

bestowed on us many gifts, by giving us all the knowledge of arts and manufactures, yet they had kept from us the greatest of gifts, a good black skin : for this did not necessitate the wearing of clothes to hide the white skin, which was not pleasant to the eye. He well knew that for a black skin we would give all we were worth, our arts and manufactures. He then asked what use was made of the hides of the oxen slaughtered in our country. When I told him that they were made into shoes and other articles which I could not distinctly explain, he exclaimed that this was another proof of the unkindness of our forefathers, who had obliged us to protect our feet with hides, for which there was no necessity—whilst the forefathers of the natives had shown that the hide should be used as a more handsome and serviceable article, a shield. This changed the conversation to the superiority of their arms, which, he said, were in many ways more advantageous than our muskets. The shield, he argued, if dipped into water previous to an attack, would be sufficient to prevent the effect of a ball fired whilst they were at a distance, and in the interval of loading they would come up to us at close quarters : we, having no shields, would drop our guns and attempt to run ; and, as we could not run as fast as his soldiers, we must all inevitably fall into their hands. I found it impossible to confute his arguments, as I had no acquaintance with his language, and his interpreter, on whom I had to depend, would not have dared to use strong arguments in opposition to the king. I was obliged, therefore, to accept all his decisions. * * * I remained till late in the evening, conversing on different matters relating to England. He placed the worst construction on everything, and did this in the presence of his subjects, ridiculing all our manners and customs, though he did this in perfect good humour. He would listen with the greatest attention, when none of his people were with us, and then could not help acknowledging our superiority. He expressed, however, his aversion to our mode of punishing for some crimes by imprisonment, which he said must be the most horrid pain that man could endure. If he were guilty, why not punish the deed with death. If suspicion only attached to the individual, let him go free ;

his arrest would be a sufficient warning for the future. This argument had risen from the circumstance of his interpreter having been taken prisoner and sent to Robben Island, and through him, therefore, it was out of my power to explain how wishful we are to save the lives of the innocent, and in how few instances life was despised by its possessor. I had to give way as before.

The following day was spent in dancing, and this was kept up till the evening. Having spent the afternoon in reading, I was induced to take another peep at the dancers. As it was dark when I came, the king ordered a number of people to hold up bundles of dried reeds, kept burning, to give light to the scene. I had not been there many minutes when I heard a shriek : and the lights were immediately extinguished. Then followed a general bustle and a cry. Having left Jacob (as I shall henceforth call the interpreter) and Michael, the Hottentot, at the hut, I endeavoured to ask of every one who would give me a hearing what was the occasion of this extraordinary commotion. I found at length that Tshaka, while dancing, had been stabbed. I immediately turned away to call Michael, whom I found at no great distance, shouting and giving the burrah, mistaking the confusion for some merriment. I immediately told him what I had heard, and sent him to prepare a lamp, and to bring some camomile, the only medicine I had by me. I also desired him to send the interpreter. The bustle and confusion was all this time very great. Jacob and Michael arriving we proceeded to Tshaka's hut in the palace, where we supposed him to be. Jacob, joining in the general uproar fell down in a fit, so that now I could ask no questions or gain information as to where Tshaka was. I attempted to gain admittance into his hut. There was a crowd round it. My lamp was put out. The women of the seraglio pulled me, some one way, some another: they were in a state of madness. The throng still increasing, and the uproar, with shrieks and cries, becoming dreadful, my situation was awkward and unpleasant in the extreme. Just as I was making another attempt to enter the hut, in which I supposed the king to be, a man, carrying some lighted reeds, attempted to drag me away, and on my refusal to accompany him * * he made a second effort to

pull me along, and was then assisted by another. I thought it best to see the result, and, if anything were intended against myself, to make the best of it. I walked with them for about five minutes, and my fears and suspicions were then relieved, for I saw the king in a kraal immediately near. I at once washed the wound with camomile-tea and bound it up with linen. He had been stabbed with an assagai through the left arm, and the blade had passed through the ribs under the left breast. It must have been due to mere accident that the wound had not penetrated the lungs, but it made the king spit blood. His own doctor, who appeared to have a good knowledge in wounds, gave him a vomit, and afterwards repeated doses of purging medicine, and continually washed the wound with decoctions of cooling roots. He also probed the wound to ascertain whether any poison had been used on the assagai. Tshaka cried nearly the whole night, expecting that only fatal consequences would ensue. The crowd had now increased so much that the noise of their shrieks was unbearable.

Morning showed a horrid sight in a clear light. I am satisfied that I cannot describe the scene in any words that would be of force to convey an impression to any reader sufficiently distinct of that hideous scene. Immense crowds of people were constantly arriving, and began their shouts when they came in sight of the kraal, running and exerting their utmost powers of voice as they entered it. They joined those already there, pulling one another about, throwing themselves down, without heeding how they fell, men and women indiscriminately. Many fainted from over-exertion and excessive heat. The females of the seraglio more particularly were in very great distress, having over-exerted themselves during the night, suffering from the stifling hot air, choked by the four brass collars fitting tight round their necks, so that they could not turn their heads, and faint from want of nourishment, which they did not dare to touch. Several of them died. Finding their situation so distressing, and there being no one to offer them relief, I procured a quantity of water and threw it over them as they fell, till I was myself so tired as to be obliged to desist. Then, however, they made some

attempt to help each other. All this time I had been so busily employed as not to see the most sickening part of the tragical scene. They had begun to kill one another. Some were put to death because they did not weep, others for putting spittle into their eyes, others for sitting down to cry, although strength and tears, after such continuous exertion and mourning, were wholly exhausted. We then understood that six men had been wounded by the same assassins who wounded Tshaka. From the road they took it was supposed that they had been sent by Zuedi, King of the Endwandwe, who was Tshaka's only powerful enemy. Accordingly two regiments were sent at once in search of the aggressors.

In the meanwhile the medicines which Mr. Farewell had promised to send had been received. They came very opportunely, and Tshaka was much gratified. I now washed his wound frequently, and gave him mild purgatives. I dressed his wounds with ointment. The king, however, was hopeless for four days. During all that time people were flocking in from the outskirts of the country, joining in the general tumult. It was not till the fourth day that cattle were killed for the sustenance of the multitude. Many had died in the interval, and many had been killed for not mourning, or for having gone to their kraals for food. On the fifth day there were symptoms of improvement in the king's health and wounds, and the favourable indications were even more noticeable on the day following. At noon, the party sent out in search of the malefactors returned, bringing with them the dead bodies of three men whom they had killed in the bush (jungle). These were the supposed murderers. The bodies were laid on the ground at a distance of about a mile from the kraal. The ears having been cut off from the right side of the heads, the two regiments sat down on either side of the road. Then all the people, men and women, probably exceeding 30,000, who had collected at the kraal, passed up the road crying and screaming. Each one coming up to the bodies struck them several blows with a stick, which was then dropped on the spot; so that before half the number had come to the bodies, nothing more of these was to be seen; only an immense pile of sticks remained, but the formal ceremony still went on. The whole body now collecting,

and three men walking in advance with sticks on which were the ears of the dead men, the procession moved up to Tshaka's kraal. The king now made his appearance. The national morning-song was chanted; and, a fire being made in the centre of the kraal, the ears were burned to ashes.

From the moment that Tshaka had been stabbed, there had been a prohibition to wear ornaments, to wash the body or to shave; and no man whose wife was pregnant had been allowed to come into the king's presence. All transgressions of these regulations being punishable with death, several human beings had been put to death.

There being now every appearance of Tshaka's complete recovery, the chiefs and principal men brought cattle as an offering of thanksgiving; and on the next day the chief women did the same. Tshaka then offered victims to the spirit of his deceased father.

The restoration of the king to health made some great changes. The tumult gradually ceased. A force of about a thousand men was sent to attack the hostile tribe, and returned in a few days, having destroyed several kraals, and taken 800 head of cattle. Mr. Farewell and Mr. Isaacs, having received a letter from me stating particulars of the recent occurrence, came to visit Tshaka, and had not been seated many minutes when a man, who had, in defiance or neglect of prohibition, shaved his head, was put to death. After this the privilege of shaving was again conceded.

A present to the king from Mr. Farewell had been brought to the kraal during the king's illness, and he had on that account been unable to accept it. It was now called for. Tshaka now made a grant of land to Mr. Farewell, who noted the particulars in a document drawn up by him. The grant extended fifty miles inland, and twenty-five miles along the coast, so as to include the harbour.

Tshaka, no longer suffering from his wound, quitted the kraal in which he had been stabbed and removed to the one in which we had first visited him. Farewell, Davis, and I accompanied him, the natives singing all the way. On the day after our arrival, four thousand men were sent inland, with orders to conceal themselves in an ambush, until they should be joined by another detachment, to

march next day. These were mustered in the kraal, about 3,000 in number, and, being ordered to march out, they ran, in four divisions, to the spot at which they were directed to halt, and there formed three sides of a square. A fire was lighted in the middle, and a pot with a mixture of roots and plants was kept boiling. An "Inyanga," or doctor, in his ceremonial dress, kept dipping an ox-tail frequently into the decoction. The men in turns placed themselves with their backs towards him, and he sprinkled them with the mixture, which was supposed to have the effect of giving them strength in war, and ensuring a good result. A speech was made by Umbekwana, in which he showed with every aggravating circumstance the cause that called for revenge—the attempt on the life of their king. The order to march was given, and they were directed to spare neither man, woman, child, nor dog, to burn their huts, to break the stones on which the corn was ground, to prove their attachment to their king. The command was given to Benziwana, an elderly chief. The force marched off in the following order :—

The first division wore a turban of otter-skin, with a crane's feather, two feet long, erect on the forehead : ox-tails round the arms ; a dress of cow-tails hanging over the shoulders and breast ; petticoat of monkeys and genets, made to resemble the tails of those animals, and ox-tails round the legs. They carried white shields chequered at the centre with black skin. The shields were held by sticks attached to them, and at the top of each stick was the tail of a genet. They carried each a single assagai and a knobbed stick.

