

launched our boat and went to give Carey and Webster some shooting at the sea-cow. We had not long been on the water before we saw one, and rowing within shot, I told Carey to fire, which he did, and missed. On the sea-cow rising again I could not resist, but fired. I heard my shot tell, but saw the bullet strike the water some distance beyond. Both my friends said I had missed. I said I had not. And for a while we saw no more of the animal, but on going a little distance, and looking back to where I had fired, I saw him floating. (In order that I may not appear paradoxical, I must explain that in alluding to a Sea Cow as "him" I used the generic term "Sea Cow" by which this animal is spoken of in South Africa.) On taking him to land, we found the bullet had gone right through the top of his head. This, as I said, is an exception to my theory of the efficacy of heavy charges and hardened bullets. However, my gun got back from D'Urban a day or two after, and putting away the Snider took it into use again.

On another occasion I was out shooting with a rifle presented to me by a young friend of the Hon'ble Guy Dawney's. It was a peculiar one, made by Holland, and taking the Snider cartridge. It used to carry very accurately, and I used to kill a lot of koodoo, wildebeest (gnu), and such game, but I never used to take it out for rhinoceros or buffalo. One day I had been shooting wildebeest, and had just killed one, on which I was sitting —my horse feeding under saddle close by—I heard several shots, the sportsmen evidently coming nearer and nearer, when all of a sudden, about six hundred yards away, I saw one of our party approaching rapidly, galloping alongside of two rhinoceros, and firing as quickly as he could. I immediately jumped up on my horse and rode for him, and then kept turning the beasts in order to give my friend good shots at them. At last, as the game did not seem to slacken in speed, and as my horse was the fastest, I galloped past them, for they were leading us a long way from the game I had killed, as also from the camp. I jumped off my horse, and, as the foremost came on, I fired at her, taking aim between the neck and shoulders, with the intention of turning her (it was a large cow, with a half-grown calf.) As soon as the bullet struck, the blood burst

out of her nostrils, and running about ten yards, she dropped. My friend still stuck to the others. On examining the rhinoceros on the side that was uppermost, I could not find a single bullet wound, and so I thought my friend might have hit her on the side she was lying on, but on his return—not having killed the one he had galloped after—we got assistance from a kraal and turned the animal over, and, much to his disgust, we could not find a single shot of his—the only wound being mine—although he had fired at least six or eight times at her. This was the second instance of the penetrating power of the Snider cartridge. After this I had more confidence, and killed many a sea-cow with the same rifle ; but these cases, as I have before said, are the exceptions. The great secret in hunting is to know what your gun can do, and to shoot straight, with plenty of power to drive the ball home. You must also know the vital spot, and place your lead there.

If the above tale of the rhinoceros ever reaches the eyes of my friend, he will be amused at the recollection of having missed the animal. Whilst relating the incidents of this trip, I may as well mention an adventure one of our party had which nearly cost him his life. I refer to a Watson Capt. of the 11th Regiment. I had constantly been warning my companions not to go about alone, saying that if they would persist in doing so one of them would get chawed up by a Lion. Well, one day we shifted camp to be nearer good ground for game. On nearing the fresh hunting ground the Captain turned off to a mound to scan the neighbourhood with his glass. Lying at the edge of a ravine he saw what he took to be some Impala bucks some four hundred yards off. Tying his horse to a tree, he crept down the ravine, out of sight, and then stalked his game up it, when he suddenly came face to face with, not harmless Impalas, but about twenty lions. A good shot would have bagged a couple, if not more, but Watson was none of the best of shots, and, besides, had a rifle which did not carry true. He fired, and, as he thought, gave the finest lion a mortal shot, the rest moving quietly off, Watson following and firing at them until he had expended all his cartridges but the two with which his gun was loaded, not having, however, wounded any other. He now went back to where he had left the lion,

to see if it wanted settling. On reaching the spot he could not see anything of his quarry until, suddenly, he heard a growl in the long grass close beside him, and at the same instant the lion sprang at him. He was, at this moment, standing on the edge of the ravine on a bank about ten feet high, overhanging a large pond of water about fifteen feet wide. As the lion sprang at him Watson had just time to fire both barrels—the cocks of which he had carefully drawn over—and at the same instant jumped backwards, over the bank, into the water-hole, with the lion on top of him. The brute now caught hold of him, with his mouth on his side, clawing him on the head with his paw, but the water being deep, the lion could not get a footing, which fact was the saving of Watson's life, as every time the beast tried to make a firmer bite at him, he ducked himself, as well as his victim, under water, thus swimming about with him as a dog would with a duck, the banks being too high for the lion to climb out with him. This game went on for some time, which must have seemed an age to a man in the fix described. At last the brute let him go, and swam a little distance off and got out on to a small bank in the ravine. He there sat growling and watching Watson, who by this time had been nearly drowned, and was very weak from loss of blood, but he had just strength enough to swim to the opposite bank, catch hold of a branch that was hanging down the bank and clamber out and make for his horse.

In the meantime we had gone on and pitched camp, and I had gone out and shot a wildebeest out of a herd that was grazing about a mile off. I was just cutting off its tail—(the custom of all hunters, as a display of the tail is a proof of their prowess)—when I saw a Kafir running towards me and calling out to me to come quickly. I started off running to him, as I made sure something serious must have happened, and when I met him the first words were “the white man has been killed by a lion.” Well—said I to myself—here is a pretty mess; it has happened just as I told them. When I got to camp, there, sure enough, was Watson lying in the tent, and his companions standing around, not one of them, however, knowing what to do, and afraid to touch him. He was a pretty sight. His clothes all wet, torn, and bloody—his head cut open

from the back to the eyebrow—like a splendid sabre cut—and his black beard one mass of clotted blood. I at once stripped him and washed his wounds with warm water—cut his hair and bandaged him. He had a wound on his side through which the lung could be seen, and smaller wounds all over his body, but the most remarkable wound was a welt, or whale, from the middle of his back to near the large open wound. I could not understand how he could have got this, as it looked exactly as if it had been caused by a blow from a heavy stick of the thickness of one's wrist. This wound turned out to be the most dangerous of all. I was not afraid of the open flesh wounds, and the one on his head was only a scalp wound. But I did my best to make him more easy, and then got a description of the place where the encounter occurred. The next morning we started in search of his gun and hat, and, from what he said, we expected to find the lion dead. We found the lion, sure enough, not dead, but very savage. We killed him and found that Watson's shots had done very little damage. His first shot had merely broken the lion's hind leg, low down, just above the paw. The shots he fired as the brute sprang upon him had resulted in the breaking of one of the fangs. The welt across the back was thus accounted for, as it had evidently been caused by the broken tooth. This breaking of the tooth saved his life, because if it had not been broken and gone in at his back it must have killed him. On looking about we found his gun and his hat on the top of it, as if carefully placed there, and the lion's tooth not a yard from the muzzle of the gun, showing how close he must have been.

This escape of Watson's is the most wonderful one I have ever heard of. I forgot to say that whilst looking for Watson's gun we came across the skeleton of a crocodile, which plainly showed that the pool was infested by that reptile—so that the triple escape from the lion, from drowning, and from the crocodile, may be described as extraordinary.

We had to wait about a month in this camp before Watson was strong enough to move again. However, not a day passed without our getting plenty of game, and, as good luck would have it for Watson, when he had barely strength to handle a gun, one day, while we were

away from camp, a rhinoceros trotted up to within about fifty yards of it, and Watson, who always had his gun by his side, managed to crawl to the tent-door and shoot it. He was so pleased at this that I believe it helped to bring him round more than anything. What used greatly to delight him was to sit under a tree and look at the skin of his lion, which was a very fine black-maned one. I had it hung up in a tree before his tent. I thought this would be a lesson to the others not to go about wandering by themselves, though I was mistaken, but luckily we had no more accidents, although my friend, Dawney—from what I could make out from the native gun-carriers who used to go with him—had a couple of narrow squeaks from rhinoceros, but he was a capital shot and a plucky hunter. I often look back to those days ; though dangerous, they were the happiest of my life.

The finest bag I ever made was—one morning before ten o'clock—twenty-three sea-cows. One would think that, with all these carcases, there would be great waste, but not a bit was lost. The natives around St. Lucia Bay used to come down in hundreds and carry every particle of meat away. I shot well that day. I took out thirty-six cartridges, and two in my gun. I brought back six and two in my gun—killing twenty-three with thirty shots. That season I killed to my own gun two hundred and three sea-cows, besides a lot of other game, and was only away for under three months from the day of starting. Colonel Tower and Captain Chaplin were with me that year, the one in which the horse "Hermit" won at home. Sea-cow shooting from a boat is capital sport, as there is just sufficient danger to make it exciting, and the hunter must be very quick in shooting, as the animal shows his head above water only for a very short time. From land it is comparatively tame sport.

Whilst away shooting I constantly received messages from Cetywayo, and on my return he always used to bully me for running the risk of being killed by game.

