

was fairly imprisoned. The whole country indeed was swarming with Kaffirs. To make matters worse, all communication with the neighbouring garrisons was cut off. Under these circumstances, it became absolutely necessary to convey information of his perilous position to Fort Hare, with a view to getting assistance. This difficult task, after a good deal of discussion, was eventually accomplished in a rather ingenious manner. A friendly Kaffir was found, who offered for a sufficient consideration to make the attempt. This he successfully achieved as follows. A detachment of infantry was paraded at Fort Cox early one morning, and the friendly Kaffir being placed in the centre, apparently well guarded, was marched out by his escort into the open space outside the fort. The soldiers were then ordered to load their muskets, which they did (with blank cartridge, however!). The pretended prisoner was then made to assume a kneeling position in front of the ranks. The word "fire" was given, and a volley was fired into the kneeling Kaffir, on receipt of which he threw up his arms, uttered a fearful yell, and bounded off into the bush. He was of course received with open arms by his dusky brethren who had been all this time anxiously regarding the scene, and received quite an ovation upon his "miraculous"

escape. The infantry detachment were apparently much discomfited at this contretemps, and after firing a scattered volley into the bush, in his wake, retired to the fort, whither they were pursued by the jeers and shrieks of the triumphant natives. The friendly Kaffir taking advantage of his liberty lost no time in making his way to Fort Hare, at which place he arrived some hours afterwards without molestation, the despatch which he carried being rolled up and inserted in a quill, and concealed upon his person.

On receipt of this despatch, Major Yarboro immediately hastened off to His Excellency's assistance, making a forced march across the country. He was accompanied by three companies of the 91st regiment with a field-gun, a troop of Cape Mounted Rifles and a body of Kaffir police. He proceeded with his expedition as far as the Yellow Woods, when he was met by an overwhelming mass of Kaffirs. The tract of country where this attack took place, is densely covered with mimosa thorns, and the ground was further impracticable from the quantity of sluits (a species of dry nullah,) which are caused by the cracking of the hard earth under the influence of the tropical sun, further widened by the tropical rains which the dip of the land causes to flow into them, and thus most excellent natural rifle-pits are improvised, which you may be

sure clever skirmishers like the natives are not slow to take advantage of. Here two officers and twenty-three men were killed, and one officer and 62 men were wounded, the only alternative being a rapid retreat on the part of the expedition to Fort Hare, after a running fight of seven or eight miles through a most difficult country. A Kaffir scout conveyed intelligence of this disaster to Fort Hare, which was only three or four miles from the scene of this defeat. He also apprised the officer in command that the bodies of the officers and men slain in the encounter, still remained on the ground where they fell. This is a circumstance which is always if possible avoided in Kaffir warfare, to prevent their mutilation by our savage foes.

On the scout's arrival at the fort, two companies of the 91st regiment under Lieutenant Squirrel with a detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles under Captain Carey were sent out to the Yellow Woods with orders to bring back the bodies of the officers at any hazard, and if too much pressed, to give the men who were shot decent burial. As they approached the spot they disturbed a dense cloud of vultures, and put to flight a quantity of jackals from their unholy banquet. The bodies of the slain had been picked to the bones by these voracious creatures with one curious exception ; one of the bodies

remained untouched, having been unmolested by vultures and jackals. It was afterwards ascertained that this man had been in the habit of taking large quantities of calomel, with which his system was so saturated that his body remained as it fell, perfectly intact. The remains of one of the officers had been so dreadfully mutilated, that they had to be collected and wrapped up in a blanket, and thus conveyed on the saddle of one of the Cape Mounted Riflemen to Fort Hare for identification. The remaining bodies were then got together, and the question arose, How were they to be buried? It seems that by an oversight no spades had been brought. The ground was as hard as iron and the Kaffirs were collecting. What was to be done? Lieutenant Squirrel gave his men the order to fix bayonets, and they set to work with this feeble implement, and with infinite labour contrived to scrape a trench in the hard soil, which they covered with earth and branches in the best way they could,—just in time, as the Kaffirs, who now mustered strong, swarmed in upon them, and they were obliged to make a rapid retreat back to the Fort. They fought their way back for three miles, every inch of the way being contested, until they got under cover of the Fort guns, when the Kaffirs retreated. All this time however, we have left the Governor shut up in Fort

Cox. Intelligence of his disaster at last arriving at head-quarters, a force of 300 Cape Mounted Riflemen under the command of Colonel Napier was at once sent off from King William's Town for the purpose of escorting him back to head-quarters. I accompanied the relieving party on this occasion. An important part of our duty was, at the same time, to convoy a long train of waggons filled with provisions and necessaries for the besieged Fort. The garrison had been unable to get any supplies, and their stores had consequently pretty nearly run out, and they were reduced to great shifts. This state of things did not make the Governor's stay at Fort Cox the more agreeable. Meat had become a luxury. A stick of tobacco, I remember, cost half-a-crown, the ordinary price being threepence. To our amusement, on our arrival, we found the officers breakfasting in the mess-house upon half a cup of weak tea and one commissariat biscuit per man, which latter was so hard that they were obliged to soak it in the tea before they could swallow it. Their delight can be imagined when our waggons made their appearance at the gates of the Fort. We were stationed on the spur of the hill outside the Fort, there being no room within. The scenery at this part of the Keiskamma is very grand. We looked down upon a beautiful undulating country

thickly planted with mimosa trees and all kinds of bush, with which also the sides of the hill were plentifully covered, and though it was cleared to a certain distance around the Fort, we were greeted with a shower of bullets from the Kaffirs, as surely as night set in; and no lights were allowed to be shown in our tents after dark for this reason. At last, all our arrangements being completed, we were paraded one fine morning, mounted our horses, which came fling out of the Fort, and with His Excellency, Sir Harry Smith, in our midst, started off from Fort Cox on our way back to King William's Town. We rode slowly until we got to the Debe Flats, where the country is good for horses, when we began to gallop, and scarcely drew rein until we got within sight of our destination. A little to the left of the Debe Neck lies the Kommitjie Flats, a very singular formation of country. The whole surface of the ground for some miles is hollowed out into a series of bowl-like excavations, exactly like the "friture" pans one sees abroad; hence the name Kommitjie—bowl. These depressions in the surface are so close to each other that there is only a narrow rim between each cavity, so that if you attempt to traverse it, as I have done during the war on several occasions, on horseback, you have to make a series of drops and

