when the news of this crushing disaster reached him who, by his policy of invasion, was mainly responsible for the lives of England's sons, what bitter thoughts must have welled up in that mind which could not fail therein to behold the first grievous result of his unmerited and unprovoked attack on a nation whom, for this deed, even we, in our bitterness, cannot blame?

Riding across the battlefield, I directed my horse's head towards the tiny cemetery, which, from the high grass and rank weeds that grew in and around it, was almost invisible. The animal's foot striking against something hard, made him stumble; and, looking for the cause, an upturned skull informed me of it at once. Hardly two years have passed away, and already, in their lonely resting-place, these victims of a murderous policy are forgotten. The men who suffered for England's sin, hastily buried and pushed out of sight, are left for wind and weather to sweep away the few inches of earth that cover them; the rank weeds and giant grass that grow around will ere long obliterate the spot, and men in the next generation will ask, "Where sleep our unfortunate comrades,—the innocent victims of a wretched policy?" and the answer must come back in the gratitude of nations, "It is unknown;

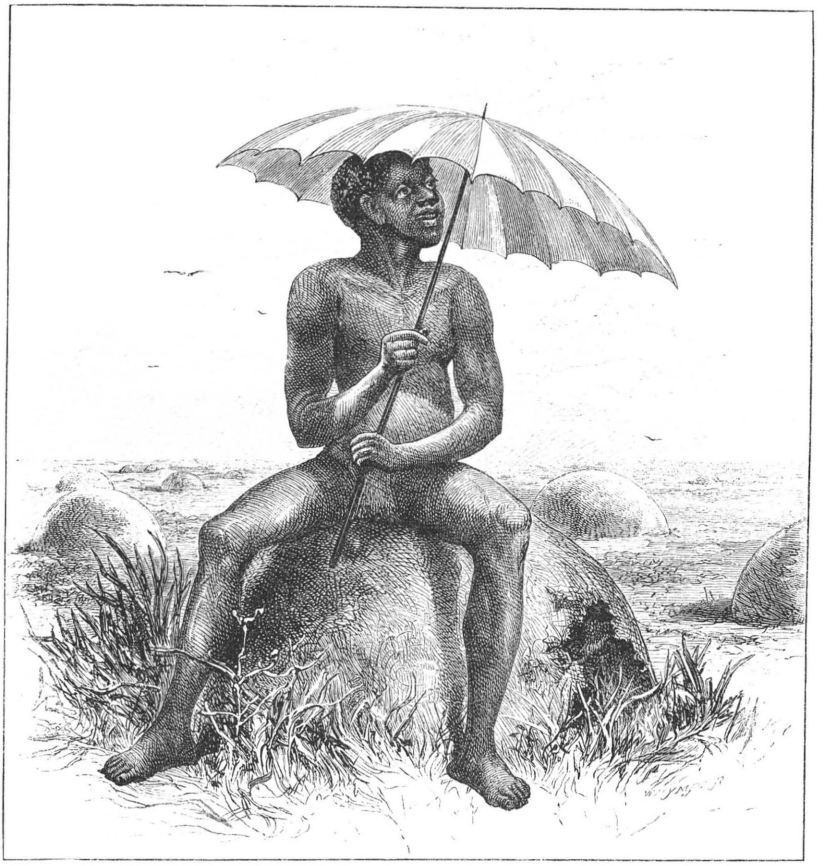
we have forgotten; there is no trace to mark the spot."

But a monument remains, even greater than man's most regal works,—a monument which will ever overshadow the last resting-place of England's sons, and whose rugged grandeur will overlook this spot long after the memory of generations has vanished. Than the lofty Isandhlwana no fitter monument could be erected, and no more appropriate sign could mark the spot than that of "The Bloody Hand."

In the little kraal-built mission station hard by we brought ourselves to anchor for the night. The next day was to be our last in Zululand; a long and sharp ride was yet before us. Even Punch's sturdy little frame began to look hollow; Nancy was fast becoming a skeleton; and Blobbs had run himself to a shadow. With our separation from the troops, and therefore from the commissariat, forage was not so available, and the land of promise yet lay far beyond a line of distant hills. At the Isandhlwana Mission Station, however, mealies were liberally supplied; and, awaking once or twice in the night, the sound of crunching and munching reached me through the framework of the kraal in which I slept. Towards four o'clock, however, the pro-

longed meal had evidently come to an end, judging by the chorus created by the snores of the two ponies.