The second division wore turbans of otter-skin, at the upper edge of which were two bits of hide resembling horns. From these hung black cow-tails. The dress round the breast and shoulders resembled that of the first division, a piece of hide cut so as to resemble three tails hanging at the back. They carried red-spotted shields.

The third division wore a very large bunch of eagle-feathers on the head, fastened only by a string that passed under the chin, trappings of ox-tails over the breast and shoulders, and, as the second division, a piece of hide resembling three tails. Their shields were gray. Each man carried an assagai and knobbed stick

The fourth division wore trappings of ox-tails over the breast and shoulders, a band of ox-hide with white cow-tails round the heads : and their shields were black.

The force descended the hill in the direction of the enemy's country, They held their shields downwards at the left side, and at a distance very much resembled a body of cavalry. The first and third divisions marched making a shrill noise, while the second and fourth uttered a sound of dreadful howling.

Mr. Farewell and Mr. Davis, as well as myself, having expressed our gratification at the King's recovery, parted from him on the next day, and arrived at Port Natal in six days, the distance being 125 miles.



CHAPTER XLIV.

TSHAKA.—[FYNN, 1824.]

CAMPAIGN AGAINST SIKONYANA, KING OF THE ENDWANDWE.

IMPUYNA, brother of Sikonyana, present King of the Endwandwe, fearing that his life was in danger from his brother, fled to Tshaka, and gave him such information as could not have been procured through the agency of spies.

I had not been at Natal [after my return] many days before messengers from Tshaka arrived to call all hands, white and black, to resist an attack expected to be made at any moment on Tshaka's kraal. This placed us in an awkward situation. We were far from being in fighting order. Powder was scarce, and our arms out of repair. We considered that, taking part with the king, we should be violating the laws of our country, and following a course that could in no way be beneficial to ourselves; but we were fearful of the consequences that might ensue from our refusal, and after a general consultation on the matter, agreed to proceed to Tshaka's residence.

On our arrival we found all in peace and tranquillity. But the whole nation had been called to arms. Tshaka acquainted us with his intention, and spoke of the necessity of our accompanying him, it being the custom, when the king proceeded in person to war, for every individual to attend him. Our explanation of the laws of our country called forth some very unpleasant observations from him, such as that vessels seldom, or never, visited Natal; that he could destroy every one of us so that none might tell the tale; and if the English should seek revenge for our blood, they would be terrified at his power. Mr. Farewell refusing to lend Jacob a musket, one was taken from him by force. Finding that the more ready we showed ourselves to proceed the better it would be for us, we ceased from objecting, and retired to rest, after hearing from Tshaka that there would be no necessity for our fighting, only we must

accompany him. The next morning, to our surprise, we found that the whole nation had made a move during the night, two chiefs only being left to accompany us. We made all possible haste to overtake them, but were unable to do so until we reached Nobamba, after we had travelled sixty miles from Tshaka's abode. Nobamba had been the residence of Tshaka's father, and was now the general rendezvous of the forces. Thence the army was to proceed in separate divisions and by different routes. Here we rested two days. The divisions having been sent off, and spies having been despatched to watch the enemy, we proceeded with Tshaka at the head of the remaining forces, each regiment being headed by its chiefs. The day was exceedingly hot, and every man was ordered to roll up his shield and carry it on his back, a custom observed when the enemy is supposed to be distant. In the rear of the regiments were the baggage boys, few above the age of twelve years, and some not more than six. These boys were attached to the chiefs and principal men, carrying their mats, pillows, tobacco, &c., and driving the cattle for the army. Some of the chiefs were also accompanied by girls, carrying beer, corn, and milk: and when this supply had been exhausted, these carriers returned to their homes. The whole number of men, boys, and women amounted, as nearly as we could reckon, to 50,000. All proceeded in a close body, and at a distance nothing could be seen but a cloud of dust. We had not rested from the time we started, and were parched and almost perishing from thirst, when, coming to a marshy stream about sunset, the craving to obtain water caused a general and excessive confusion. After the first regiment had passed, the whole marsh became mere mud, yet that mud was swallowed with avidity. Several men and boys were trampled to death; and although there was a cry of "shame" raised by many, and a call to help the unhappy beings, every one was too much occupied to attempt to extricate them. We travelled on until about nine at night, when we arrived at some kraals belonging to a once powerful nation, the Isindani, of whom no more than 150 or 200 souls now remained. They were a different people from any we had yet seen. They were of a strong, muscular build, more active than the Zulus, and not having their

heads shaved, but wearing their hair about six inches long and twisted in strings of the thickness of whip-cord.

As these people and a perfect knowledge of the country, Tshaka took them as guides and spies.

Next morning we proceeded at daylight, marching over extensive plains of stony ground. At 11 o'clock we rested, and Tshaka employed the Hottentots in making sandals of raw-hide for his use. Cattle were killed for the use of the army. . . .

We encamped at the end of the plain, and the army rested here for two days. On re-commencing our march Tshaka requested me to join the first detachment. He did this merely to please his own fancy. The frost of the preceding night had been so severe that many of the detachment, from the excessive cold, had slept to wake no more.

During the whole of the day's march not a bush was to be seen. We roasted our meat with dry grass. . . .

On the following day Tshaka arrived with the remainder of the forces, and next morning we proceeded in one body to a forest, where we rested for two days, awaiting the return of the spies. Several regiments were sent to kraals deserted by the hostile nation, the people having betaken themselves to a general rendezvous. They returned on the evening of the following day, loaded with corn, a great luxury to us who had had nothing but meat for several days. . . . The spies returning, the army moved forward and encamped in an extensive forest, from which the enemy was not far distant. We had generally marched ahead to relieve ourselves from dust, and we had done so this morning till we came within sight of the enemy, when we thought that we ought to join Tshaka. We found that he was on the opposite mountain, and seeing a regiment with white shields I directed my course to it at once. . . . When I reached the bottom of the hill, and was ascending the opposite one, expecting to find Tshaka there, I met one of his servants, who informed me that the king remained at the forest, and advised me to turn back, as, the ascent being difficult the regiment would leave me a long way behind. Being a stranger to their mode of attack, I determined to ascend the mountain and be a spectator of passing events. The hill from which we had first seen the

enemy presented to our view an extensive valley, to the left of which was a hill separated by another valley from an immense mountain. On the upper part of this there was a rocky eminence, near the summit of which the enemy had collected all his forces, surrounding their cattle : and above them the women and children of the nation in a body. They were sitting down awaiting the attack. Tshaka's forces marched slowly and with much caution, in regiments, each regiment divided into companies, till within twenty yards of the enemy, when they made a halt. Although Tshaka's troops had taken up a position so near, the enemy seemed disinclined to move, till Jacob had fired at them three times. The first and second shots seemed to make no impression on them, for they only hissed, and cried in reply, "That is a dog." At the third shot, both parties, with a tumultuous yell, clashed together and continued stabbing each other for about three minutes, when both fell back a few paces. Seeing their losses about equal, both armies raised a cry, and this was followed by another rush, and they continued closely engaged about twice as long as in the first onset, when both parties again drew off. But the enemy's loss had now been more severe. This urged the Zulus to a final charge. The shrieks now became terrific. The remnant of the enemy's army sought shelter in an adjoining wood, out of which they were soon driven. Then began a slaughter of the women and children. They were all put to death. The cattle, being taken by the different regiments, were driven to the kraal lately occupied by Sikonyana. The battle, from the commencement to the close, did not last more than an hour and a half. The numbers of the hostile tribe, including women and children, could not have been less than 40,000. The number of cattle taken was estimated at 60,000. The sun having set while the cattle were being captured, the whole valley during the night was a scene of confusion. * * * Many of the wounded had managed to crawl to the spot, but for the wounded of the enemy there was no hope. Early next morning Tshaka arrived, and each regiment, previous to its inspection by him, had picked out its "cowards" and put them to death. Many of these, no doubt, forfeited their lives only because their chiefs were in fear that, if they did not condemn some as being guilty, they would be

suspected of seeking a pretext to save them, and would incur the resentment of Tshaka. No man who had been actually engaged in the fight was allowed to appear in the king's presence until a purification by the doctor had been undergone. This doctor gave each warrior certain roots to eat, and to every one who had actually killed an enemy an additional number. To make their bravery as public as possible, bits of wood are worn round the neck, each bit being supposed to reckon for an enemy slain. To the ends of this necklace are attached bits of the root received from the doctor, part of which had been eaten; they then proceeded to some river to wash their persons; and until this has been done, they may not eat any food except the meat of cattle killed on the day of battle. Having washed, they appear before the king, when thanks or praise are the last thing they have to expect; censure being loudly expressed on account of something that had not been done as it should have been; and they get well off if one or two chiefs and a few dozen soldiers are not struck off the army list by being put to death.

During the afternoon, a woman and a child of the defeated tribe, the latter aged about ten years, were brought before the king, and he made every enquiry respecting Sikonyana; what had been his plans when he heard of the intended attack, and what was the general feeling as to its result. To induce her to set aside all fear, he gave her some beer and a dish of beef, which she ate, while giving all the information she was possessed of. When her recital was finished, both mother and child were sentenced to instant death. Being present, I begged the life of the child, that it might become my servant. An application to save the life of both was little likely to succeed. From her information, Tshaka found that Sikonyana with a few men had escaped, and a regiment was ordered to pursue them, whilst another was detached to kill the wounded of the enemy. The army then commenced its return home.

When we had been three days on the march, orders were given for the army to be divided into three corps; one of which was to accompany Tshaka; the other two were to attack the tribes under Umlotsha and Batya. These chiefs had formerly been under Zuedi, the late king of the defeated

enemy. In an unsuccessful attack on Tshaka, these two tribes had been cut off from the main body, and were induced to join Tshaka. Believing that they had joined him only from motives of policy, he dealt kindly with them at first, but the moment their former king had been subdued, and they could have no opportunity of revenge, they were attacked.