CHAPTER LIV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

UPON Um'Pande's death, in 1872, I discontinued my long hunting trips. Cetywayo had succeeded his father. Previous to this time he had not troubled me much, only occasionally sending for me when he wished to consult me on any important subject. On one of these occasions he had all his headmen with him at the Mangweni Kraal. (This was before he was made King.) On my arrival he told me he intended to send out an *impi* (army) to some petty tribe in the Swazi country. At this time there was a great division in the Zulu country, Uhamu being the favourite in all the upper parts, and it was said that Usibepu would side with him in the event of an outbreak. I, knowing this, as also the feeling of Cetywayo's own party on the subject, strongly dissuaded him from taking such a step as he contemplated. He, however, held out, and said he was determined to sent forth his *impi*. Had I followed my first inclination, and not thought of the future, I should have liked nothing better than to have joined an *impi*, but as I had made up my mind to make the Zulu country my home, and as I should have been a great sufferer by any defeat Cetywayo might sustain, I made up my mind to do my best to dissuade him from taking the course he intended. After failing in all arguments, I told him to recollect that all tribes out of Zululand were now armed with guns, and that he must remember what the few guns I had had at the battle of Undondakusuka (fought between him and his brother Umbulazi in 1856, as I have related) did, and that he knew that he had not the whole Zulu nation on his side, but only a small portion, and that if he suffered the slightest defeat the whole country would turn on him, and that I would also suffer. I said, "Wait until you also have guns." After a while I could see that my arguments began to tell on him. "But," said he, "where am I to get guns? The Natal Government will not let people bring them into my country, and you won't help me." I answered that if he

would put off sending his impi out I would try what I could do, and I would go to Natal and see the Governor. This promise gained my point. The next day I started back home, and a day or two afterwards started for D'Urban. On my arrival I luckily found the then Governor, Mr. Keate, and the present Sir Theo. Shepstone, at the Royal Hotel, where I also put up. I went at once to Mr. Shepstone (as he was then) and told him plainly the position I had taken in Zululand, and that it was my object to arm Cetywayo's party as strongly as I could, because I believed that in so doing it would be the cause of preventing another civil war in Zululand, as, if it was known that Cetywayo had guns, he would soon get all the nation on his side. Mr. Shepstone advised me to go straight to the Governor and state my views to him—he himself did not think I was far out. Mr. Shepstone then went and saw the Governor, and after a short absence returned and told me to go in to His Excellency. By his look I was encouraged to state my case plainly, which I did, and concluded by saying that as I did not wish to smuggle, I would take it as a great favour if His Excellency would grant me a permit, on behalf of Cetywayo, to purchase 150 guns, and ammunition for them. This, after consideration, he promised to do, and afterwards carried out. On a subsequent occasion he also granted me another permit to purchase 100 more guns and necessary ammunition, but owing to the people of Natal taking up and opposing the course pursued, I was requested not to make any more applications, which I refrained from doing, and as the Government had acted very liberally towards me, I determined not to smuggle any guns or ammunition through Natal—a resolution I stuck to, although often tempted to break it, as many influential people offered me guns, &c., at low prices.

On my return to Cetywayo, with the guns and powder, he was greatly delighted, and said he now really saw that I was his friend, and was advising him for the best. When I went on the trip during which Watson was mauled by the lion, Cetywayo gave me a number of young men to take with me in order that I might teach them to shoot. Some of them went with me when we started to search for the lion, which, when killed,

they ate every particle of. He was very fat, and Dawney and his friend also tried some of the meat, which they said was not bad, I hope my readers will not go away with the idea that the lion was eaten raw, for a large fire was made, and all was well roasted first.

Being now in good favour, and no more being said about the impi going out, I tried to carry out a scheme I had in view, *videlicet*, that of getting a further grant of land on the Tugela, which was totally uninhabited. This was a belt of country lying between the Tugela and Matikulu Rivers. After a time I succeeded, and upon this fact becoming known amongst a lot of Natal Kafirs—who had been attached to me whilst I was residing in Natal—a number got permission from the Natal Government to come across the border and reside with me. This I also got Cetywayo's consent to and was the commencement of my starting an independent tribe, acknowledging me as their chief and head. Any Natives leaving their headmen or chiefs in Zululand, and coming to reside in the district over which I was chief, were looked upon as having left the Zulu country, and the King's service, and they were not subject to the King's call to arms, unless under me, and they were as free from allegiance to their former master as Zulus who had crossed into Natal, but, they were not allowed to remove their cattle, which were considered to be forfeited to the King. This those inclined to me did not mind, as long as they were permitted to come under my protection, although many a squabble I had to prevent my people being taken away and killed—life was held very cheap in Zululand in those days, and if Cetywayo has, in some future day, to give an account of all the lives he has taken in cold blood, he will have a heavy score to settle.

The object I then had in view was to try to get the whole of the district (which was sparsely populated by the Zulus) from the T'ngela to beyond the Ungoye, under me. I had succeeded, so far, in obtaining both ends, and intended gradually to try and populate the middle district, and to get a title from the King and Zulu nation to a strip all along the coast and the Tugela, to be, as I have said, under me as an independent chief, and being a favourite of the people, I knew that many a Zulu who had got into trouble with his own people would come to me for

protection, thinking nothing, as stated, of the loss of his cattle, owing to the knowledge of the fact that I would never let a child starve for want of milk if I had any cattle.

My position had now become one of some consequence in the country, and I was looked on as being second to Cetywayo in authority—the poor old King Pande only holding a nominal position. I now began to feel a difference, as I no longer had the free and easy time I had had of it before, but had constantly to receive some big man as a visitor—Cetywayo's brothers included—and I was now more frequently sent for by Cetywayo. On one of the occasions on which I went to him he was at one of the Ondini Kraals. On my arrival he said Somseu (Mr. Shepstone) was at Nodwengo, and had sent for him, and he wished to know why? On my saying this was the first I had heard of it, he said he thought I would have heard why he had been sent for, and after a long talk, we separated, and I turned in. Whilst lying in the hut that had been assigned to me, a little before daybreak I heard someone asking "Where is the hut John Dunn is sleeping in?" I jumped up quickly and got hold of my gun, and crept to the sliding wicker-work that forms the covering of the low door, which I quietly pushed aside, and looked out. Presently I heard Cetywayo's voice calling to me, and on my answering, he said, "Come out—I want to speak to you." On my going out he said, "I have not slept the whole night. My head has been thinking why Somseu sent for me. I wish you to go ahead before I see him, I will follow, and you can tell him I am coming, but send me back word should you see anything wrong." I knew what he meant. As I had left word at home that I should be back the next day, having just inoculated a lot of cattle I had got from Cetywayo, I sent word home about looking after these cattle during my absence, as I could not say when I should be back, and as soon as it was light I started for Nodwengo.

On my arrival there I delivered my message, which Mr. Shepstone was glad to get. The next day Cetywayo arrived, and the one following he held an interview with Mr. Shepstone, and returned to the kraal he

was staying at. I did not return until late in the afternoon. On my arrival I found Cetywayo in a very bad temper, and talking a great deal. As soon as I sat down, he spoke to me and said, "Does Somseu know about the way his Induna, Ungoza, is going on? Walking about the King's Kraal as if it was his own, and even going into the Isigohlo (the Harem). What does he think he is? What is he but a dog? If it was not from fear of the 'White House' I would kill him at once." When I spoke to some of Cetywayo's men about this, I found that it was true, and than Ungoza was presuming too much, and making himself too big a man.

On going to Mr. Shepstone's camp the next day, I mentioned this, and advised him to caution Ungoza, or else he would get into trouble. Mr. Shepstone thanked me for telling him.

After waiting at Nodwengo a couple of days for the headmen, who did not arrive, the meeting was put off, and seeing nothing to detain me, and as I was anxious to get back to look after my inoculated cattle, to which Cetywayo did not object, I returned home. A day or two after my departure the meeting between Mr. Shepstone and Cetywayo took place which meeting, according to all accounts, was rather a stormy one, owing to Cetywayo speaking so strongly on the actions of Ungoza, but with no disrespect or danger to Mr. Shepstone. Much to my surprise, I heard some years afterwards that Mr. Shepstone had stated that his life had been threatened, and that, knowing of the danger, I had left without warning him. If I had seen any necessity for remaining, or if Mr. Shepstone had thrown out the slightest hint that he wished or expected me to remain to the last, I would willingly have done so, even at the sacrifice of my private affairs. I was warned and told to be on my guard, as Mr. Shepstone was one of my bitterest enemies. This I heard confirmed lately by one who ought to know well.

The above shows how one's actions can be misrepresented by one who should know better, and how easily one makes enemies without just cause. At the same time, Mr. Shepstone has never said an indignant word to me on the subject, but, on the contrary, whenever he met me he always professed a friendly and fatherly spirit, and always expressed his

pleasure at my getting on. As far as I am concerned, I can assert that, at the interview with Cetywayo, there was no knowledge of danger, or intention on my part to leave him in hostile hands, but my action was simply ruled by my domestic affairs. I am certain there was no danger, as I knew Cetywayo's aim, at the time I am writing of, was to keep on good terms with the English Government, and it was nothing but the conduct of Ungoza which exasperated him and made him speak in the way he did, as intrusion into the harem by a common-born man like Ungoza was a flagrant violation of Zulu etiquette.

It was some years after this time that Cetywayo's feelings towards the English began to change, and the fault lay with the Government, and the messengers they sent, assuming a tone of authority he did not recognise. This feeling was also fanned, at first, by a light breeze from the late Bishop Colenso, and that breeze eventually broke into a whirlwind which ruined the Zulu nation.

I now had to do all Cetywayo's correspondence, and no messenger was sent to the Natal Government without his first consulting me, and when the Natal messengers returned, I had to write the letter. I always heard the verbal message, and read the answer from the Government.

CHAPTER LV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

THUS matters went on until Umpande's death, in 1872. Some time after this Cetywayo requested me to go with a deputation to the Natal Government at Pietermaritzburg, and ask that Mr. Shepstone might be sent to represent the English Government, in London, at his installation as King. This request was acceded to by the Government, and in July, 1873, preparations were made to go up to the Amathlabatini, where Panda died, Cetywayo being at his kraal Ondini, near the coast, and eight miles from the former place.

At the time of starting my eldest son was taken dangerously ill, and I was called home, where I daily received messengers from Cetywayo. Eventually he put off going to Mathlabatini, as he said he would not go without me. His principal reason for this was that some mischief-makers had been spreading a report that his late rival Umbulazi had not been killed in the fight, but had escaped to Natal, and that now Pande was dead, it was the intention of the Government to make Umbulazi King instead of him. Hence his saying he would not go without me, as he wanted my advice and assistance in the emergency. On my riding over to him one day and telling him it would be impossible for me to leave home, as I daily expected my son to die, he really burst into tears, and said "If you can't go, I will not, the Spirits would not be with me if you did not go." He, however, sent his principal Doctor, and the next day, much to my surprise, two of his *incekus* or household servants, came with a large black ox. They had orders to sacrifice this animal in order to appease the Spirits, and thus beg of them to allow me to go up. I told them that I did not believe in this, and would have nothing to do with it. But the men said that, whether I liked it or not, they must obey their orders, and before stabbing the ox they went through a lot of incantations and exhortations. Although I had often listened to their

sermons at their own kraal, I had never been so impressed as I was now with what was said. It was quite a prayer. Strange to say—whether he was carried away by the excitement or the novelty of the thing or not—but my boy, who had hardly been able to move in bed without help, much less to rise up, begged to be lifted out of bed, and, with help, walked to the door to witness the ceremony, and smiled as he looked on—the first time he had done so for a couple of weeks. I can assure you, reader, it had a strange effect upon me. You can laugh at the superstition, but an incident of this kind goes a long way with the Zulus. Further on I will relate another incident of this kind that happened, to my knowledge, some two years afterwards.