Early as we started next morning, we found our hospitable host already stirring. Hot coffee was quickly prepared to speed the parting guests; and, with the newborn sunlight playing upon and lighting up the grim features of the Isandhlwana, we set off on our journey. Avoiding the rocky, dangerous ford at Fugitive's Drift, we held on for Rorke's, crossing the Buffalo at this point; and having paid a visit to the Mission Station, which was in the occupation of some half-dozen masons who were busily engaged in building, we rode down to some tents pitched close by the river, in the occupation of several officers of an engineer troop. They gave us a good breakfast, which we duly appreciated, and on which we contemplated performing a good portion of our journey that day. We had already come ten miles, —Helpmakaar lay distant yet another twenty-five,—and we proposed to reach Mooi River that night, forty miles farther on. Altogether, Punch and Nancy were asked to accomplish seventy-five miles before the sun went down, which I am bound to acknowledge was little short of cruelty; but then we promised them their reward after



A FOOLISH BUT HAPPY FORELOUPER.

A scene on the march through Zululand.

the following day, when, having reached Maritzburg, they should rest and make merry.

Many a time, as we pushed on for Helpmakaar, I turned to look at Zululand, whose rugged outlines were gradually fading astern. Twelve or thirteen miles from Rorke's Drift we began the ascent of a steep winding hill which connects the upper and lower Veldt together. Before this road was made, the climb must have been both hazardous and difficult, for the sheer fall is as nearly perpendicular as possible, and of a great height. As we ascended we could see that the summit was wrapped in a dense mist, which, contrasted with the clear shining valley we were leaving, was very remarkable; far away, a mere speck now on the distant horizon, the sign of "The Bloody Hand" still stood forth in the flashing sunlight; while the whereabouts of Rorke's Drift, that scene of British heroism, could still be made out by the rugged landmark which, in the shape of the steep Oscar Berg, overlooks the Mission Station.

This was our last glimpse of Zululand; in another moment we had entered the clouds; the bright fair land was hidden from our sight, perhaps for evermore; and for the next two hours we ploughed our way through the coldest, dampest, and densest mist it has ever been my lot to witness.

Helpmakaar reached, the horses were relegated to a stable, and treated to oât-hay and an hour's rest. As for ourselves, we spent the time in visiting the cemetery and fort, and in buying a few things from a well-stocked store, which, in conjunction with the inn and one or two other shanties, claimed to form the proud location of Helpmakaar. At this place we parted from our interpreter and guide,—he proceeding in the direction of Newcastle, we going in exactly the opposite direction. With the renewal of our journey the mist cleared off, and the horses, refreshed by their short rest, went along merrily enough. The stage was a long one, however,—twenty-eight miles,—and they wearied a good deal ere reaching the Tugela River. With the disappearance of the mist it had become intensely hot; but, fortunately for ourselves and the horses, the Umsinga country, through which we were then passing, was wooded and fertile, and for most part of the day we rode along under the grateful shade of a dense and luxuriant vegetation, through which the road we were following must have been cut with extreme difficulty.

A very lovely country is this Umsinga district,—the wooded Highlands of Natal. Rich in bush and glade, exquisite glimpses of scenery con-

tinually present themselves; while the glowing tints of bright and gorgeous colouring, glittering beneath the flashes of an almost tropical sun, render the effect of so brilliant a nature as can be compared only to the multifarious and quickly-changing flashes of the diamond. Anon our road led us through dense tracts of woodland, so thick as to defy entrance and so lofty as to hide from sight the mighty crags that towered around; then soft glades would intervene, or gently-falling slopes open the secrets of some darkling valley; while, above these changeful scenes of Nature, rugged steeps clothed in masses of vegetation looked down on the home of the wild black man.

Here the Kaffir, in this district awarded him by the conquerors of Natal, lives peacefully and contentedly. High up the mountain slopes, far down in the valleys below, amidst glen and opening glade, the neat kraals nestle. Very picturesque they look; and the blue curling smoke of their fires mingling with the scarlet, the blue, the violet, the yellow, and the green of a variegated garden of Nature, serves to clothe the whole gorgeous array in a transparent veil, which flashes alternate gold and silver beneath the warm effulgence of a burning sun.

