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# The Rhodesiana Society

The Society exists to promote Rhodesian historical studies and to encourage research. It also aims to unite all who wish to foster a wider appreciation and knowledge of Central African history.

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William Hartley's grave; photograph by R. Jewell, 1870.

# William Hartley's Grave

by E. E. Burke

Many Europeans must have died in Mashonaland between the first Portuguese explorations of the sixteenth century and 1890, but no marked graves are known. Hence it was of interest to attempt to locate on the ground the grave of William Hartley, the seventeen-year-old son of the famous elephant hunter, Henry Hartley.<sup>1</sup> William Hartley died of malaria somewhere to the south west of Hartley Hill in 1870, and his grave was specifically indicated with an inscription cut in a tree. The available evidence comes from the papers of two men who were directly involved in the events of that year—Thomas Leask and Thomas Baines.

Eighteen-hundred and seventy was disastrous to the seasonal ivory hunters in Mashonaland, the sixth year that Mzilikazi had allowed them in; of 19 Europeans known to have entered Mashonaland in March and April that year no less than seven died. Wet weather persisted until May, malaria was rife that year in southern Africa and it seems to have been virulent between Tati and the hunting areas. There was a natural competition between the regular hunters to be early on the scene and in 1870 the first party, a group of six consisting of George Wood, his wife and child, his brother Swithin, his wife's mother, Mrs. Fraser, and a German explorer, Paul Jebe, were on the road into Mashonaland early in March. By the end of the month only George and Swithin Wood remained alive; the rest died *en route*.<sup>2</sup>

Thomas Leask tells of the next events.<sup>3</sup> He, at this time aged 30, already possessed considerable experience of travel into the interior from his trading base at Klerksdorp. In company with Thomas Moloney, H. Byles and F. Vanderberg, each man of the four of them with his own wagon, he followed the "Hunters' Road" from Matabeleland towards the Umfuli and the route brought them to the left bank of the Sivundazi, a stream which flows northwards into the Umfuli a few miles above Hartley Hill. Moloney and Vanderberg outspanned "two hours' trek back" from the Umfuli, on the Sivundazi, while Leask and Byles went on to the Umfuli. Here, no doubt at the camping place by the drift, half a mile down the Umfuli from its junction with the Sivundazi, they found six more hunters: James Gifford, — Sanders, George and John Jennings, H. M. Gilloway\* and — Stoffel. Of these the last three, together with ten of their Africans, were sick with fever; Gilloway had dysentery too. This was on Monday, May 2nd, 1870; the arrivals, departures and movements of the hunters during the next weeks make a confusing skein and an attempt to unravel it is necessary to get at the circumstances in which William Hartley died. Leask's diary suggests the following sequence—  
May 4th or 5th, 1870 (Wednesday or Thursday)

Gifford, an old friend of Leask, went down with fever and Leask took him and his wagon back to where Moloney and Vanderberg were camped on the Sivundazi. and advised the others at the Umfuli to do the same.<sup>5</sup>

May 6th, 7th or 8th (Friday, Saturday or Sunday)

Hartley and James O'Donnell came down from Thaba Insimpi<sup>6</sup> and Leask tried to persuade them and his colleagues already on the Sivundazi to trek back to higher ground. The situation was then that there were five hunters on the Sivundazi of whom one was sick, and six at the Umfuli of whom three were ill.

May 7th (Saturday)

The two Jennings, Sanders, Byles and Gilloway left the Umfuli for the Hunyani River.

May 9th (Monday)

Leask's group parted: Hartley, perhaps secure in the conviction that fever could do him little harm, and in company with Moloney, O'Donnell and David Jacobs' crossed the Umfuli towards the Hunyani following the party which left on the Saturday. Leask, firm that the country was dangerous, turned away from the river for the south-east and higher ground. With Leask went Vanderberg and two invalids—Gifford and Stoffel—using three wagons. The other two invalids were on the way to the Hunyani and that day one of them, Gilloway, died.<sup>8</sup>

May 10th-14th (Tuesday to Saturday)

Leask, Vanderberg, Gifford and Stoffel travelled slowly into higher and more open veld, south-east from the Umfuli drift, in very cold winds and a little rain.

May 15th? (Sunday)

Leask, leaving the two invalids at a camping place, trekked across to the Umfuli in search of chickens, sheep and pumpkins for them. Vanderberg went with him.

May 16th and 17th? (Monday and Tuesday)

Leask and Vanderberg on the Umfuli. The weather notable for being extremely cold.

May 19th? (Thursday)

The weather again notable, this time for very heavy rain and thunder.

May 21st (Saturday)

Late in the evening Leask and Vanderberg reached some Shona villages on the northern bank of the Umfuli.<sup>9</sup>

May 23rd (Monday)

In the evening Leask received a message from Moloney, carried by some African servants, that he, Hartley and O'Donnell were sick with fever, that they were badly in need of medicine for they had none, and that they were now camped where they and Leask had parted (i.e. on the Sivundazi, on the 9th).

May 24th and 25th (Tuesday and Wednesday)

Leask and Vanderberg trekked back, presumably following their own tracks back to the camping place where Gifford and Stoffel were waiting for what fresh food Leask had been able to get.

May 26th (Thursday)

Leask, travelling on horse for speed, left the outspan at sunrise and reached the sick party on the Sivundazi at sunset. Hartley and O'Donnell were

by then seriously ill, the former had had fever for some fourteen days and was at times delirious. "He (Hartley) was extremely weak and, tho' he knew me and spoke somewhat sensible, he looked wild. Jim (O'Donnell) was tossing about in great pain and seemed sensible. He said his bowels had not been open for three days. Tom (Moloney) was spitting continually and calling for water. Gave them all calomel and antimonial powder and two hours afterwards jalap and rhubarb. They slept a little".

May 27th (Friday)

Leask did his best with his medicines and they seemed to rally. "Gave them some salts and Jim at his own request two Livingstone pills.<sup>10</sup> Will I gave no more purgatives. Shortly after the medicine operated on them all, and they seemed much revived, but Will was very weak. They asked me to move them up towards our wagons (i.e. where were Vanderberg, Gifford and Stoffel) and, as they seemed to think it would do them good, I inspanned after they had all supped a little arrowroot, and trekked very gently for a short distance. They seemed a little better but at sundown Will became insensible and unable to move".

May 29th (Sunday)

Hartley died at mid-day. O'Donnell died the same evening.<sup>11</sup>

May 30th (Monday)

Leask got the remains of the party to his own wagons and rejoined Vanderberg, Stoffel and Gifford—"It was a very trying journey".

There is no need to follow the progress of the invalids and of their hunting that year. Sufficient that with Leask's care and the onset of winter they recovered. The final toll was that out of 13 Europeans on the Umfuli in early May seven contracted malaria<sup>12</sup> and, of these, three died.

Leask in his diary of the time makes no mention of grave or burial for it seems that his distress prevented him from doing more than noting the barest outline of events, but on August 29th he visited the scene again to show the place to the boy's father, who arrived at the beginning of August. Thomas Baines and Robert Jewell were with them. Leask says—"Exactly three months ago today we laid him under a Gondo tree and covered his grave with bushes to protect it from beasts of prey, carved the name and the date, and could do no more. . . A few miles from here J. O'Donnel is laid. . . Mr. Baines took a sketch and Mr. Jewell a photograph of the grave, after which we parted".<sup>13</sup> Baines himself says of this occasion<sup>14</sup>. . . "We rode south east to the camp where I had first visited the hunters on Zinlundusi. Then turning east we crossed the river (Sivundazi) and, riding about an hour and a half more, we reached the spot where poor Willie Hartley's grave had been made three months before. There was some satisfaction in seeing that the grass fires which had devastated the country around had not yet reached this spot, and that the huts and scherms and the branches heaped over the grave still remained just as they were left. Two trees overshadowed it (Umghondies, I believe) one still green and dark, the other sere and yellow but still retaining its full foliage and the inscription W. J. H. 29/5/70, was still sharp and clear on one of the principal stems . . . There were no stones near with which to make a cairn and probably in a few years the tree may be destroyed and all traces of the locality effaced, but it will

be long before the memory of poor Willie and the other victims of this fatal year passes from the minds of either the natives or the white men occupying this country ... we returned on a course of 340 or nearly north west magnetic to the Zinlundusi River which we crossed near its junction with Umvuli".

From all this there emerge several clear indications of the site:—

- (i) It was about 1 1/2 hours ride eastwards from the Sivundazi;
- (ii) It was vulnerable to grass fires;
- (iii) There was brushwood available for huts and shelters;
- (iv) It was overshadowed by two trees, termed *Umghondies* by Baines, and *Gondo* by Leask;
- (v) One of the principal stems was marked "W. J. H. 29/5/70";
- (vi) There were no stones at hand;
- (vii) A pencil sketch and two photographs were made.

The sketch survives in the Natural History Museum in South Kensington and it was reproduced in the Oppenheimer Series edition of Baines's diary.<sup>15</sup> One of the two photographs survives in a copy in the National Archives and is reproduced as the frontispiece.<sup>16</sup>

There is additional evidence to be gleaned from the sketch and the photographs.

- (viii) The sketch is endorsed by Baines that the grave is "about 12 miles south-east (magnetic) of Hartley Hill";
- (ix) It was the opinion of Messrs. F. B. Orpen and R. H. Hunt of the Forestry Commission, to whom I am indebted for this assistance, that the trees as shown in the photograph were probably the *msasa* (*brachystegia spiciformis*).

And there are further hints to be taken from Baines's *Gold regions of south eastern Africa* (Stanford, 1877) where he gives the distance from "Hartley Hill to Willie's Grave" as 13 miles 0 furlongs by trocheameter and its position as lat. 18°16'S. long. 30°59'E. However, one is reluctant to place reliance on these latter figures as his positions for known places are at slight variance in latitude and considerable variance in longitude from the true figures.

