the cabin was quickly filled with water, and it was evident that in a few minutes more the vessel would be engulfed among the breakers. It was as yet only two o’clock in the morning, with no light but that of the stars; but in an instant the deck was crowded with the alarmed passengers, and, while death was imminent, only two of the ship’s boats were available for service. To rush into the boats, at the risk of swamping them, would have been the impulse of the selfish; to fling themselves into the sea, in the hope of reaching the shore, but only to sink each other by their overcrowding, or perish in the breakers, and by the sharks that were on the alert, would have been the headlong attempt even of the bravest. But nothing of the kind in either way was done; and never was the power of military discipline, or the worth of fearless, unflinching courage, or the moral grandeur of self-sacrificing devotedness, more



CAPE POINT.—H.M. STEAMER "BIRKENHEAD."

conspicuously displayed than in this moment of terrible trial. At the word of Colonel Seton the soldiers drew up upon the reeling and loosening deck as if they had been on parade; they obeyed his orders as calmly as if they had been executing the usual movements of the drill. The brave, humane heart of the Colonel was first directed to the safety of those who could least help themselves, and whose fate would otherwise have been certain—to the women, the children, and the sick on board; and they were carefully conveyed into the boats, which, in the first instance, were given up for their especial service; and by this arrangement all the helpless were saved, without a single exception. And now only were the strong and vigorous to look to their own safety, after they had so nobly discharged their duty to others; and while several betook themselves to swimming, or committed themselves to pieces of floating timber, the vessel parted amidships, and went down with the greater part of the officers and soldiers, with whom self-preservation had been only the latest subject of anxiety. In this fatal catastrophe 357 officers and soldiers, and 60 seamen, perished, while nearly 200 lives were saved; and this, too, in a crisis where, but for these arrangements, and the fidelity with which they were executed, nearly all might have been lost. These soldiers, also, be it observed, were not veterans, but for the most part young recruits, who had never been under fire; and yet they calmly stood in a breach more dismaying than that of Badajoz or St. Sebastian, and saw the boats, their last hope of safety, depart from them without a murmur. But what shall we say of the controlling might of that noble leader who directed their movements, and whom, even to the death, they were proud to obey? It was his last, as well as his first, field of action, if such it might be termed; but the event which bereaved the Service of such an officer showed how much it had lost, and what a name he might have achieved for himself in the annals of modern warfare. We have been thus particular in the catastrophe of the 'Birkenhead,' as it was a unique specimen of heroism, in which the coolest courage and intrepid daring were combined with the purest humanity and disinterestedness; and as such it roused the emulation of our soldiers, and was the parent of similar achievements in the subsequent campaigns of the Crimea and India. As long as the British Army nurses such a spirit as that which was shown upon the deck of the 'Birkenhead,' and possesses such officers as Colonel Seton, our country, be the enemy who they may, has nothing to fear."

A mural tablet was lately erected by Government, at Chelsea Hospital, bearing the following inscription:—

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, TO RECORD THE HEROIC CONSTANCY AND UNBROKEN DISCIPLINE SHEWN BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SETON, 74TH HIGHLANDERS, AND THE TROOPS EMBARKED UNDER HIS COMMAND, ON BOARD THE "BIRKENHEAD," WHEN THAT VESSEL WAS WRECKED OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, ON THE 26TH FEBRUARY, 1852, AND TO PRESERVE THE MEMORY OF THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND MEN, WHO PERISHED ON THAT OCCASION. THEIR NAMES WERE AS FOLLOWS:—

Lieutenant-Colonel A. Seton, 74th Highlanders, Commanding the Troops.

Cornet Rolt, Serjeant Straw, and three Privates, 12th Lancers.

Ensign Boylan, Corporal McManus, and thirty-four Privates, 2nd Queen's Regiment.

Ensign Metford and forty-seven Privates, 6th Royals.

Fifty-five Privates, 12th Regiment.