At a cosy little inn on the banks of the Tugela River we off-saddled; the horses were relegated to a cool stable and liberally supplied with forage. Since leaving Isandhlwana that morning they had performed a distance of sixty-three miles, and yet twelve remained to be accomplished ere their resting-place at Mooi River was reached that night. I must confess that, cognisant as I was of the Colonial horses' power of endurance, these triumphs of Nancy and Punch surprised me. Since the morning of our start for Ulundi, after the Inhslazatye meeting, they had been continually on the go, performing long and rapid journeys every day, with somewhat gaunt frames it is true, but with legs unfilled and in a condition perfectly marvellous. Decidedly Punch and Nancy were prodigies, as indeed they proved themselves to be.

Since leaving Helpmakaar we had been gradually descending from those heights which we had gained in the mist until, on the Tugela banks, the full depth of the Umsinga valley had been reached. Now, in front of the inn, rose a steep winding incline, cut in the giant barrier of the valley,—the thin white streak visible near the summit showing whither the road wound; and on this white streak so high above us and miles

away, we frequently cast anxious eyes, while the question was often put and debated as to whether it would be wise to attempt the ascent that day.

Anxiety to get forward as quickly as possible overruled hesitation; and the horses, having finished their meal, were mercilessly brought forth once more. In crossing the Tugela, Blobbs was carried away by a rapid, and narrowly escaped a watery grave. He, however, wisely allowed himself to float with the stream until a friendly rock afforded him safety. To this he clung until Punch and I managed to reach him, when, dripping and very exhausted, he was landed on the opposite bank amidst great rejoicings. Had Blobbs died there would have been wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the bright Umsinga valley would have been hidden in a dark cloud.

It took us two hours to reach the summit of the barrier, and I cannot say we were not tired on arriving at the Mooi River that night; for we were decidedly so. Here we found two mounted Natal police, one of whom proved to be a gentleman named Crosswaithe, a fellow-passenger with us from England on board the *Warwick Castle*, whom we had christened "the Dodling." He and his comrade Mr. Knox entertained us with the best of the cheer which the resources

of the primitive inn afforded, and accompanied us next day for the first ten miles of our journey.

On this last day of our long trekking I will not dwell at length, beyond remarking that Punch having rolled in the night on a back somewhat tender had a large watery lump on it next day, This was awkward; but, lump or no lump, his services were required. However, on arriving at Greytown,—twenty miles from Mooi River,—I succeeded in procuring another horse, and Punch was led, for the next forty-three miles, into Maritzburg. Very weary, very stiff, and very thankful at reaching our journey's end were we; and, in making the same assertion for the ponies, I think I rightly convey their feelings. For Blobbs' opinion I cannot, however, vouch; this extraordinary little personage was apparently as fresh as ever,—his blistered feet seemed to cause him no inconvenience, and the many hundred miles traversed by those tiny pats appeared to have had the effect of instilling vigour instead of weariness into his frame. Punch and Nancy were prodigies, but I think Blobbs handicapped them both, and his bright example should be held up to the eyes of any drone into whose hands this book may fall.

The night of our arrival, Sir Evelyn reached

Maritzburg, and arrived at Government House amidst the thunder of artillery. Since leaving us at the Inhslazatye, he and his party had ridden by way of the Inhlobane, crossed the Zuinge Nek and Intombi River, and thence made their entry into Swaziland. Fording the Inguenpisi and Great Usutu Rivers, they traversed "the tropical island," and were received by its chief, who is uncle to Umbadeen, king of Swaziland. Thence they journeyed to Lodidi,—the tribal kraal and capital of the country,—where Sandhlwana, the prime minister, met them and conducted them to his own kraal. After this they were interviewed by Umbadeen himself, under the welcome shade of a shield house, and entered into palaver. On taking leave of the king they had travelled on, crossed the Black Umvoloosi, and ascended the Lebombo Mountains, descending their eastern slopes towards Delagoa Bay; at Bombei a boat from H.M.S. *Firebrand* took them off to the gunboat, whose head was at once pointed for Durban, this latter place being reached after three days' rough coasting. They arrived in Maritzburg a few hours after us, beaten just a head on the post.