These nine points, all available in published sources, do little more than indicate a general area but there are certain unpublished documents in the papers of Thomas Baines in the National Archives, which provide some further clues, enough to make a search on the ground practicable. The documents are two rough sketch maps both covering the area between Hartley Hill and the Mwanesi Range in the south east. One, endorsed "Mr. Lisk's chart from the Umvuli drift to the S.E." is no more than an outline diagram, but it contains one fact, referred to later, which supplements the other and much more detailed map;<sup>17</sup> the relevant section of this latter map is reproduced here. The point where the track to the south east parts from the main road between the Matabele country and Hartley Hill is clearly shown; in this area was the camping place on the Sivundazi where Leask found the invalids. From here the route to the south-east crosses the Sivundazi, winds round a hill and a valley and is described as "the road over the bult".<sup>18</sup> It is endorsed "7" as the distance between the camp on the Sivundazi and a point on a "spruit to Umvuli" marked "W.H." It is reasonable to suppose that this "W.H." indicates Hartley's grave. If this be accepted, then



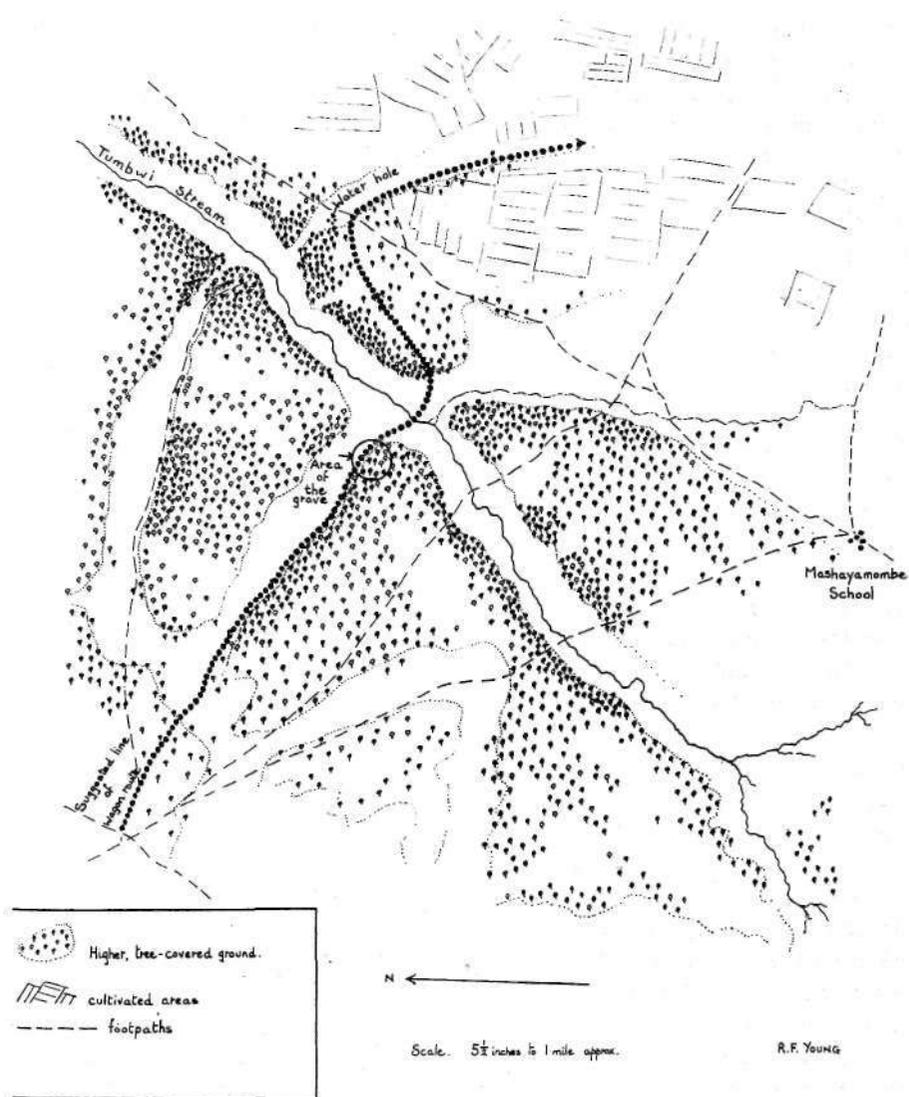
with the help of expert advice on certain specialist subjects, some identifications are now suggested.

The camping ground on the Sivundazi can be placed at the north end of what is now the farm Avondale (the air photographs show clearly a track following the rough line of the old hunters' road from Matabeleland; this area would be five miles from the Umfuli drift, consistent with two hours wagon travel). With this as a starting point for the road to the south east the hill and the valley which Baines marks on his map are readily identified. The course of the "road over the bult" is now cultivated land of the Mondoro Reserve and no modern track has survived to perpetuate the old line. However, the country exactly fits the description of a "bult". Seven miles from the crossing of the Sivundazi brings one to the first stream, the Tumbwi, a small feeder of the Nyangweni, a stream flowing down into the Umfuli and it is therefore close to the left bank of the Tumbwi that the grave must be sought. It will be recalled that Baines showed a distance of "4" to another stream nearby which were three circular features marked "MG". Now four miles on from the Tumbwi, if one stays with the general direction of south east, one comes to the main Nyangweni stream near the Nyangweni village; in the neighbourhood and in the direction indicated by Baines's circular features is at times some marshy ground. The next distance, to the outspan on the "big spruit" from which so many tracks diverged, was "6"; six miles from Nyangweni brings one either to the Nyundo or its tributary the Nyakondowe according to how southerly the route tended. The Nyundo is a sizeable stream and fits the description; moreover its relation with the Nyakondowe fits the picture of two streams joining together as shown by Baines. O'Donnell's grave is somewhere in this section but its discovery could now be but by accident.

To return to Hartley's grave, ground search concentrated on the course of the Tumbwi stream. A mile south of Beatrice one turns right, coming from Salisbury, on to the Mondoro Reserve road. At five miles beyond Nyangweni village which is 22 miles from Beatrice, there is a rough track to the right which within a mile brings one to Mashayamombe School and from here the site of the grave is within a walk of a mile and a half.

Fortunately the area has never been cultivated and approximates to the condition in which it was in 1870. This raised hopes as, too, did the investigation of several long vleis coming in to the Tumbwi from the left hand side for it seemed logical that wagons, as motor vehicles now, would tend in new country to move on the border between vlei and woodland. The edge of the vleis fitted too the requirements of availability of brushwood, and vulnerability to a grass fire, they fitted too the type of country of the photograph and the sketch, and there are many msasa trees here. The distances were right, though the compass bearing was in error by some degrees; but Baines was not satisfied with his compass,<sup>20</sup> and the bearing of 340° (magnetic) from the grave back to "near" the junction of the Sivundazi and the Umfuli cannot be relied upon to have mathematical accuracy.

There seemed to be three vleis to choose from but one of these seemed more likely than either of the other two, for it was longer than the others, the only one that maintained the general direction shown on Baines's sketch, and it



Sketch map showing approximate location of Hartley's grave.

leads to an easy crossing of the little Tumbwi. Further there were no stones in the vicinity "with which to build a cairn" not even in the sandy bed of the Tumbwi. However, half a mile down the Tumbwi there *are* stones. One point remained—why should the wagon route as shown by Baines have followed its curious kink after crossing the Tumbwi, away from its south-easterly direction. This seemed to be answered when it was noticed that on the occasion of a visit in August, the same time of year that Baines was there, the Tumbwi was completely dry, but there was a waterhole in a little sandy feeder coming in on the right bank about a quarter of a mile down stream. This would be the first permanent water since leaving the Sivundazi, and taking a large supposition that conditions were the same in 1870, would therefore demand a detour.

Thus the conclusion is that Hartley was buried on the edge of the vlei leading into the Tumbwi from the north-west, about one mile from Mashayamombe School. The final test would be the discovery of the inscription or of some remains. But Mr. Orpen of the Forestry Commission advised that it is unlikely that a msasa tree alive in 1870 would still be there and that if it were the inscription would have become grown over long ago, though it might possibly be discernible on the core of the tree if the cutting had gone beyond the bark. Further the soil in that area is sufficiently alkaline to prevent any bone remains from surviving for so long. So the final proof is unlikely.

I am grateful for much help, advice and constructive criticism, especially from my colleagues Mr. T. W. Baxter, Director of the National Archives, and Mr. R. W. S. Turner, who have taken a keen interest in the analysis of the evidence.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> William was one of three sons of Henry Hartley. William's age is taken from an article on Henry Hartley by R. H. Thackeray in *Journal of the Royal African Society*, v. 37, 1938, p. 283-297.

<sup>2</sup> See Wallis, J. P. R., ed. *Northern Goldfields diaries of Thomas Baines* (Chatto and Windus, 1946) Oppenheimer series 3, p. 389-391 and Wallis, J. P. R. ed. *Southern African diaries of Thomas Leask* (Chatto and Windus, 1954) Oppenheimer series 8, p. 196-199.

<sup>3</sup> See Wallis, ed. *Leask*, p. 189-193.

<sup>4</sup> Also variously spelled Galloway, McGillivray and McGilloway.

<sup>5</sup> There were still 24 years to go before the identification of the true carriers of malaria and at this date there was a general impression that the disease arose from some infection to be found near water, particularly still water or marsh, and that higher ground was safer than river valleys. For an account of the early attitude to malaria in Central Africa see M. Gelfand, *Tropical Victory* (Juta, 1953), p. 8-11.

<sup>6</sup> The Mwanesi Range.

<sup>7</sup> Jacobs comes into Leask's account for the first time as leaving the Umfuli. There is no indication when or in whose company he got there.

<sup>8</sup> See Wallis, ed. *Leask*, p. 201; and Wallis, ed. *Baines*, p. 422.

<sup>9</sup> The country on the south bank, now the Mondoro reserve, was at this time almost completely uninhabited, largely due to Matabele raiding. It was only during the resettlement of the Mashona consequent on the rebellion of 1896-7 that Africans were moved into the area from their kopje villages in the rocky country north of the Umfuli.

<sup>10</sup> For a description of the Livingstone pill and its uses see M. Gelfand, *Livingstone the doctor* (Blackwell, 1957).

<sup>11</sup> Wallis, in *Leask*, p. 192 has "He (i.e. Hartley) lingered till Sunday at mid-day and then died the same evening". Comparison with the original ms. shows that "then" should be "Jim".

<sup>12</sup> The incubation period for malaria is almost exactly ten days. On May 26th Hartley had had fever for some fourteen days and the infection must therefore have taken place about May 2nd when he was in the Mwanesi Range or on his way down from it. I am grateful to Dr. M. Gelfand, C.B.E., for pointing this out.

<sup>13</sup> Wallis, ed. *Leask*, p. 213.

<sup>14</sup> Wallis, ed. *Baines*, p. 457.

<sup>15</sup> Wallis, ed. *Baines*, facing p. 457.

<sup>16</sup> National Archives negative 2897. Presented in 1957 by Miss Hayes of Salisbury, a descendant of Thomas Hartley, brother of William Hartley.

<sup>17</sup> National Archives Hist. Mss. BA 7/5/1.

<sup>18</sup> See C. Pettman, *Africanderisms* (Longmans, 1913) where "bult" is defined as a ridge or hillock.

<sup>19</sup> Reference sheets 1830 AD and BC of the 1:50,000 series issued by Federal Surveys.

<sup>20</sup> This bearing was taken on 29 August, 1870. On 19 August Baines writes (Wallis, ed. *Baines*, p. 448) "I have had the misfortune to lose my compass, which I have had since 1860 and had fitted with all the requisite appliances and deprived of all those which were superfluous ... I have a prismatic compass but each observation takes about 1 1/2 minutes to make carefully, including opening, setting of prism, and shutting up again, and this, if frequently repeated, makes it very fatiguing for me to overtake the party. This evening I removed the prism and everything but the hair-line sight. I do not think, however, I shall be able to make it so handy and so efficient as my old one."