Shortly after this my son began to show signs of getting better, and I was able to return to Cetywayo, and we then made a start. The muster was a grand sight, thousands on thousands of plumed warriors with women and boys—the two latter being the commissariat train. I was in charge of, and driving his carriage, one I had bought for him. It was the best in D'Urban at the time, and a fine trap. I had four of my own horses in, all greys. I was afterwards sorry I had promised to take charge of the trap as I lost all the sport, but it was Cetywayo's wish to go in the carriage, and he would not trust himself to anyone but me. But it subsequently turned out that he had been persuaded by the Indunas not to go in the carriage, as they were afraid I might serve them the same as I did upon our journey to the Mangwini kraal, and leave them behind, so their argument was urgent, more especially as the rumour had got afloat that Umbulazi was coming with Mr. Shepstone, and that therefore Cetywayo required extra looking after.

After starting and proceeding about a mile, the commencement of a grand hunt was made, and the whole of the following was thrown out to form an immense circle of about five miles in diameter, taking in the site appointed for our camping ground, to which I drove as fast as I could, as getting through the crowd of followers was a very difficult task. As soon as I had unharnessed my horses, I took my gun and made for a good position, but the country was so swarming with

people (as well as with game) that although I had many a good chance of a shot, I was afraid to fire in case I might hit someone, especially as, as usual, they closed in with a rush at the termination of a hunt of this sort. The slaughter of game was great, and since this hunt, which took place in the Umhlatuzi valley, the game has been very scarce here. So many bucks were killed that they sufficed for the food of the vast concourse, and Cetywayo had no occasion to give his followers any cattle to kill. Only two beasts were served out that evening, one for his brothers and one for myself. My own men had also killed a lot of game. We had a severe thunderstorm that night—a most unusual thing at that time of the year—which drenched us all.

The morning was fine, and a start was made in the same order. Cetywayo announced his intention of walking a certain distance this morning, and then of getting into the carriage. So I drove on to where he said he would get in, and, on arriving there, left the trap in charge of a boy, and went to try and get a shot, but again the same drawback occurred; no sooner did a buck show itself than there were a dozen heads in a line with him. At the foot of Inkwenkwe hill, as Cetywayo was coming up, a fine bush buck came running towards me, but I no sooner made towards him than there was a general rush for him. This turned him towards Cetywayo, and one of his Incekus, making a good shot with an assegai, bowed him over within ten yards of his Chief. Just as Cetywayo got in sight of the carriage, the horses, for some reason, took fright, and swerving round, broke the pole. I was not in view at the time, and a boy came running from Cetywayo to tell me. On getting there I found a pretty mess, but with the help of some bush-wood I made a splice of the pole. Cetywayo had in the meantime gone on, and, on my overtaking him, I wished him to get in, but he shook his head and declined, saying that I was to go on to look for a place to camp. I found out afterwards that he looked upon the breaking of the pole as a bad omen. I must not forget to mention that I had bought him some tents, so that, in camping out, he was quite comfortable, and seemed to enjoy the novelty. This day a great number of small buck were again killed,

but wood being scarce where we camped, the people had a hard night of it, as it was very cold and there was very little shelter.

The next morning we started in the same manner, hunting on the way. In the evening a lot of the men of Upper Zululand, under Cetywayo's brother, joined us. Cetywayo, in order to show off, had all his men, who had guns, collected in a body and on our arrival at the kraal we were going to sleep at that night, he made them fire two volleys. He had me always close to him to show the up-country Zulus that he had made me his friend. On starting from this place—the Umkindwini—he said that, after the first hunt, he would ride in the carriage, and that I was to go on and wait for him, as he saw that the broken pole stood all right. So I went on for about six miles and waited for him. On reaching me, after a little hesitation, he got in. I think more on account of feeling tired than of any inclination to ride for riding sake. But after we had gone on about a mile or two, he seemed to enjoy it, and was greatly delighted to see some of his big, stout followers who were—an odd collection—our escort on horseback, making ludicrous exertions to keep up with our pace, as I had four good horses in front of me; so that, as I say, they had to do their utmost to make their ponies keep at all near to us. The escort included several dignitaries, such as Sirayo, Gouzi, and several others of the same stamp. They could not possibly have kept up to us if I had not taken compassion on them, in spite of Cetywayo's urging me to push on. I knew from experience that I would only have caused a bad feeling against me for leaving them behind, as some time elapsed before they forgave me for out-pacing them in going to the Mangwini kraal. Cetywayo was in high glee when we got to our camping place in the evening, and said he would ride the whole distance in the trap the next day. But the night's rest again made him alter his mind, or perhaps he had again been persuaded not to ride. So that in the morning he walked.

We got to our camping ground on the Intonjanini early. It was on the exact spot where Cetywayo was reinstalled in the year 1883, on his return from England. We expected to meet all the people from the northern parts

this day. This evening he was very liberal, and gave his followers sixty head of cattle to kill for their suppers. It was the custom for the head Indunas to come to my camp every evening to have something to warm them, as the weather was very cold. On this evening I asked Sirayœ what the order of proceedings was to be on our meeting the up-country people. He said, "You ask of us who have come every evening to ask of you. How should we know what is to be done? Have we ever put a King on the throne before? You must tell us. Have you not spoken to Cetywayo as to what is to be done?" I said I had not and as there were so many rumours about what was to take place, one being that the northern Zulus were going to take Cetywayo by force, we had better go to him in a body and ask him, as, if there was any fighting to be done, we ought to be prepared, but I told them I was surprised at their not knowing the order of procedure, as also at their not consulting Cetywayo about it. My proposal was agreed to, and so we went in a body to the tent of the latter, which was about a hundred yards away. We found him in very good spirits, and, on my mentioning the purpose of our errand—as I was spokesman—he seemed much amused and burst out laughing. He said, "Are you then afraid?" I said, "No, I am not, but the Indunas here are, as they don't know what is to take place." He was surprised, however, at what I had told him, and at the Indunas—much older men than he—being so thoroughly ignorant, and said, "Is it then true what John Dunn says? Are you really not joking? Why did you not speak to me before?" He then went into a lot of details with them, in which I took not much interest as I began to think seriously of the situation, and began also to be a little suspicious of their (the Indunas') interest in what was to take place, and that if they were really anxious about the King, why they had not consulted with him as to what was to be done, as I thought that, as a matter of course, everything had been settled.

I now recollect that on several occasions, when I had asked any of them about Uhamu, I had always got an evasive answer, and as no one seemed to know what Uhamu's intentions were, or whether he would be with the northern people or not, I began to feel

that there was every likelihood of a fight, and if so, Cetywayo would not be the favourite of his own party, which they professed he was. After sitting with him till late, I returned to my camp, having learnt what the order of the proceedings was to be, which was, that the whole of the following were to collect in a body, and not to scatter.

Accordingly next morning, as soon as it was warm enough, a move was made, and all the armed force was collected and formed into a circle, and the order for the advance given. It was a fine sight to see these thousands move off. Cetywayo, with myself, and few followers, took the lead, he still walking. Our course lay over the brow of a hill, on arriving at which he ordered a halt of the followers : whilst we—the staff—proceeded about half a mile in advance to a knoll, his object being to have a good view of his followers. He then ordered an advance, and so we went on for about three miles and encamped, as this was the spot he had decided to remain at until the whole nation was collected. This spot was the Makeni, not far from the place of slaughter of the Boers by Dingaan. We were at this spot for about three days until that of the great meeting was at length announced. I had secured a photographer for this occasion, but owing to the cloudy weather and the water being bad, he could not succeed in taking a good picture. I had stationed him at a capital spot, and led Cetywayo, in full dress, and with all his staff, to within fifty yards of where he was. The failure was a great disappointment, and a very great loss to the public in general and to posterity, as such a sight no man will ever again have the opportunity of witnessing, and I believe the photographer, and myself, are the only white men who have ever seen a similar sight.

From what I could make of the gathering, there were three distinct bodies, firstly, Cetywayo and his followers ; then came Uhamu and Umnyamana, and a lot of their followers, and then the largest body of all, who were from the north-east, and led by Usibepu. Masipula, although Prime Minister, made his appearance, but with no particular followers. I was very much surprised at there being no one who seemed to know what was to take place.

CHAPTER LVI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

THE ground round about where the photographer was stationed was selected for the assembly, and as soon as we—*i.e.*, Cetywayo, myself, and the staff of the former—arrived on the spot, the north-eastern party moved in sight, and, on getting about half-a-mile from us, they commenced to form in order. From what I could make out from the remarks made around me, I gathered that our people were beginning to feel uneasy, and now believed in the rumour that Cetywayo was to be taken by force. I now thought it time to speak to Cetywayo, which I did, and while I was talking, Sibebu's party made an advance. Uhamu, Umnyamana, and their party were setting on a mound to the west, so that, if mischief was meant, we were between two fires, which showed very bad generalship on the part of Cetywayo. Usibepu's party first advanced slowly, and then came on with a rush, and some of Cetywayo's staff—Undconewane, who subsequently was with him when he was presented to the Queen in London, amongst others—began to prepare for flight. I alone told Cetywayo that unless the advancing party was stopped there would be a fight. I had nothing in my hand, by the way, but my hunting-crop. From the expression on Cetywayo's face when he answered me, I could see that he had never considered the danger. "Imbala," said he (meaning, "You don't say so?") I said, "Yes, don't you see? Send some Incekus at once to stop them," which he immediately did.