And now the time drew nigh when final partings had to be spoken; for by an early train

we proposed to leave for Durban next day. At the appointed hour the little platform of Pietermaritzburg Railway Station was more than usually occupied, and gay with military personages, amongst whom was the hero of Maiwand.[1] Sir Evelyn and his staff had donned a more brilliant attire than that of Veldt renown, and every one looked very smart. As the train began to move out of the station there echoed a chorus of good-byes, and a fair amount of hand-shaking went on through the open windows. But the train was merciless, it would wait for no one, and amidst the echoes of final partings it glided away,—platform, friends' faces, and finally Maritzburg, faded from sight, and with them the old days of camp life and the free Bohemian wanderings of the past six months were over; back to civilisation we were hastening, while the dream of all we had left behind still clung longingly around the awaking vision of Change.

At Durban we were detained several days by extremely heavy weather, but at last the bar became navigable, and we were quickly on board our old friend *The Melrose.* I must confess that, for the first time in my life with aught navigable, I experienced a sensation of disgust

[1] Major Slade, brother to Sir Evelyn Wood's aide-de-camp.

as I boarded her. The smell of oil, the general cramped feeling that prevailed, and the sights and scenes inseparably connected with life on board a passenger steamer, sickened and irritated me. Many a longing look I cast back to the green slopes of the Berea, amidst which cosy country-seats nestled; while the broad endless tracts of the free unconfined Veldt rose up in memory's vision, and left me discontentedly comparing my past free unrestrained existence with the present cramped and confined one. But the anchor is up and the ship is under weigh; no more time for thoughts such as these,—so they are banished. Durban is receding quickly from sight; and, through the golden sunlight that envelops her, I take my last look of the place which is endeared in my memory by the hospitable and kindly courtesy tendered me by many of its leading inhabitants. A fresh wind is blowing, and the vessel begins to toss about; down to their stuffy cabins rush the majority of the passengers; everybody is more or less sick, and, ashamed as I am to confess it, I find myself selfishly rejoicing in their malady as being a means of ridding the deck of squalling children and unpleasant scenes. Once more the rocky coast of Kaffraria heaves in sight; we coast along it in a regular storm; the wind shrieks

through the rigging, doing its best to drown the wild weird notes of the boatswain's whistle; the little *Melrose* rolls frightfully, gallantly battling the waves, nevertheless, in her labouring career; groans and cries float up from below; and I, leaning over the vessel's stern, watch the receding waves hurled into chaos by the disdainful paddle, and, watching the long white streak which it leaves behind, dreamland merges into reality as I feel now we are fairly pointed for home.

We were looking forward to meeting my youngest brother, who had come out to Cape Town with the intention of joining us in Zululand; being delayed, however, he had decided to await us at the Cape, and during the past three weeks had been the guest of Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson. On reaching Cape Town, we therefore repaired to Government House, where we found him flourishing, and the whole household in the same condition. Sir Hercules having entertained them with a detailed account of the picture presented by myself in the poor, travel-stained, well-worn habit of Pretoria renown, there was a cry of disappointment and surprise, on greeting us, at not finding me attired therein. I was therefore obliged, though reluctantly, to explain to Lady Robinson

that the habit in question was absolutely unfit for further wearing. Sir Evelyn had described it as "the looking-glass,"—so glazed had it become,—and after that severe criticism I was bound to get another skirt made. My first efforts in this direction were made at Ladysmith. Purchasing some serge, I held a consultation with the tailor of the 14th Hussars, who undertook to manufacture the required article. Fearing that he, having never made a riding-skirt before, might take for his pattern the long, sweeping, full skirts of olden days, I endeavoured to impress upon him that what I required was a short and a tight one. The day of its arrival, I hastened to try it on. It was tight and short with a vengeance! Short,—inasmuch as it did not reach my ankles by several inches; and tight,—inasmuch as, though it buttoned (!) all down the front, when I came to try and fasten it across my knees, it refused to meet! The worthy tailor's thoughts must have been far away in Austria and Austrian fashions when he framed this costume. On the principle that "if you don't at first succeed, try, try again," I purchased some more serge and placed my hopes, in this second venture, in the tailor of the 15th Hussars. He made a crowning effort, and was somewhat more successful; true, it was not

exactly a Wolmershausen shape, still it answered as good a purpose, and did me some service in Zululand. Should my reader be curious to learn the fate of "the looking-glass," I can satisfy his curiosity by informing him that, when I last saw it, it was adorning the body of a Kaffir forelouper, who, in his proud possession of the same, was flaunting himself in full dress before the envious and admiring gaze of a few fellow Kaffirs, whose apparel, however, partook more of Nature's garb.