Umlotsha took up his position on the Umpondwana mountain, where his father had several times successfully defended himself. This was in the centre of a plain, and could only be ascended by two difficult passes, guarded by men who hurled down masses of rock on their assailants. The women kept up the supply of these boulders for the men. This mountain-hold was usually well stored with provisions; but being now taken by surprise, they had neglected the store. His provisions being exhausted, Umlotsha submitted himself to Tshaka, and was again received into favour.

Batya's capabilities of defence were equally good. He, too, had a strong position among the rocks, and succeeded in cutting to pieces one of Tshaka's regiments, raised only two months previously, and numbering two thousand men. This regiment had the name of the regiment of "Dust." A few escaped and came to the army, now on its return homeward; but orders were given to put them to death at once, as men who had dared to fly.



CHAPTER XLV.

DEATH OF TSHAKA'S MOTHER.—[FYNN.]

WHILE Tshaka was engaged in hunting elephants, he received intelligence that his mother was seriously ill, which induced him to suspend the hunt, and proceed immediately to her residence, a distance of 80 miles from the hunting ground, which distance was travelled during the latter part of the day and the night. Fynn* had been with Tshaka some time, and various cases had occurred in which he had been successful in restoring health to sick natives, and once healing Tshaka himself when severely wounded. Implicit confidence was placed in his skill, and he was on this occasion requested to visit Tshaka's mother. He found her in the agonies of death, and she expired an hour after his arrival. Fynn in two previous instances had been at mournings, but little anticipated the scene he was now to witness, or the alarming height to which it was to be carried. The whole scene was a political scheme in furtherance of Tshaka's vain imaginations, and to keep the minds of his people filled with wonder. No sooner was her death announced than the people tore from their bodies every description of ornament. When Tshaka, accompanied by his chiefs in their war-attire, appeared near the hut in which she had died, he stood for twenty minutes in a silent melancholy attitude, while his tears dropped on his shield. At length his feelings were ungovernable; he became frantic. The chiefs and people, to the number of about 15,000, commenced the most dismal and horrid yells; the inmates of the neighbouring kraals came pouring in. Each body, as they came in sight, although at the distance of half a mile, followed the example. The cries continued during the night, no one daring to sleep, or even to take water to refresh himself. By morning the numbers had increased to upwards of

* Mr. Fynn frequently made use of the "third person" in writing of matters relating to himself.

60,000. The cries now became indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want, although no less than forty oxen had been slaughtered as offerings to the spirits, the flesh of which was not allowed to be eaten. About 10 o'clock the war-song was sung, which slightly revived them. When it was concluded they became uncontrollable. Tshaka had several executed upon the spot. The multitude, bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, commenced a general massacre. Those who could no longer force tears from their eyes, those who were found near the river panting for water, were furiously beaten to death; and towards midday, each took this opportunity of revenging an injury, real or imaginary, the weak falling by the hands of the stronger. By 3 o'clock, not less than 7,000 had fallen in this unjustifiable massacre. The adjacent river became impassable, and on the ground blood flowed in streams. The horrid cries continued till ten the following morning, when Tshaka became somewhat pacified, and the people were permitted to take some refreshment. Till then the scene had been local, but the chiefs, anxious to show further their excited feelings, despatched bodies of their soldiery to all parts of the country, and massacred all who had not been present to lament the death of Tshaka's mother. When the seat of majesty was quiet, several speeches were made by the chiefs. The following resolutions were strictly to be observed. As the Great Female Elephant, the goddess or rather the overruling spirit of vegetation, had died, and it was not improbable that heaven and earth would come together, no cultivation was to be allowed that year, no milk was to be taken as food, the milk of the cattle to be spilled on the ground; and all women who should be found in a state of pregnancy during the following twelve months should, with their husbands, be punished with death. For the three ensuing months these orders were strictly adhered to, and the latter for a whole year. The first two were permitted to be withdrawn on the chiefs and principal warriors offering a forfeiture of cattle. During the following year, the tribe were three times called together to repeat their lamentations for the death of the Female Elephant. On the last occasion the cattle of the whole tribe were

collected, the bellowing of which was to be figurative of their lamentation. On this occasion Tshaka was to be washed from all uncleanness. Every individual possessing cattle killed a calf by ripping open its side: then took out the gall, while the animal was still living, and sprinkled it round their chief. The calves were allowed to die in agony, and it was not permitted to eat their flesh. As a concluding resolution, it was decreed that as the death of so great a personage ought to be generally felt throughout the land, and as tears could not be forced from foreigners, an attack should be made on the frontier tribes, whose cattle should be considered as tears shed for Tshaka's mother.*

On the third day after the death of the Great Female Elephant, a grave was dug near the spot where she died, in which she was placed in a sitting posture; and Fynn learned from some of the attendants, though it is now endeavoured to deny the fact, that ten females of her retinue were buried alive with her. Fynn was prevented from being an eye-witness to this scene, as he would, according to custom, have been compelled to remain at the burying-ground for twelve months after. All those present were formed into a regiment, and resided on the spot for a year, and cattle to the number of 15,000 were contributed by all cattle-holders for the use of this regiment.

* The Zulu custom of "Hlonipa" *videlicet* "be shy of" or "reverence" is a strange one. When a great person dies, their names, or the component parts of them, are not allowed to be spoken. Owing to the death of Tshaka's mother "Umnandi" the name of a river in Natal was changed. In those days the name of the river was "Amanz'umnandi" or "Sweet Water," but it was at once changed to "Amanz'amtoti." The latter syllable being nurse-ry Zulu for "Nice" or "Sweet."

CHAPTER XLVI.

DEATH OF MR. KING.—[FYNN.]

DEATH OF TSHAKA, 1828.—BEGINNING OF DINGAAN'S REIGN.

AFTER leaving the King, I had not been more than two days at Natal when Tshaka's army was again sent off, scarcely a single able-bodied man remaining in the country. They had been on their march two days when Tshaka sent after them, and directed that the boys employed in carrying the baggage of the chiefs and principal men should be sent back, thus obliging the headmen to carry their own baggage. With these boys he formed a regiment, whom he named the "Bees," and kept for his personal emergencies. During the absence of the army, reports of their proceedings were brought to the King, until the distance put an end to these communications. In their first onset, they attacked the tribe of Contelo, a small nation whose offence had been that they had formed alliances with females, and had worn bead ornaments during the period when, by reason of Nande's death, these things had been prohibited. This nation they destroyed entirely. They then attacked and defeated the Isinda, and proceeded to make war on Sotshangana, King of the Umdwandise, whose people occupied caves and rocks, in which they were able to defend themselves, though they were not more than three hundred in number, against 30,000 assailants. During the attack, Sopusa cut off the communication with Tshaka, patrolling the roads, and killing all who passed to and fro.

Shortly after the departure of the army Mr. King returned to Natal with Sotose and Bosambosa, the chiefs who had been sent by the Zulus on a mission to the Cape, in which they had been disappointed. They had turned back at Algoa Bay. Mr. King landed in ill-health, and was prevented from visiting the king in person. He sent the chiefs, and with them his companion, Mr. Isaacs ;

Tshaka's disappointment being great. Mr. Isaacs was treated with the usual courtesy. He returned to the Port, and had not been there long before Mr. King, who had been dangerously ill ever since he landed, breathed his last. Having paid the tribute of respect to the dead, we, the remaining party, went to pay our farewell visit to Tshaka. He condoled with us in the loss of one whom he so much respected, and said that although he had expressed his displeasure as to the failure of the mission, the things he had said were not words from his heart. Mr. King deserved much respect from him, and it was now in his power to boast of more than any of his forefathers could have done, by saying that a white chief had died a natural death in his country, not the victim of brutal treatment, or by any act of his.

During the absence of the army, Tshaka could not long remain quiet, or abstain from bloodshed. He took on himself the title of "dream-doctor." . . . He had professed himself, six or eight months previously, capable of undertaking that function, the duty of which would consist in interpreting the dreams or doubts as to thefts, cases of poisoning, sickness, &c. Now he took it on himself as an employment. He collected the women of the kraals, and subjected them in rotation to some operation, selecting some who were to be put to death. Though he went through the ordinary customs of the dream-doctors, yet those who were not selected for death did not on that account escape their fate. He enquired of them whether they were possessed of cats: and whether the answer was in the affirmative or negative, the result was the same. During three days, the dead bodies of women, numbering not less than three or four hundred, were seen carried away to the rivers, or left for the wolves; and that in the absence of their husbands.

The design of killing Tshaka had, no doubt, long been contemplated, and the conspirators only waited for an opportunity to effect their purpose. Only three were in the secret, namely, Dingaan and Amaclangana, sons of Senzagakona, and Umbopo, Tshaka's body-servant, without whose aid it could not have been accomplished, as it was, at midday, on 24th September, 1828.