leaps, as there is no space to ride round the edges, and a few resolute Kaffirs might successfully oppose any number of mounted men on these Flats. They are said to be caused by the workings of a peculiar kind of worm, the traces of which are plainly to be seen all over their surfaces, the earth being turned up everywhere by their convolutions; but the insects are apparently no longer in existence. From these rifle-pits of Nature's own framing came many a bullet, as we passed on our way that morning. As we advanced further on our road, the Kaffirs literally swarmed all round us; but we stuck our spurs in, and went through them at the gallop. In our scamper through the thorny country, the mimosa-bushes tore our braided uniforms terribly. The mohair stripes down my regimental trousers were literally frayed into rags, and, still worse, on nearing King William's Town I found to my disgust that a thorn-branch must have caught the handle of my cavalry sword, and torn it out of the scabbard, for it was missing. As I could not go back to head-quarters without a sword, I had no alternative left me but to return and look for it. This was rather nervous work, as the bush was full of Kaffirs. A friendly Fingo, whom I encountered on my way, told me where he had seen it lying in the bush, and I fortunately succeeded in

finding it. I dismounted to recover it, but when I tried to remount, my charger, which was a very spirited young horse, not properly accustomed to fire, and which was often a cause of great embarrassment to me in consequence, absolutely refused to allow me to put my foot in the stirrup, and went round me in circles in the most aggravating way, like Mr. Winkle's horse in "Pickwick." A brother-officer, who was in charge of the rear-guard, came riding by whilst I was in this predicament. "Hallo!" said he, "what are you doing here, so far behind the column? You had better mount, and come on at once: the place is full of Kaffirs;" and off he galloped. "It's very easy to give advice," thought I, as I saw him disappearing in the bush. I was getting anxious, and my patience was well-nigh exhausted, when by a lucky chance I managed to get the point of my toe in the stirrup-iron, and landed by a spring in the saddle, and raced off to join my companions. We escorted His Excellency safely to Government House, and went back to barracks.



## CHAPTER VII.

### ZULU LAND UNDER KING PANDA.

A milder reign.—System of civil administration.—Prosecutions for witchcraft.—Laws concerning marriage.—Condition of women.—Military towns or kraals.—Zulu houses and domestic habits.—Judicial procedure.—Fondness for controversy.—Intellectual subtlety.—Language highly organised and refined.—Individual nicknames.—Sobantu and Somtseu.—Prohibited words.—Grammatical forms.—Clicks of pronunciation.—Polite phrases.—Court rhapsodists.—State religion.—Worship of Cæsars.—Ceremonial and ritual.—African heathenism.

THE overthrow of Dingaan, in 1840, by the Dutch Boers of Natal aiding his brother Panda, who had, with a large section of the Zulu nation, raised the standard of rebellion, was related in one of my preceding chapters. It was arranged beforehand, with much formality, by a special commission of the Natal Volksraad negotiating with Panda, and stipulating that he should ever continue the loyal and devoted ally of his European neighbours. On the 10th of February, when Dingaan was put to death by the Zulus themselves after his defeat, Panda was proclaimed King in the camp of the Dutch force on

the Black Umvolosi, by the Commandant, A. W. J. Pretorius, on behalf of the authorities at Natal. A separate proclamation, with the assent of Panda as Zulu Sovereign, declared all the territory from that river to the Umzimvubu, including part of Zulu Land, to belong to the Dutchmen. It does not appear that they required Panda to do any act of homage, or to pay tribute; but the circumstances of his accession have been alleged, in later years, to imply some political subordination to the Natal Government. How far this was ever understood or intended by Panda himself, and by the Zulu chiefs and nobles at any period of his reign, seems very doubtful. There exist certain documents written in the Dutch language, but with no sufficient attestation, I believe, of their being fully and precisely endorsed by that illiterate savage monarch. It is evident, however, that Panda, while he exercised the prerogatives of independent royalty in his own kingdom, and in making war or peace with the nations on his northern frontier, never failed to show implicit deference towards the successive Dutch and English rulers of Natal.

The domestic government of Panda in Zulu Land, according to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, was "incomparably milder and more merciful" than that of Dingaan; and this amelioration was, in a great

degree, to be ascribed to the influence of the Dutch Boers over him. During a reign of nearly thirty-three years, ending with his death in October, 1872, he regarded them with "feelings of grateful attachment and loyalty." His kingdom was tolerably quiet, as the systematic despotism which his sterner predecessors had established, like that of the Roman Emperors before civil wars broke out from disputed claims to the throne, effectually suppressed all internal disaffection, while the new European colonists on his borders were content to let him alone. The government and administration of the Zulu Kingdom, from the time of Dingaan, had been consolidated into a regular fabric, which was viewed with surprise, and even with admiration, by some of the missionaries and travellers acquainted with that country. Such is the testimony of the Rev. Lewis Grout, an American missionary, in his book on the Zulus, describing the complete official hierarchy of governing agents and sub-agents throughout every district. Every valley, mountain, and river-bank had its responsible ruler; and these owned a feudal subordination to the Induna or provincial chief, who was a member of the King's Great Council, as well as a General commanding his own vassals in time of war. The head man of each kraal or village, with the advice and assistance of the

elders, dispensed justice in a patriarchal fashion, and secured the obedience of those under his care. In theory, as in the mediæval condition of some European realms, the King was supposed to be the supreme owner of all the lands in his dominions, and they were held of him by feudal tenure; he could also lay claim to any man's cattle for the royal service, or for the purpose of offering religious sacrifices. But his Majesty was bound, on the other hand, to afford protection to all his liege subjects, and to govern in accordance with the laws and customs of the nation, consulting the Senate of Indunas upon any important question. The King's acts or decrees, however, once put in execution, could not be opposed by any constitutional authority; and this gave him, practically, through the instrumentality of local chiefs who courted his favour or dreaded his anger, the power of oppressing individuals, despoiling them of their property, or putting them to death upon various false accusations.

Of these pretexts for destroying an obnoxious or merely wealthy person, and confiscating his riches, the most frequent was, and still is, the accusation of witchcraft. Our own Shakspeare has represented King Richard III. sending Lord Hastings to the block for this alleged crime of sorcery, and English

history furnishes many other instances of much later date. In the Zulu Kingdom, it seems to be frightfully common, so that a "tagati" or wizard is the type of execrable wickedness; and no pity is felt, among the people of all classes, for any man, however blameless in his general conduct, against whom this terrible indictment is uttered by those of superior rank. The cases are numerous in which it has been used to gratify royal cupidity by getting possession of herds of cattle, slaves, and women, and of the forfeited lands belonging to an unfortunate rich man; and there is no appeal from the King's judgment in these cases. A class of witch-finders called the "inyanga,"—that word properly denoting persons of scientific, technical, or professional skill, such as doctors of medicine,—are employed to "smell out" the male witches, suspected to be working mischief all over the country. They also bear the appellation of "izanusu,"—that is, diviners or soothsayers. We seem here again to be reminded of a good old English precedent, the like office attributed to one "Matthew Hopkins, the Witch-finder," who is said to have stood high in the confidence of our British Solomon, King James the First. There have been many human lives sacrificed to this dark superstition in our Protestant Christian country; and it is to be hoped

the Zulus will not be so long as we have been in learning to know better.