With this full explanation as to the fate of "the looking-glass," every one was obliged to rest content; we turned our attention to the discussion of a welcome breakfast, which at that moment made its appearance. The bells of Cape Town at the same time began to sound their warning notes, and the Government House party were obliged to hurry off and attend divine service, it being Sunday. While eating, we got from my brother the latest home news which he had brought,—some six weeks old, it is true, yet still acceptable to us after our long separation from the old country. I next proceeded upstairs to make an examination of a box of clothes for which I had written home to England, and instructed my maid to send out to Cape Town. Judging by

the selection of old things which it contained, and which I certainly thought I had seen for the last time many months before I left England, the opinion of the worthy abigail as to the size and importance of Cape Town must have been somewhat misty and vague. Doubtless, in her thoughts, she pictured me the guest of some dusky dignitary, surrounded by wild blacks, while Government House and the town itself figured in her mind as a few mud huts!

The rest of the day was spent in ease and indolence. In the cool verandah of Government House, or under the shade of its stately oak avenue, many a cosy nook peeped from its hiding-place; while the glare and heat outside could find no admittance through the thick leafy canopy of Old England's noblest tree. The oaks around Government House are one of the sights of Cape Town; they have flourished well in this almost tropical heat, as their size and height indicate.

For ten days we remained the guests of the Robinsons, and a very pleasant ten days they were. Cape Town, Wynberg, Constantia, and the surrounding districts, were thoroughly explored, and many a gorgeous bit of scenery rewarded our wanderings. Time flew very quickly by, and the hour for departure came on

apace; to it we looked forward with a mixture of regret and pleasure, — regret at leaving our kind friends in South Africa, and pleasure at the thought of seeing Old England again. One night Lady Robinson gave a big reception and ball, which was kept up till a late hour; there was a large concourse of people, for which, however, the great dimensions of the ballroom afforded ample space, and all the guests appeared to enjoy themselves very much. I must, however, confess that my feet were extremely tender next day.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CETSHWAYO—THE KING'S WORDS—ENGLAND'S PROMISE—THE MODERN JUDAS—THE KING'S MESSAGE TO ENGLAND—REASONING—A KINGLY RESIDENCE—THE VISIT TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE—A DREAM OF THE PAST.

As the days slipped quickly away, and the time approached which was to bring with it our departure for England, I remembered my promise made nine months previously to Cetshwayo, that I should visit him on my return from Zululand and give him news of his country. Accordingly, a few days after the ball at Government House, accompanied by my husband and brother, I drove out to Oude Molen to visit the Zulu king.

By several people who had not long since seen him, I had been informed of the sad state of depression into which he seemed to be plunged; and I therefore expected to find him more or less wretched. I was not, however, prepared for the great visible alteration discernible in his features, which wore the pinched careworn look of a deep-

seated trouble. Certainly he was greatly changed, —his forehead was more deeply wrinkled, and his face had aged terribly. As the carriage drove up to the door of the king's residence he almost immediately made his appearance, welcoming me with a hearty hand-shake, but a sad and short-lived smile. Turning to the interpreter I remarked on the change for the worse visible in the king's appearance, to which that gentleman made answer that it was not to be wondered at, seeing how deeply he was continually fretting.

"I am come, Cetshwayo," said I, "to tell you that I have just returned from Zululand. I thought it might please you to receive news of your country; and I am here to answer any questions I can, which you may desire to put to me."