# A Young Lady's Journey to Umtali 1895

by Ethel Campbell

Ethel Campbell arrived in Rhodesia from South Africa in December, 1895 after travelling from Beira by water, rail and road. The original letter, which is in the Historical Manuscripts Collection of the National Archives in Salisbury (Misc/CA 8), has been shortened here.

My dear Mother,

I hope that you will excuse my paper but I haven't any more and won't ask for any from anyone. I have had some most fearful and wonderful adventures this trip, and never expected to reach Umtali alive. I think that I'd better begin from the beginning, and tell you everything, although you'll never be able to imagine what it was like. Delagoa Bay I thought bad, but I find that there are worse things than sailing about all day, and walking the streets with the best looking men on the ship. Our cricket match there didn't come off on account of the Delagoa whisky, although fifteen of us walked the streets for an hour to find the men to play against; we only found the captain Mr. Ridge, Bank Manager, and could not play him alone. We took him back to the ship with us, and had a race with the two boats, which was rather fun: Mr. Ridge became my devoted slave all the afternoon and evening, and then afterwards informed the Captain that he'd like to marry me. He's an Australian, and very good looking, also a good man I hear. We left Delagoa next day, 18th, and made Beira on Sat 21st, after nearly getting stuck on a sand-bank in the mist. Beira is an awful place, tin houses, narrow streets, kneedeep in sand, sidewalks of black mud held up with stumps driven into the ground, and covered with a thin coating of sand. The back of the Town is ornamented with an awful smelling black muddy marsh, and the front is sandy, and kept from washing with the houses by long rows of stakes driven into it. In part of the streets, there is a narrow tram line, with a sort of cage on it, which is pushed by a couple of niggers, occasionally at the branch lines passengers are landed in the sand, I know we were. We went ashore in the afternoon and landed on the hotel stoep it was so hot; the day before two men had dropped down dead in the streets with the heat. I went aboard again for dinner and at night went ashore with the Capt. for my luggage at the customs. It rained cats and dogs, and the sea was too rough for the boat to get high up on the sand, so I had to be carried ashore and then aboard again by two niggers. I didn't relish it at all, as I quite expected to be ducked. From the boat I went aboard the tug Kimberley, to go up the Pungwe River. I was hauled over the side in a most elegant manner, and shoved from the back. It was pitch dark, raining hard, and the boat dancing about



### Expected to be ducked.

below. Then the Capt. said goodbye very sadly, trying at the last moment to get me to go to Sydney with him, visit his sister there then to England, and visit his wife then round to Beira next May, wouldn't it have been nice for me. Well the tug steamed up the river four miles and anchored for the night. The Pungwe is a wide river, with an awful smell about it. The banks are well wooded with mangroves, palms and yellow fever trees. The palms are lovely with orange coloured bunches of flowers on them; the fever trees are large with sulphur coloured stems, pretty leaves and look very like jaundice. We didn't see any crocs or hippos, but on Sunday morning were going steadily along and came bang on a sand-bank where we stuck. There was a lighter fixed alongside of the tug full of horses, and this went swinging ahead breaking the ropes, then back again against the tug smashing the bulwarks. After a great deal of swearing on Capt. Dick's part the lighter was collared again, then we had breakfast, junks of bacon, a few eggs, curry and bread, for which they charge each man 3/-, the bacon to be washed down by beer or cold water, Well it poured with rain the whole day, and we sat on deck and admired the view, and enjoyed the fever smells, the men fortified themselves with whisky and quinine to prevent fever, After an enormous amount of swearing on Capt. Dick's part, I never heard anyone swear so much, but he informed me that it was just habit, and he never

meant anything. Well we managed to get off the sand-bank and went in to Fontesvilla. That lovely town is on the right bank of the river, and is almost a river in itself. It consists of a few iron houses raised about 3 feet above the level of the ground, because everything gets flooded in the rainy season. The inhabitants sometimes row about in boats, but usually they go about without boots. The usual costume from there up to here is a pair of karki brooks, stuck in the socks, yellow boots, and canvas shirts, with neck open, and sleeves rolled up, and felt hat, jackets are unknown even at meals. I dont wonder at it though, because you feel as though you were living in a hothouse up here, with the heat and rainy weather. Well we landed at Fontesvilla by climbing over the tug's side on to a lighter then scrambling on to the muddy bank, The next thing was to walk knee deep through wet grass, and black mud to the hotel, and such an hotel I never saw. The room I had was on the level of the ground, and to get to it, I had to walk over my ankles in black mud for about 10 yds from the verandah I nearly lost my shoes in that mud they stuck so tight in. My room had all the flooring boards resurrecting in the middle, no lock, or catch on the door or window, no curtain, black sheets of butter muslin all ravelling out, no towel or looking glass, etc. well I inspected the room, then went to lunch, about a doz men elegantly attired in their shirt sleeves. The lunch consisted of tinned beef curried, tinned beef stewed, minced, boiled and all sorts of mess and the pudding is quite beyond description. Hungry people eat anything though, so I ate even the curry. The bill of fare was a piece of dirty notepaper and landed in the mud occasionally. The table was set out on a verandah, and the table cloth was a dirty sheet, and the filth on the plates and dishes was something wonderful, Well I made friends with some of the men, and found that three were going to travel up with me. They spun me heaps of lion stories, Mr Mahoney had shot no less than 19 lions in the last 3 years, and has shot them all in the open. He's a splendid looking man, and a quiet good sort of chap. The other two were nice too: Mr Jansen a lion shooter too, and Mr Addison evidently a jack of all trades from his conversation. He is a gentleman, and his people are in England, and he'd be very good looking if he had not a cross eye. He was exceedingly nice to me all the journey up, in fact everyone was that I met. After lunch I sat on the verandah and ate mangoes and read a book, both brought me by Mr Addison. Then I made the acquaintance of another gentleman Mr Caball belonging to the Beira railway company. He entertained me all the afternoon then asked if he might come back and see me after dinner. Dinner was lunch over again with a few bananas put in and a little more dirt. After dinner we went back to the verandah, and my Irishman turned up again to see me. I did not sleep a wink that night with the mosquitoes and no locks to my room. Half past five next morning we were up, walked to the station through a swamp, to start at 6 and had to sit on the station till half past. I received a bundle of papers and note from Mr Caball. He regretted that he couldn't travel with me to Chimoio as he had almost made up his mind to do the night before. Well we started, 10 of us in the carriage, the 3 I mentioned above, 3 Portuguese, and three off the ship, who had special injunctions to look after me from the Capt. They were Pickering from Natal, Webb formerly of Grahams Town and Rushton from K W T. a friend of Wears. The Beira railway is a queer looking

concern, very narrow, the lines about 2 feet apart and only a couple of carriages and about 3 engines. The carriages are long narrow things, with hard seats on each side; seats made like garden seats and about 10 inches wide. The first 25 miles of country known as the fly country is flat and grassy almost under water at this time of the year, trees and enormous palms growing in clumps here and there and any quantity of game in herds close to the line. The train conveniently slackened at each herd for the hunters to shoot,. Mr Jansen shot one hartebeeste and they cut it up and put it on the train. From there we went on to what is called the 40 mile peg, where we had to wait an hour for the Chimoio down train, so a fire was made, steaks were cooked, and we picniced under a big tree, seated on stumps and using sticks and pocket knives. The flowers growing along the line were just beautiful. I dug some purple lilies out at the 40 mile peg for you. They grow in fields all along the line. Well after beer and canned pears for dessert we went on again through most lovely forest among the Chirnoa hills. This thick forest of enormous trees begins about 25 mile peg and lasts until Chimoio is reached, when it gets a little thinner, but the country is still wooded right up to this. At 60 mile peg, 2 o'clock we came to a dead stop, the engine and first truck had run off the line and were lying gracefully on their sides against some rocks, fortunately our carriage stood up, but if we'd gone off a few yards further past the rocks we would all have gone over a high embankment, and furnished the worms with their Xmas dinner as one passenger remarked. The engine driver jumped off in time and dragged the stoker with him, or there would have been some mince meat about. Then help was sent for up and down the line, and we had to amuse ourselves so I dug roots and looked longingly up at the orchids in the trees miles out of reach; then I went for a walk with Mr Webb and Mr Rushton and found some beautiful maiden hair fern, quite a new find, which I am glad to say is growing nicely. . . . Next morning a man came along on a trolley, with a basket of food, four chicken, 2 loaves bread, a piece of high meat, some gin and beer. Happily I wouldn't have any: as when the men had finished, they were requested to haul out 7/6 each for breakfast, 10/- for bottle gin and 5/- a bottle for beer. There was a shindy then out of which I got a lot of amusement, and the creature had to reduce his charges or lose some of his skin, he did the former of course. Our engine dragged us on 2 miles further and there we had to wait for another engine to come for us, Here we had to wait more than an hour, so Mr Jansen and Mr Addison took me for a walk and we inspected the telegraph office in a hut, and the water tank. The engines are filled with a bucket from the tank, so you can guess how long it takes, also wood is burnt not coal. From 62 mile peg, the line is so conical it is a zig-zag on the side of a hill and the train is pushed

backwards and forwards to get to the top, like this—————I lived in a funk all along that line, it was being mended by niggers all along and we were advised to carry coffins on board, and one kindly volunteered to read my funeral service. I thought of it at sundown Xmas even when we got to some high embankments that had great sluits washed out down the sides, and under the rails . . . (At Chimoio) A man had been wired to meet me so I was taken to the hotel, and slept till 10 next day. Then I sat on the verandah and interviewed, everyone, some were rather whisky eyed too, but most polite. Then at 12 I had breakfast