Many other social institutions and customs of the Zulu nation seem to have acquired, in the long reign of Panda, a degree of fixity, which makes it fitting to notice them in the present chapter. As military service is compulsory for all males in the population, none are permitted to marry without the King's express sanction, which is granted to whole regiments at once, and not till they are past middle age. They are then ordered to take for wives the daughters of the men composing older regiments of the army. As for the younger men, they live in a state of dependent pupilage, forming large communities of celibate soldiery, under the immediate care of the Indunas and other feudal lords, who provide for their maintenance.

The agricultural and other industrial labours of the country are mostly performed by the women; but men do not disdain the task of milking cows, which is esteemed rather as a kind of recreation, the practice being to suck the cow's udder with the mouth, and to discharge the milk, by mouthfuls, into the pail. Few of the young men will condescend to dig or hoe the fields, to sow or gather in a crop of maize, and none will grind corn or weave mats; but the building of

houses, or huts, and of fenced kraals, and the making of weapons, are considered men's work.

A Zulu, when allowed to marry, takes as many wives as he can afford to buy ; the "ukulobola," or purchase-money of a wife, being fixed by law at so many cattle, according to the rank of her parents. He is not allowed to sell her to another man, and he is obliged to treat her with due respect, providing a separate hut for each wife in his patriarchal establishment, as among the Mormons of Utah. The condition, therefore, of the married women is less degraded and miserable than that of the girls, who are compelled to give themselves to elderly husbands without any choice in the matter. If they refuse to marry at the King's order, and especially if they are detected in love affairs with the young men not yet allowed to marry, these unhappy maidens are put to death. The laws against unchastity, both for the married and the unmarried of either sex, are severely enforced. Upon the whole, Zulu Land in its social organisation realises the ancient Spartan ideal of discipline more completely, and with more consistent cruelty, than any other State in modern times.

There are twenty or more Royal kraals, or soldier-pens, which are standing camps enclosed by a stockade, each containing some hundreds of warriors ; the

King's chief kraal has three or four thousand. The enclosure is of a circular form, taking in a pretty large field ; the outer fence, which may be ten feet high, is constructed of wattles firmly twisted together. Rows of huts for the men occupy the greater part of the ground, eight or ten inmates finding room in each hut. At the upper side, behind another hedge of wattles, is the "isogodhlo," or harem and domestic abode of the chief, who has the government of the kraal ; here are the houses of his wives, and huts for his slaves. His cattle are penned in a circular enclosure, which is usually placed in the centre of the grand circle. There is but one gate of entrance and egress, at the lower side of the kraal, opposite the chief's dwelling. This plan of construction is said to be uniformly observed in all the military villages of Zulu Land. The huts require a brief description ; they are commonly built by fixing in the ground a number of pliant reeds or poles in a circle, and then bringing their top ends together at the summit, where they are fastened with strips of hide, or ropes of fibre. The poles do not stand upright and parallel, but obliquely crossing each other, at regular intervals, where they are firmly tied at the intersecting points, which gives to the whole framework the consistent strength of a basket, in the regular form of a bee-hive ; and its base is further



secured by attachment to stout posts set deep in the earth all round. The walls are filled in with clay, both inside and out; the floor is also composed of clay, stamped or beaten down, smoothed and polished by rubbing with large pebbles. It is not at all an uncomfortable or unsightly dwelling, though affording but a single room for the accommodation of the family. In the centre is a basin, with a raised margin, to serve as a fire-place. The door is formed of a suspended hurdle interwoven with wattles; and screens of the same material divide one compartment of the interior from another. To the left of the entrance is a raised platform, occupied by the women and children; and herdsmen are wont to use this space for the shelter of their calves or lambs at night from inclement weather. Here are kept the grindstones, the cooking utensils, the pots of milk and stores of grain, in charge of the women of the household. Their simple finery of gala dress, carefully tied up in bags to preserve it from being spoiled by the dust and smoke of the fire, hangs on the walls of the dwelling. The opposite or right-hand side is appropriated to the master of the house and his male companions, with a partition between his apartment and that of the women. It is the repository, in like manner, of his personal chattels, his shield and spears, his rifle or musket, his hatchet, knife, and

drinking-cup, with the plumes of feathers, and the apron of wild-cat skins, or similar articles, which make up his warlike attire. Such are the habitations and domestic arrangements of the Zulu people, from a mere inspection of which the character of their social life is readily perceived. The females are little better than slaves, however kindly treated by their husbands and fathers; the men alone, and these only when they have attained middle age, are in any sense their own masters, subject to the authority of their feudal chiefs, and to that of the king. The wealth of a man consists of his cattle and his daughters, equally available as so much stock for sale to the best bidder; and the more wives he owns, still taking fresh girls or young women into his household, if he be rich enough, to the end of his life, the more daughters he expects to rear, and to sell for more cattle. This is truly patriarchal, and not less abominable, as I am sure my fair readers will agree; but it is simply the truth about the Zulus and many other Kaffirs and African nations. Polygamy among the Turks has been a theme of frequent discussion, and its social effects are no doubt very bad; the Moslem, however, unless it be the Sultan himself, is supposed to be content with four wives at once, whereas the Zulu paterfamilias may have any number at his own cost and risk. Indeed, a man with less than

four wives is scarcely looked on as a substantial citizen or gentleman of independent property and position.