Through the interpreter I then proceeded to relate to him all I had seen and heard in the country. When I came to the meeting of chiefs at the Inhslazatye he became very much interested, frequently interrupting me to ask questions. "Tell me," he said, "the names of the chiefs who were present." I complied with his request, and he was much struck by the absence of so many from the meeting. I told him of my conversation with some of the indunas and chief men, and how they had expressed such earnest wishes to have

their king back. "I am sure," said he, "that it is the wish of the Zulu nation that I should return; it is only those who are frightened and held in check by John Dunn that oppose my restoration." "I conversed," I said, "at the Inhslazatye with Mgojana, one of the chiefs who were present, and he is greatly anxious for your return, as are also, he tells me, Siwungusa, Faku, Somkele, Mlandela, Seketwayo, Mgitshwa, and Ntshingwayo." "Yes, yes," he replied; "they wish me back, and so do the Zulu people. All I love is in Zululand; my heart is there, where lies my father's grave. I am heart-sick and weary with waiting. When will England be just and let me return? Do you think that because I am a black man I cannot feel, or suffer the less by this long, long, and weary captivity? England has given the Transvaal back to the Boers, Basutoland to the Basutos, Sekukuni is restored to his people, and all are free but I. How is it so? What have I done that I should be so treated? When I fought against you it was to defend my country. I was taken prisoner, and I felt that one stronger than I had beaten me, and that power I acknowledged. But now you keep me here, where I am weary and sick at heart. I have appealed to England, whom they

tell me is great and just—to her Queen, whom they say is merciful; but my prayer is unheeded, and I am still lonely here."

I have repeated as faithfully as possible Cetshwayo's words as they were interpreted to me by the interpreter. The king spoke slowly and distinctly, but in a lower tone than he had originally used, and until his voice ceased he kept his eyes fixed upon my face. His whole bearing was dignified and majestic; he was neither flurried nor excited; but there was a pleading sadness in his voice which was very touching. I replied "that England would undoubtedly, ere long, do justice to him, but that he must be patient, and wait a little while longer." I told him "that public feeling was gradually rising in his favour." I begged him "not to be downhearted, to keep up his spirits, that justice would ere long restore him to the country he yearned for, and to the nation who longed for his return; and I pointed out to him that he had many friends abroad who were working hard in his cause." I spoke to him of his future visit to England, and told him that on his return from that country it might be as a restored king of Zululand. "I am waiting," he said, "for a reply to my prayer addressed to England to allow me to proceed there immediately.

I am growing weary and impatient that I do not receive a reply." I had that morning been informed by his Excellency that a telegram from Lord Kimberley had arrived signifying the intention of the Government that Cetshwayo would not be allowed to visit England before the coming summer, the governor telling me that he intended to send for the king the next day in order to acquaint him with this decision. Knowing, therefore, the substance of this disappointing news, I endeavoured to prepare him for its reception, and strongly advised him not to think of visiting England during the winter time, but to endeavour to make up his mind to await the arrival of the summer, when so many people of influence would be gathered together in London, and all the sights most worthy of seeing would be available. "I am too impatient to return to my country to willingly wait," he replied. "You, who are not a prisoner, cannot understand how weary and miserable I am—how heart-sick and lonely. You tell me to be patient; but have I not been so until I can be so no longer? If I am to live, they must let me go; a little longer of this and I shall die." "Tell Cetshwayo," I said to the interpreter, "that he is a brave man, and brave men should never give in. As his friend I ask him to be

patient yet awhile: if it is for his future good that he should not visit England before the summer time, will he not try to remember this, and await that time in patience?" In two words the king answered this question of mine. "What does he say?" I asked the interpreter. "He says," replied the man, "that he will try, but his heart is sad."

In trying to convey all the nobility and courage which those few words evinced this unfortunate captive capable of, I but feebly represent the case. In those simple words—"I will try, but my heart is sad"—can be traced a reply at once noble and dignified. It depicts a courage that rises to bear misfortune, with nothing to make the pain less hard; and it shows that Cetshwayo, who has been represented as a cruel bloodthirsty despot and tyrant, possesses that which many white men, with civilisation and education around them, entirely lack, and which they may well envy—*i.e.* a nobility of soul, dignity, and courage in misfortune, which makes him in all he says "every inch a king."