### Went for a walk.

with Mr Mahone and Mr Jansen and any amount of lion stories. The Portuguese have coffee and a piece of bread at 8, breakfast at 12, afternoon tea at 4, and dinner at 6, funny isn't it? Then I went for a walk with Mr Rushton and Mr Jansen along the line and dug a most lovely bulb out for you while they amused themselves by picking me flowers, then back to the hotel where for peace sake I had to drink champagne and he introduced me to the Portuguese who was most pressing and persevering that I should remain at Chimoio to be his house-keeper at £20 a month with food and dress found. He wouldn't take no for an answer, and aggravated me nearly as much as the guard at 60 when we were stuck, who came every 5 minutes to say I hope Madam this and I trust Madam the other till I was tempted to swear and Mr Addison threatened to shed his blood. At Chimoio only 3 could be taken on the coach as some people in the veldt had to be picked up. Being a lady I got a seat; the others decided to walk, so 4 o'clock Xmas afternoon we left. That coach journey I guess I shall always remember, I'm still black and blue, The coach is large enough to hold 6 people and drawn by 12 oxen, and without yarning those poor brutes were shoulder deep in mud, and the axles covered for the greater part of the journey. Their tongues hung out, and they fell at almost every step while you could hear them pant a long way off; and their skins were half cut open with the whip. It was

frightful to see. A few miles out we picked up the passengers from the sticking wagon, 2 women (one in teaparty line) 3 youngsters, pillows, napkins, po and the Pa, and wasn't it lovely after that. Seven miles on we got stuck in a marsh for an hour and a half, and all had to scramble out ankle deep in mud. The coach had to be dug out so I sat on a neighbouring stump while Mr Pickering gave me the history of his last love. I never saw anyone so funky of fever as he was, the great fat donkey. Then we went on over tree stumps and into mud holes, marshes and rivers, sticking several times, and almost capsizing twice, once down a bank with 5 feet of water below. At 11 we got to a place called Lloyds where we were to spend the night and had dinner of fowls stewed, grilled and roasted and heavy bread, burnt rice, and burnt pumpkin that was the bill of fare all the time we were there, We slept in a Kaffir hut with stretchers in it and no bedding, and any amount of dirt but we slept alright, next morning the river was found to be impassable, 30 wagons were waiting to cross too so we spent a dreary day in that hole with only surveyors to talk to. The walking party from Chimoio then caught us up and we spent the evening on the verandah singing songs, and afterwards drinking coffee at one of the wagons. Next morning the river was down and we crossed at 12. Some wagons went first, then the coach, while we walked or crawled over some poles about 5 feet across in a narrower part: The men held hands and helped us or else I guess we'd have tumbled in. The road from here got worse and worse, and we had to cross 50 spruits before reaching Umtali and this time of the year, they're roaring rivers with sluits down the sides very steep up and down. Wagons were sticking in hundreds along the road some of the drivers lying in the wet down with fever under them. It was wretched to see. About 4 we came upon a poor young fellow about 20 rolled in his mackintosh and lying under a tree with his bearers and Portmanteaux long side of him and the rain pouring. He looked like a corpse lying there but we took him up and I gave him the use of my knee for a pillow, and I think he was more comfortable. We reached the Revue hotel late that evening after being almost struck by lightning near there. It felt as though one Were touching a galvanic battery. At the Revue we had dinner, and were given a hut with decent beds, but the youngsters howling was lively. They ranged from 1 to 3, as the Pa informed the coach company generally "It was an annual affair" . . . The next morning 28th we were hauled across the Revue river in a bouy as it was impassible, over 20 feet deep, and running very strong and wide. We got into a coach which threatened to fall to pieces every 2 yds and with 9 inch boards across for seats and no cushions, I felt sore when I got here next day. We travelled dreadful roads again, sluits, rivers, dongas, marshes, be scrambling out dozens of times when the coach was half over, into the mud, while the men held it up. I am astonished that we didn't get capsized, but the oxen were only too glad to stand still, and give us a chance to get out. We made Massi-Kesse at dinner time, and took up another sick man to bring to the Hospital. He was light headed at times, and did not know what he was doing, poor devil. In the evening we reached a place called Leslies where we had tea and a bed. Daylight next day we left, had breakfast at a place called Grays and crossed Christmas Pass and made Umtali at lunch time. There was a crowd to meet the coach and I felt such an object getting out, with mud half-way up to my waist.

It rained the whole time I was travelling and from the time I left Beira I was never dry and my portmanteau and things began to get quite mildewed. In fact I'm never dry here, but no one ever takes cold with being damp in Mashonaland. The first person I met in Umtali was Mr Sanderson, then Mrs Tulloch came along then Mr.——. I had a wash at the hotel then walked down to some huts they were staying for a dance and races, which I just missed by a day. I was introduced to about half Umtali, my arrival caused quite a sensation here I hear. In the afternoon we started off out here, we live 1/2 miles from the camp on the Maggie reef. The country is just lovely here, hills, rivers, trees, ferns, flowers and orchids all about. We live on a slope in a four-roomed mud house which takes my fancy immensely . . . Time is no object here and we live as though it were one long picnic with no comforts near. New Years Day I went to a picnic, got up by Mr Halford and some other bachelors. Five cases of champagne disappeared that day and some of the company looked very bleary eyed afterwards . . . It has been raining here since the beginning of November, barring 3 days in November and New Years day and the day after. It is impossible to keep dry or clean here, skirts get draggled, shoes soaked, and blouses look like the wash tub here, also it is so hot here the people are either freckled or the colour of mahogany, and they are an ugly collection too . . . I am going to earn my fifty pounds very easily here I see, teaching two youngsters A.B.C., and making butter out of a bucket of milk a day, with a little sewing in between. Niggers do everything about the house, even to making bread and ironing. There are four of them to do it . . . What is all this rumpus in Johannesburg? Scraps of news come here, and everyone gets most excited over it, and the stories going about are hardly to be believed. Don't lose this epistle of mine, because it's a sort of dairy so keep it for me. It cost £25.5 to get up here. No one from Beira dreams of giving you a bed or meal under 3/- or 3/6 even the bare stretchers at Lloyds were 3/-, as for washing there was not a basin to be seen anywhere in spite of the gallons of water falling from the skies every day. There is a corpse hanging up in the middle of the Odzi river a few miles from here and cannot be got at. It is supposed to be a young fellow who was washed off his horse two weeks ago. Isn't it dreadful! My paper has collapsed so with much love to all

I remain

Your loving daughter

Ethel.

Jan 9th 1896

Thursday Send me an almanac if you have one, you can't imagine what a little there is in this country, barring drink, rain and filth.

# The Mazoe Patrol

by Dr. R. C. Howland

## Introduction

As a small boy I accompanied my Grandfather on his occasional journeys from Salisbury to Mazoe and beyond. He would recount the story of the Patrol, the miraculous escapes, the heroism of the men and women, the hordes of Mashona. The drift at the Tatagora River always held a particular terror for me. I would crouch down in my seat until we had passed, as it was near here that the Patrol had run the gauntlet of the most withering fire and had not come through without loss.

I am disappointed that I can no longer recount his vivid stories. My memory is all too vague. I am therefore deeply indebted to all those who have afforded me information and photographs; in particular the National Archives of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Colonel A. S. Hickman, the Rhodesian historian, Mr. J. Davidson, the Headmaster of Blakiston School, and the many people I have interviewed who are direct descendants of members of the Patrol.

I would particularly like to mention Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Rawson of Arcturus. Mr. Rawson, who is 89 years old this year, is the only surviving member of the Patrol. Although his sight has failed he still recounts the old days with enjoyment.

As one who has no pretext to be an author, but who is proud to be a Rhodesian, I have tried to relate as accurately as possible this most heroic event in the annals of Rhodesian History.

## The background in 1896

Twenty-seven miles from Salisbury at the head of the eight mile long Mazoe Valley lies the Alice Mine, one of many gold mines in the Mazoe district. The valley is flanked on the east side by the Iron Mask Mountains, a solid buttress capped by bare granite rock. On the west side the hills are smaller and more undulating, heavily wooded and grass covered. The Tatagora River winds its way across the floor of the valley close to these hills, and between these two features lies the gravel road linking Mazoe to Salisbury. The road is confined by tall flanking grass and cut across by deep dongas.

In 1896 the Alice Mine was managed by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Salthouse. Nearby lived the Acting Mining Commissioner, Mr. J. Dickenson and his wife, and Mr. H. Spreckley the Commissioner's assistant. The Telegraph Office one mile away from the Mine was operated by Mr. T. G. Routledge. A Mr. Archer Burton managed the Holton Syndicate Store.

Messrs. J. Fairbairn, Faull, J. Pascoe, and Stoddard were engaged in erecting a ten stamp battery which they had brought from the nearby Vesuvius

Mine. Two miles away lived a prospector, Mr. J. ffolliott Darling, and eight miles along the Salisbury road Stodd of the Salvation Army farm run by Capt. and Mrs. J. Cass.<sup>1</sup>

In March, 1896, the Matabele rebelled and before the startled settlers were able to appreciate the position one hundred and fifty of them had been murdered. The Europeans in and around Salisbury did not expect the Mashona to rebel although some felt uneasy, as was indicated in a letter written by Mr. J. Dickenson, J.P., for Mazoe District, to the Acting Administrator in Salisbury. "The latest news seems rather serious. Would it be too much to ask that we—here in Mazoe—be notified by wire when anything startling occurs; it would appease our anxieties".

One month later Dickenson again wrote to Judge Vintcent enclosing a letter from the people of Mazoe and a petition signed by some of them.

"Sir, We the undersigned inhabitants of Mazoe being desirous to obtain ammunition for H.M. Rifles and are unable to purchase same, hereby humbly request that you will supply us.

"Most of us have rifles, but are short of ammunition, this request is only as a precautionary measure as we feel perfectly safe, and are not wishful to be called into camp as we are not desirous of creating any uneasiness amongst the natives in this district.

We remain

Yours obediently."

(the names follow)

In the hills around Mazoe lived members of the tribe of Chief Hwata who, with their families, had trekked north from the Charter district. They were a turbulent tribe, but had moved into the Mazoe hills to avoid domination by the Matabele. It was this tribe that rebelled in the Valley, urged on by a particularly clever and influential Mashona called Mhasvi. A/1/Sgt. Sanhokwe of the B.S.A.P. who himself was born in the Mazoe district and whose grandfather was one of the Rebels, says this in an article written by him: "Mhasvi was at that time an African Constable in the British South Africa Company's Police. He is not related to the Mazwi people of Matabeleland. He is a Mashona by tribe and was of the Nyandoro clan of Harava, which is the name that was used for what is now Marandellas district. Information goes on to say that he is the father of the late Chief Nyandoro, who was deposed soon after the last World War. Anyway, I am not going into the events that occurred after the rebellion.

"Mhasvi, who was then stationed in Salisbury, heard of the trouble going on in the Mashayamombe between the Europeans and the Africans. He thought for a while, and soon he remembered the Hwata people, who had once passed through his country before the white man came, and conquering all the big chiefs. He thought he would go down to the Mazoe Valley and tell them that Mashayamombe is already fighting the white man in his district, with an intention of driving him back to where they came from.

"He knew they would agree to rebel, because of all the troubles he had seen himself as a member of the Pioneer Police and what caused all the concern amongst the Africans. With this in his mind he decided to desert from the camp

and run down as quickly as possible to organise an Impi, of which he would be the leader.

"Indeed, Mhasvi ran away during the night and, arriving at Chief Hwata's kraal, he released all the news of the rebellion at Mashayamombe, and that he had come down to tell them to organise theirs and start killing all the Europeans in the area. If all the Europeans were killed all the country, stores, cattle would be his, as it was before the white man came. He assured them that he had been taught how to shoot with a gun and would teach his people, if they only came forward with their guns. Soon the chief sent for all people to come forward with their guns—zvigidi—which were bought from the Portuguese, whilst some were stolen property from the local Europeans.

"The chief informed his medium spirit, which possessed a woman, Nehanda, that Chief Mashayamombe was at war with the white man and he would also like to start his attack from the north. After consulting the spirits of their tribe's forefathers, asking what would become of the rebellion, which was stated, of course, that they were going to win the battle. But they were told that not one of the Africans should take anything from the white man and keep it to himself. Anything captured was to be handed in to the spirit medium for safe keeping until after the rebellion, when it was to be shared equally amongst all the people of the tribe. This encouragement was greeted with a loud Hure! The spirit medium went on to tell them that their ancestors' spirits, which had protected them when they trekked from Buhera, and all the way until they arrived in the rich Mazoe Valley, had again this time promised to do so. They had defeated many chiefs as well as the troublesome Matabele impis; there was no reason why they should not repeat their reputation.