The ordinary administration of judicial authority by the local chiefs, in all private cases, whether criminal or civil, between man and man, seems to be tolerably uniform; but the method of procedure has a rather tumultuous aspect. The chief having taken his seat in the middle of the kraal, the contending plaintiff and defendant, each with his kinsmen and friends, appear at its farthest verge on the opposite sides. One party, while yet at a great distance, or even from outside the enclosure, shout out all with one voice, "I complain!" The others reply, "Thou complainest? against whom dost thou complain?" The prosecutors then name the accused party, Ngungwana or Mahlatini, or whoever he may chance to be; the others demand to know his offence; both parties are gradually drawing nearer to the central seat of justice. The distinct pleas or counts of the indictment are thus announced, by many tongues on each side, in the hearing of the whole popular assembly, before any notice is taken by the presiding judge. Indeed, he does not appear to mind it at all, but sits quiet on his mat, or even lies down and shuts his eyes, as though he were asleep. When the two conflicting parties

stand before the tribunal, its business of inquiry is taken in hand by several assistants, whose number is not limited, chosen from the respectable householders of the kraal or village. They ask questions of the witnesses who are put forward, invite the spokesmen on either side to address the court, and freely comment upon the statements that are made, and upon the merits of the case. Every person is allowed to have his say ; the audience, including partisans of both plaintiff and defendant, standing at a respectful distance, may interpose with assertions of fact or expressions of opinion. This grows and gathers into a shouted popular verdict, or more probably, two opposing verdicts ; the chief men in the central group signifying, after much private conference, their respective assent or dissent. At last, the Induna or other presiding magnate, who has remained in a seeming passive insensibility during the whole trial, gets up and retires into his secluded abode at the upper side of the kraal. He is supposed there to engage in profound meditation, and to consult the divine oracles ; these are more especially supplied by the spirits of deceased ancestors, the "amahloze" or "isitunzi," which enter into the bodies of serpents to convey wisdom to their human disciples. For the same reason, snake-skins are worn, as ornaments and spells

of mystic force, upon the head and breast of the inyanga or priest, and of the king or the Induna when he is dispensing justice. He comes forth, after a short time, and gives his judgment or sentence upon the case, most likely agreeing with the verdict already passed by the majority of councillors or jurymen, who are apt to fall in with the popular sentiment loudly heard from the multitude round about them.

The Zulus are very fond of litigation and disputation, in which they exercise an amount of intellectual activity and subtlety that is highly characteristic of this race, as further shown by the extreme refinement of their language, its precision of grammatical forms and facility of making compound words being scarcely inferior to the Greek. They delight in elaborate sophistry, and will spend whole days in this logical pastime, discussing law or politics, while regaling their nostrils with huge quantities of snuff, like the Scottish Highlanders of a former time, before civilization and the Kirk had changed the state of North Britain.

I will conclude this chapter with some further account of the manners and customs of the Zulus at home; as well as the peculiarities in their language that have been instanced to prove their high intellectual capacity, however debased and abused by gross superstition. The well-known Bishop of Natal, the

Right Rev. Dr. Colenso, has, from his first introduction to that See, borne witness to the powers of thought with which they are naturally gifted. He lays much stress upon the adequate significance of the words he found in use among the natives, different from those given them by the missionaries, to denote the Supreme Deity; "Umkulunkulu," the Great-great One, or the Infinite; "Umvelinquange," the First Existing or Coming-forth, that is to say, the Original; but the name "I-tongo," or Supreme Lord, is said to belong to the deified spirit of a deceased mortal hero, their imagined common ancestor. The Zulus have given to Bishop Colenso himself, since they became acquainted with his office and teaching, the names of "Sobantu," which is Father of the People; and "Sokululeka," or Father of the Great Raising Up, which refers to the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection. Every person of rank and gentility is thus invested with at least one descriptive name, title of praise, or merely inoffensive nickname, which is generally used instead of his proper name. The origin of this singular custom is, that a chief's wives and other women of his family are forbidden to speak of him by his proper name, and they must necessarily either use his public title, if he has one, or else invent a name descriptive of his person and habits, or commemorative of some incident in his

life. Such names are soon learnt by the children, and continue in use throughout a whole generation. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, for example, has been known to the Zulus only as "Somtseu" during more than thirty years past. Upon the death of a royal personage, it is made the law, by way of showing respect for the memory of the deceased, that no one shall pronounce his name, or any word associated with it, during the lifetime of his successor, as perpetual chief mourner. The funeral of Umnandi, King Chaka's mother, has been referred to as an occasion upon which, in the atrocious rites of the State religion, thousands of human victims were sacrificed, together with myriads of oxen; and the cultivation of the soil, the use of milk as food, and the maternal duties of womanhood, were prohibited under capital penalties during the next year. This interdict, however, was presently commuted for a wholesale offering of cattle. But so long as Chaka reigned, it was death to mention the name of Umnandi, which in the Zulu tongue means "nice" or "sweet," and the word "mtote," though much less expressive, had to be used instead. The prohibition, likewise, of the word "panda," which signifies "root," after the demise of his late majesty, who was, properly speaking, "Umpanda," that is to say, "The Root," has proved somewhat inconvenient,

because there are many other words derived from it, or allied to it, such as "to dig," and "a cave or hole in the earth," which one dares not utter now. For the rest, Zulus have the use of their tongues and their brains, in general talk, as freely as any people, and their remarks are generally shrewd enough. The Zulu grammar has been set before philologists, by Mr. Grout and others, in treatises which are within reach of the curious student. They inform us that the language has eight declensions of the noun substantive, each with its own case-formations, and signs of the singular and plural. The verb, with all its tenses and moods, expressing the relations of time and contingency, is said to be a beautiful instrument of thought. The system of representing a variety of definite modifications of the sense in which a word is applied, by means of a series of prefixed or affixed syllables, has also been found worthy of commendation. It may assist the reader to comprehend and recollect Zulu proper names, those of persons and places, if he will observe that the prefix "Um," sometimes pronounced and written "M," is the singular definite article "The ;" so that the Volosi and Voti rivers, for instance, are called "Umvolosi" and "Umvoti;" and Panda's name is properly "Mpanda," or "The Root." The plural of nouns admitting this form of singular "the"



is made by the prefix "ama;" thus "umtagati," the sorcerer, becomes "amatagati," the sorcerers; but in another declension, where the noun begins with a vowel letter, as "inyanga," a priest or doctor, the plural is "isinyanga." The personal pronoun, I, is "saku," which some learned philologist may possibly connect with "ego," or its Sanscrit derivative; and the pronoun of the second person is "U," which sounds very much like "you." So that the poor ignorant Zulus, speaking as between man and man, use the identical words of our most cultivated and classical languages; and they even presume to say "Wetu," as it were in modest self-assertion, "We too," in cases where the people of England say "We." The worst fault in the Zulu Kaffir language, as in others of South Africa, is that it has borrowed from the aboriginal Hottentots the disagreeable clicking sound, produced in three different ways by smartly thrusting the tongue against the palate, the roots of the front teeth, and the side teeth, which does not come readily, in either of its variations, to be written by consonants of the European alphabet. The first letter of the present Zulu King's proper name, "Cetewayo" or "Ketchwhy," as it is differently spelt, may be adduced as an instance of this linguistic difficulty; but after all, the "clicks" are not of frequent occur-

rence, and the ordinary flow of Zulu talk is as liquid and melodious as that of Italian.