Serjeant Hicks, Corporals Harrison and Cousins, and twenty-six Privates, 43rd Light Infantry.

Three Privates, 45th Regiment.

Corporal Curtis and twenty-nine Privates, 60th Rifles.

Lieutenants Robinson and Booth, and fifty-four Privates, 73rd Regiment.

Ensign Russell, Corporals Mathison and William Laird, and forty-six Privates, 74th Highlanders.

Serjeant Butler, Corporals Webber and Smith, and forty-one Privates, 91st Regiment.

Staff Surgeon Laing.

Staff Assistant Surgeon Robertson.

IN ALL THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN OFFICERS AND MEN. THE NAMES OF THE PRIVATES WILL BE FOUND INSCRIBED ON BRASS PLATES ADJOINING.



T. W. Bowler, del.

London. Publ^d Oct^r 2^d 1864. by Day & Son., Lith^{rs} to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Cam. Str. Inc^{rs} Jun^o 18th

Day & Son., Lith^{rs} to the Queen

MAIN STREET, PORT ELIZABETH.



II.

MAIN STREET, PORT ELIZABETH.

THIS view and the succeeding one at once transport us to Port Elizabeth, the bustling, prosperous sea-port of the Eastern Province. The town is built on the western bend of Algoa Bay, which probably once extended much further inland, but has been filled up by the deltas formed by the Zwartkops and Sunday's Rivers; and the ships which anchor in the bay have now little more protection than in an open roadstead. The coast-line of the bay is monotonous and uninviting to the last degree, low barren sand-hills stretching all the way from Cape Receive to the remote point on the horizon, where the opposite land fades into the ocean. But it is nevertheless the most commodious harbour on the East Coast, and its exports and imports are now almost, if not quite equal, to those of Table Bay. The town owes its main growth and prosperity to the British settlement of 1820, for although one or two small coasting-vessels had entered and discharged in the bay previous to that date, the few Dutch boers who had penetrated to Uitenhage and Graaff Reinet preferred to sell and send for their produce and goods in the Cape-Town market, by the overland route. Pringle gives a humorously doleful account of the landing of himself and his compatriots on the bleak and desolate beach; but there are many of those brave settlers still living to admire the result of their energy and industry, as seen in the wealth and prosperity of the merchants of Port Elizabeth.

The view is taken nearly opposite the Independent Presbyterian Church, looking up the street towards the handsome and commodious Town Hall, just now being finished. Almost the entire space of ground was sold, less than forty years ago, for one half aum of wine, and now long rows of stately stores, banks, and offices, yielding an annual rental of many thousand pounds, crowd this part of the street, which stretches along the beach for more than two miles. The long wide street is all alive with groups, vehicles, and animals of every kind and colour: the huge lumbering South African waggons, with their long teams of oxen, forming a prominent feature: the whole forming a street scene of more picturesque and truthful effect, than can be seen in most European cities.



T. W. Bowler del. R. M. Bryson sculp.

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Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

MARKET SQUARE, PORT ELIZABETH



III.

MARKET SQUARE, PORT ELIZABETH.

THIS view is taken from within the entrance of the Town Hall, the large building in the background of the last picture, and overlooks the Square in which the demi-weekly produce-markets are held. Here we have a plenteous display of the articles of export to which Port Elizabeth merchants owe such rapid wealth—wool bales, hides, horns, and tusks. The export of wool has steadily risen within the last ten years from a very low figure to many millions of pounds annually. Waggon and carts, buyers and sellers, are seen in long perspective far down the street, which winds in a rather sinuous course from the Town Hall to the Prison buildings, at the other extremity of the town. These views of Port Elizabeth have been appropriately introduced into the work as the landing-place of the settlers, and, until lately, the only port of debarkation of reinforcements of troops against the Caffres.



T.W. Bowler, del.