"Having called together all his men, Chief Hwata introduced to them Mhasvi, who was to be their leader. With his knowledge of shooting which he had obtained in the Police, Mhasvi coached those men with rifles how to shoot at a point and not to shoot blindly. After a short practice, the Chief sent out men with spears, axes, etc., with false letters, which they were to hand to a lonely farmer, miner or storekeeper. On receiving this the bearer was to use his weapon to kill the victim, after which to loot the store, house or lodging.

"When the farmers and all the Europeans in the area had heard of this they all ran, with what belongings they could carry at the time, to the Alice Mine, near the Mazoe Hotel and Post Office, where a laager had been built."

## The Mazoe Patrols

In the telegraph office at Salisbury on Wednesday the 17th of June sat Mr. Dan Judson, a recently gazetted captain in the Rhodesia Horse and Chief Inspector of the Chartered Company's telegraphs. He was a fearless young man who knew the bushveld well, and who had recently ridden with great daring from Gwelo to Salisbury and had noted signs on his journey which led him to predict a rebellion. Disturbed by the Beatrice murders on the 15th of June the following day, on the advice of the Acting Administrator Judge Vintcent, he wired Mr. Salthouse at Mazoe suggesting the womenfolk be brought to Salis-

bury. On the morning of the 17th he again wired, and that night when the news of the murder of the Norton family reached Salisbury, he arranged for a wagonette drawn by six mules and accompanied by two men to leave for Mazoe.

The two men to volunteer were Mr. J. L. Blakiston, a telegraph clerk, and Mr. H. D. Zimmerman (who later changed his name to Rawson). Mr. Zimmerman and his brother Mr. O. C. Zimmerman (who also became Rawson) owned a General Dealers' Store in Salisbury. Mr. H. D. Zimmerman in his own words says—"Early in June of that year a man called Stunt came to the store to buy goods for a prospecting trip out Hartley way, and as we had some boys who had been sinking a well for us, whose time was not up, we let Stunt have them to help carry his kit. On opening the store at about 6 a.m. on 16th June, I found, to my great surprise that two of the boys who had gone with Stunt were standing there, and one was wounded. They told me that Stunt had been killed by natives close to Mashongongombi's kraal in the Hartley District. I took the boys up to Mr. Mark Lingard, who was Acting Chief Native Commissioner at that time. This was the first murder to be reported; during the day several other murders were heard of, and towards evening the news came in of the terrible massacre of the Norton family.

"As I was closing the store that evening Blakiston, of the Salisbury telegraph staff, came and told me that the Acting Administrator, Judge Vintcent, had asked him if he would go out to Mazoe with an ambulance to fetch in the women from the Alice Mine. He had asked if he might have someone to accompany him, as he did not know the road, and the Judge had agreed. He then asked me to go with him, and I said I would, though I did not know anything about the road either. I was told to be at the Judge's house (now the Residency, but then known as Maund's House) at 9 p.m. where I was given a Martini rifle and 50 rounds of ammunition. I had previously borrowed a revolver.

"There were several people to see us off and wish us luck, but poor old Blakiston said good-bye to everyone saying that he knew he would never come back. Poor fellow, he was dead within 18 hours.

"The moon had just gone down when we started with our ambulance and six mules, and in pitch darkness we drove along the Mazoe Road. We had not gone more than about 15 miles when we thought we saw a white farm house to the right of the road; we stopped the ambulance and both got out to investigate, only to find that it was a big white rock. On getting back into the ambulance, I got in first and held out my hand to help Blakiston in; he lifted up his rifle and in putting it into my hand he slipped my finger through the trigger guard and as it was at full cock the weight of the rifle let off the bullet which went unpleasantly near his head. We then journeyed on till we saw some tents up on a rise above the road and I got out and climbed up. I heard some heavy breathing and guessed it was kaffirs, so I stood at the tent door with my revolver and shouted to them to know if we were on the right road for Mazoe; they answered 'yes' and I afterwards found out that it was the Vesuvius Mine. I scuttled down and we went on, finally arriving at the Alice Mine at sunrise. What a glorious breakfast Mrs. Salthouse gave us on arrival. I can remember now how we did justice to it—ham and eggs and a tin of sardines each to finish up with. We little thought

that it was the last meal we were to get till we got back to Salisbury three days later. After breakfast Blakiston walked over to the telegraph office which was about one and a half miles away to report to Salisbury, and I was able to take stock of the situation."

Meanwhile at Mazoe, prior to the arrival of Blakiston and Zimmerman, Salthouse had sent a message requesting the people to congregate at the Alice Mine. Thereupon, Mr. and Mrs. Cass, Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson, and Messrs. Archer, Burton, Spreckley, ffolliott Darling, Routledge, Faull, Pascoe and Stoddart joined the Salthouses, together with a Cape boy named George and a dozen faithful Mashonas.

While those mentioned were on their way to the Mine, Salthouse and Fairbairn, with a few natives, worked feverishly to establish some sort of defence against possible attack. On a small rocky hill close behind the west side of the Mine, they collected timber and rocks and built a rough fortification as best they could. Although most suitable against ground attack, it was nevertheless commanded on three sides by tall hills. That night the party collected at the Mine camp but did not occupy the hill; sentries kept duty but they were not attacked.

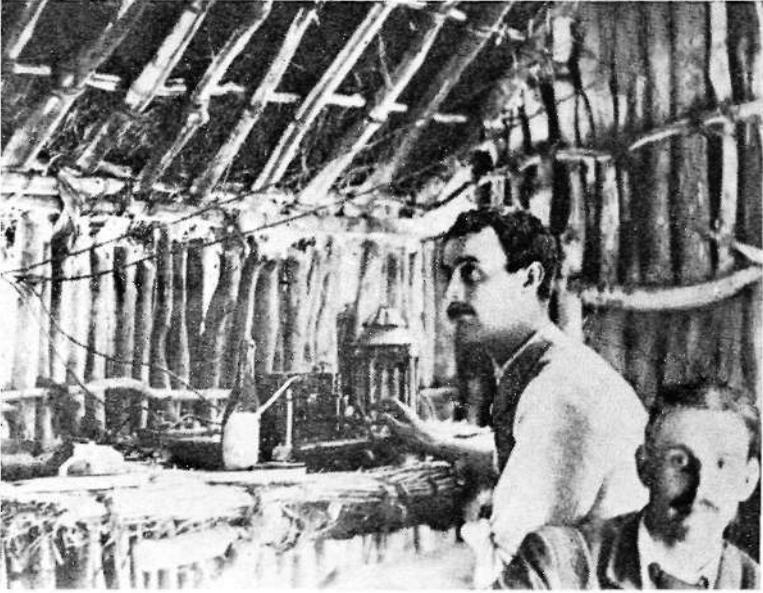
With the arrival of Blakiston and Zimmerman early on the morning of Thursday the 18th it was decided that, rather than stay in the makeshift defence, it would be better for all to journey to Salisbury. When breakfast was over Blakiston, Zimmerman and Darling joined Routledge at the Telegraph Office as they wished to communicate with Salisbury.

At 11 o'clock, without waiting for word from their friends at the office, Cass, Dickenson, Faull, Pascoe, Fairbairn and Stoddart decided to leave for Salisbury carrying their provisions in a donkey-cart. Salthouse was left at the Mine in charge of the women. First on the road were Messrs. Dickenson and Cass and a few boys, followed ten minutes later by the other four Europeans and fourteen carriers with the cart drawn by two donkeys.

After they had gone, Salthouse was joined by Blakiston, Zimmerman and Darling back from the Telegraph Office. Soon a note arrived from Routledge who had remained behind, asking Mr. Salthouse to come at once as Mr. Dan Judson wished to speak to him from Salisbury. Salthouse rode immediately to the Office where he communicated the position to Judson stating that food would only last for four days, and that rifles and ammunition were insufficient. Judson then suggested that he should return to his house and despatch the women forthwith.

On his return home the wagonette left with the three women, Zimmerman, Burton and a Cape boy named Hendrik. Salthouse then returned to the Telegraph Office and again contacted Judson, who ordered him to secure the Office and to send a wire to Major Forbes on the African Trans-Continental Telegraph Company's lines.

Together with Routledge they set off back to camp to be met after a short distance by Hendrik in a breathless state. The note he carried said—"Come at once. We are surrounded by Mashona. Wire Salisbury for relief". But alas, as later events proved, no wire was sent. Salthouse and Routledge hurried to the Mine camp to be told of the death of Cass, Dickenson and Faull.



**T. G. Routledge seated in front of the telegraph machine inside the pole and dagga hut at Mazoe. The identity of his companion is unknown.**

The party that had left earlier that morning had gone about three miles when Pascoe, who was leading, heard a noise behind him and looking back saw natives striking something on the road with sticks and knobkerries. He sent a boy to enquire, who returned to say, "Fundisi is firri" (Missionary Cass is dead). Dickenson was shot a few moments later. Twenty rebels then appeared saying they were "friendly Mashonas". but as they had rifles the party realised it was an ambush and immediately opened fire. The carriers at once threw down their loads and scurried away into the bush.

The donkey-cart was hastily turned round and Pascoe and Faull scrambled in front with Fairbairn and Stoddart behind. After travelling a hundred yards Faull was shot, his body slumped down in the front of the cart. Fairbairn immediately shot the culprit who was hiding in the tall grass a few yards off. A donkey was hit, but the poor animal staggered on for a mile before dropping. During this time the rebels kept up the chase with Fairbairn and Pascoe returning the fire, Stoddart's gun having jammed. The load was too much for the remaining donkey so they abandoned the cart and raced on foot for the Alice Mine.

When a mile from camp they were met by the wagonette with the ladies accompanied by Blakiston, Spreckley and Darling. The driver Hendrik had the presence of mind to turn hurriedly. Had he gone another hundred yards the wagonette would have reached a deep donga where all would undoubtedly have been murdered.

On the road back to the Alice Mine the party was harrassed by about fifty natives, but dogged fire kept them at bay, and the party reached the safety of the makeshift fort. The natives seemed intent on attack from the left, towards

the Holton Syndicate Store, but a few shots at a 1,000 yards range deterred them, and they took refuge in the bush on the right. The Cape driver Hendrik was offered £5 to take a message to Salthouse at the telegraph office, and as we have already seen he was met by the latter and Routledge on their way back and no wire was sent to Salisbury for help.

On hearing this news, Blakiston realising the gravity of the situation prevailed upon Routledge to accompany him back to the Telegraph hut. He agreed and off they set through the bush, Blakiston riding Salthouse's horse and Routledge running at his side. This was one of the pluckiest deeds of the war. Mr. J. Arnold Edmunds, one of the survivors of the Patrol, was to say in later years—"There was no heat of the engagement to inspire them to bravery. They did what they did in cold blood and complete calmness, fully realising that there was scarcely a dog's chance of coming out alive. The action of Blakiston and Routledge undoubtedly saved the lives of the men and women in the Alice Mine laager".