Tshaka had been dreaming. He dreamt that he was

dead, and that Umbopo was serving another king. On waking, he told his dream to one of his sisters, who within an hour mentioned the circumstance to Umbopo. He, knowing that in consequence of the portent he would not have many hours to live, urged the confederates to take the first opportunity to assassinate the king; and this shortly occurred. Some Kafirs arriving from remote parts of the country with crane's feathers, which the king had sent them to procure, the king was dissatisfied at their having been long absent. He came out of his hut and went to a small kraal fifty yards distant. There these people sat down before him. Inguazonca, brother to Nande (the king's mother), an old man much in favour with the king, was also there. Tshaka asking in a severe tone what had detained them so long with the feathers, Umbopo ran up to them with a stick and called on them to state why they had delayed so long to fulfil the king's orders, and then struck them. Being aware that their lives were in danger, and supposing that Umbopo had, as is usual when some one is ordered to death, received the private signal, they all ran away. Tshaka, seeing them run asked Umbopo what they had done to deserve to be driven off in this way. Amaclangana and Dingaan had hidden themselves behind a small fence near which Tshaka was standing, and each had an assagai concealed under his kaross. The former seeing the people run off, and the king by himself, stabbed him through the back on the left shoulder. Dingaan also closed upon him and stabbed him. Tshaka had only time to ask: "What is the matter, children of my father?" But the three repeated their stabs in such rapid succession that he died after running a few yards beyond the gate of the kraal. The few people at the kraal and in the neighbourhood ran to the bush, believing that "Now Heaven and earth would come together." The news flying rapidly through the country, every one was filled with terror; and it was with difficulty that Dingaan, Amaclangana and Umbopo could induce them to return. They collected a few to whom they said that the act was Senzagakona's. With threats and promises they prevailed on them to raise the war-whoop. Inguazonca, Nande's brother, was killed at the same time, as was also a chief

named Umxamama, one of Tshaka's favourites. After the war-whoop an ox was killed as an offering of thanksgiving to the spirit of their forefathers. . . . The body of Tshaka remained out all night. In the morning people were selected to bury him ; and his body was then placed in an empty corn cellar, and every private article of property that had touched his person was buried with him. This cellar was in the same kraal in which he was stabbed. . . . Until the return of the people, by whom the claim of succession to the kingdom could be discussed, Umbopo assumed the direction of affairs, and set on foot an expedition against Engwade, another of Nande's sons (by Ingindiyana), who no doubt would have aspired to succeed Tshaka. It was not likely that he would succeed in that object, but the attempt might have caused much unnecessary bloodshed. The first thing Umbopo did was to have all the cattle collected and brought to him that had been taken from the Amapondas. These cattle had been left at large in the uninhabited country between the Umzimkulu and Port Natal, and might have been retaken by the Amapondas without more trouble than that of driving them, and they would no doubt have done so had they not so much feared the dreadful name of Tshaka. Whilst the cattle were being collected, many slight quarrels occurred between Dingaan and Amaclangana, on subjects apparently the most trifling. Once a dispute about two sticks rose to a very high pitch, and showed evidently that these disagreements were only occasioned by their broodings on the subject of the grand point which each was wishing to attain. However, their better sense induced them to set such feelings aside, and prepare to attack Engwade. They started from Tugusa under the command of Umbopo, in two divisions, one being the regiment of "Bees" raised by Tshaka, and the other consisting of all the stragglers that had remained at home from sickness or other cause. Engwade, during Tshaka's reign, had been much in his favour, and reigned as a king over his own kraals in a very independent way, not adhering to Tshaka's orders, unless when they related to himself personally. When the nation was ordered to the eastward, Engwade remained at home with his division. This force being so

greatly superior to that under Umbopo, the greatest secrecy was required on the part of his assailants, in order that he might be cut off before the kraals in his neighbourhood should know of the attack that impended over their chief ; and in this Umbopo succeeded so far as to be able to make the attack at break of day. It being a custom among the chiefs to assume names of distinction, Engwade claimed that of our sovereign, George, adding to it the prefix of "Um," for the Kafirs do not use any word of one syllable. The inhabitants of his kraal rushed out to the fight from their huts, swearing (like Britons) "by George" to die for their king ; and that they did to the letter. Although their number was small compared to that of their aggressors, not one attempted to escape. All fought to the end, and killed more than their own number before they were destroyed by the few left of Umbopo's army. Engwade himself killed eight men before he fell, stabbed in the back by a boy. This obstacle to their designs being removed, Umbopo and his associates returned to one of Tshaka's kraals, to await the homeward march of the great army when a king would be elected. But Amaclangana could not endure long suspense, being under the impression that there was more hope for his brother than for himself. Dingaan saw him sharpen an assegai, and suspected that it was intended to take his life. He informed Umbopo of the circumstance, and requested him to sound his brother as to his intentions so that he (Dingaan) might know how to act. Umbopo accordingly went to Amaclangana, and ridiculed the idea of his sharpening an assegai for his brother, since the murder would not attain his object without the approbation of the army. Amaclangana replied that Dingaan was such a fool as not to be capable of filling the throne as well as the least of his brothers, and that positively he should not be king. Umbopo expressed his concurrence in this, assuring Amaclangana that the act he was meditating was unnecessary, as he, Umbopo, intended from the first to do all in his power for him, and only awaited the return of the army to convince him of his good wishes ; but he strongly recommended him to set aside his present intentions, as the whole of the community was still in terror from what had already occurred. This pacified him so as to give

Umbopo time to tell Dingaan the result of his visit. This the latter had no sooner heard than, collecting a few people on the spot, he made them surround the hut, from which Amaclangana was brought out and put to death. This removed every obstacle that stood in Dingaan's way, until the return of the army, which occurred in about fourteen days after. The troops on their arrival were in a miserable plight. They had passed by Delagoa Bay into the interior and had marched as far as Inhambane, frequently losing their way, and suffering much from famine and sickness. They had been reduced to feeding on locusts, and fully half the force had remained behind, enfeebled or prostrate through illness, and did not reach home for two or three months after the return of the main body. Fortunate it was for the nation that Tshaka did not live to see them come home. No such thing had occurred during his reign. To return without the defeat of an enemy, without the trophy of cattle, would have aroused his severest anger; his independence of all self-control would have hurried him to such acts as would have compelled the nation to revolt and destroy him, or to suffer sadly. Under these circumstances there were few who did not bless the spirits of their forefathers for allowing them to enter their huts and rest themselves; few who did not contemplate their late sad position, and compare it with the present, and that which the promises made them led them to expect. For Dingaan promised to set the minds of his people at ease by not imitating the conduct of Tshaka, in such matters as he considered to be hurtful to them. He composed, or caused to be composed, national songs, containing the denunciations against the former state of things; he adopted mild measures, and thought that he was establishing himself freely, when obstacles occurred which showed him the true state of things, and the motives that had driven his predecessor to such extreme lengths of severity and cruelty. I shall not be in the least surprised to see repeated by Dingaan the very acts for which he punished Tshaka with death. I shall recount the obstacles to tranquillity as they occurred to Dingaan. For reasons no doubt of political purpose, he put to death the commander-in-chief, who had held that position from the commencement of Tshaka's reign, had

had the entire management of the army, and had always led them successfully, conquering every nation whom he attacked. He had given great satisfaction to Tshaka, though it was never acknowledged. But his protector no longer living, his days were numbered. Then the destruction of human beings went on as it had done in Tshaka's time, and many familiar customs were retained, contrary to the expectation of the people in general. The Zulu nation, however, being composed of a multitude of tribes, which had been combined and formed into one by Tshaka, and which he alone had the ability to control, became insubordinate under Dingaan, who was regarded by the tribes that had been annexed as having no claim on their allegiance. Cetu, the heir apparent to the supreme authority among the Quambe tribe, revolted, with a portion of the nation. Advancing into the heart of the country by night, with a general cry of the rebels, proclaiming liberty to the oppressed, and lavish of promises of good, he collected a body of men, who committed many outrages; and, as Dingaan did not act promptly in repressing these, many more were induced to follow Cetu, in the belief that Dingaan had been terrified by this sudden rising. In a few days they had a skirmish with a small division of Zulus, who retreated with a small loss: and this still added confidence to Cetu's army, which was fast increasing in numbers. They formed their camp in the midst of a small tribe, the farthest to the westward of the tribes that had been attached to the Zulus. Cetu required Mangi, the head of the tribe, to join him; but Mangi was irresolute, not knowing how to act; as, however, Cetu's men had destroyed all his corn, he would not consent to join them, and in consequence was attacked on the following morning. He retreated with the loss of only one man, but his cattle remained in the hands of his aggressors.

[The narrative (in an incomplete manuscript) here digresses from matters relating especially to Dingaan.—J. B.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEATH OF TSHAKA AND OF MR. FAREWELL.—[FYNN.]

ON our arrival at Port Natal (1824), Tshaka's curiosity was much excited. When we reached his residence, he held a festival which lasted three days. Many circumstances concurred to induce him to think well of us.

Our party consisted principally of Dutchmen. The expectations with which they left the Cape not being realised, they returned to the colony, leaving a few to follow on the return of the vessel. They, too, ultimately sailed away in her, but, unfortunately, were never again heard of. We were therefore left, only seven Europeans, with little chance of being able to communicate with the colony, there being no possibility at that time of passing overland. In our position we were wholly dependent on Tshaka. We had no articles fit for traffic, were almost destitute of clothing and provisions, and, his sway over his subjects being despotic, our weakness taught us that, to be safe, we must submit to many of his whimsical customs. By our intercourse with the natives, we soon acquired a knowledge of their language, manners, and customs, and Tshaka became daily more attached to us. In this situation we remained four years, though in the interval we received several chance supplies from ships: these, however, were not of the description suited to our market. It was not till in 1828 that an overland communication was opened up with the Cape Colony, and this was only effected in consequence of the fear of the frontier Kafirs that they would be attacked by the Colonial forces under Colonel Somerset. In October of the same year, Tshaka was assassinated by his brother.

After this event several parties of colonists visited Port Natal: and, owing to this circumstance, a change came over the affairs of the country.

Mr. Farewell, who had visited the Cape Colony, was on his return overland. Qetu,* of the Kwabi tribe, who had

* Alluded to above as "Cetu."

been tributary to Tshaka, had revolted from Dingaan, and had taken up his station at the Umzimvubu. Dingaan had two spies among the Amapondas, who were watching their movements. Qetu, however had intelligence of their purpose. Mr. Farewell, who had known Qetu, relying on his acquaintance with him, visited him on his way towards the port. But he had with him one of Dingaan's spies, whom he tried to disguise by making him wear a great-coat. This did not escape the discerning eyes of Qetu, who recognised the man. This alone would have angered the chief; but he also knew that all Mr. Farewell's articles of barter would go to enrich Dingaan, whilst the opportunity offered itself to Qetu not only to enrich himself, but to annoy his enemy. He determined, therefore, to murder the party. On the same night the tent-ropes were cut, and they were put to death.



CHAPTER XLVIII,

DEATH OF JOHN KANE.—[FYNN]

THE few English in Natal (on the advent of the Boers) had suffered much by Dingaan's hostility and oppression. They had sufficient motive for revenge, and took the opportunity to revenge themselves.

After the death of Retief and his party, and the attack on the Boers' encampments, they (the Boers) proceeded in force and entered the Zulu country.