On looking round to the hill on the west of us, I could see that the party with Uhamu and Umnyamana had also taken the alarm. I could now see that Cetywayo began to take a more serious view of the situa'ī-n. He gave quiet orders for our party to arm themselves, as we had come on to the ground unarmed—at least Cetywayo's followers had, but I had 200 of my hunters with me. These were always in the habit of carrying their guns and ammunition with them, so that I, with them, could make a stand. Fortunately, on

the arrival of Cetywayo's messengers, the leaders of Usibepu's party had influence enough to stop the advance, or else there certainly would have been great slaughter. This fact I found out long afterwards. As soon as I saw the check in Usibepu's party, I left Cetywayo, who I could see did not know exactly how to act, and passing through my men to give them confidence—telling them, however, to prepare for the worst—and after telling one of my men who I knew to be a bad shot, that, in the event of a scrimmage, I would take his gun, I walked quietly up to where Umnyamana was sitting. As soon as he saw me he got up and came towards me, calling out to Uhamu to come also. As soon as he reached me he took hold of my hand, and said, "What is this you are doing? Why are you arming your party?" This I laughed at, saying, "Why should we arm? Who have we to fear?" He said, "All right; remain with us, then"; to which I assented. I had left Cetywayo without telling him where I was going. Shortly after I had been with Umnyamana, I saw Cetywayo's party coming up to where we were. Whether he had missed me, and not knowing where I was had got uneasy, or whether he had changed his mind as to the place of assembly, I can't say, but he came up to where I was, and the whole of the parties then came up and formed a great circle.

As each lot came up it fired blank charges, but they fired so close to one another in some instances that there was a serious danger of being knocked over by the powder. In fact, Sedeweledcwele, one of the principal men on our side, and Colonel of the Ngobamakosi Regiment, had a charge so closely fired behind him that the paper and wadding from the gun cut a hole in his coat tails, which comprised a principal part of his dress, and also burnt a hole in his shoulder. If the man who had fired the shot had had his gun loaded with a heavy charge of powder the affair might have proved fatal. Everything however, passed off quietly, and I firmly believe that it was owing to my advising Cetywayo to send messengers to check Usibepu's party in their advance that a general massacre was avoided. Another check on the opposite party was the knowledge of the fact that my hunters were there with their deadly guns, and the opposite chiefs also

I knew that those of Cetywayo's men who were armed with guns, and considered to be under me, were also present. The whole ceremony seemed to be a novelty to all, old as well as young, as they had no precedent to go by. After all was over Cetywayo sent for me and we returned to his private tent (a photograph of which was taken) and after a talk on various matters, and a drink of Kafir beer, which I much enjoyed, I returned to my camp. This night the whole of the nation were assembled. That is to say, the male part, but as a matter of fact a good portion of the girls and young married women were also present. I felt very much disappointed again at the photographer not having been able to take a good picture.

The next day another meeting took place, but the number of the people had greatly diminished. On this day Cetywayo was proclaimed King by Masipula, the Prime Minister, and, so far, the ceremony ended for a time. All this time we were awaiting the arrival of Mr. Shepstone, and after the lapse of three days without any news of him, the King decided to move on to the vicinity of Nodwengo Kraal. On arriving close there he, owing to some superstition, struck off from the main road, across country, not going near the Nodwengo Kraal. His object in thus doing was to keep the site of the intended kraal a secret in order that the abatagati (according to Native superstition) or wizards might not bewitch the spot.

Nothing of any particular interest took place for several days. At last it was announced that Somseu had crossed the Tugela on his way up, and eventually reported as being at the Intonjanini, from where he sent a messenger to say he expected to have found the King awaiting him there, and that, as he had not done so, he hoped to see Cetywayo there as soon as convenient. But the latter strongly objected to this course, as did most of his headmen. The King then asked me to go to Mr Shepstone with some of his messengers, but I objected, as I did not wish to be involved in the dispute. I said, at the same time, that I thought he (the King) was quite right, but advised him to send some men of standing instead of the usual class of messengers. He sent Sibepu and Sirayo to settle matters, and it was a day or two after their return that a party of Mr. Shepstone's escort rode over. Amongst

them were Lewis Reynolds, and the late Mr. Baines, the traveller, and two officers, one of whom was Major Clark, of Transvaal notoriety, their object being to see if everything was on the square, as they expressed it. On my stating my views, they quite agreed with me that there was no danger, and they themselves were anxious to come on.

I must not forget to mention an amusing incident connected with this party. No sooner they were seated in my tent than old Baines asked for a piece of paper, and he at once commenced to make a sketch with his pencil, which on finishing, he handed to us, saying, "I defy any of you to sketch yourself in the act of falling from a horse." It appeared that that morning, whilst *en route* to me, they had galloped across country, and Baines' horse had put his foot in a hole and fallen with him. It was a very good natural sketch. They returned to their camp the same day well pleased with their ride, and fully determined to persuade Mr. Shepstone to come on to a spot near to where I was with the King. Whilst waiting to receive Somseu, the King decided to have a hunt, and to sleep out. We did not, however, go far the first afternoon, as it was late before a start was made, and only a few small buck were killed. We encamped for the night in the Bush.

The next morning an early start was made, and the people thrown out to surround a tract of country about four miles in diameter, and by twelve o'clock a lot of game of all sorts were killed. I only managed to get a shot at one buck, which I killed, as there was difficulty in free firing owing to the people about; indeed, it was wonderful that no accident happened, for the bullets were flying about in every direction. About one o'clock the King gave the order to return home. It was a very hot day, and as he had had nothing to eat since supper, I expect he began to feel the want of something. I myself had taken the precaution to put a couple of biscuits in my pocket. As I said before, it was a very hot day, and I expected to see the King perspiring profusely; but, on the contrary, to my surprise he kept as dry as a bone. This shows what hard condition he must have been in. To all appearance he was fat, but on touching his flesh it became apparent that it was all firm flesh. This is a peculiarity of all his family. They have all immense thighs. There are only two of his

relations, to my knowledge, who are given to be flabby, viz., Uhamu and Mahanana. This peculiarity points to the fact that they are a distinct tribe, and it is a great pity that no history has been traced. This, as I have said, I attempted to do, but was frustrated by the loss of all my notes, notes which no man will ever again have the opportunity of taking.



CHAPTER LVII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

CETYWAYO's ancestors descended from the younger son, Zulu ; his elder brother being Quabe, the founder of the present races known by that title, the representatives of whom are the present Musi and Mafongonyana, now living in Natal. The quarrel between Quabe and Zulu, the two brothers, occurred about a white cow, bought by their mother, and given by her to Zulu. This much enraged Quabe, and hence the strife and the breaking up of the family. Pongosi, the ancestor of the present tribe of that name, of whom the late Gauzi (one of the Chiefs appointed by Sir Garnet, now Lord Wolseley) was head Induna, and he sided with Zulu, and collected all his tribe together.

But, to return to our hunt story. On our way back, a hare jumped up, at which several shots were fired. Cetywayo also fired, and made a good shot, and bowled him over at about sixty yards. This was not bad, considering that it was a bullet he fired with. He was in high glee, and said I could not now laugh at him. But soon after that I had an opportunity of distinguishing myself, as I fired when the whole of the men of the hunt were looking on. As we were walking along there was suddenly heard a shout of "Inyamazana!" (game) and two rhee bucks came cantering over the brow of a hill about 200 yards off. I called to the King to shoot, but he would not do so, saying they were too far. I then took sight and made a good shot, hitting one in the head, and so, of course, rolled him over. Cetywayo shouted out some expression of praise, when the whole lot took up the shout. From this day my reputation as a good shot was established amongst the nation. The King said to me. "I have often heard of your shooting, but now I am satisfied." At this moment two men came running towards us, and, on reaching us, reported that the kraal was on fire. The King immediately ordered all the men to run as hard as

they could and extinguish the flames, and we followed at a good pace, broiling hot as it was, and still he did not perspire. Sure enough, as soon as we got in sight, we saw the King's kraal was in a blaze, but, before we got up to it, the fire had been put out, but not before it had demolished a great portion of the huts, and scorched a good many people ; one man and a girl in particular were badly burnt. Although the fire at the kraal had been extinguished, it had passed on, and was still raging in the grass (which was very dry) away to the West. The King's huts and tents had fortunately escaped, so on getting to these, we went in, and he called for some beer, but before taking any he took a drink of water. I never saw such a change come over a man. About ten seconds after he had drunk the water he broke out into profuse perspiration, which simply streamed from him at every pore. This lasted for about a quarter-of-an-hour, when he began to get dry.

After finishing the beer I went to my camp, which I had just reached when there was a cry of fire again, and on going out I saw that the wind had changed, and the fire was raging along, making for the kraal, which it soon reached, burning down the huts, and a few minutes after came charging for my camp, where stood a wagon of mine with a lot of ammunition. I at once set all the hands I could muster on to it, and ran it into an old bare mealie garden, not however, before the fire had overtaken it, and scorched some of the fellows' legs, but they bravely stuck to it and saved it. In the meantime I had collected all the men I could to carry water in calabashes to me. These I emptied all round the enclosure where my tents were standing, which checked the flames and gave us time to beat them out, not, however, before some of the fence had caught fire within two yards of my sleeping tent. I can assure you, reader, I breathed with a sense of relief when the furious flames passed on beyond my camp without doing any serious damage. In the adjacent kraal—one of Cetywayo's—more than half of the huts were consumed, his own again escaping. Many of the poor people had a hard night of it, as no shelter was to be had, and all their blankets were destroyed, as the fire came on so suddenly that they had no time to save any-

thing, and there was a good deal of grumbling and ironical good wishes for Mr. Shepstone for detaining them so long.