The Zulu people have a profuse abundance of figurative epithets, used by way of compliment or flattery, in accordance with the ceremonious and pompous courtesy of their manners towards the King and peers of the realm. "Inkosi," which is simply "Lord" or "Sir," belongs to the ordinary dignity of a gentleman, and every white man among the Zulus expects to be so addressed; but a missionary, clergyman, or teacher, bears the professional title of "Umfundisi." The King is addressed in various ways of expressing what we mean by "Your Majesty;" but the favourite appellation is "Ndabezita," or "Breaker-in-pieces of the enemies." His presence must always be hailed with a loud cry of "Bayete!" which form of salutation is likewise accorded to other persons of rank. Common phrases of politeness are such as "Hamba kahle," "Walk in comfort," said to a visitor on his going away, to which he replies "Tsala kahle," "Sit in comfort;" and indeed, they have a very fair idea of courteous behaviour to each other, as well as to superiors and strangers.

There is no Zulu literature that I know of, even in oral preservation, though some legendary epic of gods and heroes may have existed and been forgotten.

The King's court, upon grand festival occasions, is attended by a set of bards or rhapsodists, who exert their poetic imagination to multiply his extravagant titles of praise, with an affected fury of enthusiastic adulation, pouring out the most fantastic epithets, "Thou Black and Beautiful! thou Tall and Straight! thou Heavy Elephant, thou Ravenous Hyæna! thou Devourer, thou Waster, thou Smasher, thou Lovely Monster of Resistless Might! thou Destroyer of the Amaswazi, the Amatonga, and all the nations round about! Keenly eying the herds of men and cattle, fiercely killing and snatching what Thou wilt, upsetting the ancient race of Kings, catching with a noose the feet of Thine enemies, covering with death all foes at home and abroad, rapaciously eating up the world! Thou mighty Son of I-Tongo! Like the Zulu, the Heaven on High, Thou art shining in splendour, or shedding rain and hail from Thy clouds, or breaking upon us in the fearful thunderstorm!" The above is a pretty faithful translation of one of their preposterous hymns, omitting some tedious repetitions and allusions to the historic victories of Chaka and Dingaan. Such compositions are styled "isibongo," and furnish the most approved entertainment at the Zulu Court; they seem not less to be the orthodox kind of religious worship; for in this

heathen Empire, as in that of the Cæsars, the political and military despot's throne stands for the altar of their God; the shrine of visible and tangible Force, and of arbitrary self-will; undoubtedly the final result of every immoral superstition.

There are no regular temples, or stated ordinances of public prayer, except those superintended by Royalty, and the solemnities appointed for certain seasons of the year, at which the King, as Arch-Pontiff, takes the leading part. The 1st day of January, being Midsummer day, is dedicated to the great national festival of U-kwechwana, a kind of harvest thanksgiving for the crop of "mealies" or maize, which is now ripe to be gathered, fit for roasting or boiling. There is a grand muster and review of the troops, and it is at this period that some of the soldiers of older regiments are permitted to retire, or to marry, after a careful inspection by the King. His Majesty then proceeds to perform a series of sacrificial and propitiatory acts in honour of his deified ancestors, whose souls are ever present, either inhabiting serpent bodies, or hovering about him in the viewless air. A choice bull of the royal herds is slaughtered by a party of young men, who must capture and kill the animal with their hands alone, I suppose killing it by strangling, as they are forbidden

to use either a rope, a knife, or a club or spear. The King hereupon comes forward, dancing and singing with much gravity in the modes prescribed by ritualistic law, invokes the gods of his hereditary observance, pretends to see the apparition of their spectral faces, and reports their message of benediction to the assembled people. He calls upon I-Tongo, the Father and Master of the human race, once a living mortal man upon earth; the ghosts of deceased monarchs and heroes, of Jama and Senzagacona, and the conquering warrior Chaka, founder of the Zulu Empire, of the nation, and of the reigning dynasty; these models of martial prowess, authors of Zulu glory and prosperity, lions and elephants in formidable power among the inferior creatures, are still adored in Zulu Land. May they send down from Heaven, that celestial region called "Zulu," the blessings of a plentiful harvest, that the soldiers may eat and be strong for the noble work of war! This is the purport of the King's yearly prayer, on behalf of his State and subjects; and then he crushes open a gourd or calabash, which is a token that the new year has commenced.

The religious observances which are customary upon minor occasions do not greatly differ from those common to African heathendom in general. Ceremonial purification, as with most other barbarous and

superstitious nations, is strictly attended to, especially by the mourners and kindred of a person who has lately died. This rite is performed by sprinkling with gall taken from the gall-bladder of a calf; but the animal's side must be ripped open, and the bladder torn out while the beast is yet living. Such bladders are frequently worn as a talisman or safeguard against evil spirits. It is evident that, whatever gods the Zulus may have in their own country, they have plenty of devils, and there is, perhaps, not much to choose between them. All this is most pitiable, but such is the condition of savage Africa; only here and there, at the station of a Christian missionary, Protestant or French Catholic, English or German or Swedish, gleams the light of divine truth, with the spirit of a pure morality, to guide and cheer a little flock of converts gathered out of vast heathen populations. Within the pale of British colonial dominion, it may have been possible to effect a moral and social reformation by the correct administration of suitable laws for that purpose. The chances of this experiment in the province of Natal will be our next subject of consideration.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NATAL AND ZULUS UNDER BRITISH RULE.

Vast influx of Zulus into Natal, to escape their marriage laws.—No increase of European population.—Dangerous disproportion of the races.—History of British government in Natal.—Departure of the Dutch.—Their grievances.—Principles of Natal administration since 1848.—A nursery of Kaffir laws, manners, and customs, under British rule.—His Excellency the Supreme Chief of Zulu tribes.—Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, Native Affairs Secretary.—A Protectorate of natives, but not a Colony.