London. Publ^d Oct^r 1864 by Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen & H.R.H. the Princess of Wales; (Covers Str. Lane. 25th Jan. 1864)

Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

GRAHAM'S TOWN, FROM THE BAY ROAD



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IV.

GRAHAM'S TOWN, FROM THE BAY ROAD.

ON leaving Port Elizabeth, the traveller to the frontiers traverses a dreary waste till he reaches the Zwartkops River; then another delta, known as the Amsterdam Flats, overgrown with stunted scrubwood. Beyond the Sunday's River he passes through the Addo Bush, long the favourite haunt and ambuscade of marauding Caffres. Then follows a more pleasing variety of scenery—low sloping hills and broad valleys, with clumps of trees of larger growth than he has hitherto seen; then the Bushman's River—a dry bed for three-fourths of the year; then another long succession of grassy slopes, plentifully studded with the golden-balled, fragrantly-blossoming mimosa; then a romantic gorge in the hills, known as Howison's Poort; and upon emerging from this the traffic and life on the road warn him that he is in the neighbourhood of a considerable town. A turn in the road, and we have the views in the accompanying picture. It is, perhaps, not the best point of view to show the full extent, the length, and extraordinary breadth of the streets, the large military and civil establishments, churches, and buildings of the city, but it gives a very faithful representation of the first glimpse of the fair Albanian town nestling among its grassy hills. Graham's Town was first occupied as a military post a few years before 1820, and so called in honour of Colonel Graham, the officer in command of the troops stationed there. Extensive military barracks, stores, and forts, were then and subsequently erected, and the place was, till within the last years, the head-quarters of the troops stationed on the frontiers. Upon the immigration of the settlers in 1820 they at once fixed upon it as their rallying-point, and the site of the capital of the fertile district of Albany, over which they dispersed to take possession of the acres allotted to them. The town has rapidly increased in size, and now numbers a population of between 7000 and 8000. It is regularly laid out, the streets are broad and well kept, and several very handsome churches and other public buildings have lately been erected. In times of war it has always been the refuge of many of the country families. The Caffres, more than once, attempted an attack upon it, but were cowed or repulsed by the military and settlers before they could effect any damage.



T. W. Bowler del. F. Ganes lith.

Lith. Publ. Oct. 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Lithrs to the Queen & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Gens. Sec. Inst. 2nd Im. 1st

Day & Son, Lithrs to the Queen.

KOWIE, LOOKING SEAWARD.





T. W. Bowler, del. F. Jones lith.

London, Publ. Oct 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Gate Str. Linc^{ns}. Im. F^{ts}

Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

KOWIE, LOOKING SEAWARD.



V.

KOWIE, LOOKING SEAWARD.

A RATHER keen rivalry and jealousy have of late years sprung up between Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town. The latter wants to have a nearer and more secure port, and to be entirely independent of the Bayonian merchants. But these enterprising exporters and importers laugh at the idea of Graham's Town being independent of them, and won't believe in Mr. Cock and his Kowie harbour. This enterprising gentleman, one of the most successful and indefatigable of the settlers, has for many years not only cherished the idea, but worked hard to prove, that the Kowie can be made the most secure harbour in the colony. The river from which the harbour takes its name is an insignificant stream, which barely trickles past Graham's Town and discharges itself into the sea, between thirty and forty miles below that capital. There is a good depth of water for about fifteen miles inland, and a most commodious harbour behind the bluffs at the mouth of the river. But the bar, the curse of all South African river-harbours, endangers, if it will not ultimately defy, the egress and ingress of all vessels to and from the ocean. Mr. Cock has spent considerable sums, and induced the Colonial Parliament, of which he was long a distinguished member, to devote still larger, to the improvement of the harbour and removal of the bar, by confining the current to one narrow channel. Competent engineers and surveyors have pronounced very favourably upon these works, and there can be no doubt that, if satisfactorily completed, the Kowie, or "Port Alfred," as it is now called, in honour of the visit of Prince Alfred, will be a formidable rival to Port Elizabeth. The view is taken from the flagstaff in front of Mr. Cock's house, looking seaward, and shows the *Volunteer* screw-steamer, which last year succeeded in entering the harbour, but, through some mismanagement, was swung round on a reef within the bar, and had her sides stove in. Before this work is published, a steam-tug, now on its way from Europe, will be employed in towing vessels in and out of the harbour. During the last war the Caffres in open day attacked the few residents settled here, and carried off a great number of cattle.