At last the Natal Representative was reported as approaching, and he shortly after took up his position about three miles from us. All this time the people were under the impression that Umbulazi was being brought up by Mr. Shepstone, and all his actions were therefore looked upon with suspicion, and closely watched. A day of meeting was at length fixed on. The King first intended to go with me in the carriage, but he was persuaded by his headmen from doing so, as they were afraid that, if any treachery was brewing, I might drive off with him at a gallop and hand him over to the English, so he asked me to go on with the carriage and await him. He shortly afterwards followed, with about fifty of his principal men. Whilst I was talking with Mr. Shepstone they came in sight, but walking very slowly, the pace getting slower as they got nearer. I could see the King expected someone to come and meet him, so I asked Mr. Shepstone to allow me to do so. He answered that he would be glad if I would do so, and thus give Cetywayo confidence, also saying that when the King came within a hundred yards he would also step out to meet him. This was accordingly carried out, and after a short talk, Mr. Shepstone, with Cetywayo and some of his followers, retired to a tent to consult on different subjects. Whilst this was going on inside, an amusing scene was taking place outside between two Izibongi (jesters or praisers), each yelling out the strings of praises of their respective Chiefs—Mr. Shepstone and Cetywayo—and trying to outdo each other. At last they got so excited, being urged on by the crowd of whites and blacks who had formed a ring round them, that they were very nearly coming to blows. Seeing the matter was getting serious I stepped in and separated them by taking Cetywayo's man away. The scene had indeed been highly diverting. The lively and extraordinary grimaces and the other visual contortions of the men must have been very edifying to anyone who had never witnessed such a scene before. After a day had been fixed for another preliminary meeting to consult, the King and I drove to my camp.

The second meeting took place at the Umlambang-

wenya Kraal, at which the King was staying for a time. This assembly took place in the middle of the cattle kraal, and was attended only by Mr. Shepstone and one of his sons, and the late Colonel Durnford, and also by three or four of Mr. Shepstone's Native Indunas, on the one side, and of Cetywayo, myself, and a few of his men on the other. Nothing of importance transpired, and after a talk which lasted some time, I opened a couple of bottles of champagne and claret—a favourite blended drink of mine—and mixed them in a tin can, when several of us refreshed ourselves, Cetywayo included.

At this meeting the subject of Amatonga labour was brought up, and Mr. Shepstone proposed that an agent be appointed by the Government. The King agreed to the introduction of the labourers, but, turning to me, he said, "There is no need to appoint anyone; here is one that will do." Mr. Shepstone remarked to me that he did not know if I would accept the position. I said that I would if I was well paid for it.

CHAPTER LVIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

BEFORE proceeding further, I must retrace my steps and finish the story about the fire. The evening after the day of the great fire, I was sent for by the Indunas who wished to consult me on some matters, and whilst sitting with them in the hut, a cry of fire was again raised. The grass was so dry that before anything could be done twenty or thirty huts were burned down so close to Cetywayo's quarters that the people of his household huddled all the things out and carried them some distance. A good deal of pilfering went on, and many of the things were never seen again. Amongst the things was a tin box containing about two dozen bottles of Chlorodyne that I had bought for him. This pilfering showed what little fear these people have for death, well knowing that on the slightest thing being found in their possession, and which belonged to the King, death followed for a certainty. Cetywayo was very down-hearted on account of these fires, and said openly that he did not think they were the result of accident, but were lit intentionally, and he began to be very suspicious.

The day was now finally fixed for the great ceremony of the Coronation of Cetywayo by Mr. Shepstone, with which, however, the former was not at all satisfied. What he had expected he never revealed, but expressed himself as being disappointed with what took place, which was nothing but a lecture of advice. There was a very small show of people, most of them being tired of waiting so long, and having returned to their homes. The photographer again failed to take a picture although I had secured him a good position within the kraal. This was again a disappointment as it ought to have been a good picture. There had been a large marquee erected, which, with a lot of things, were made a present to Cetywayo after the ceremony was over. After Mr. Shepstone and all the escort had left, the King went into the marquee to

inspect the things. Here he was again disappointed, as there was not a single thing he could put to his own use. And so all the ceremony was over. He had been proclaimed King by Masipula before the arrival of Mr. Shepstone, and now this had merely been confirmed by him, and now he was the acknowledged King of the country by the Natal Government, as well as by the Zulus.

The next day Mr. Shepstone broke up his camp and set off for Natal, and so we were once more left to ourselves to do as we liked, a proof of which was shown a few days afterwards. As the last of the staff of Sir Theophilus (as he is now known—having received this title in 1876) was moving off, I was sitting with the King in his hut, when two messengers from Sir Theophilus were announced. They stated that they had orders to deliver their message personally to the King, and he gave orders for them to be brought in—at the same time saying to me “Sit on one side so that the messengers cannot see you.” On their arrival he told them to sit outside the hut and deliver their message, which was simply relating to me. They said they had been sent by Sir Theophilus, and that though he had assented to my being appointed Amatonga Agent, the King must not deem this to be conclusive, as the Governor of Natal might object to me and appoint someone else. On the King asking if that was all, they assented. He then said, “Tell Somseu that that question is settled, I want no one else.”

Soon after the above, Sir Theophilus wrote me a rather severe letter, I thought, warning me not to assume too-much authority, as he could not recognise it. At this I felt much hurt, as I had given no cause for his saying so, and in answer, wrote him to that effect.

However, I got the appointment of Amatonga Agent at a salary of £300 a year, and retained it until the war broke out. I encountered a deal of difficulty for some time, as it had been the custom of the Zulu people to look upon the Amatongas as objects of legitimate plunder; but having been fully authorised by Cetywayo to do as I thought fit, I soon set matters right, and they still continue unmolested to this day.

One afternoon it was reported by one of the King's

Incekus, or household servants, that a tin can resembling the one that had disappeared on the night of the fire, with the chlorodyne in it, was at the kraal of another Inceku, who had gone home the day after the fire, and who was residing on the coast. The King at once sent off a man to see. This man pretended to be on a visit to the suspected man, and whilst at the kraal of the latter the tin was produced by the thief, saying he was going to give his visitor a treat of some grog he had bought, and which was very nice. On this he took out about half-a-dozen bottles of chlorodyne and emptied them into a pot of beer, which he gave to his wives. The stuff, being sweet, would naturally give a good flavour to the beer, which the ladies soon finished. The description that I got from the witness of the scene that follows was very amusing, as these people are very happy in their manner of relating anecdotes, &c. Shortly after the women had finished the beer, they began to yawn and laugh consumedly at each other, each accusing the other of making her yawn. This went on for some little time, much to the amusement of the spectators and the husband, who himself was getting nearly as bad, owing to having taken a couple of mouthfuls of the drug himself. At last they could not keep their eyes open, and they were eventually taken out of the hut insensible, and their state was put down to the strength of the supposed spirits. The women were, of course, very ill for some days afterwards, and one was nearly dying. As soon as the man who had been sent by the King saw the effects of the chlorodyne he quickly sent off to inform the latter, and in about two days a messenger came to summon him, as well as the man who had stolen the can. One morning, about eight o'clock, I was sitting in front of one of my wagons talking to some of my men when I saw a gathering of the Indunas at the gate of the King's kraal. I remarked that there was some mischief brewing. After they had been talking for some little while, I saw at once a scrimmage, and a man knocked down and pounced on. Seeing me in view, the Indunas sent to tell me that they had been trying the thief, and that he was to be killed. The poor fellow lay on the ground for a short time, for he had only been stunned. His arms had been twisted right round behind his head and tied together straight bolt upright over his head. As soon as he re-

covered his senses he prepared to march. Having often witnessed a similar scene, he knew, from terrible experience, the routine. So he got up of his own accord, and, without being told, took the path to the place of execution, and was followed by about half-a-dozen men, who had been told off to go and finish him.

This was the first man killed after the coronation of Cetywayo, almost before Sir Theo. Shepstone could have reached Maritzburg. But it served the fellow right, as he was guilty of a great breach of trust. The Zulu is only to be ruled by fear of death, or the confiscation of his entire property.

The policy at present adopted by the Home Government is only making the fine Zulu nation a race of rogues, who will eventually stick at nothing. The alteration in them during the last five years is something astonishing. The most noticeable but unaccountable thing is the spirit of invention—to put it mildly—that seems to have sprung up suddenly amongst them. At one time almost anything told was to be believed, but, in these days, one has to be very cautious in believing anything, as many of them will invent and twist, and turn a tale to suit their own views, without the slightest regard to truth.

I must not omit to mention an event of great note which took place about the time of the Coronation. This was the death of Masipula, the Prime Minister. He had been to a meeting of the principal Indunas held at a temporary kraal or encampment where Cetywayo was residing until he took up his position as king. The meeting was rather a strong one, I was told, as I was not at it, having received a hint that my presence was not necessary, as the subject of discussion was only the rule of the late King Umpande. On the breaking up of the meeting Masipula called on me as he was passing to his kraal where he resided. After sitting with me for some time in my tent, he got up to leave, and turning to me, said, “Good-bye, child of Mr. Dunn, I have finished my part and am now going to lie down—I am now going to sleep—look after your own affairs—I have no more a voice in matters”—meaning that he wished to retire from public life, as Umpande, to whom he had been chief Induna, was dead, and he now wished to end his days in peace. The poor old fellow little thought, when he thus

spoke, that his end was so near—that the words he then said to me were among his last, and that the sleep he wished for was to be everlasting, for that same evening, as soon as he got to the Umlambangwenya kraal, where he was staying, on entering his hut he was suddenly taken ill, and died before morning. There was, of course, much consternation amongst the people, and, as usual, many rumours afloat, one of which was, that having displeased the King, something had been put into his beer.

Shortly after the killing of the chlorodyne man, one of Pande's old servants was put to death, and this was the opening of the ball of killing without trial which was usual in Cetywayo's reign.