John Kane, the most experienced of the English, planned an expedition. He had with him eight hundred armed natives, and made an attack on one of Dingaan's regiments in their encampment. The slaughter was great. The English fought as Englishmen sometimes do, and not one of them on that day disgraced his country.

Much has been said by Natal colonists of the order in which the natives were kept by the Boers, and the subjection they continued in, until Natal became a British colony. From 1824, when natives were first brought from a distance of hundreds of miles by myself and others, to occupy the country from which they had been driven, up to the period when I quitted it, no people of any country could have been more under subjection, more honest and faithful than these natives, who looked up to the several white men as their protectors and chiefs. This was not attributable to the wisdom or good judgment of the white inhabitants, but to the circumstances in which we and they were placed. The power had been given us to protect; and the natives knew that without that protection destruction was their lot.

In the attack made by Kane and his party, two white men only escaped. The natives on this occasion fought most desperately, fulfilling an assertion which they frequently make use of, "that they will die round the body of their chief." Where a white man fell, they rushed to cover his body, and were killed in heap. This has been related to me both by the natives themselves and by the Zulus. That the natives in Natal, since it became an English settlement, can no longer be spoken of in such high terms, is our misfortune and theirs.

CHAPTER XLIX.

EVIDENCE OF HENRY FRANCIS FYNN BEFORE NATIVE COMMISSION, 1852.

I AM Assistant Resident Magistrate, Pietermaritzburg, which office I have filled only three months. Immediately previous to this appointment, I was British Resident with the chief Faku for three years. From 1837 to 1849 I filled the office of Resident Agent of the northern boundary of the Old Colony. I had entered the Government service as headquarter interpreter to Sir Benjamin D'Urban at the breaking out of the Kafir war in December, 1834. Anterior to this period I had resided in Natal from 1824 to 1834. I came here in connection with Lieut. Farewell, R.N., on a mercantile speculation, and, having opened a communication with Tshaka, I shortly afterwards proceeded southward, travelling through Faku's country, on the Umzimvubu. I proceeded as far as the Umtata.

These journeys gave me an early opportunity of knowing the extent of the devastation occasioned by the wars of Tshaka on this side of the Drakensberg Mountains: for from the Itongati River, twenty-five miles N.E. of Port Natal, up to within a few miles of the Umzimvubu, I did not find a single tribe, with the exception of about thirty natives residing near the Bluff, under the chief Amatubane, of the Amatuli tribe, now under Umnini. There were neither kraals, huts, Kafirs, nor corn. Occasionally I saw a few stragglers, mere living skeletons, obtaining a precarious existence on roots and shell-fish. Some of these sought refuge under the English, and in time several tribes had established themselves at Port Natal.

I would here remark that at this period, and in fact until the Boers entered into a treaty with Panda, the southern boundary of the Zulu country was the Itongati, the tribes between that river and the Utukela being conquered tribes tributary to Tshaka, and their ancestors had dwelt in that part of the country from time immemorial. These tribes were Amacwabi (in part), Amakabela, Amahluhi, Amapamulo, Abakwanblovu.

On my arrival in Natal in 1824, I commenced taking notes, and continued doing so until 1834, for a future history of this country. Having been the first European who travelled through it, I had the advantage of obtaining information from the natives unmingled with any notions which they might have formed from an intercourse with white men. These notes enable me to lay before the Commission certain historical points, which I believe may be relied on. There are probably no people, possessing an equal amount of intellect and intelligence, who are less acquainted with their own history than the Kafirs; while each individual retains a strong recollection of some remarkable circumstance in which he was, more or less, personally concerned. It is the white man alone who, having lived many years in this portion of South Africa, and possessed of many sources of information, can give a clear, correct, and connected narrative of events which have occurred here during the last forty or fifty years.

From what I ascertained at different times in the Zulu country, during the reign of Tshaka, from my communications with the Portuguese of Sofala, and from what I subsequently traced among the Kafir tribes on the frontier, I am convinced that all these tribes formed originally one nation: that about four centuries or more ago they were driven from the region of Sofala, and those now known as the Colonial frontier Kafirs were probably the first who appeared in this direction. There is some reason for believing that they came originally from Arabia, and have ever been pastoral, and more or less nomadic, in their habits.

The first natives who appeared in this country as refugees from the Zulu country arrived in 1827 or 1828, and on being reported to Tshaka were permitted by him to reside at Natal.

The tribes dwelling between the Itongati and Umzimkulu rivers, previous to my leaving Natal in 1834, were as follows:—

TRIBE.	CHIEF.
Amabiya.	Umabiya.
Amabombo.	Umtukuteli.
Amacwabi.*	

* Only a portion of this tribe were here as stragglers.

TRIBE.	CHIEF.
Amadume.	Duma.
Amadunge.	Dontsela.
Enhlangwini.	Fodo
Amahlongwa.	Umjulela.
Amakanya.	Umkuta.
Amalanga.	Ufiedwa (Regent).
Amanyape.	Umkalipi.
Izinkumbi.†	Vundhlazi.
Abasembotweni.	Umahizo.
Amatuli.	Umatubani.

To account for the difference in the statement of different witnesses as to the number of natives in Natal when the Dutch came, I may explain that I removed several tribes in 1833 into Faku's country ; but on Major Smith's passing to Natal with troops they commenced returning.

All the refugees may be said to have fled from Zulu rule and despotism, and from the period above-mentioned they have continued to enter Natal, either individually or in bodies, up to the present time.

The war between the Dutch and the Zulu nation produced a revolution in the Zulu country, when Panda embraced the opportunity of establishing his chieftainship, which he could not have accomplished without the aid and countenance of the Dutch.

During the unsettled state of the country at the time of this revolution, a greater number of refugees entered this district than at any previous or subsequent period.

In a former part of my evidence I have stated that on my arrival in this country in March, 1824, there were no inhabitants in the district south of the Itongati. There were neither huts, cattle, nor grain. There were, however, many natives scattered over the country, the remnants of tribes destroyed by Tshaka, seeking sustenance from noxious as well as harmless roots ; so that more were destroyed by this wretched fare than preserved. Seldom more than two natives were then seen together. This was occasioned not only by the great difficulty they experienced in obtaining food, but from distrusting each other. Some of these from necessity became cannibals.

† Consisting of remnants of tribes under one chief.

The only instance in which any number of a tribe kept together was in the case of the Amatuli, under the regent chief, Matubana, uncle of the present chief, Umnini, who recently occupied the Bluff.

This tribe have dwelt on the "Ifenya," or Bluff-land, through twelve generations of their chiefs; prior to which they lived in the Amehikulu country north of this district, where they were dispossessed of their cattle, and being driven away took possession of the Ifenya. Owing to their destitute condition, they caught fish for food, an abomination to all other Kafir tribes

In a few years they again possessed cattle, but fish and Indian corn had become their favourite and regular diet.

When the Zulu army invaded Natal, the Amatuli lost all their crops and cattle, and so great was the danger of appearing in the open country, that the remnant of the tribe seldom left the bush or the Bluff, excepting to take fish when the tide ebbed. A little straw was all they had in the bush to protect them from the rain or cold. They had no grain to cultivate, if they had dared to venture on the open land. Such was the condition of this tribe when, in 1824, I arrived at Natal. From that period they built kraals, cultivated the soil, and became again a small tribe.



CHAPTER L.

NATHANIEL ISAACS ON TSHAKA.

MR. ISAACS spent several years in Zululand, with Lieut. Farewell, Fynn, and Capt. Gardiner. He produced a book in 1836 entitled "Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa." As a supplement to the papers of Mr. Fynn, I here give a few pages from the work alluded to. It appears that some of the Hottentots attached to the European party of hunters, traders, &c., in Zululand, had outraged a young female belonging to a chief. On the fact being reported to the king, he was, of course, very much incensed against the Europeans. Just at this time a report reach Tshaka that a force which he had sent against the Umbatio race of Kafirs, who live in very inaccessible rocks, had been again beaten. He then proposed that Isaacs and his friends, to the number of ten, should proceed against the enemy, and by the thunder and destruction of their fire-arms, reduce the foe to submission. Isaacs & Co., wishing to pacify the rage of the despot in the matter of the outrage by the Hottentots, assented. Isaacs says:—"While I was reclining in my hut, facing the position of the enemy, I observed them herding their cattle; at this moment Brown came to inform me that our party (of Zulus) were going to engage the enemy and take their cattle, while the latter were herding; that if we did not now make an effort, we might lose the most advantageous moment for attacking them successfully. At this moment, seeing my comrades rush out at the gate of the kraal, I seized my musket (putting on also my accoutrements, a small leathern wallet with cartridges fixed round my waist), and ran after them. I soon overtook them, and we proceeded slowly to enable the chiefs to overtake us, which they did, and pressed us much to delay the attack until next day; but while they were engaged with me, a party of our men rushed forward, and took possession of the cattle of the enemy, who had fled to the forest to summon their friends to their aid. The

Zulus, seeing what had been done, now came up to the number of 5,000, formed in front of the enemy's position, and began to perform the usual superstitious ceremonies of their nation—such as anointing the body with a preparation made by the war doctors from roots only known to these "Inyangas" who with an ox-tail attached to a stick about two feet in length, sprinkle the decoction upon the warrior, who rubs it over himself, and immediately not only conceives that he is likewise invulnerable, but certain of achieving a victory over his enemies. Our interpreter, who had been long with us, and whom we had hoped we had somewhat divested of such superstitious notions, was the most elated among the whole host of barbarians. I could not help smiling at his absurd apprehensions one moment, and his confidence another.

At this particular juncture I felt no ordinary sensations of anxiety and apprehension. I was young and inexperienced, and had never yet been in an engagement. I did not feel the want of courage, but in physical power I knew my own deficiency and regretted it. I reflected also that on the cast of the die all our hopes depended. That if we were triumphant, the lives of my companions and myself would no longer be in jeopardy; but on the contrary, should we be discomfited, we should be condemned to immediate death.