Day & Son, Litho to the Queen.

London, Publ. Oct 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Litho to the Queen & H R H the Prince of Wales, Gt. Str. Line, 27, Im. P^{os}

T. W. Bowler, del. F. James, lith.

F O R T B E A U F O R T



VI.

FORT BEAUFORT.

UPON gaining the summit of the low range of hills beyond Graham's Town, the traveller sees before him an extended landscape of unrivalled beauty and grandeur. In the foreground is the densely-wooded country between, and on each side, of the Fish and Koonap rivers. Beyond, in the far distance, rise the grand mountain-ranges of the Winter and Katberg, and the famous Amatola; the stupendous cliffs of the former towering into the clouds on the left, and the latter stretching away into the very heart of Caffreland. The first town of any size which is reached after passing Graham's Town is Fort Beaufort. It was first occupied as a military position about the end of 1822, and has since then been more than once abandoned and reoccupied. It was found of great importance in the defence of the frontiers during the wars of 1835-46 and 51. It contains extensive accommodation for various departments of the military service. These have of late been increased, on account of the fort having been fixed upon as the head-quarters of the regiment of Cape Cavalry. A considerable population has been drawn to the place, and it has grown to the character of a respectable country-town, the centre of a district, with a Resident Magistrate and other civil functionaries. In the war of 1851, the notorious Hermanus headed a party of Caffres and rebel Hottentots in an attack upon the place; but they were gallantly met and defeated by the civilians and local force, and their leader was killed in the neighbourhood of the town in the first onset. His body lay exposed in the market-place for more than one day. The view is taken from the heights above the Kat river, which almost encircles the town. In the far distance, at the end of the romantic gorge through which the Caffres often poured in their threatened attacks upon the fort, are seen the houses of the extensive Wesleyan Missionary Institution, Heald Town.



Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

London. Publ^d Oct^r 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Gouge Enr. Lane²⁵ Inn Pitts

T. W. Bowler, del. — J. Neeldham, lith.

FULLER'S HOEK, WATERKLOOF IN THE DISTANCE.



VII.

FULLER'S HOEK,

WATERKLOOF IN THE DISTANCE.

THIS view, and the four succeeding ones, represent scenes in the rugged country between Fort Beaufort and the spurs of the Winter and Katberg mountains. They are all famous in the history of the Caffre wars. The term "Hoek," in the colonial Dutch, is properly applied to the termination of a valley or glen where two mountains or hills meet, but it often applies to the whole surrounding district. This "Hoek" is so called from the name of a gentleman to whom it was given by Government, in exchange for a farm in Albany, near the sea, to which it was intended to remove the notorious Hermanus, referred to in the previous sketch, in order to separate him from Caffreland. He refused, however, to enter into the arrangement, which was in consequence broken off. The sketch is taken from the hotel on the highroad to the Waterkloof, the scene of so many desperate encounters with the Caffres during the last war. The end of the Kroomie range is seen on the left, and in the distance are the Waterkloof heights and Macomo's den. The whole of the "Hoek" is remarkable for its wild romantic scenery.



Day & Son, London, the painter.

Landscape, Publ^d Dec^r 1854 by Day & Son, Luff^o near Queens & B. H. H. the Terrace of Wickes, Unity Str. Londⁿ Jno. Pilsb.

T. W. Fryer, del. F. Brown, lith.

B L I N K W A T E R H I L L



VIII.