THE acquisition or formal adoption of this province by the British Government, thirty-three years ago, has drawn upon England the increasing responsibility of managing and instructing one half of the Zulu nation, leaving the other half, so far as we have yet gone, to the tender mercies of their own King. It was not contemplated at the outset that such a tremendous task would be thrown upon the singularly isolated ruling authorities of a remote and infant colony, which has never yet possessed 25,000 inhabitants of European race. The immigration of native Africans has been more than tenfold that of British

and other civilized settlers, a difficulty which nobody foresaw in the last generation. Its cause will already have been made apparent to my readers, from the peculiar social condition of the adjacent Zulu Kingdom, as established by Chaka and Dingaan, the domestic evils of which had not been redressed under the pacific but indolent reign of Panda. The great hardship was and continues to be felt by the mass of the people in Zulu Land with intolerable severity; I mean, the restrictions on marriage and the imposition of forced marriage, by the King's orders, dealing wholesale with all the manhood and womanhood of the nation, as in an ideal Spartan Commonwealth, for the mere maintenance of a standing army; a system of universal military conscription for life-long service, as it affects the male population, combined with absolute confiscation of the female youth to reward veteran soldiery in the breeding of recruits! It is shocking enough in reality, though ancient philosophers have entertained this notion, or something like it, as matter of complacent fancy in their visionary political inventions. At any rate, it has been the main grievance from which many thousands and tens of thousands of Zulu men and women have fled into the neighbouring British territory. Another large portion of the African immigrants, especially in the



first period of Dutch and English settlement, consisted of the remnants of broken tribes formerly dwelling in this country, but which had been dispersed by Chaka, or carried away into captivity, as the Jews were transported to a foreign land by Nebuchadnezzar, and came back after seventy years. These Zulu families, as well as those of other Kaffir nations gathered within the British pale, have been much more prolific, thriving in safety, than they would have been in the outer social wilderness; and the result is an embarrassing disproportion of black men to white.

By the latest statistical returns, Natal contains but 22,654 people of European race, including some Dutch and a few Germans; 290,000 Africans, mostly Zulus; and nearly 13,000 Indian coolies, imported to work in the sugar plantations of the sea coast. This is nearly a reverse proportion to that which exists between the two different races in New Zealand, where about 400,000 English, rapidly and steadily increasing, stand beside a fast dwindling remnant of the Maories, less than a tenth of the number just mentioned. And the European population of Natal remains almost stationary from one decade of years to another; while that of New Zealand, by the willing emigration of thousands of the English middle and

working classes, again and again doubles itself in the same period of time. Natal is altogether backward in the race of colonisation, despite its great natural advantages, a situation about half the distance that New Zealand is from Great Britain, a fertile soil, a genial climate, and the probability of mineral wealth. These attractions have been fatally overborne, in the estimation of those seeking a field of employment for capital and labour, by the actual presence, within the colony and on its borders, of uncivilised natives, to the number of 750,000, whose loyalty and friendliness cannot be certainly relied on. As an element of industrial prosperity, the Zulu Kaffirs in this British province have not yet contributed any material share to the development of its resources; for they generally decline any kind of field or plantation work on hire, though many will engage in household service, or take charge of horses and waggons. The great majority, in Natal as in Zulu Land, support themselves by means of their own herds of cattle, occupying a large extent of the available pasture grounds, so that the agricultural settlement of Europeans cannot easily go beyond certain limits. It is in the low-lying strip of territory along the sea-shore, which has a semi-tropical climate, that the productive capabilities of Natal are more readily utilised with a tolerable

chance of profit. Sugar, with the aid of Asiatic coolie hands, instead of native African, is cultivated here as well as in the island of Mauritius; coffee, arrowroot, and cotton will grow, but it is doubtful if they will pay. These economic and social conditions of Natal will perhaps be deemed to have a certain bearing upon questions of intercolonial policy, and its relations to other South African States, which are to be discussed hereafter.

The Dutch Boers who assisted Panda, in 1840, to make himself King of Zulu Land, for which service they took his cession of Natal to them, were not permitted to enjoy what he assumed the power to give. British subjects had settled on the sea-coast many years before, and it was in 1835 that Port Durban received its name from Sir Benjamin Durban, then Governor of the Cape Colony. The succeeding governor, Sir George Napier, moreover regarded those Dutchmen who had left the older provinces, to wander off beyond the Orange and the Vaal and the Drakensberg, as still amenable to British jurisdiction. He therefore, as soon as they descended into the Natal Country, denounced their occupation thereof as "unwarrantable," and sent a company of the 72nd Highlanders, with a dozen artillerymen, under Major Charters and Captain Jervis, to hold the sea-port.

This was shortly before the overthrow of Dingaan by the Boers and Panda in the adjacent Zulu Kingdom. The Dutch in Natal protested that they were a free and independent people, and that the country did not belong to the English, as, indeed, it had once been in the temporary possession of Holland so far back as 1760. Captain Jervis was ordered to withdraw, bidding them a friendly good-bye, at the end of the year 1839, when they naturally supposed that the British claim to Natal would no longer be maintained. They did not hesitate, therefore, by virtue of the cession obtained from Panda a few weeks later, to hoist the flag of a Natalian Dutch Republic; and they sent to Cape Town a memorial, asking for Queen Victoria's formal recognition of the new independent State. It is to be observed that Sir George Napier had expressly disavowed any intention to annex this territory to the British colonial dominions, and had declared the military occupation of its shore to be of a temporary character. The Dutchmen had this excuse for their conduct, and it had been ruled by some legal authorities that, when they quitted the old Cape Colony for lands beyond the British frontiers, they were free to live as they pleased. Notwithstanding these arguments, the British Government, urged on by Cape Town merchants and colonists jealous of

the Boers, resolved to assert and to enforce its claim to Natal, after seeming to give it up. A body of some 500 troops, with two guns, under Captain T. B. Smith, was landed in May, 1842, and was opposed to a nearly equal force of Dutch militia, each party holding its own fortified camp. The Boers got rather the best of it, knowing the ground and having plenty of provisions; the English soldiers, driven back from a sally, were soon closely besieged. They were almost starved out, but a message had been sent to the Cape, and relief came just in time, on the 24th of June. Two British ships of war, conveying 700 troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Josias Cloete, lay off the harbour. The Dutchmen retreated up the country to their new capital of Pietermaritzburg. They were followed by Colonel Cloete, but he had no more fighting to do. Their Volksraad, or popular Legislative Assembly, voted an Act of submission, upon the promise that their lands and property should be secured to them. In the following year, her Majesty's Government proceeded to establish a new civil administration of Natal. Its principles were signified to the Boers and other colonists, in a proclamation forbidding any aggression upon the native race, abolishing slavery and pledging the Government to equal justice for black men and white, for Englishmen and Dutchmen

alike. A special commissioner, Judge Cloete, was appointed to examine the land claims, and on the 12th of May, 1843, Natal was finally declared a British Colony.