The enemy having taken up their positions in small detachments on the several heights, we advanced and ascended the hill that led immediately to them, expecting that the Zulus would follow, but in this we were deceived, for we observed them getting off as fast as they could to the opposite side of the river, about a mile from our station. This was a critical moment to us, but we did not want resolution, and with one accord we pushed on to the summit of the hill, or rather the large rugged rocks behind which our enemy had taken shelter. In front of us we saw a small party of about fifty whom we attacked and defeated. The reports of our muskets reverberated from the rocks and struck terror into the enemy; they shouted and ran in all directions, and the Zulus were observed all lying on the ground with their faces under and their shields on their backs, having an idea that in

this position the balls would not touch them. This singular manœuvre of the Zulus had a terrific effect upon the enemy, who, on seeing the others fall on the report of the guns, concluded they were all dead, and ran off to avoid coming in contact with us. We had just finished loading when we perceived a large body of them approaching us in the height of rage, and menacing us with destruction. My party for a moment felt some doubt. On perceiving it, I rushed forward and got on top of a rock, one of the enemy came out to meet me, and at a short distance threw his spear at me with astonishing force, which I evaded by stooping. I levelled at him and shot him dead. My party fired and wounded some others, when the whole ran off in great disorder and trepidation. We now felt some confidence, exulted at our success, and advanced along the sides of the rocks to dislodge some few who had halted with a design to oppose us again. They got behind the bushes and large trees, and hurled stones at us with prodigious force; the women and children aiding them with extraordinary alacrity. I received a contusion from one of their missiles, and our interpreter had his foot wounded with another. Advancing a little further, we reached some huts, which we burnt, and killed their dogs; this we did in order to induce them to surrender without further bloodshed. We continued on their track, however, encountering occasionally their missiles, which did us no injury, until we arrived at the place where their cattle usually stood; from hence, like the women and children, they had dispersed in all directions, there being occasionally three or four only to be seen at a time. The position of the enemy was of a triangular form, one portion of it protected by rocks, and the other by a swamp; the former were almost inaccessible, and the latter was difficult to get through. The whole, besides, was greatly sheltered by trees and bushes, making it not an easily assailable point.

The commander of the enemy's forces came from the thicket to view us, and then said to his warriors, "Come out, come boldly: what are you afraid of? They are only a handful?" Thus encouraged, his warriors came from the bushes. When it appeared that they had reassembled for the purpose of deciding the battle, both parties paused a

little ; the chief showed great anxiety, and, urging his warriors, ran furiously towards our Hottentot, leaving his people at a distance. Not having sufficient confidence in my own skill in firing, and knowing that if every shot did not tell we must be crushed by their force, now one thousand men, I allowed the chief to approach Michael, while I aimed at one of the main body, thinking that if I missed him I might hit another. The Hottentot's piece missed fire at first, but at last went off and shot the chief just as he was preparing to throw his spear. Just as I had pulled my trigger, and saw the man fall, and another remove his shield, I felt something strike me behind. I took no notice, thinking it was a stone, but loaded my musket again ; on putting my hand, however, behind, I perceived it to be bloody, and a stream running down my leg. Turning my head I could see the handle of a spear which had entered my back. John Cane tried to extract it, but could not ; Jacob and four others tried successively ; I, therefore, concluded that it was one of their barbed harpoons. I retired a short time in consequence, when my native servant, by introducing his finger into the wound, managed to get it out. All this time I felt no pain, but walked to a small stream at a short distance, and washed myself, when I found that the wound made by the spear had lacerated my flesh a good deal. I now was more anxious than before to renew the attack, but felt myself getting weak from loss of blood ; I therefore descended the hill, and got to the position where a regiment of Zulu boys had been stationed. I requested some of them to conduct me to the kraal, as I had to go along the side of the bush where the enemy had small parties, but they refused to lend me the least assistance. I took a stick and began to beat them, and levelled my piece at them, but not with the intention of firing, at which they all ran off in great confusion. My party now came up, the enemy having retreated, and we proceeded towards the camp in a body, but I had not gone far before I was compelled to drop, and my wound being extremely stiff and painful, I was obliged to be carried on the backs of my boys.

At sunset we arrived at the kraal whence we had started. All night I endured excruciating pain, and was weak from the loss of blood. On the morning of the 8th

February, it being clear and fine, and the enemy quite still, and not to be seen making any disposition to annoy us, it was deemed advisable, as my comrades thought the attack of the day before had terrified them, to advance, and show them that the loss of one person's services could not deter us from following up our success; this we thought might have the effect of bringing the enemy to terms. The Zulus at this juncture, seeing us determined on making a second attack, assembled their forces, and at 10 a.m. the whole repaired to the enemy's position, leaving me at the kraal to be doctored, or rather to undergo a superstitious ceremony, before a wounded man can be permitted to take milk. For this purpose, the inyanga, or doctor, has a young heifer killed as a sacrifice to the Spirit for the speedy recovery of the patient; or rather, as I conceived, for the purpose of having the beef to eat. The excrements are taken from the small entrails, which, with some of the gall and some roots, are parboiled and given to be drunk. The patient is told (quite uselessly, I think) not to drink too much, but to take three sips, and sprinkle the remainder over his body. I refused to drink the mixture; my olfactory organs were too much disturbed during the process of preparing it to render partaking of it practicable. The inyanga, from my refusal, broke out in an almost unappeasable rage, and said, "that unless I drank of the mixture, I could not be permitted to take milk, fearing the cows might die, and if I approached the king I should make him ill;" expostulation was vain, and being too weak to resist, I took some of the abominable compound; he then directed me to take a stick in my hand, which he presented to me, told me to spit on it, point three times at the enemy, say "eczie" every time, and afterwards throw it towards them. This was done in all cases of the wounded, as a charm against the power of the enemy. After this I was directed to drink of a decoction of roots for the purpose of a vomit, so that the infernal mixture might be ejected. The decoction was not unpleasant, but it had no effect in removing the nauseous draught, the pertinacity of which to remain baffled the doctor's skill. I, however had his permission to take milk, the only thing in my situation the least palatable, the more so as it indicated the doctor's foolish

ceremony to be at an end, which gratified me, as I wanted repose. He brought me some powder, which he wished to apply to the wound, but I resisted, and he did not force it, but left me to sleep if possible.

In the afternoon I was roused by the noise of the warriors, who had returned ; and my comrades amused me with a detail of their successful operations. Our forces had arranged themselves for the attack, and, as they thought, in front of the enemy,—but it turned out to be in front of the forest, for no enemy was to be seen. The Zulus became then apparently bold, and began a disturbance among themselves. The Amabutu, or young warriors, being jealous of the success of my comrades, and seeing no enemy, anticipated an easy victory ; they set off, therefore, without the concurrence of their chiefs, and ran towards the enemy's position ; the chiefs followed, overtook them, and beat them back ; and while they were engaged in debating on the subject of their conduct, three people from the enemy made their appearance, unarmed, on a conspicuous part of the mountain. Some of the Zulus went towards them, and our party soon ascertained, to their great joy, that they were chiefs sent by the enemy to announce to the king's white people that they had surrendered, and were willing to accept of any terms of peace, as they did not understand our manner of fighting ; or, in their terms, "they did not understand the roots or medicines we used, therefore could not contend with people who spit fire as we did."* This was an agreeable parley, and my comrades directed them to descend from the rock, which they were afraid to do : but after some persuasion they came down and approached the Zulus ; when, however, the white people went near them, they seemed to be struck with inconceivable terror. After a short time, their fear subsiding, they addressed us, and said, "that they would be glad to join Tshaka ; that they were now convinced of the power of his maloongos, or white men, and rather than encounter them again, they would submit to any condition that might be demanded." The chiefs did not wait to hear our propositions, as they have

* They ignorantly supposed the fire from our muskets came out of our mouths.

only one term, namely, to give up their cattle, and become tributary to the conqueror. They did not hesitate to comply with this, but promptly brought forward their half-starved cattle and goats. One of our seamen proposed that they should give ten young maidens by way of cementing their friendship by nuptial ties. To this they also assented with the same willingness as they gave up their cattle.

The affairs being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, my comrades accompanied the chiefs to their quarters, where they had an opportunity of observing the lamentable condition of the enemy, who were in strange consternation respecting their dead and wounded; not being able to discover the cause of death, and attributing it to some unnatural power of the spirit,* whom they might have offended; and as they could not discover any other cause, they determined not to contend with us any more.



* The Spirit of their forefathers, whom they always invoke.



Murray & St. Leger.

Cape Town.

CHIEF JOHN DUNN EMANGETE, ZULULAND.

CHAPTER LI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

I now beg to present the reader with the following valuable extracts from "John Dunn's Notes" edited in 1886 by myself, and then printed in Maritzburg, Natal, where I was then living, but the little work has only lately been published abroad by the author. "John Dunn's Notes" make an important addition to my high authorities like Mr. Charles Brownlee, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, his brother the Hon. John Shepstone, and Mr. Isaacs. All these gentlemen are men of high intelligence, and who, being brought up amongst the natives, speak their languages like themselves, and otherwise thoroughly understand them. —

This work was commenced in the year 1861, and was intended to have been the History of the Zulu Race, combined with a history of my life, my experiences in Zululand since 1858, and my "advice to hunters." In 1878 I was on the point of having all my MSS. published, but seeing the drift of affairs, and noticing that there was every likelihood of a war breaking out, either with the Boers or the Amaswazis and Zulus (I must say that I did not then calculate on a war breaking out between the English and the Zulus), I deferred the publication of them until all was again settled. But in the meantime I was deceived by the Natal Government, so that the Zulu War of 1879 came so unexpectedly upon me that I had not time to get my effects secured. At this time I was staying at Emangete, my place near to the Tugela River, and I sent a messenger to my upper place, Ungoye, to rescue my papers from the approaching Zulus; but most unfortunately he brought the wrong box, the contents of which were comparatively worthless, whilst the box containing the MSS. was left behind and was consumed in the flames when the Zulus shortly afterwards set fire to the place. This was, of course, a great blow to me, as the studiously gathered and interesting records which I had been carefully collecting for twenty years were thus lost to me for

ever, and it is impossible for me to call to mind more than fragments of the contents of the papers thus destroyed, and so perished the results of many a long conversation with old Zulu Chiefs regarding the very origin of their power, and the peculiarities of their customs, &c.