BLINKWATER HILL.

A FAMOUS rendezvous of the Caffres under the chief Macomo. The broken character of the country, the densely-wooded kloofs on all sides of the hill, and its total seclusion from all the main roads of the colony, naturally attracted the Caffres, who always prefer to fight under cover rather than in the open field. A road was cut through the bush by the 91st, or Argyle Regiment, which greatly facilitated military operations in this dangerous part of the country.



Copy of No. 1147, from the Queen.

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J. W. Bowler del. J. Noellbush lith.

MOUNT MISERY, WATERKLOOF



IX.

MOUNT MISERY.

A MILITARY post, so called by the soldiers on account of its many discomforts. Perched on the saddle of a high ridge separating Blinkwater from the Waterkloof, it was frequently shrouded in cold, wetting mists, and the Caffres often crept up from the dense jungles of the Waterkloof, so that it was dangerous for single individuals to go to any distance from the post. It was afterwards called Fort Fordyce, in honour of the gallant Colonel of the 74th Highlanders, who fell in the last war at no great distance from it. He was a truly noble character, but, what may seem strange to say of a soldier, rather too venturesome. It is to be feared that his death was owing to this, and to his ignorance of the stealthy mode of Caffre warfare. Captain King, an officer in his regiment, thus narrates his death in an interesting work on the campaign in Caffreland in 1851-52:—
“After leading our flank into the bush in person, and giving his final orders, Colonel Fordyce proceeded to the left of his regiment, to direct their movements against the fastness held by the enemy, from the shelter of which they kept up an annoying fire. At this moment he had advanced to the edge of the bush in front, and was in the very act of directing the attack upon it, when he was shot through the body, and fell to rise no more. The last and only words of our brave chief were, ‘Take care of my regiment.’ He was borne to the rear, and breathed his last in a few minutes.” In the foreground of the picture is the very tree under which the Colonel died. There was a great talk during the war that gold had been found at Fort Fordyce, but on closer examination it proved to be only scales of reddish mica.



Day & Son, Litho to the Queen.

London, Publ. Oct 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Litho to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales Gales Str. Lincoln Inn. P. 14

T. W. Bowler, del. J. Nesbitt, lith.

MACOMOMO'S DEN, WATERKLOOF.



X.

MACOMO'S DEN, WATERKLOOF.

No one of the Caffre chiefs has caused the military and the settlers more trouble and annoyance than this redoubtable old warrior. The elder son of the great chief Gaika, he was nevertheless, according to Caffre law, subordinate to his younger brother Sandili, the son of the great wife. By his courage and talents he had, however, acquired great influence over his own (the Amkosa) and other tribes, and was universally acknowledged as their general-in-chief in their various inroads into the colony. After his expulsion from the Kat river, in the year 1830, he took up his position in the Waterkloof, and long defied the British and colonial forces from his inaccessible fastness. He more than once swore allegiance to the Queen, but broke faith repeatedly, and since his capture, during the last war, he has been confined, along with several other Caffre chiefs, on Robben Island in Table Bay.

The picture requires few words of comment. Every one will see for himself that it is the very spot likely to be chosen by a wily savage enemy from which to issue unawares, and into which to retreat again with all possible swiftness and security. The artist, with the *perfervidum ingenium* of his craft, has painted the wild chasm in the mountains, the gloom of which is increased by the dense forest which skirts the rugged cliffs, under the effect of one of those thunderstorms so prevalent in this part of the country. The forked lightning is shooting into the dark den from which it cost us so much blood and treasure to drive the treacherous old Caffre warrior, and a vulture sits solitary on the crag, where mayhap its mates had more than once gorged on the corpses of English soldiers.



T. W. Bowler, del. J. Needham, lith.

London. Publ. Oct. 1864 by Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Gats. Str. Lit. J. J. P. 1864

Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen.