CHAPTER LIX.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ABOUT a month after his coronation, Cetywayo gave orders for all of the late King's cattle to be collected and brought to him. In due course of time the cattle were reported to be in the vicinity, and he appointed a day for the first lot to be brought. It was a wonderful sight to behold the continuous stream of cattle, from day to day for more than a week. As soon as one lot passed, another came, according with the different military kraals, the system of the apportioning of these cattle also according with the numbers taken in battle, which, as above stated, were distributed amongst the military kraals. The cattle were now again distributed by the Indunas to men who became responsible to them, and reported to them all deaths of cattle, and they in their turn again reported to the King. Consequently, rightly speaking, these cattle were the property of the State, the same as the land was, and were supposed to be drawn upon for state purposes, even although considered to be the property of the King. But he himself would not take any number from any particular kraal, without first consulting the Indunas in charge of such cattle, even if he wanted any for slaughter. In the same way he would not part with any of the land of the country without first consulting the leading men, and only with their consent could he do so. I will quote an instance. Some years ago, the Natal Land and Colonization Company made a proposal to me to try and secure for them the title of a certain tract of land in the Zulu Country. Accordingly I spoke to Cetywayo on the subject, although he was not King then. He seemed well pleased with the tempting offer I made him, and appointed a meeting with me, as also with some of the Company, to meet him and his head men. Accordingly I went to D'Urban and the Company selected a man to return with me. On getting near the Tulwana kraal, I went on to announce my arrival, and a meeting was appointed for next

day. On our arrival at the kraal we found a large gathering of the headmen seated with Cetywayo. After the usual greeting, Cetywayo said to me "Speak." I then spoke on the subject in hand. After several of the Indunas had asked a few questions, Umnyamana spoke and said, "Yes, what you say, child of Mr. Dunn, is very good, but our land is our home, we don't like parting with it ; besides, we are afraid of you white men. If we give you a piece for more than one to live on, they will want more, and so on until they get the whole, and we will have to wander about as if we had no land. It is well with you personally. You are living with us—you are one of us, but we don't know any other white man." Cetywayo turned to me, and said, "You hear ? I can say no more—the Indunas have conquered me." Thus ended our land scheme, all this proving that the King was ruled by the voice of the Indunas in matters of cattle and land. Cetywayo though not King at the time, yet had all the power of the King.

The cattle came pouring in day after day. Out of each lot the King selected some fancy coloured, and gave many cattle away as presents. He obliged me to be with him the whole of the time, and I got heartily sick of sitting with him and looking on. I estimated the number of cattle at about one hundred thousand head. After all was over he made me a present of one hundred head of young stock, and the whole lot again dispersed. But this particular muster ended in serious disaster. It was the death-blow to cattle-breeding in Zululand. "Lungsickness" had been, and was very busy with many of the herds collected, and mixing them up spread the disease all over the country, and judging from the number of hides that the traders carried from the country during the two following years, the number of cattle must have been reduced by at least a half. So that Zululand, from being one of the richest, is now one of the poorest cattle countries in this part of South Africa, and I believe it will never be one-half as well off in cattle as in the olden days. Oxen are at present very scarce, and the Zulus set a greater value on an ox than a white man does. After having been with the King four months from the time of my starting from the Ondine, he gave his consent to my returning home, and right glad was I to do so.

Things after this went on well and peacefully, owing, I am sure, to nothing but my having advised Cetywayo, and shown—to the intimidation of the rival factions—that he could produce a good stand of arms. Otherwise I am convinced that there would have been bloodshed at the first meeting of all the Zulu tribes before the arrival of Sir Theo., who established him as King, *so that he owed his position to the countenance of the English, when he was not a favourite with the Natives.*

All now remained quiet until he took it into his head that he ought to establish his supremacy by following out an ancient custom of washing the spears of the nation in the blood of some neighbouring tribe. When he conceived this idea, he sent for me to write a letter to the Natal Government, stating his wish to go against the Amaswazi. In reply to this letter the Natal Government signified its “Entire disapproval of the warlike step in contemplation.”

The answer of the Natal Government made the King change his plans, although it enraged him, as I could plainly see. A journey of eighty miles which I had frequently to make to the King’s place was no joke for me, but there was no help for it; and, as my argument had weight with him, whenever he had a difficult question to unravel, the Indunas always advised him to send for me, consequently I had constantly to be going backwards and forwards. On one of these occasions he sent for me to read a letter purporting to have come from the Government in Pietermaritzburg. On his handing the supposed despatch to me, I was surprised to find it to be an appointment of a Dr. Smith and a Mr. Colenso to act for him (the King) as his agents in all diplomatic affairs connected with the Colonial Government. On my saying to him, “This is no message—where is the other letter?”—thinking there was some mistake, he said that it was the only one. I then told him the purport of the document, at the same time asking him who these men were that he had appointed. His answer was, “I am the same as you; I don’t know them—or anything written on that paper; the words are not mine.” He then sent for the messengers (his own, who had returned to him), and on their arrival he asked them the meaning of what was in the letter they had brought. Their answer was, “Yes, we delivered the

King's message as it was given to us, but on going to Sobantu (the late Bishop Colenso) he advised us to make the statement we did, and as we thought it was for the good of our King, we did so—Sobantu further stating that if the King trusted to the Inhlwana of Sonzica (meaning the Little House of the Shepstone's) he would go astray, as they (the Shepstone's) had to leave the Amaxoza country for having got them (the Amaxoza) into trouble with the whites, and they would treat Cetywayo likewise unless he appointed some white men to look after his interests with the Government of Natal, proposing the before-named gentlemen to be such agents." I advised Cetywayo at once to rectify the mistake, which he agrees to, and sent off messengers to the Government. Not long after the return of the messengers from Natal, Mr. Colenso came into Zululand to get an explanation from Cetywayo, and to claim certain expenses which he thought himself entitled to in consequence of the appointment. On arriving at the Amahlabatine he took up his quarters with Mr. Mullins, a trader, and one morning he came over to my camp and explained his mission to me, requesting me to assist in his recovering from Cetywayo the sum of five hundred pounds, a sum he said he felt he was entitled to. I, knowing the circumstances, tried to persuade him that he was wrong, and that there was small probability of his getting redress, at the same time declining to intercede for him. At a meeting between himself and Cetywayo I was present, and after going into particulars, Cetywayo spoke out very straightforwardly, saying that although he looked upon Sobantu (Bishop Colenso) as a friend and a father, he did not wish him or his to interfere between him and the Government.

Not long after this the King confided to me that he had been told not to put his trust in me, as I had been offered a box full of money, and all the land along the coast, if I would kill him, at the same time saying "I tell you because I don't believe this, but I wont tell you who says this. It is, however, one of your own race. I think this is said against you from jealousy." I tried hard to get him to reveal who had been trying to make this mischief between him and me, but he would not divulge the secret.

CHAPTER LX.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ABOUT this time a fight took place between two sections of the Undini kraal, the Tulwana and Ngobamakosi, two separate regiments, but located in the same kraal. This was at the Umkosi, or Meeting of the Feast of First Fruits. I was sitting with the King in the Nodwengo kraal, where he was holding state, and several regiments had been going through the prescribed ceremonies, when, on looking towards the Ulundi kraal (which was about a mile and a half away) to see if the regiments mentioned were coming out, I saw that some scrimmage was going on, and said so to Cetywayo, but he asked "Between who? They all belong to the same kraal." But I still persisted, and said that although it was so, yet there was something wrong. Just at that moment we could distinctly see that one body was charging another right through my camp, which was opposite the Ulundi kraal. The King then said I was right, and sent off some men to see what was wrong. They were not away long before they returned stating that there was a severe fight between the Tulwana and Ngobamakosi regiments, and that they (the messengers) could not approach within a certain distance for fear of being killed, as the latter regiment gave no quarter to a man with a ring on. (For the information of such of my readers as may not be acquainted with the peculiarities of this people, I may say that at a certain mature age the men are allowed to encircle their heads with a ring which is worked on to a rim of hair left on the clean shaved head, and composed of cow-dung, ungiane—a sticky exudation from the Mimosa and other trees—grease, &c. This ring is then highly polished.) Fresh messengers were sent by the King to stop fighting, but without effect, and so it went on until nightfall, and as I saw no chance of the fight abating I went back to my camp, telling my men to keep close to me, knowing that they would not be

molested so long as it was known that they were in my personal charge. On our way, several parties of Ngobamakosi, who were lying in ambush to cut off any of the Tulwana who might be returning, sprung up and ran close up to my party with assegai drawn, but as soon as I called out, saying it was me, they drew back.

On getting back to my camp I found a sanguinary mess. On lighting up my tent I found that one poor fellow must have run for refuge there and been stabbed in the tent, as there was a squirt of blood right round the canvas, over the table, and covering a Worcester Sauce bottle and salt cellar all over. On going to my sleeping tent I also found the front of it all covered with blood, and my servants told me that one man had been killed there, whom they had dragged outside, and there he lay about three yards from my wagon. Another was lying against the fence where my cook had his kitchen. This poor fellow was not dead, but unconscious, and moaning frightfully. I tried to get him to drink some water, and tried to make him swallow some spirits, but he was too far gone, and died during the course of the night. All round the cattle kraal the dead and wounded were lying, and everything was covered with blood, the hottest of the fight having taken place there. Feeling rather hungry after the long day, and having performed my ablutions, I went to my dining tent expecting to find the table laid as usual, but was surprised to find no preparations. On calling to my cook and asking for an explanation, the fellow stared at me and said, "Where am I to put your food." I told him, where it was always put. "What," said he, "with all this blood?" and he pointed to the tent and table. But I told him to get some water and wash the table, a job he did not at all like, for although Zulus do not mind shedding blood, and ripping a man up in battle, they have, in their cooler moments, a great dread of touching a dead body, or the blood of men. After I had finished dinner and the servant had cleared the table, he said, leaving the tent "You white men are monstrous, you eat your food where blood has been spilt, as if it was water." I gave him a good night-cap and told him not to mind, as neither he nor I would be the worse for it. I turned in after taking a walk round, and doing what I could for all the poor fellows who were lying near wounded, but

could not get much sleep owing to the groans of the wounded, swelled by the cries of friends and relatives calling out to find some missing one the whole night long. Early the next morning Dr. Oftebro, and the Rev. Mr. Gunderson, Norwegian Missionaries, came to my camp. and we took a walk round to see if we could do any good in relieving the wounded. The doctor had a lot of bandages, &c. Many a mournful family, sitting in groups did we meet with, and sympathetically heard them moaning over some dead or badly wounded relative. Others again were carrying some of the dead to be buried. One poor old man we saw, with his two daughters, sitting over the corpse of his only son. He seemed quite stupefied with grief, and sadly said to me "He was my only one." We met with several pools of blood from where the victims had either got up and gone away, or had been carried off, by their relatives. One poor girl had only just arrived the same day, having brought food from home for her two brothers, but since the fight she had heard nothing of them. She went in search of them and found them lying side by side, both killed, which so much affected her that she gave one heart-rending, piercing shriek, and dropped down dead by their side.