I will, however, endeavour to give, as well as I can, an account of the rise and fall of the Zulu power ; but in this place, by way of a preliminary canter, I must give a short, rough sketch of my life. My father died when I was about fourteen years of age, and my mother when I was about seventeen, after which I took to a wandering existence, having always been fond of my gun and a solitary life. In 1853 I was engaged, as was also my wagon, to go into the Transvaal with a gentleman, since dead, who was then proprietor of a D'Urban paper. On our return, when the time for my honorarium came, I was told I was not of age, and that by Roman-Dutch Law I could not claim the money. This so disgusted me that I determined to desert the haunts of civilization for the haunts of large game in Zululand. I had already had an apprenticeship in the hunting of large game, having often enjoyed this kind of sport with Dr. Taylor, of D'Urban, and the officers of the 27th Regiment, then at D'Urban. We often went out at night to get a shot at the elephants which at that time used to come down on to the flat, where the race-course now is, and wander all about, often to within a few yards of my father's house at Sea View, near Clairmont. The old house and the gigantic old fig trees have now vanished, and where the elephants then trumpeted, other rushing monsters, called locomotives, now shriek.

Captain Drayson, in his book written some years ago, mentions having met a "white lad" when on the track of elephants in the Berea Bush. This lad was myself. But, telling these tales to the present generation of D'Urban, sitting in comfortable arm-chairs in their well-built houses, will seem like romancing to them. At the time I speak of, D'Urban was nothing but a wilderness of sand heaps, with a few straggling huts called houses.

I started for Zululand in 1853, where I had no fixed place of abode, but wandered about shooting, with varied success, till 1854, when I met Capt. Walmsley, who persuaded me to return to Natal, and take office under him

which I did, and a kind friend he proved to me—more a father than a master. I had not been with him long when luck began to befriend me. Capt. Lucas, the present Magistrate of Alexandra, came through on a hunting trip, and on his return sold me his wagon and oxen for £84. From this time I may date the turn of my luck for good. I exchanged the team of oxen, which was a good one of full grown bullocks, for two teams of unbroken ones. These I broke in, and kept on exchanging and selling until I had the good fortune to get together a nice lot of cattle.



CHAPTER LII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

I NOW approach the subject of my first introduction to Cetywayo, which led to the position in which I now stand.

From my knowledge of the Zulu Kafir, and from what I could glean from Natal Kafirs who had been in Zululand at the time of the fight, I felt sure that I could get back the cattle of the traders without much difficulty, the only risk being to myself; but this I did not think much of, as I was aware of their character for not harbouring revenge after a battle, I therefore got permission from Capt. Walmsley—who did not at all like the idea of my going—and started. I made a hunting trip a pretext for going, but I was looked upon as mad, and going to my certain destruction. However, I started, keeping my destination a secret even from my own party. I kept with my wagon as far as Eshowe, where I left it with my hunters to “shoot buffalo,” starting however, for Pande’s kraal, which I reached on the third day. Old Umpande, the father of the late Cetywayo, received me well, and requested a private interview with me, for he had heard who I was, and that in the late battle I had helped his deceased sons. When I explained to him the object of my mission he seemed rather disappointed, but did not say much then, and as it was rather late in the evening he told me he would speak to me the next day. Accordingly, the next morning, shortly after sunrise, he sent for me and my headman, Xegwana. He was sitting at the head of the Nodwengo kraal when we reached him, but as soon as we had seated ourselves he said, “This is not the place in which I intend to sit.” He then—unaccompanied by his shield-bearer, whose duty it was to hold the shield over him as an umbrella, to keep the sun off—walked into the centre of the cattle kraal, ordering my headman and myself to go with him. Before he sat down he looked round carefully, bade us be seated, and then remained silent awhile. After which he said:

“Child of Mr. Dunn,—I thought you had come on other matters when I heard it was you who died (metaphorically) with my children ; that is why I said nothing to you last night. As far as the cattle are concerned you must go to Cetywayo—they are ready to be given up. Sifili (the name Mr. Fynn then went by) left them ; I don’t know why, but I can’t let you go without speaking what is in my heart. I must first thank you for the part you took to help my sons who were being killed. I now thank you with my mouth, but when all is settled and quiet you must come to me again, and I will give you some cattle as my thanks for what you have done for my children. Although you escaped, I still look on you as having seen their last, but still there is something in my heart I must tell you, and that is that although Cetywayo and Umbulazi fought for my place, I gave the preference to neither. The one in my heart is yet young, and I am afraid to mention who he is, even to you. Of the two that have been killing each other—Cetywayo and Umbulazi—Cetywayo was my favourite, but it was not he whom I intended to take my place. As I said before, he is still too young, but I will send and tell Somseu (Sir Theo. Shepstone). You see I am afraid of letting the sticks of the kraal hear what I am saying.” After a long talk, during which he made me give him a full description of the battle—the first true account he had heard—he told me to go to Cetywayo’s kraal—Mangweni—about 75 miles down the coast. Xegwana did not like this, and told the old King so ; but I said I did not mind, provided he would give me a messenger to go with me. To this the King assented, and told Xegwana not to be afraid, and to me he said, “You are a man, child of Mr. Dunn ; your father was my friend ; try and do your best that no harm comes to my children from them taking the cattle of the white men.” I promised that if the cattle were restored no further notice would be taken. Next morning I started for the Mangawni Kraal, which I reached on the third day. On my being reported to Cetywayo he immediately sent for me, and, on explaining my mission, he at once said the cattle had been collected, but had been scattered amongst the kraals again, and if I would wait a few days he would have them collected and handed over to me. This fact must be particularly noted, that I was never asked by

Umpande or Cetywayo if I had been sent by the Natal Government. Neither did I say upon what authority I had come.

This was my first introduction to Cetywayo.

The next evening I received a letter from Capt. Walmsley, as, not having heard of me since my leaving him, he was getting anxious, and so asked me to let him know all particulars. The next morning Cetywayo sent to me to say I was not to mind what the letter said, and begged me to stay and wait for the cattle. I sent back word to say that I had promised to do so, but said he must have them collected as quickly as he could, as I wanted to get back. On further inquiry I found out that a rumour had got afloat—how, no one knew—that the letter was to recall me, as the troops were coming up, and that I had been ordered to abandon the cattle. I remained two days longer with Cetywayo, and on the third he sent me word to say that the cattle were ready, and sent me messengers to take me to the Ginginhlovo kraal to hand them over to me. He said they were a thousand head. On parting with Cetywayo, he thanked me for staying for the cattle, and said I was to return if the cattle were received all right and then receive some cattle he intended to give me. I got to the Ginginhlovo kraal the next day, and found the cattle all collected to the number of one thousand and one. The odd beast I killed, and started for Natal with the thousand.

I forgot to say that, on leaving Umpande's kraal, I sent two men to my wagon to tell my hunters not to be uneasy and to keep on hunting until I sent for them, so I had only four men left to drive the lot of cattle, which I can assure my readers was a difficult task, as I had to go through miles of country thickly covered with bush. The country I allude to was in the neighbourhood of the Matikulu, between the Ginginhlovo kraal and the Tugela. However, I got down all safe, and with the assistance of a trader whom I found near the Tugela, and who kindly lent me some men, I got the cattle across the river with the loss of three trampled to death in the struggle out of the steep and muddy bank. On my arrival in Natal I sent to the Secretary of the Traders' Committee informing him of what I had done, and also stating that if he would pay me £250 I would hand the cattle over to him for the benefit

of the traders. He wrote back to say that the Government ought to pay me. I then went to Maritzburg, and the present Sir Theophilus Shepstone asked me if I had claimed the cattle in the name of the Government, and on my saying I had not done so, he said "Why not? You must have known that the Zulus were under the impression that your authority was derived from the Government." My answer was that although they might have thought so I had nothing to do with it as long as I succeeded in getting the cattle without committing myself. I further said that, supposing I had said so, and not succeeded in getting the cattle, "Would you not have blamed me for assuming an authority I had not?" The Government, however, ignored my claim, so that I held the cattle until I got the amount I claimed from the traders, which was paid me about two weeks after I got back. I then handed the cattle over, and glad I was to get rid of them, and considering that I had not spent more than two weeks over the job I had made a good "spec."

Shortly after the occurrence of the events above related I went back to Zululand to claim my "present of thanks" from my friend Cetywayo. This I received in the shape of ten fine oxen.

Thus commenced my first acquaintance with Cetywayo. Not long after my second return he sent to me to beg me to go and live with him, as he wanted a "white man as a friend to live near him and advise him." The first message he sent was by Sintwangu, and subsequently by a man named Umlazana, as also by others, all bound on the same errand. I at first demurred, but afterwards thought on the hardships I had had to undergo owing to my not being allowed by the Roman Dutch Law to receive the money I had honestly earned, and the inducements held out by Cetywayo, including the promise of land in his country. Considering all this, I say, I made up my mind to accept his offer and remove to Zululand for good. When I informed Capt. Walmsley of my determination, he at first tried to ridicule the idea, but on seeing that I meant what I said, he tried hard to persuade me not to go, and as an inducement held out a promise of giving me a title to some land on his farm Chantilly in Natal, he, poor fellow, forgetting that he had already told me in confidence that all was mortgaged in his father's name. Otherwise I think I might have

been induced not to leave, as I really was sincerely attached to him, and I believe for the time I was with him very few had more control over him than I had. Often in his mad freaks, still remembered by many Natalians, he would stand being severely spoken to by me, although he would say "Dunn, if any other man presumed to speak to me as you do I would have him out with pistols." To this I used to say, in a jocular way, "I'm game to argue the point with you with any weapons you may choose," which style of talk always brought him round, and he would then slap me on the back and say "You're the boy for me ; let's have something to drink." Notwithstanding all his eccentricities, he was one of the most generous-hearted men I ever had anything to do with. May he rest in peace.