B L I N K W A T E R D R I F T .



XI.

BLINKWATER DRIFT.

THE *drifts*, or fords of streams, are not the least picturesque bits in South-African scenery, and this is the first of several remarkable ones in this volume. The stream is most happily named in Dutch, from the peculiar glitter of the water, as it meanders through the broad valley glinting out between the trees and rocks. The formation of the rocks, over which the sparkling water falls with a tinkling sound, is as regular as if it had been laid with a mason's rule and plummet. The table-land on the north bank was fixed on as the centre of an intended settlement of Scotch, under a General Campbell, at the time when the settlers came out in 1820. It had even got its name, "New Edinburgh," but the scheme was never carried into execution. Before the war of 1846, it became a centre of Missionary operations under the London Missionary Society; and it is still continued as a station, but a portion of the Church lands have been granted, since the last war, to discharged soldiers and others.



Day & Son, Lith^d to the Queen.

Lyonian. Publ^d Oct^r 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Lith^d to the Queen & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Court St. Lane, 4th Ed. Im^{pl} 1st

T. W. Esdaile, del. J. Neesdam, lith.

FORT ARMSTRONG, KAT RIVER



XII.

FORT ARMSTRONG. KAT RIVER.

THIS was originally a Hottentot location, situated in the very centre of the Kat-river, or what is now more generally known as the Stockenstrom district. It was first occupied as a military position at the breaking out of the war on Christmas, 1834. It has its name from Colonel Armstrong, lately deceased, under whom it was established. From the peculiar advantages which it possesses as a place of defence, it at once recommended itself as a suitable and favourite rallying-point for the whole of the inhabitants of the district. It is a peninsula, or, rather, a promontory formed by a long sweep or double of the river, with high, perpendicular, rocky sides nearly surrounding it. It struck the mind of General Sir George Napier so much when he first saw it, that he exclaimed, "Why, Captain Armstrong, you have got a little Gibraltar here!" In the interval between the wars of 1834 and 1846 a strong tower had been built, with a large piece of ordnance surmounting it on a traversing platform. A number of events of the Hottentot rebellion of 1851 are connected with this place. After its abandonment by the settlers and others who had sought refuge in it, it was taken possession of by the Hottentot rebels, who were ultimately attacked and expelled by General Somerset, and the fort was dismantled. The stratification of the rock in the peninsula is worthy of note, and presents a fine study for the geologist. The lowest stratum in the bed of the river is old sandstone; then a small seam of pipe-clay; upon that a thick bed of hard, indurated blue clay, breaking off in large conchoidal lumps; over this is found a deposit of the lias, in which are many organic remains of extinct animals; and above all is the new sandstone, full of impressions of soft aquatic plants, in some places apparently as if drifted by water upon one another. The view is taken from the opposite bank of the river, and in the distance is the Katberg, over which one of the grandest and most romantic mountain-passes in the world is now being constructed.



T. W. Bowler, del. J. Neesbitt, col.

London. Publ. Oct. 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, from the Land^{sc} by J. W. B.

Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen

PEFFER'S-KOP, NEAR ALICE



XIII.

PEFFER'S KOP.

THIS is a very marked point in the scenery of the Chumie basin, as seen from near Alice.* The road from Eland's Post to Alice winds round the shoulder of the peak, and as the advanced troops under General Somerset, in 1851, were defiling down the pass, they were daringly opposed by the Caffres and rebel Hottentots. The long ridge on the left overlooks the beautiful Mancazana valley, where the troops and burghers often encamped on their marches into Caffreland.

* In a work of this kind we cannot refrain from mentioning that the distinguished line-engraver, Stewart, whose works (such as Wilkie's "Penny Wedding," and many others), are well known, was long a resident in this charming little frontier town, and died there deeply lamented on the 5th of January, 1862. He was induced to come to the colony by his friend Pringle, and though unfitted by tastes and education to rough it and prosper as a South-African farmer, his society was courted and esteemed by all men of refined mind.