When they reached the Telegraph hut, Routledge flashed a message through to Salisbury. The exact message has never been known and has variously been quoted as, "We are surrounded. Dickenson, Cass, Faull killed. For God's sake . . ." and "We are surrounded, send us help, this is our only chance. Goodbye".

Blakiston standing in the doorway of the pole and dagga hut scanning the grass and bush gave a shout as he saw the rebels swarming across their line of retreat. Off they set, this time Routledge in the saddle and Blakiston running at his side. Bullets whistled round their heads as the natives swarmed towards their line of retreat, but they managed to cover half the journey in safety, eventually coming into view of the watchers at the Mine. Suddenly the horse was seen to fall and Routledge was thrown to the ground; he rose and made for cover but was shot. Blakiston gained the cover of the bush hotly pursued by natives; shots were heard and those at the Mine sadly realised the inevitable. He was never seen again.

Back in Salisbury an hour before this tragic event Mr. Dan Judson was surprised to hear the Mazoe instrument clicking, as earlier he had given instructions for it to be closed down. On entering the office Lieut. Harrison, who was in charge of the Salisbury Telegraph Office, handed him a message taken down by telegraphist Mr. F. W. Lapham. Mr. Lapham was leaving the room to go to lunch when he heard the instrument calling. "I acknowledged receipt" he said, "but although I remained at the instrument for a few minutes could not get into touch with him again. This message I passed on to the right quarters and it was soon known throughout town".

The news was reported to Judge Vintcent, who after much persuasion agreed to allow Judson to take four men with him on a Patrol to Mazoe. From the Rhodesia Horse Judson chose Troopers W. S. Honey, Godfrey-King, C. A. Hendrikz, and Guyon. He did not inform them of the contents of the message, nor did he tell his young wife, and parting from her and his four months old child was no easy matter.

They left just before sunset (Thursday 18th) and on the way picked up Captain Stamford Brown, chief paymaster of the Rhodesia Horse, an uncle of

C. A. Hendrikz. The road to Mazoe ran along the present Moffat Street and King George Road, crossing Avondale Stream by a ford. Near the junction of King George and Connaught roads it bore to the west passing through the grounds of the present Avondale Church. It bore west again, roughly under the Rectory, and over the Ridge.

Behind a lonely grave<sup>2</sup> at the side of the road was a brave little woman, the Countess de la Panouse. With her husband, the Count, she had a house near the Ridge close to the Mazoe road. The Count was away at the time their house was raided by the Mashonas that fateful day, but the Countess escaped and took refuge behind the grave. From her hiding place she heard the clattering of hooves as Judson's patrol rode on its way to Mazoe.

Five miles out the patrol met two Salisbury outposts, who informed them that they had covered ten miles along the road without seeing a rebel. Judson interpreted this as meaning that the party at Mazoe had been massacred or were in need of assistance, and decided to send Trooper Godfrey-King back to Salisbury for reinforcements. At 3.30 a.m. (the 19th) they were joined at Mount Hampden by Troopers Mulvaney, E. Niebuhr, Finch, Hugh Pollett and Carton-Coward. Half an hour later they left Mount Hampden for Mazoe. I should like to continue the story by quoting an extract from a report written by Hugh Pollett. "Nothing much of note occurred until we got to within a mile of the Salvation Army farm, where Mr. and Mrs. Cass had lived.

"From here we could see one of the ridges covered with niggers but as soon as they saw us they bolted into their huts and caves like a lot of scared rabbits.

"We kept a keen look out, however, and proceeded in skirmishing order until we reached the farm house; here we found evidence of kaffirs having recently been there, by the still hot embers of a fire . . .

"Revived by the rest and food we started about 12 o'clock to enter the Mazoe Valley, which Judson, who addressed us before starting, pointed out might prove to be a veritable valley of Death; one could not but be struck by the strange quietness pervading everywhere . . .

"We had not much time left to indulge in thought, for after going about a mile we had to enter a long stretch of very tall grass terminating in a perfect jungle in low lying ground. It was a nasty looking place and Judson gave the order to gallop. He passed through first with Brown, Niebuhr and myself following, riding in half sections; just as we were passing the thickest clump I saw the grass and bushes move and knew in an instant what was up.

"A dozen shots rang out in quick succession from within six yards of the road; before I had time to do anything my horse gave a terrible plunge and came down on his side, pitching me a good ten yards over his head. I still retained my rifle, having taken it with me out of the gun bucket in my fall.

"I tried three times to get up but for the moment was unable to do so as all the breath had been knocked out of my body. At last regaining my feet I saw Niebuhr lying in the road bleeding profusely and both his and my horses in their last agonies of death lying within ten yards of one another.

"In the meantime the rest of our party had not been idle and three of the enemy lay dead in the bush; Judson, who had a double-barrelled gun loaded

with buck shot, was accounting for two of them. We had now no time to waste as the niggers in front attracted by the firing were coming down from the hills trying to stop our advance, so after helping Niebuhr, who had been shot through the hand, on to Judson's horse and getting myself up behind Trooper Hendrikz we pushed on as quickly as possible. We still had six miles to go and firing was opened at us now from both sides.

"Frequently, when coming to thick patches of grass or bush, we stopped to fire a volley into them and then galloped by at a smart pace, but in spite of these precautions shot after shot would come from the enemy concealed in the grass and we had little or no chance to retaliate . . .

"Fortunately, no further mishap occurred, but after we had gone about four miles we came upon the donkey cart and the three dead bodies of the men who had striven to come in as I have before told.

"The body of Cass had been carefully covered with grass and bushes, this respect probably being shown to him because he had acted as Missionary in that District and had a thorough knowledge of their language.

"We now believed it possible that all the inhabitants of the Mazoe laager had been murdered and that we were riding to our certain doom, but there was no turning back and we decided in case we found no trace of them in the laager we should force our way to the Telegraph Office, send a message to Salisbury and wait for relief, want of ammunition and food being our main difficulties.

"Our feelings can better be imagined than described when on reaching the last kopje that screened us from the Mazoe laager, we heard sharp firing going on and could very soon see it proceeded from the Camp and was replied to from the hills surrounding it.

"With a cheer such as men only give under such circumstances we galloped up to their little fort and were greeted if possible by still louder cheers from the inmates.

"The enemy poured a raking fire at us on our way up, but, happily, with no results although the twigs were torn from the trees around and the road in places was literally cut up by the bullets."

Back at the Mine, following the murder of Blakiston and Routledge the previous afternoon, conditions were extremely unpleasant. The natives kept up a constant fire but miraculously no one was hit. The sun beat down upon the little party hidden amongst the rocks—iron-stone rocks that were unbearably hot. The ladies were magnificent, coolly crouching behind the rocks filling the bandoliers with cartridges.

One particular native, considered then to be a Matabele, but now known to be Mhasvi, had taken up his position behind a rock 400 yards away overlooking the fortress. He never exposed himself but managed to keep up a steady fire with great accuracy.

The day wore on without incident. As darkness descended a calm settled over the scene shattered only by the occasional shot from the natives. Some crawled through the grass to within 150 yards where they hid in empty grass huts, but no attempt was made to rush the defences on the hill. Salthouse busied

himself making grenades with dynamite, and threw one whenever a suspicious movement was noticed.

During the night some shots were heard away to the left in the direction of the store; shortly afterwards a dog howled and a donkey-bell tinkled faintly in the distance. Salthouse suggested that the shots possibly meant the death of Mr. Charles Annesty, a prospector, who was due back from Chipadzi's kraal about that time. Annesty rode a donkey and had a spaniel dog.<sup>3</sup>

Just before daybreak the driver boy, George, bravely stole out and set fire to the huts which had been used as cover by the rebels, and on his return collected biscuits and water from Salthouse's camp.

As day dawned on the morning of the 19th the barrage of fire recommenced and was kept up until after mid-day. A number of natives were seen looting the store. Early in the afternoon a Matabele was heard shouting to the men to storm the fort. To the besieged this meant either disaster or that a relief party was approaching; happily it proved to be the latter and Lieut. Judson and his patrol galloped into camp under terrific fire.

A hasty consultation was held. The lack of food and water was serious and the safety of the women a prime consideration. Although the besieged party was now strengthened by seven men, they were negligible compared to the hundreds of rebels in wait in the surrounding hills. Reinforcements from Salisbury were imperative. The Cape driver, Hendrik, with a promised reward of £100, agreed to ride to Salisbury with a letter to Judge Vintcent.<sup>4</sup> Little did Judson realise that Salisbury had gone into laager where every available man was needed, but already a patrol of thirteen men were on their way to help their comrades. Hendrik left about midnight. There was no moon and it was bitterly cold. Riding on a black horse he disappeared into the night. Shortly afterwards shots were heard; it transpired that he had accidentally fired his revolver which was answered by several shots from the enemy.

Meanwhile in Salisbury Judge Vintcent and the Defence Committee had decided to send a Patrol to assist Lieut. Judson's Patrol and the people of Mazoe. Inspector Randolph Nesbitt was placed in command and chosen with him were Lieut. C. McGeer, Sgt. O. H. Ogilvie, Troopers R. Harbord, M. McGregor, T. R. Byron, J. A. Edmonds, S. Arnott, A. Nesbitt, H. J. Berry, H. J. Van Staaden, O. C. Zimmerman, and G. Jacobs.

The Patrol left the laager at 10.30 p.m. that night on its way to Mazoe. Mr. O. Zimmerman (Rawson) had this to say:

"It was about 10 p.m. that a call went out amongst the troops in Laager at Salisbury, for ten or twelve men to volunteer for the relief of the Mazoe Laager, as it was known that they were in a very bad state.

"I volunteered along with others and was very glad to be accepted.

"As soon as possible we saddled up, and under Captain Nesbitt left Salisbury, with short rations of a dry biscuit and a strip of biltong-

"The night was very dark and we rode in half sections straight through the bush, avoiding roads and tracks.

"We had been riding over an hour when suddenly the party was halted, but we at the rear did not know why.

"News was whispered along that it was the coloured boy, Hendrik, who

was carrying a note asking for 100 men and a Maxim gun, to relieve the Mazoe Laager. It was a piece of luck our meeting Hendrik, and after a short pause it was agreed to proceed on our journey and take him with us.

"We made good progress as we rode on in darkness, with everyone's nerves alert against any surprise attack.

"The natives, with their methods of transmitting warnings, which are so often a surprise to the white man, must have known of our departure from Salisbury, as the customary signals by fire could be seen blasting up on the hilltops for a few moments only to die down again leaving a darkness blacker than ever. It was a wonderful sight to see the signal taken up on hill after hill, until it disappeared right on to the horizon away to what is now known as Shamva.