The object of her Majesty's Government, in the adoption of this political responsibility, was to provide for "the peace, protection, and salutary control of all classes of men settled at, and surrounding this important portion of South Africa." It would be difficult to find words that better set forth neither more nor less than the precise endeavours of Imperial British policy, during the past thirty-five years, with regard to all the Kaffir countries on the eastern and north-eastern sides of the Cape Colony. Her Majesty's Ministers have occasionally been misled, and have made a few serious mistakes in their transactions, both with the Boers and with the Kaffirs, while the Imperial Parliament, the press, and the people of England, have never been sufficiently instructed upon this subject. But there has been a sincere disposition, I feel sure, on the part of all the legislative and official authorities, and of the disinterested public, to carry out the laudable British undertaking of 1843; that is to say, the rule of Eastern South Africa, with its million and a half of Kaffirs, for the peace and welfare of the actual population. I would only remark here, by way of

reserved approval, that this is an Imperial Protectorate, but it is not Colonisation. We shall see the difference when we compare the results of such a policy in South Africa with the creation of new and prosperous English communities in North America and Australasia during no longer period. And it may then appear to be a question worth considering, in the interest of the British tax-paying public, how far it is right and wise for this country to assume an onerous and perilous responsibility for the control and protection of barbarous races all over the world, in territories which are not likely ever to become the abode of large numbers of English people.

Natal, the province thus deliberately selected for a political and philanthropic experiment which has proved rather costly, and is just now causing us not only vexation but alarm, has had a troublesome little history of its own since 1843. The first disappointment and embarrassment arose from the moody behaviour—and it was natural enough—of the defeated Boers. Their elective Volksraad, or House of Representatives, sitting at Pietermaritzburg, was still left, during two years subsequent to the British annexation, nominally in charge of civil and judicial affairs, while Major T. B. Smith held the military command. But the execution of their laws, and the

general public business of their community, were interfered with by various arbitrary regulations. The settlement of the colony was not merely impeded, but thrown into confusion by the uncertainty that prevailed as to the tenure of estates, the grants of new land, the legal conditions of servitude, and the location of native tribes. These matters indeed were fairly reported upon by Judge Cloete, himself a Dutchman of the Cape Colony, and a good servant of the Queen's Government: but neither the authorities at Cape Town, nor those at Westminster, could promptly understand how to deal with the peculiar exigencies of far-away Natal. So the Boers were thoroughly disgusted with British rule; and thousands of them presently loaded their waggons, in-spanned their oxen, calling the worst of the team by the opprobrious name of "England;" and trekked off westward again, by the road they had come five or six years before over the Drakensberg, to the high plains of the Orange and the Vaal. We shall there meet them again; and the reader may feel as much sympathy as a loyal and patriotic Englishman dares to acknowledge, for these poor, stout, bigoted, liberty-loving, surly Dutchmen, so often hunted up and down over the vast territories of South Africa, so repeatedly promised the quiet enjoyment of their bare independence, so peremptorily



turned out of one Free State after another. Englishmen would not like such treatment, if a small commonwealth of our race, detached from the Empire of Great Britain, chanced to be placed among the Spanish and Portuguese of South America, or adjacent to the French of Algiers. The Dutchman, even in Africa, is not devoid of that sturdy republican spirit of freedom, which he showed in the United Netherlands three centuries ago.

Our present concern is with those in Natal. Half of them, I have said, retraced their weary steps to the uplands of the interior region, there to experience new troubles, which are not yet ended, between the encompassing forces of English speculative enterprise on the one hand, and of native savagery on the other, jostling to and fro upon the Dutchman's ground. The leader of this secession was the celebrated Andries Pretorius, who had in vain travelled all the way to Graham's Town with their respectful appeal to the British Governor, then Sir Henry Pottinger, and had been denied an interview. The Boers complained of much in Natal, but chiefly that their estates and farms were taken away from them, and given to the Kaffirs, who were fast coming into the country since it rested under European protection. To explain this allegation, it should be observed that the British official regulations

since 1843 had disallowed private titles to land beyond two thousand acres ; whereas the ordinary size of a Boer's pasture-farm is six thousand acres, which is agreeable to his patriarchal manner of living, with his married sons and daughters around him, and with a large number of farm-servants, as well as to his method of grazing cattle. The compulsory surveying of estates, at their owners' or occupiers' private cost, was another regulation by the effect of which, though not so intended, many of the Boers were dispossessed, or at least disturbed, in the enjoyment of their property. These grievances were attended to after two or three years, but the injury had already been done, and the Dutch agriculturists were driven away from Natal because they could not live and thrive under a system that was incompatible with their familiar habits and customs. It is not the fact that they withdrew from British Colonial authority for the sake of reviving the practice of slavery, though attempts have been made in England to fix this accusation upon them. The laws successively established in each of the Dutch South African Republics with regard to enforced labour of natives were similar to those passed here in the reign of Queen Elizabeth for the restraint of mischievous vagrancy. They prohibited the Kaffirs from wandering unemployed about

the country, and infesting the vicinity of settlements ; while, to deprive them of excuse for thieving or begging, it was ordained that none should refuse to enter into the service of farmers who would give them food and wages. But this degree of subordination of the Kaffir race to European settlers, where the latter class were not English but Dutch, has always seemed very shocking to the humane sensibility of Exeter Hall benevolent and religious societies ; which easily persuaded themselves, for a time, that the institution referred to was identical with the negro slavery of our own West Indies. The Boers of Natal and the Transvaal were not planters of sugar, rice, or cotton, and did not want a host of enslaved field hands to work for them. They had the young men and boys of their own families, and the Hottentot servants who had followed them from the Cape, to help look after their cattle, which they would never have cared to entrust to Kaffirs. Nor would it have been possible ever to keep the Kaffirs in slavery, in a wide open country where escape to boundless interior space would be so easy for that nimble folk. Slaveholding was out of the question, upon any large scale, though it is not denied that native children, adopted or actually purchased from their parents, have commonly been held in a state of compulsory apprenticeship, most frequently

to household service, by the Transvaal Boers. So much ought fairly to be said for the purpose of removing a prejudice which might hinder our due comprehension of their history also in Natal.