T. W. Bowler, del. J. Newell, sculp.

London. Publ'd Oct. 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Lith'rs to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Great St. Line, 44, Im. 2nd

Day & Son, Lith'rs to the Queen.

C H U M I E .



University of Fort Hare
Together in Excellence



XIV.

CHUMIE.

FROM the view-point here chosen by the artist, two of the finest landscapes on the frontiers can be seen. On the one hand we have the view before us, a scene of rich pastoral beauty and plenty, with sleek cattle grazing on the green slopes, and cascades of water leaping from all the wood-fringed crags and peaks into the fertile basin of the Chumie. To the front and to the left are the undulating hills of the district of Lower Victoria, formerly the neutral boundary between the colony and Caffreland, and to the right are the Amatola mountains, the most secure fastnesses of the bushranging natives, who have so desperately disputed with us every inch of their territory. Turning his back upon this view, the spectator overlooks the Kat-river valley, once aptly called "the Southern Vale of Tempe." The neck or shoulder of the mountain on which he stands forms the boundary line between the Katberg and Amatola ranges. To the left, but not visible in the picture, high over the Bontebok flats, at the back of the Amatola mountains, towers a solitary peak, known among the colonists as Gaika's Kop, but more appropriately styled by the natives Nqika's, or the Wizard's Head; also called, from the mists which generally shroud it, "The Un-named Mountain." In the valley below once stood the military villages of Auckland and Woburn, which were suddenly attacked by the Caffres on the breaking out of the last war, on Christmas-eve, 1850, and a frightful massacre ensued. The river Chumie, which takes its rise in this basin, forms the present boundary-line between British Kaffraria and the colony.



Day & Son, Lith'rs the Queen

London. 21st Oct 1864 by Day & Son, Lith'rs to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Gilt Ed. Large 4to. 1/6

F. W. Sandford, del. G. J. Mearns, sculp.

KIESKAMMA, NEAR FORT COX, AMATOLA IN THE DISTANCE



XV.

KEISKAMMA, NEAR FORT COX.

AMATOLA IN THE DISTANCE.

THE Keiskamma is the finest river in British Kaffraria. The scenery along its whole course is a constant and ever-charming variation from the sternly grand to the exquisitely beautiful. The drift in the view is that immediately below Fort Cox, which stands on a high peninsula, formed by a double in the river. In times of war this fort was of much service, as a basis of operations against the Caffres in the fastnesses of the Amatola. In the end of 1850 Sir Harry Smith was shut up in this fort by the Caffres, and only escaped with great peril to Fort Peddie, by assuming the dress of a private of the Cape Cavalry. The place is now abandoned. The mountain in the distance is a peak of the Amatola range, known as the Hog's Back.



J. W. B. Baker, del. J. Neillham, lith.

London, Publ'd. Oct. 15, 1864, by Leary & Son, Lith'rs to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. (See Str. Lang. in Title)

Day & Son, Lith'rs to the Queen

BURNS' HILL, MISSIONARY STATION



XVI.

BURNS' HILL MISSIONARY STATION.

THIS is a station of the Scotch Free-Church Missions, under the Rev. Mr. Laing. It was originally established about 1840, and so named in honour of Dr. Burns, late Minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow. Burns' Hill is a well-known spot in Kaffrarian history. The grave of the great chief Gaika, who swore that the white man should never taste the sweet waters of the Keiskamma, is within the Mission lands, and now the highroad to one of the principal military stations in the Keiskamma Hoek passes almost over it. The chief residence of his son and successor, Sandili, was on the rising ground, just beyond the Mission-houses seen in the picture. In April, 1846, a train of 62 waggons, with military stores and baggage, was taken, plundered, and burned, by the Caffres, within a mile of the station. The fine scenery of the Keiskamma is very conspicuous—mountains, forests, and rocks, massed in grand confusion. In the centre of the background, but hid behind the trees, is the peninsula on which stands Fort Cox. To the left, the mountain known as the Seven Kloofs comes prominently into view; to the right are the peaks of the Amatola, the most conspicuous being the Hog's Back, and Mount Macdonald, so named in honour of an officer who fell there in the last war. The present native population is entirely Fingo. A new and substantial church, not seen in the picture, has lately been erected and opened, the subscriptions for its cost having been for the greater part raised amongst the natives on and around the station.