We estimated the killed on both sides to amount to between sixty and seventy. To give an example of the absurd difference of opinion between some people as to the number of killed, I was riding with the present Lord Wolseley, after the battle, over the field of Ulundi, which was near where the fight above described took place, and talking about the probable number of killed, when I heard a man say to the then Sir Garnet that there were more killed in the fight between the two Zulu regiments than by the troops at Ulundi, and on Sir Garnet asking him what number, he said he thought seven and eight hundred. I have said that my estimate was between sixty and seventy.

A great many of the wounded were carried to Mr. Gunderson's Mission Station, and were taken care of by Dr. Oftebro, and he must have had a very trying time of it. With kind attention we brought many round, but some died. I also took charge of several of the wounded who made the fence of my cattle kraal their home for the time, and I did my best for them. A great many of them were

buried about two hundred yards from my camp, in gullies and ant bear holes, and the neighbourhood being infested with wolves, they made a hideous howling and great noise over some unfortunates, whilst, strange to say, others were untouched. This particularly struck me one morning when I went to the scene of the conflict. One body lay apparently quite exposed, but whilst the wolves had not touched it, on the other hand they had disinterred a man who had been very securely buried, having a heap of stones over his grave.

The scent getting rather high around my camp, I was glad of an excuse of returning home, but before doing so I was fortunate enough to be the means of saving the life of Usidcweledcwele, Colonel or Commander of the Ngobamakosi Regiment. After this I went over to the Indabakaombi Krsal, where the King was staying, as he—deterred by superstition from passing over the ground where so many had been killed—could not come to me. On my entering his hut he said "Have you heard what happened last night? The Baboon was here again, and left evidences of its presence in the enclosure." This referred to a belief that Usidcweledcwele made use of a Baboon which he had power over, to send around his charms of witchcraft, and that he had constantly sent this animal at night to lay his charms at the door of the King's hut, in order that he might be continually in favour. So if any dog got into the enclosure about the huts of the King, and left its traces, the matter was laid to the charge of the said Baboon; a rather knowing excuse for the gate keepers to get out of a scrape, and out of clearing up any impurity, as such dirty work was the duty of certain medicine doctors. Well, to continue with Cetywayo's account, he said to me, "He does not do this to injure me, but to turn my heart so that I may not get angry with him. Usidcweledcwele has sent his isilwana (wild beast) as he was afraid I might kill him after what took the other day," meaning the fight between the regiment of the Colonel in question and the Tulwana. After a long talk with him, in which I tried to persuade him not to listen to what was said against the slandered Colonel, as I knew he was one of his staunch adherents, and that what was said against him was only from jealousy, I went out, and whilst walking amongst

the different groups of headmen, I heard a conversation between three of the Indunas, who were sitting apart, which was to the effect that a message was to be sent to the Colonel to say that the King wished him to return, and nothing further would be thought of the fight, and that as soon as the messenger returned and reported that he was on the way, men were to be sent to way-lay and kill him. To explain the cause of ill-feeling on this occasion, I must go back to the fight ; which was supposed to have been caused by the Colonel's assumption of authority in ordering his regiment to break through the Tulwana one, on which Uhamu went straight home in high displeasure, and on being sent for, refused to return until Colonel Usidcweledcwele had been brought to task, and as the King had refused to have him killed, this tale of the Baboon had been trumped up in hopes of inducing Cetywayo to comply with their wishes. There was also a deadly hatred against the Colonel, on account of his being so great a favourite with the King, who persisted in shielding him, therefore the antagonistic party determined to act for themselves, and have him quickly put out of the way. On hearing this conversation, I at once started back to my camp, and sent one of my men off to the Colonel, to warn him not to take any notice of any message he received which recalled him, any such message would be a deluding one. This course saved his life, for sure enough a day or two afterwards, messengers were sent to recall him in the King's name, but having been put on his guard by me he made some excuse for not going. This diabolical plan I managed to frustrate, before going home, without anyone but the intended victim and my messenger knowing anything about it.

CHAPTER LXI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

FROM this time the tone of Cetywayo towards the English Government began to change, and I could see from the constant secret meetings which took place, that his intention was to make war somewhere, but I did not for a moment believe it was his intention to fight against the English, although I could see that he was greatly exasperated at the tone of the Government, assuming authority over him that he did not think they had a right to.

About this time I could perceive that there was a determination on the part of the English Government to make war with the Zulus, and to try and avert the evil, I wrote to the "Aborigines Protection Society" in England, pointing out the unfairness of favouring the Boers against the Zulus, and saying that otherwise the Zulus were well disposed towards the English. I was, however, persuaded not to send the letter.

In the earlier pages of this book I mentioned an incident connected with the illness of my son and the sacrifice of an ox, the termination of which served to strengthen the Zulus in their superstitious belief. I think it was in 1877 that a severe drought occurred, which lasted some months, and, after all the rain doctors had expended all their charms and devices, some of the Zulus persuaded the King to resort to the old custom of offering a sacrifice of oxen at the graves of the departed Kings. To this he at first demurred, being rather stingy with his cattle. At last he agreed, and a number of oxen—I think ten—were collected, and the principal old Indunas went with about two thousand men with these oxen to Um'Pande's grave, and from there to the graves of ancient Kings. Strange to say, they had not been gone an hour when, although there had been no sign of rain, the sky became overcast with heavy clouds, and as soon as they reached Um'Pande's grave and solemnly commenced the deep and

impressive National Chant, the rain began to descend, and continued for about a week. I was so much surprised at this that I wrote a letter to the *Colonist* stating the facts of the case, and saying that the thing would probably be stigmatised as heathenish superstition, but that if a congregation of whites had prayed in Church for rain, and it had descended from God in answer to their prayers, the matter would have been alluded to as an additional illustration of the wonderful efficacy of prayer. If this holds good with one, why not with the other? They are both creatures of a Great Creator.

Matters now began to assume a very serious aspect, and not long after I arrived at my home—which, as I have said, was more than eighty miles from where the King resided—he again sent for me. Messengers were now constantly passing between Cetywayo and the Government, and reports began to be rife that a move was being made by the troops in Natal towards the borders. On my arrival at Maizekanye (meaning “Let it come—*i.e.*, the enemy—all at once—if it is determined on coming”) where the King was, I found that none of the head Indunas were there. After being with him a little while, and writing two letters—I think to the Natal Government—he wished me to write a letter conveying rather an angry message. This I refused to do, saying that I now plainly saw that it was his intention to quarrel with the English. I would not have anything more to do with his messages until Umnyamana and all the principal Indunas, including Uhamu, had come, as, in the event of an open rupture with the English, they would try to throw the blame on my shoulders. I further said that I did not believe he would have gone so far in sending word to the Governor with only Sirayo and Rabanina to advise him, as he knew they were not recognised as Indunas of any position. After bandying a few words with me, he acknowledged that I was right, and next day he sent off to summon Umnyamana and the others. I could now see he was in earnest, and intended to fight, as I noticed a marked change in him, and I wrote to that effect to the Governor of Natal. His manner towards me became also quite changed, and he sent to me one morning saying that as we two had the country to look after, and that

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there were now so many reports, I had better leave and go home, and watch what was going on in the lower part of the country, and report everything to him, and he would likewise report to me. This I could see was only an excuse to get me out of the way. I sent back word to him to say that I would go as soon as the Indunas Umnyamana, Uhamu, Sibepu, and others had arrived, as I wished to talk to them first and explain to them the course I had taken. He did not say anything, but I could perceive he did not like my remaining. I, however, waited until the Indunas arrived, and I explained to them what had taken place, and that I refused to go further with Cetywayo in sending messages to the Government with only Sirayo and Rabanina as his advisers, as I could plainly see they were leading him astray. A day or two after this, after a meeting of all the headmen, about dusk one of the King's servants came to me and warned me to fly, as Sirayo and Rabanina had advised that I should be killed, as I would report everything they said now that it was decided to fight with the English. This I suspected was only a ruse to try and frighten me away. I, however, that night slept with my double-barrelled gun close beside me, determined, if mischief was really their intention, not to fly, but settle a couple before they killed me. However, all passed quietly off that night. Next morning I made up my mind to go to Cetywayo and tell him I knew everything that had been said the day before, and that if he thought fit to kill me just for giving him good advice, that I was not the only white man on earth, and that he would find out his mistake before he had finished. I said that my only reason for staying was my desire to explain everything to Umnyamana and the Indunas, but having done that, I was now ready to leave. I never in my life saw a man look so ashamed of himself. He would not look at me, but bent on one side, pretending to take snuff. After remaining silent for some time, he spoke in a very subdued voice. "Yes," he said, "you are right; the people look on you as a spy, and don't like your being here, this is why I wanted you to leave, but now you have spoken I want you to remain." This I refused to do, saying, "No, now I can go, as I know that no one can blame me if anything

goes wrong between you and the English." All this time he was getting his soldiers up and marshalling them. On the day after I had spoken to him he had two regiments up before him in order to talk war, and lay wagers, and challenge each other, as is their custom when preparing for war. I had been sitting on a mound a short distance off looking on, and being disgusted with the turn affairs were now taking, I returned to camp and told my people to prepare, as I intended to start for home next day. From my camp I could see the gathering, which broke up in an unusual manner, as the soldiers shouted in an excited way, and a great number left their usual course and came in the direction of my camp. My people began to get very uneasy, but I told them not to be alarmed but to remain sitting quietly. The soldiers of the gathering came swarming past, and several went right through my tents. On my speaking to them they shouted out, "That is past (meaning my authority) ; a white man is nothing now in this country ; we will stab him with an assegai and disembowel him." I had hard work to keep my temper, but several of their captains, who had come to me for a drink of water, and were sitting beside me, persuaded me to keep quiet. That same evening I went to bid Cetywayo farewell. He tried hard to persuade me to remain, saying, "I am not a child ; I see the English wish to have my country ; but if they come in I will fight." I said, "Yes, I see, it is no use talking to you any more ; your soldiers are leading you to a precipice over which you will go headlong—they will turn back, and you will be pushed over yourself." This forecast turned out to be too true, as he was captured almost alone. Several Indunas and many of the soldiers were not for war, as I understood from several private conversations with them. On one occasion Umyamana said to me, "What are you troubling yourself for any more ? Cetywayo will not listen to what we say—leave him alone and he will see what he will see." In a conversation I had with Uhamu, he made use of words to the same effect.