"The small patrol pushed on knowing that time was the chief factor in the success of the rescue, and to catch the natives unprepared. It was with the first faint light in the eastern sky that we reached the spot where the Mazoe Dam is built today.

"A shot from the hillside warned us that we were going to meet opposition, but without delay Captain Nesbitt gave the order to gallop. Spurs were used with effect, and we were quickly through the hills at the poort, with rifle shots and shouts meeting us from both sides.

"We were soon in open country heading for the Alice Mine, which we could see in front of us in the semi-darkness. So far only one horse had been wounded, and one trooper. "

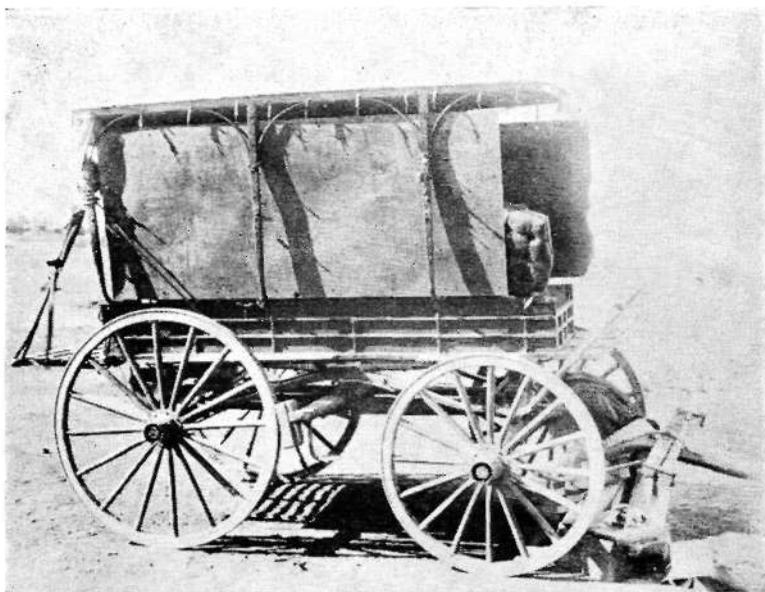
On Nesbitt's arrival a quick consultation was held consisting of Nesbitt in command, being senior officer, Judson, Salthouse and Stamford-Brown. It was decided to force a way through to Salisbury immediately. Bullet proof iron sheets were fitted to both sides and the back of the wagon. (This proved to be a life saving measure). All the mules having been shot or lost, six horses were inspanned, their owners dismounting. At mid-day (Sunday the 20th) the little party of 30 men and three women set off with 12 of the men mounted.

The party proceeded with an advance guard of five men mounted and eight on foot, followed by the wagon driven by Hendrik which contained the women and Archer Burton who was ill. The rear guard comprised seven men mounted and eight on foot.

After travelling for only half a mile the enemy opened fire from both sides of the road, and on reaching the first donga near the Vesuvius Mine the natives attacked furiously. Every tree and rock appeared to hide a native and as the grass was very tall they were almost invisible, only puffs of smoke being seen.

At this spot Troopers McGeer and Jacobs were shot dead together with the horses belonging to Captain Nesbitt and Trooper Edmonds. Honey immediately ran forward and removed McGeer's bandolier and cartridges lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. Trooper Hendrikz greatly distinguished himself by running after and capturing McGeer's horse which had bolted.

When they had passed this point the advance guard consisting of Judson,



The wagon which carried the women safely to Salisbury. Note the metal plates.

Ogilvie, Harbord and Pollett pushed further forward to take possession of the rising ground to the right of the road and so cover the advance of the wagon.

Pascoe, with extreme courage, climbed on to the roof of the wagon where he remained throughout the fight advising the others as to the whereabouts and movements of the enemy. Miraculously he was unharmed, although a bullet passed through his hat and one shoe lace was shot off.

Mile after mile the little group pressed forward. Horses and men were becoming weaker; it required a superhuman effort to lift and fire the rifles which by now were almost red hot. No words can fully describe the bravery of the women. Bullets hailed against the sides of the wagon but the women never uttered a murmur, their nimble fingers quietly filled the bandoliers with ammunition which they handed to the exhausted men. Mrs. Cass, it is said, actually joined in the firing at the rebels. All the while they encouraged the men on whom their lives depended although they realised their chances of survival were remote.

At least 50 natives were mounted and these were harrassing the rear. The rebels were armed with all types of weapons including Lee-Metfords, Martini-Henrys, and muzzle loaders into which they crammed nails or stones.

Near the Tatagora drift the situation appeared hopeless. Salthouse said "it seemed like the valley of the Shadow of Death".

The grass was swarming with blacks. One of the leading horses was shot through the head and an offside wheeler fell mortally wounded. Salthouse and Stamford Brown ran to cut him loose, but no sooner had this been done than the other wheeler also fell almost crushing Salthouse; it in turn was also cut loose.

Trooper Van Staden was next to lose his life, his head having been blown off, and Ogilvie and Burton wounded. Burton, in spite of his weakness, had joined in the fighting from beside the wagon. A bullet ripped through his face,

and bleeding profusely he struggled back into the wagon and fell among the horrified women who staunched and bandaged his wound from material torn from their dresses.

Two of the advance guard, Arnott and Hendrikz, lost touch with the main party. Hendrikz received a bullet which passed through both cheeks, taking with it a piece of his tongue and jawbone.<sup>5</sup>

Taking his scarf he tied up his sagging jaw, helped by his good friend Syd Arnott, whose clothes were splattered with his friend's blood.

Four horses remained inspanned to the wagonette, the tired beasts panting heavily with froth collecting at their mouth and nostrils. From the wounded leader blood gushed from the mouth staining the dusty road.

Soon the Tatagora River was reached and passed. Here the men hoped to quench their raging thirsts but the firing never let up and only a few were able to snatch up muddy water in their hats as they splashed through behind the wagon. So severe was the mental anguish to which the men were subjected that no one could accurately recall in later days the events at the Tatagora Drift.

Beyond the river the ground became more open and flanking parties were able to push forward and clear the way for the wagon. A cessation in firing made the advance guard suspicious; the natives were seen to be making for a kopje commanding the entrance of the valley, so Ogilvie, Judson and Pollett—the only men without wounded horses—galloped forward and succeeded in reaching the kopje before the enemy and surprising them with two or three volleys in quick succession. They then cheered wildly hoping to cheat the enemy into believing that relief was coming; it succeeded and the enemy retired.

The natives now became more visible and gave the party a greater chance of firing accurately. Soon the head of the valley was reached and the enemy gave up the chase. Had they charged here as one concerted body they would have over-run the party, now faint with exhaustion.

Although still 17 miles from Salisbury the hopes of the party were revived. Near the Gwebi River the leading horse, who had pulled so valiantly, could go no further and was cut loose. The three remaining horses struggled on to the river where the little group outspanned and flung themselves on the ground to rest.

After only 15 minutes an alarm was raised that natives had been sighted. The horses were re-harnessed and on they trudged. The "natives" proved to be a troop of Sesabi buck.

To quote further from Sgt. Sahokwe's article—the story of the fight as told by the rebels themselves:

"When it was learnt that the Europeans had gathered at the Alice Mine, Mhasvi and his men then came into action. First of all they cut down the telephone wires going into Salisbury, for fear of reinforcement.

"As they could not approach the laager from the eastern side (of the laager), which was built on a small hill close to the mine, Mhasvi decided to take up a position upon the mountain that adjoined the small hill on which the laager was built. He and his men had a very good place to fire into the laager, as they overlooked it down below. Mhasvi, who was a very good shot, played havoc in the laager until the arrival of a relief party from Salisbury.

"How the Europeans in Salisbury knew of this the informers do not know; they only saw a coach—a well-built coach arriving along on the Salisbury-Mazoe road. The coach dispersed all those Africans who were waiting and had cut off the laager from the hotel for food supplies. They, however, managed to reach the laager under heavy fire from both sides.

"Mhasvi and his party saw the new and fresh party arriving from Salisbury and go into the laager. He knew the party had come to get all those in the laager. He quickly left the mountain and went to wait at a place called CHOMU KOREKA, which means a place of death, when one is forced to be at that place during a fight.

" 'Chomu koreka' is a place where there is a swamp to the east, a small stream and a bushy hill to the west, whilst the main road ran parallel to the stream close to the bushy hill.

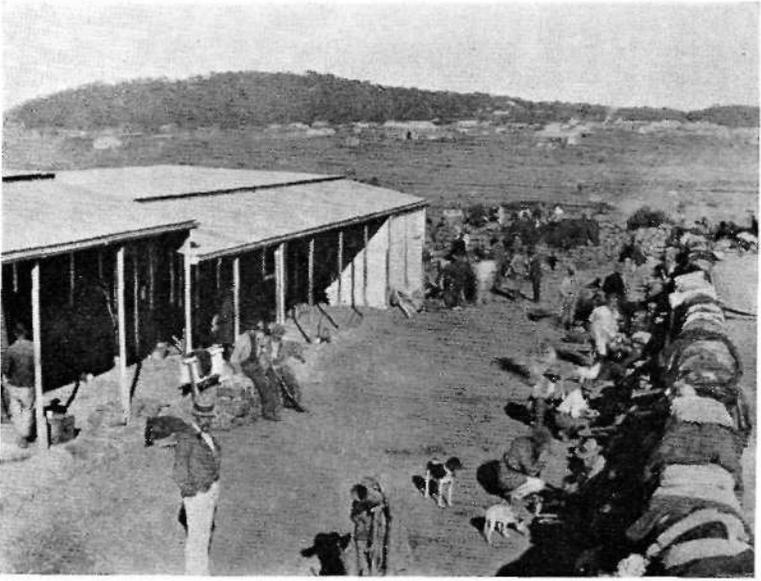
"Mhasvi and his men took up their position in the bushy hill, where they hid themselves, waiting for the coach to arrive, that being the only road into Salisbury.

"It was not long before the coach, which was carrying the few women and men, arrived at this dangerous place, and Mhasvi and his men were upon it. They fired upon the coach as it passed this place, killing men and several of the horses that were pulling the coach, but somehow the coach, although under such heavy fire, managed to pass through, making its way for Salisbury.

"Mhasvi and his men left their hide-out and followed the coach, firing upon it. Those in the coach, who were now able to see their enemy, fired back, killing as many Africans as possible. This battle went on like that until the coach reached the Gwebi River . . . Here the coach was reinforced by another party from Salisbury. This party had with them the big gun pulled on two wheels. The gun was exploded, and it killed several hundreds of the following Africans and caused them to retire. None of them dared to follow the coach again for fear of the big NGANUNU, which exploded like lightning."

Three miles beyond the Gwebi River the party came upon a wounded horse which was recognised as belonging to Hendrikz. It transpired that, with Arnott, he had been cut off at the Tatagora River, and thinking the party had been massacred rode on towards Salisbury. After abandoning his wounded horse he climbed up with Arnott, the two reaching Salisbury at 5 p.m. more dead than alive. When they heard Arnott's story and saw Hendrikz's face gloom fell upon the laager. Arnott asked Judge Vintcent and the Defence Committee for 100 men and a Maxim to be sent to rescue the party, but this was declined in view of the precarious position of Salisbury itself. People criticised the decision at the time, but it proved to be wise.