But to proceed. The lung-sickness had broken out amongst the cattle in Natal, and a law had been passed that no cattle were to be allowed to cross the Tugela into Zululand. I therefore had to sell all the cattle I had remaining to me from this disease, and buy a span of young oxen from a trader in Zululand. These were all unbroken, and a tough job I had in catching them and breaking them in, and when I started, it took me six days going a distance of twenty-five miles, *i.e.*, to the site of my selected dwelling in Zululand, the Ungoye forest, which was a part of the country totally uninhabited, and abounding in game. But my main object in selecting this spot was the advantage of the forest. Cetywayo himself laughed when he heard which part of the country I had chosen, and all the people said I would soon leave, as no cattle would live there, and the wild animals would also soon drive me away. Sure enough wolves and panthers abounded, but I had a good pack of dogs, and as I had picked out the place on account of the forest, and game, I soon made the panthers and wolves scarce, albeit with the loss of a good dog now and then. I had now shooting to my heart's content, as often, whilst building my house, I used to see buffaloes, and go off and bag a couple without anyone missing me until they heard the shots. I was always fond of going by myself, with sometimes one boy whom I used to take with me, more for the purpose of despatching him for carriers when I shot game than for anything else. I never liked taking a fellow hunter with me.

CHAPTER LIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

SHORTLY after I was settled, I got mixed up with the politics of the country, and was constantly being sent for by Cetywayo to advise him in any emergency. In 1860 I started with a friend on a shooting excursion towards St. Lucia Bay. We arrived there after about a week's trekking with our wagons. This friend was Lewis Reynolds. The next day we went out to try our luck and bagged a couple of Koodoo and a few other buck. On our return to camp we found messengers from Cetywayo to recall me, as, owing to some unexplained cause, he had got into some misunderstanding with the Natal Government, and there was a fear of invasion from both sides, and troops had been ordered up to the Tugela. So we decided to return, and next morning started back, and kept with our wagons that day, but the day following decided to leave the wagons and ride on to my place at Umgoye, a distance of about 25 miles, which we did. The next day we went on to Cetywayo, who was at a new kraal he was building at the Etshowe. On arriving there he received me very coldly, and said that he had not thought that I would have deceived him so soon, and openly said that he was sure I had purposely gone out of the way, as I knew the English was coming in. This I assured him was not the case, and offered to take any message for him to Natal should he really not mean war. On my saying this, his tone began to alter, and he said he had already sent messengers, but he would be glad if I would also go and confirm his words by them. We again saddled our horses, and rode on, doing another good day's journey. Our poor horses now began to feel the effects of the continuous work, and that of Reynolds began to go lame. We, however, got to the Tugela the next morning, and after seeing the Commanding Officer, Major Williamson, of the 85th Regiment, we went on to Captain Walmsley, the Border Agent, and delivered our message, and returned and slept

at the camp at the Tugela. The next day, as Reynolds' horse was completely knocked up, we started back home with the remaining one only, riding and walking turn and turn about, until we got to about six miles from my house at Umgoye, when I rode on to order the preparation of some food. On my arrival I waited until about six o'clock in the evening, and as my companion did not put in an appearance, I sent in search of him, but without any favourable result, so, thinking that he had got tired and gone to a kraal, I did not wait dinner any longer for him. Next morning he turned up. Poor fellow! He had lost his way in the dark and had passed my place, and, not finding any kraal, he had passed the night under a rock, cold and hungry. He was one of the best fellows Natal ever saw. All being now quiet, we again, after a few days' rest, started back to the hunting ground, and a good time we had of it, killing no end of game of all kinds, but as so many books have already been written on the subject of hunting, I do not intend to give many hunting tales, with the exception of a few remarkable incidents.

Reynolds saw me shoot my first rhinoceros. We both stalked him at the same time from different directions, unknown to each other, but I luckily got up first and fired first. He, not knowing that the shot came from me, jumped up and used rather strong language at having his shot spoilt. The rhinoceros started off as fast as his legs could carry him, and we were standing talking (after Reynolds had apologised for the language used, and explained that he had thought the interruption had come from a native hunter) when we heard, some 400 yards off, something like the squeaking of a big pig. This sound Reynolds had heard before, and he shouted out "By jove! you've got him—that is his death cry!" and sure enough when we reached the spot from whence the sound came we found my fine fellow stiff. He was a very fine bull of the white species. A few days after this I had shot a couple of buffalo, and was on the track of another wounded one, which led me to the bank of the Hluhluwe River, where I saw what I thought to be a black rhinoceros, and, not having shot one, I left the buffaloes for the new game. On getting nearer I was surprised to see it was a "sea-cow" (or hippopotamus), an unusual thing to come across, feeding

in broad daylight. The spot being rather open, with tufts of grass here and there, I had to go on my hands and knees, and had got up to within about 100 yards of it, when suddenly I came upon an enormous wild boar (Vlak Vark). He was lying within three yards of me, fast asleep. I did not know what to do. Should I startle him, I would frighten the sea-cow, and I could not well crawl past him without being seen. Whilst considering what was best to be done, he arose, and immediately saw me, and not knowing what I was, turned to me, champing his tusks. I kept very quiet, but at once cocked my gun, as I expected him to charge me, and I was also strongly tempted to bag him, as he had the finest tusks I had seen on a Vlak Vark. In fact I have never since seen such a fine pair, and have often regretted not having got him, as many hundreds of sea-cows have I killed since. Well, to go on with my pig. He did not keep me long in a fix, for after a few loud snorts and foaming at the mouth he quietly began to turn and edge off. I expect he began to smell that mischief was in store for him. I was in great fear lest the sea-cow might take the alarm, as it was in sight all the time, but it had either got hold of a nice feed of grass, or else had been fasting, as it looked up twice and went on grazing again as soon as the pig was out of sight. I again crawled on and got to within about 50 yards, and waited until the animal got into such a position that I could give a telling shot. As it was facing landwards, I gave it one barrel behind the left shoulder, and as it turned for its watery home I gave it the second barrel behind the right before it plunged into the river and disappeared. For about ten minutes I sat patiently on the bank, and when it came up in its dying struggle, I fired two more shots into its head, which settled it.

When I got back to the camp my companion and the hunters were much surprised to hear that I had shot a sea-cow, as that animal had never been found so far up-country in those parts, especially in the daytime.

After having had some very good shooting and bagging between 50 and 60 Buffalo between our party, besides a great number of other game, we struck camp, and returned home. In those days I don't think there was another spot in South Africa where in one day such a variety of game

could be met with. Baldwin, the hunter, trader, &c., shot here on his way to the Zambesi, and he, in his book published some time ago, says that, with the exception of elephants, this was the finest spot in South Africa for game, and even in these days very good shooting is to be got there, although not to be compared with that of the days I am now writing about.

Whilst on the subject of shooting I might as well give a little friendly advice to intending sportsmen. Don't mind expending ammunition before you start on your hunting trip, for then you will thoroughly try your gun and know it well. As a rule the charge put into the cartridges by the gunmakers is too feeble, and the bullet does not penetrate the large game. The best way is to load the cartridges yourself, and then you will see the effect beforehand. In saying all this I speak from experience, and will mention an instance in proof. The first breechloader I ordered from England was a double-barrelled one—rifle and smooth bore—the former 16, the latter 12. The charge of powder measured out by the maker for the rifle barrel was $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams—that of the smooth barrel was not regulated, as it was supposed to be intended for shot and small game. My gun arrived on the eve of my starting on a shooting trip, and I made up my mind to do wonders with it. On the way to the hunting ground I loaded it according to the gunmaker's instructions, and the effect was pretty good on small buck, but I was surprised at finding that the bullet had not gone through those that I had shot. On getting amongst the large game I wasted no end of ammunition, and only killed a koodoo and a waterbuck. As for rhinoceros and buffalo, they did not seem to feel the charge. I was naturally disgusted—especially as one day the matter nearly cost me my life. Just on leaving camp early one morning, I espied a large buffalo bull returning to cover from the pasturage. I ran and squatted down in the track he was taking to the bush, and let him come to within about twenty yards, when I gave a slight whistle, and, as he raised his head I fired at his chest. With a properly loaded cartridge the shot would have killed him even if he had not dropped on the spot. He at once charged straight at me. I rolled on one side, and he passed; I jumped up and put in another

cartridge, and followed his blood track, expecting to come upon him every minute. But he had vanished. This so much disgusted me that I determined to load some cartridges with my own charge, even if I spoilt the gun in doing so. So I returned to camp and loaded a lot with three and a half drams in the sixteen (rifle) and five drams in the twelve (smooth) bore, and again went out. After firing a few shots I soon found out that my gun threw its shots much higher, and that it kicked me, which it had not done before. But I had my reward, as on coming across rhinoceros I killed three, and out of a herd of buffalo I killed two, two koodoo, and one waterbuck, all on the same day. In the evening I reached the camp well pleased, but rather sore in the shoulder from kicking of the gun. The next day I bagged five rhinoceros, and soon got used to the kicking of the gun. In fact, I found that by grasping it more firmly whilst firing, it hardly hurt at all. On these grounds I say that I advise anyone who does not know his gun to try it well with different charges before he starts on a hunting trip in search of large game.

The behaviour of the Snider rifle is the only thing that is, perhaps, an exception to the efficacy of my theory regarding heavy charges. One season I started on a shooting tour with two officers—Captains Carey and Webster. Whilst shooting at a sea-cow from our boat, the heavy charges of powder that I was using in conjunction with hardened bullets, caused the catch of my gun to fly off, and if I had not had a firm grip of the barrels they would have sprung into the water and been lost. Well, the only other spare gun was a long Snider rifle at the camp which used to throw very high; but not wishing to detain my friends, I sent my gun to the gunmaker in D'Urban, and knocked the back sight off the Snider and took it for a makeshift, not thinking that I would be able to kill anything but small game with the small charge with which that rifle is loaded. The accident to my gun happened at the Umhlatuzi, a few miles beyond Port Durnford, and we now started for St. Lucia Bay. I had told my messenger to hasten with the gun, and begged the gunsmith to send him back as soon as possible. On arriving at the juncture of St. Lucia and the Umfolozi, I