Chap. 1. San. L. and the Queen

London. Publ. Oct. 1866. by Day & Son. Lith. to the Queen & H. R. H. the Prince of Wales (New Sp. L. and the Queen)

T. W. Bowler del. J. N. Newell sculp.

YELLOWWOOD DRIET, LENA VALLEY



XVII.

YELLOW-WOOD DRIFT, LENZE VALLEY.

So called from two noble yellow-wood trees, which stand one on each side of the drift. It crosses the military road, constructed under orders of General Cathcart, to the Keiskamma Hoek.



University of Fort Hare
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Day & Sea, Ltd. To the Queen

London, Publ. Oct. 1st 1864 by Day & Son, Ltd. To the Queen, & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Gate Str. Lion. Brit. 1864

J. W. Bowler, del. F. Jones, lith.

W O L F R I V E R



XVIII.

WOLF RIVER.

“The moon is up ; a fleecy cloud
O'er the heaven's blue deep is sailing ;
The stream, that lately raved so loud,
Makes now a gentle wailing.

From yonder crags, lit by the moon,
I hear a wild voice crying :
'Tis but the harmless bear baboon
Unto his mates replying.”

PRINGLE'S *Poems*.

THE above description was evidently written in some South African scene such as this. The Wolf river is a tributary of the Keiskamma, issuing from the back of the Amatola, and the Caffres long defied the military from the impenetrable woods and inaccessible crags along its banks.



Day & Son, Edith^{ne} to the Queen.

London, Publ^d Oct^r 1st 1854 by Day & Son, Ltd^{rs} to the Queen & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Gens. Str. Linc^{ns} Inn, Feb^r.

T.W. Evelyn, del^t J. Messham, lith.

B O M A P A S S



XIX.

BOMA PASS.

THIS is the scene of the breaking out of the last Caffre war. A detachment of troops under Colonel Mackinnon had been ordered to enter the pass, through which, at that time, there was only a narrow and dangerous bridle-path. War had not been declared, and the guns of the soldiers were not loaded. The Caffres allowed the unsuspecting troops to enter the gorge, and when they were in the very heart of the dense bush they rushed from their ambush on all sides, and attacked the straggling file. Several soldiers were killed, and many wounded. Captain (now Colonel) Bisset, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, was wounded, and carried to the little open space under the tree in the foreground of the picture, and Dr. Stewart, the surgeon of the regiment, was shot dead on the spot, while dressing his wounds. A very good road, constructed by orders of Sir George Cathcart, now winds through the gloom of the dark forest and overhanging cliffs.



Day & Son, Litho to the Queen

London, Pubd Oct 1871, 1864 by Day & Son, Litho to the Queen & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Guss. Str. Lin. 2nd Im. p. 114

KING WILLIAMS TOWN

T. W. Bowler, del. F. Jones, lith.



XX.

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

THE capital of British Kaffraria, on the Buffalo river. The view is taken from the grounds of the Hospital, one of the most imposing buildings in the colony. The town has grown to its present size and importance only within the last dozen years. Prior to the war of 1846, the house with surrounding garden in the centre of the town, then the residence of the Rev. Mr. Brownlee, the father of Kaffrarian Missions, and now occupied by Colonel Maclean, Lieutenant-Governor of British Kaffraria, was the only European residence on the spot. The head-quarters of the military have lately been transferred from Graham's Town to King William's Town.