CHAPTER LXII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ON reaching my home, I sent several messengers to Cetywayo in succession, trying to persuade him to relinquish the idea of fighting with the English, but without effect. In the meantime troops were being massed in Natal, and were on their way to the border, and eventually I received a message from Cetywayo, and also, at the same time, a letter from the Secretary for Native Affairs, in answer to a letter of mine begging him to inform me whether it was the intention of the Government to make war, as, in such an event, I should wish to quit the country or remain neutral. The answer was that a message had been sent to Cetywayo telling him to send some of his headmen to meet certain officials despatched by His Excellency to convey him the terms on which peace could be maintained, and requesting me to be present at the meeting. The message from Cetywayo was to the same effect, saying that the Indunas were coming, and requesting me to go with them. Accordingly a day was fixed and a meeting was held, as we all now know, at Tugela Drift, overlooked by what was afterwards named Fort Pearson, after Colonel Pearson of the Lower Column at Inyezane, &c., and the famous Ultimatum was read to the Indunas, and then handed to them to convey to Cetywayo. They returned with me and slept at my lower station, Emanete, four miles or so from Tugela Drift (Ford). They tried to persuade me to accompany them back to Cetywayo in order that I might read the Ultimatum to him. Seeing that matters were coming to a crisis, I refused their request. They then left the written Ultimatum with me, and I have it now in my possession.

CHAPTER LXIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ALTHOUGH the Ultimatum never reached Cetywayo, but was left at my place at Emangete—about four miles from the Tugela—I nevertheless despatched one of my own men to the Zulu King, conveying through him the full purport of the document, as I felt convinced that his own messengers would not tell him one-half of it. My men arrived some days before the King's own messengers reached him, and brought back a message from Cetywayo, complaining of the short time given to collect the cattle demanded, and at the same time sent another message to me, saying that if it came to fighting I was to stand on one side. I wrote a letter to the Natal Government stating the King's complaint as to the shortness of the time given to collect the cattle, and received for reply that the word of the Government, as already given, could not be altered, and saying that unless the prisoners and cattle were given up within the time specified Her Majesty's troops would advance, but, in consideration of the disposition expressed to comply with the demands of the Government, the troops would be halted at convenient posts within the Zulu border, and would await the expiration of the term of thirty days, without in the meantime taking any hostile action, unless it was provoked by the Zulus.

About the time of the above date, Lord Chelmsford and Commodore Sullivan came up to the Tugela, and so I crossed that river and requested an interview with them, which was granted.

In course of the conversation Lord Chelmsford asked me what course—in the present aspect of affairs—I intended to take? I told him that my intention was to remain neutral. To this he answered, “I cannot allow you to do that. You must either take one side or the other—join us, or take the consequences.” I told him that I had no quarrel with the Zulus, and did not like taking up arms against them, but begged him to advise me what to do.

After considering for a little while, he said, "Take my advice, Mr. Dunn, and cross over to this side of the river (the southern boundary of Zululand) with all your people, and bring as many more with you as you can. We will give you room to locate them, and will feed them free of expense to you; and after the war is over I promise to see you reinstated in your possessions." For this advice I thanked him, and promised to act on it. Up to this time I did not believe that matters would culminate in war, but now I could see that it was not to be avoided.

Lord Chelmsford said he was afraid that he would not get the Zulus to fight. But, from my experience, I knew that if the fighting die was once cast, Cetywayo would concentrate his forces, and risking everything on one great battle, fall upon the column that he thought would give him most trouble, so I advised Lord Chelmsford to divide his forces into two strong columns, so that either would be strong enough to cope with the whole of the Zulu army. Lord Chelmsford laughed at this idea, and said, "The only thing I am afraid of is that I won't get Cetywayo to fight." I said, "Well, my lord, supposing you get to his kraal, and he won't fight, what will you do?" His answer was, "I must drive him into a corner, and make him fight."

I asked the above question, as I had begged Cetywayo not to fight, even if the English army invaded his kraal.

I felt sure that no real grounds for war—beyond an unreasonable dread on the part of the public of the Zulus—existed, hence my advice to Cetywayo.

I must not forget to mention that, before meeting Lord Chelmsford, I had written to the Natal Government, impressing upon them the imperative necessity of sending two very strong columns into Zululand if war was once entered on, as I felt sure Cetywayo would try to take them in succession, and I also knew that if the Zulus were properly met at the start, and were defeated, the war would very soon be over. But Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford much underrated the Zulus, and hence the disaster at Isandhlwane and the prolonged war. Whereas, as I say, if the Zulus had been properly met at first, the war would have been over in two months, and the best of terms made.

My people all this time were in a great state of perplexity, as they were at a loss as to my intentions, for I had not divulged them to anyone beyond leading my people to believe that I was going to take them coastwards out of the way. But on the 30th of December, 1878, I gave notice to all my people at the Ungoye (about 35 miles from the Tugela River) to collect bag and baggage and join me, the time being opportune, as most of Cetywayo's men—who might have interfered with mine—had gone up to the King's kraal to attend the Feast of First Fruits. My people, with their cattle, got down safely the next morning to Emanete, from which place I went on to the Tugela. The latter river was full, and the scene can be imagined. The river and its banks were crowded with thousands of natives and cattle. I had three thousand head of my own—and the lowing, or rather bellowing, of the cows and calves, the bleating of sheep, goats, &c., the crying of babies, blended with the shoutings of women, made a perfect babel of confusion. However, with the kind assistance of the Naval Brigade, I managed to get all safely across the river in two days, but the discomfort of the first night on the Natal side I shall never forget. Before I could get shelter for my family, a cold rain set in, and so everything was wet and miserable, and it was only owing to the perseverance of my cooks that we got anything to eat; my people meanwhile shifting for themselves amongst the bushes, &c. When my people arrived on the Natal side of the river they were deprived of all the guns they had, which were mine, and which were given to the Native Police for the defence of the border. For this loss I was never compensated.

The next day being fine was passed in drying and getting ready to start, which was effected during the course of the day, my people and cattle going on to a site selected for my location near the Border Agency. The next day I followed with my family. My natives, I must say, before leaving the river were very much disheartened on seeing what they thought was the whole force of whites, and I had hard work to dissuade many of them from going back to Zululand, and throwing in their lot with the Zulus. However, the arrival of more troops gave them fresh confidence.

The spot I was located on turned out to be a very unhealthy one for both people and cattle. Hardly a day passed without some deaths occurring among my people, and during the time I was there I lost three hundred of my cattle, but I was fortunate enough to sell a considerable number to the Government at a very good price.

Lord Chelmsford broke his promise as to feeding my people, and I had to do so myself at a very heavy expense, having to kill cattle for them and supply them with mealies, which were only to be had in any quantity from the Government, who parted with them as a favour and at a high price. Fortunately I had wagons and oxen at my disposal, and I could send to D'Urban for supplies, otherwise the expense of transport, which was, at that time, very high, would have been very heavy. While I was staying at this place, and shortly after the Isandhlwane disaster had happened, an amusing false alarm occurred. One evening I had just finished my dinner when I heard a cannonading going on at the Lower Tugela Drift, where the troops were stationed. I was then living about three hundred yards from the Border Agency Station. I jumped up and at once went over there, knowing that, the river being in flood, if there was an attack by Zulus at all, and it must be on the further bank of the stream, at Fort Tenedos, where the Naval Brigade was stationed, as I felt sure the Zulus would not cross the river in the dark. On reaching the hut of the Border Agent, I found his horse, ready saddled, standing outside, and on entering his hut I found him fumbling among some things. He was ready booted and spurred. On my asking him what he was doing, he said—handing me a pistol—"Good God! where is your horse! let's be off to a place of safety, don't you hear? the Zulus must be across." I said, "What? and leave my people to look after themselves? No, I won't do that; where are my guns that you took from my people? let me have them back, I will not leave." I then told a couple of men, who were with me, to shout out the call of my tribe, and within ten minutes I had all my men with me eagerly calling out to be armed. I asked the Border Agent to give me out the arms, at the same time asking him if he had sent out in the direction of the firing to see what was wrong? He said he had not

done so. He then went with me, and opened a place he called his magazine, where my guns were supposed to be, I, in the meantime, having sent some of my own men to run and ascertain the cause of alarm. On his opening the "magazine" only about a dozen guns were there, and none of those mine. He only then recollects that my guns had been given to the Native Police. Any-one in my (then) position can imagine my feelings, and I could not help making use of a strong expression, saying, "Here are my men, who really could be of some service, hemmed in like a lot of old women with nothing to defend themselves or families with." Whilst I was looking over the guns to see if I could select a serviceable one, the Border Agent said to me, "Dunn, will you take charge? I am off to give the alarm." The firing, by this time, had ceased, and away he went. His own police were very much disgusted with his leaving them without any orders. He had not been away half-a-hour when my men, whom I sent to learn the cause of alarm, returned, saying that the affair was a false alarm which had occurred on the further side of the river.

I at once sent off a man to Mr. Jackson, the Magistrate at Stanger (to where the Border Agent had gone) with a short note stating that the alarm was a false one, and that there was no danger at all. The troubles of the Border Agent, however, were not over. In taking a short cut to get into the main road, he had to go through a cane field. The night was very dark and a drizzling rain was falling. Just as he got on to a slippery siding, he heard a number of Coolies, who had taken the alarm, jabbering, shouting and making night hideous, and having Zulu on the brain himself, he turned his horse to fly, when the animal lost his footing, and great was the fall. In the scrimmage up he lost his spurs, and was altogether in a deplorable plight, scared, covered with mud, wet, and miserable. He told me the tale himself, acknowledging that he was in a great fright, as, he said, he was no fighting man, and had a great dread of having an assegai sticking in him. The man I sent reached Stanger, and found that the alarm had already been given, and all the people about were going into laager. My note, however, reassured them and they returned to their homes next morning.