Meanwhile the party were slowly pushing towards Salisbury. At 10.30 p.m. they reached the outskirts of the town, when one of the pickets on learning their identity ran towards the laager with the news. The guard at the laager gave the alarm thinking the town was being attacked, but fortunately the picket made himself understood, and as the wagon emerged from the darkness cheer after cheer went up from the laager such was the excitement. Every man, woman and child turned out to greet them "as men and women might be who had returned from the dead."



The Salisbury gaol converted into a laager during the Rebellion. The Kopje is in the background.

Mrs. Philadelphia Fleming, wife of Dr. Fleming, surgeon in charge of Salisbury Hospital, had this to say—"One outstanding event, which I could never, never forget, was the arrival of the famous Mazoe Patrol, after we all supposed they had been wiped out. Two members of the Patrol had got cut off from the others, and brought the news.

"In the women's quarters, several of the poor things had husband, brother or friends with the Patrol, so it had been a most trying day for us all. Nerves were on edge, and there had been a good deal of hysteria in the big ward, where a number of women and children were crowded together. Everything had quietened down, however; by 8 p.m. we were all locked in for the night, as usual.

"Suddenly, an hour or two later, there was a burst of loud shouting outside. It was really the outlying pickets cheering as the forlorn group, round the famous light wagon, stumbled out of the darkness; but the poor women in the big ward thought, of course, that the Mashonas were attacking the laager. Simple panic reigned!

"In the midst of the confusion, the gaol doors were thrown open, and Mesdames Salthouse, Dickenson, and Cass were supported inside. You can imagine the reaction! They were all three quite marvellous, considering the awful ordeal through which they had gone. Mrs. Salthouse told me that the worst part of the whole journey was the twelve mile drive from Mount Hampden to Salisbury. They had been under fire all the rest of the way; but the Mashonas left them when the party got out into the open on the Gwebi Flats. As they toiled along, mile after mile in the darkness, doing the best they could for the wounded in the wagon, their hearts sank when no one came to meet them. They began to fear that Salisbury was in the hands of the Mashonas; and that the inhabitants had been wiped out."

On the 24th June Judge Vintcent received two telegrams, one from the High Commissioner at Cape Town expressing his deepest sympathy, and hearty congratulations to the Mazoe Patrol for the valour they displayed in bringing the women in from that district, and the other from the Secretary of State, London. "Her Majesty's Government highly commends the gallantry of the Patrol in bringing in women from Mazoe and deeply regrets the loss of valuable lives".

Captain Nesbitt, on recommendations by Major General Sir Frederick Carrington, received the Victoria Cross. His citation reads: "The Queen has been graciously pleased to signify her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross on the undermentioned officer and soldier whose claim has been submitted for Her Majesty's approval for gallant conduct during the recent operations in South Africa.

"Captain Randolph Crosby Nesbitt, Mashonaland Mounted Police. This officer, on 19th June, 1896, led the Mazoe rescue patrol, consisting of only 13 men, fought his way through the rebels to get to Salthouse's party, and succeeded in bringing them back to Salisbury, with heavy fighting, in which three of his small force were killed and five wounded, 15 horses killed and wounded."

He was the only member of that gallant little band whose services were recognised by the Government. Blakiston's heroism was worthy of posthumous recognition; and Capt. Dan Judson, the organiser, leader and moving spirit in one of the most heroic expeditions in Colonial annals, despite the strong recommendations of Judge Vintcent, received nothing. They were civilians and Capt. Nesbitt a soldier.

Upon the circumference of the Mashonaland Medal issued by the B.S. A.P. Company to all troops who took part were inscribed the simple words:

"Mazoe Patrol 1896".

## Note on the Mystery of the Graves

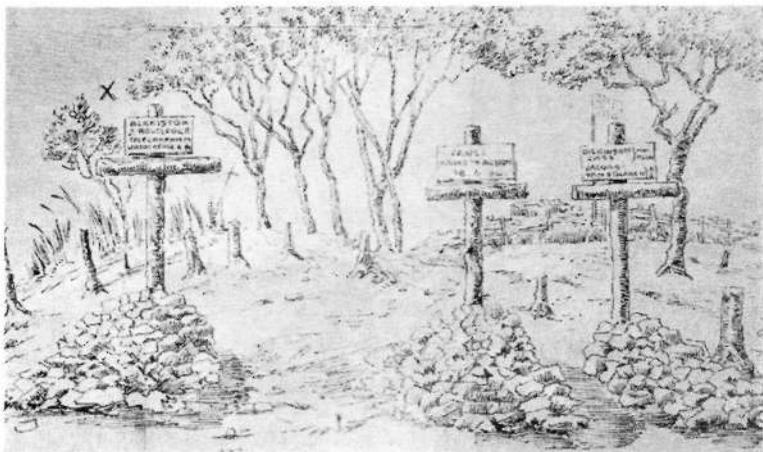
The route taken by Blakiston and Routledge to and from the telegraph hut together with the site of their graves has been a much disputed subject. No true answer can be given.

The position of the pole and dagga office is not exactly known, although it appears to have been in the vicinity of the present Police Camp. The most likely route from the Alice Mine follows the road from the Mine to the present Mazoe Hotel, flanking the east side of the kopje which hides the Mine from the telegraph office. Alternatively they could have gone over the kopje—a steep slope but not beyond the power of a horse hard driven, or to the west of the kopje following a farm road through a defile where the old Police Camp used to be situated. Mr. Salthouse is known to have watched them through field glasses during most of their journey—this would have been impossible had they flanked the hill.

In August, 1896, the Rev. Douglas Pelly found and buried the bodies. He entered the burial in the Cathedral Register as "John Leonard Blakiston and T. G. Routledge".

In November, 1929, a Mr. J. R. Jarvis wrote a letter in the *Rhodesia Herald*: "I was one of the garrison of the fort near the Alice Mine, and I remember a funeral service which took place there. There were two or more graves, one of which, I understood, contained the remains of these men; another of the remains of such rescuers that were killed as could be found. A considerable time elapsed between their deaths and when their bones were found, as they were only found after the grass, which was very tall, was burnt off.

"These graves are situated near the bottom of the hill on which the fort was built, below the S. West corner of the fort."



Sketch by an unknown artist showing the graves of those murdered at and near the Alice Mine. The graves have not been found.

In that same month another letter appeared written by Mr. Alfred Drew: "Your leader reads as if the two heroes were buried at Mazoe, but I should like to say that while at Mazoe as Native Commissioner—I transferred there about 10 years after the Rebellion—I tried to find out where they were buried, but was always told that their bodies were never found".

In the possession of the Archives are two sketches by an unknown artist supposedly of the graves of those who died at Mazoe during the Rebellion. In one sketch three graves are shown and designated; on the left the grave of Blakiston and Routledge, in the centre Faull and on the right Van Staden, Cass, Dickenson and Jacobs. In the other sketch—a more distant view—a group of some twenty or more graves is shown with the Alice Mine in the background. Unfortunately the two sketches do not agree with each other and no such graves have been found at the Alice Mine. Col. A. S. Hickman is of the opinion that the graves are buried under the dumps of the Mine.

In October, 1953, acting on rumours received from natives, the Police at Mazoe searched the area and Sgt. T. J. Terrett and Const. H. L. Edwards stumbled across two graves situated in a direct line between the Alice Mine and where it is believed the old Post Office stood. To all appearances they look like

typical graves, possessing the traditional basin, billy-can and cup with holes in them as a headstone. Could it be that these are the graves of Blakiston and Routledge, the burial tokens having been placed there at a later date by Africans as a mark of respect in accordance with their beliefs ?

More investigation is certainly necessary to solve this interesting mystery.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Capt. Cass was one of the Salvationist Pioneers, and had worked among the natives at Mazoe both as an agriculturist and missionary. He could converse in the many native dialects as well as the Mashona themselves.

<sup>2</sup> The grave belongs to Mr. John Upington, brother of Sir Thomas Upington, who was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony. He died on the 27 December, 1890 as the result of a shooting accident, and was buried by his friend, a Mr. Farrell, close to the pole and dagga hut which the latter occupied. The inscribed tombstone was added at a later date. This grave can be seen today in the grounds of Avondale Church. It is one of the oldest Pioneer graves in the country.

<sup>3</sup> In 1961 a Swiss-born miner called Mr. Andreas Stori made a dramatic discovery. While prospecting on his Goldenshaft Mine which overlooks the Alice Mine, he stumbled across a human skeleton, and near his house he dug up a rusted military water bottle and cartridge cases.

The find was examined by experts who consider it a strong possibility that they belong to Charles Annesty. One recalls that shots were heard at night by those at the Alice Mine, and Mr. Salthouse concluded that Annesty had been shot.

To reconstruct the events of that fateful night, Annesty was returning from Chapadzi's kraal with his donkey and Spaniel dog. He was unaware that the Mashona had rebelled, but distant shots warned him of trouble. He climbed to the top of a kopje—today Mr. Stori's Goldenshaft Mine—where he was sniped at by the rebels. He decided to make for the Alice Mine, and dropping his water bottle ran down the slope through the bush. He had gone about 400 yards when he was shot dead.

His donkey and dog had wandered aimlessly into the darkness where they eventually met their end.

<sup>4</sup> This letter is to be found in *British South Africa Company Report on the Native Disturbances in Rhodesia 1896-97* (March, 1898), p. 86.

<sup>5</sup> In after years Mr. Hendrikz kept a splinter of the jawbone in a locket hung round his neck.

## Notes on Authors

Mr. E. E. Burke was born and educated in Birmingham. After working in libraries in England he served with the King's African Rifles in East Africa, Ceylon and Burma. He came to Rhodesia in 1946, and is now Principal Archives Officer at the National Archives. He is a Fellow of the Library Association.

Ethel Campbell was a grand-daughter of Dr. Peter Campbell, an 1820 Settler, who emigrated from Ireland to South Africa and practised as a doctor in Grahamstown. She was one of the twelve children of Peter Campbell and his wife, Marion Gilbert, and was educated in Grahamstown. After arriving in Rhodesia in 1895 she first took up teaching and later worked for the Umtali Post Office. Her sister, Bertha, married John Meikle of Umtali and another sister, Marion, was the wife of William Carey Bland, a former Town Clerk of Umtali. Ethel Campbell died unmarried in 1902 while on a visit to her parents' home at Fort Beaufort, Cape Province.

Dr. Ronald Cecil Howland, who was born in Salisbury in 1926, is a grandson of William Streak Honey of the Mazoe Patrol. He was educated at Michaelhouse, Natal, and served in Burma in the Rhodesian African Rifles in World War II. Dr. Howland graduated in medicine at the University of Cape Town; he is an enthusiastic student of Rhodesian history and a collector of Rhodesiana.

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