The Dutch settlers, at any rate, were not guilty of having intruded into a land that was peopled by Kaffirs, and of having expelled its former native inhabitants. They found it, in 1837, empty, void, and waste, the mere lonely wilderness that the Zulu destroyer had made and left it. Judge Cloete states, in his report to the British Government, that there were only some 3000 natives then in the whole country, which is half the size of England, and two-thirds of these were around the seaport, living under foreign protection ; the poor remainder were scattered and perishing of hunger. But the Dutchmen came down with their flocks and herds, their waggons and horses, their families brought up to Christian peace and charity, their strict paternal rule on Bible principles, Old Testament Puritans as they were, with their habits of thrifty industry, to occupy this desolate natural paradise ; and what happened next ? The Zulus, eager to quit the neighbouring domain of their own tyrant, swarmed into Natal, as we are told, eighty or a hundred thousand of them in two or three years ; so glad were the poor people to find

shelter among these very Dutch Boers, who are sometimes accused of habitual cruelty! The Boers sought in vain from the British Government some effectual defence against this embarrassing influx of Zulus and Basutos, which interfered with agricultural and pastoral business, and often threatened the safety of their lives and property. Their Volksraad, when many farms had been abandoned in despair and the whole colony seemed on the verge of ruin, passed an ordinance requiring all the Zulus to depart within fourteen days across either the north or the south frontier. Major Smith, obeying the orders of the Cape Government, refused to act in execution of this decree. It was proposed by the British officials to take a different course with the natives, dividing them into bodies of ten or twelve thousand each, to be located in various parts of the country. The Boers unanimously rejected this plan, which they believed would surely end in a terrible war of races, as the several native communities would find their respective leaders of revolt, and would then join in a combined insurrection. Pretorius solemnly warned the Government that it was delivering up the province to a future reign of general havoc, slaughter, robbery, and conflagration. His remonstrance was met with cold supercilious indifference, and the Boers resolved

to quit Natal for ever. But in those very days, though not in time to forestall this determination, a new Governor and High Commissioner arrived at Capetown, to supersede Sir Henry Pottinger. It was the famous Sir Harry Smith, of whom I have related some anecdotes in my commentary upon the past Kaffir wars. In February, 1848, Sir Harry visited the province of Natal. He met the emigrant party of Boers, three or four hundred large families, at the Tugela Drift, in very inclement weather, men, women, and children huddled together without proper shelter from the rain, on their way up to the Transvaal. The warm-hearted veteran soldier, in an official despatch relating this event, deploras their wretched misery, which he had never seen equalled, said he, except in Massena's invasion of Portugal, by the sudden flight of the population there. He felt for the manly grief of so many husbands and fathers assembled to speak to him, with tears of woe, and to tell him of their disasters in Natal; "the causes," they said, "which have led us to abandon our houses, our standing crops, the fruit-gardens we have planted with our own hands; and why we are seeking a home in the wilderness." Sir Harry Smith, if he could not persuade all these afflicted emigrants to return, exerted his authority in Natal on behalf of those

who might be content to stay. A new land commission was appointed, and the regulations were modified; the Kaffir allotments were separated from the estates held by white men; an efficient police was established to check robbery and other Kaffir disorders. The erection of Dutch churches and schools, with stipends for their ministers and teachers, was liberally promised. These and other wise measures of Government unhappily came too late, after five years of neglect, almost of misrule, to allay their disaffection. A brief passage of civil war that summer, in the Orange River Territory, with the memorable fight of Boomplaats on the 28th of August, secured the political ascendancy of Great Britain. It remained for the British authorities of Natal, having undisputed possession, to see what they could do with the great Native difficulty. Let us see what they have done.

The administration of this remote north-eastern province was, in 1848, taken away from the Cape-town government, which has never been competent or trustworthy to deal with interests so far separate from its proper charge, and so dissimilar to those of the Old Cape Colony. A Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, Mr. Martin West, was appointed, with a Colonial Secretary, a Surveyor General, and an Attorney-General, forming both an Executive and

Legislative Council. The Provincial Government has, until within the last few months of 1878, been directly responsible to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. But it is subordinate to the Queen's High Commissioner in South Africa, who is the Governor of the Cape Colony, and who has the command of all military and naval forces, and the conduct of affairs with foreign and native tribes.

With regard to the native tribes within the pale, whose condition we are now to examine, it was directed, by the letters patent creating the Natal Government in 1848, that their social organisation, such as it was in a state of barbarism, should not be altered by the interference of British authority; that no law, custom, or usage prevailing among them should be stopped, "except so far as the same might be repugnant to the general principles of humanity." This was quite an original idea, that we should allow a wild nation to live as they pleased, only forbidding them murder and other atrocious crimes, even when perpetrated in obedience to their own notions of duty and religion. The Zulu Kaffirs were not to be forced to comply with any of the customs and practices of what we call European or Christian civilisation. They were only expected to refrain, within the British frontier, from acts of gross in-



humanity, which is supposed to mean bodily cruelty, wanton slaughter, torture, and mutilation. "Native law," in all other respects, was generally endorsed by the authority of the British Government. The ancient tribal polity of Kaffirdom was to be upheld for its administration by the hereditary petty chiefs, who were recognized as magistrates and judges. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor was invested with the dignity of Supreme Chief of the Natal Zulus. A Secretary for Native Affairs was next created, by whom this singular power has been exercised, with little intermission, till about two years ago. This gentleman was Mr. Shepstone, now Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., one of the most remarkable public men that ever held office in the British dominions. The son of a Wesleyan missionary stationed near Capetown, and having been brought up from early childhood in frequent converse with native Africans, he was attached, while yet a boy, in the capacity of interpreter, to Sir Benjamin Durban's staff, and afterwards to that of Sir Andreas Stockenström, in the Kaffir wars. When the Fingoes, after the war of 1834, numbering about 17,000, released from slavery, were located in the district between the Keiskamma and the Great Fish River, they were conducted thither in charge of Theophilus

Shepstone. He was intimately acquainted with the different languages of Kaffirland, having studied their grammar to assist in translations of the Bible for their use. In 1846 he was sent to Natal, where he has been ever since in official employment. He had the credit of being the only trustworthy European official capable of exerting a beneficial control over all the native tribes, both in the northern and southern districts, and securing the continued goodwill of the Zulu Kings.

Thirty years have passed over the separate Provincial Government and the sequestered little English community of Natal. Though it has made slight progress, it has suffered but one serious disturbance from 1848 to 1879, yet its annals have not been uneventful. The broad shield of Imperial power has been held over this handful of our countrymen, and over the collected myriads of Zulus, at least fifteen times the number of English, keeping off external interference. Internal quiet, with the solitary exception just referred to, that of the Langalibalele affair in 1873, has been preserved under the management of Sir T. Shepstone. This is a great blessing, and if our Natal Government has no other function than that of a Protectorate, to keep black and white men from killing one another, we ought to be perfectly