I inquired of him whether, in the event of his being restored to his country, he would consent to allow John Dunn to remain in Zululand. "Why should I do so?" he replied. "When I reigned

in that country I treated John Dunn as my friend; his return was to act as a spy between me and the English Government. He told them much that was false; he harmed me in all the ways he could; he never could be my friend again; how can I then forgive him and live in peace with a man who treated me so badly after I had treated him so well?" In all Cetshwayo says he reasons with a truth and good sense which it is impossible not to perceive. Naturally he wonders how it is that a man like John Dunn should be placed as chief in power. Here is a man who ignores in many ways the laws of civilisation. In the late struggle with Sitimela, when he advanced against him to restore Mlandela, women and children who belonged to the rebellious side found no quarter at his hands. All who fell in his way were massacred without mercy; it is a fact which cannot be contradicted, for all who know anything about the matter are aware that this is the truth. When Cetshwayo killed women and children he was called a merciless despot, but when John Dunn does likewise the affair is hushed up, the matter is not even reported, and no blame is attached to this white usurper of black rights. We have endeavoured to instil into the minds of the natives

that it is wrong to take to their homes more than one wife; yet John Dunn, this white chieftain, who is supposed to set them a good example, lives surrounded by a large harem, setting at defiance the white man's law, which we pretend we are desirous the black should follow.

I remained some time with Cetshwayo talking to him about his people and Zululand. He clung to the subject as though it had a peculiar charm for him. His interpreter assured me that he had not seemed so interested in anything for a long time, and it was quite refreshing to see the king so cheerful. On one point he was very anxious, and that was to obtain news of three of his chiefs whom he hoped would be allowed to join him in his captivity and proceed with him to England. "Had I seen them?" he asked. I replied that the men in question had journeyed a long distance on foot, and had endeavoured to catch Sir Evelyn Wood at the Inhslazatye meeting, but were unfortunate enough not to succeed. The last I had heard of them was that they were on their way from that place to Pietermaritzburg, hoping there to obtain an interview with the General, and lay before him their prayer, which begged permission to be granted them to join Cetshwayo at Capetown and share with him

his captivity. Anxiously the king inquired whether this permission would be granted by Government, to which I replied that I could not say, but that doubtless it would, as there could be hardly any reason for refusing. After this I told him that it was time I should leave, as my visit had been somewhat prolonged. He asked me how soon I intended leaving for England, and when I told him he exclaimed, "Oh, why cannot I go too?" "Have you any message to send to the English people which I can transmit for you?" I asked. "Yes," replied Cetshwayo, with grave dignity; "tell them that I am a king and a captive; that I am alone and helpless; that I am very sad and almost heartbroken; that they should not believe all the ill they hear of me; ask them to be my friend, and to help me. I have no more to say." As I was saying good-bye to the interpreter Cetshwayo held out his hand again, and I shook hands once more. As I did so he said a few words. "He is thanking you for being his friend," said the interpreter; "he says he will not forget your kindness, and will always be your friend. Perhaps he may be able some day to prove his gratitude when he becomes king again."

On leaving Oude Molen I drove to the farm-house occupied by Langalebalele, close by. My interview with this old chief was short; he appeared very anxious to know if Cetshwayo was going to England. He frequently walks across to Oude Molen on a visit to the king, but Cetshwayo has only once condescended to return the call; it appears that it is an act of the greatest condescension for a king to visit his subject, however great the chief may be. In this narrative I have faithfully reported what occurred on the occasion of my visit to the king. In the last simple words with which he begged me to transmit to the English public his prayer that they should help one "who was a king, who was lonely and helpless, sad, and almost heartbroken," he did not speak with a grasping eagerness or excitement, but with a grave intense sadness, which showed and forced the listener to realise how much he felt all that he was saying. His words, eloquent in themselves, should appeal and strike home to the heart of a nation whose desire is for justice. Is it not something more than cruel that this unfortunate man should be kept captive when the nation of whom he is the rightful king so universally desires his return? Circumstances and the march of events demand

that the present policy should change. Time has brought the moment when the peace and tranquillity of Zululand is at stake, for the reason that there is no one to rule it, no one whom its people will respect and obey. Cetshwayo has seen our power, and were he restored he would fight against the English no more. He says himself, and his people say so too, that they do not wish to fight with England, but desire to live in peace with her for ever. We have given the Transvaal to the Boers, Sekukuni is restored to his people, Basutoland has been given back to the Basutos; in Afghanistan the same policy has been pursued. Cetshwayo alone remains a prisoner. Is this a fair or just policy? is this treatment such as it should be? Let the sense of fair-play and generosity answer for itself in the breasts of the English public. The letters addressed by the captive from his dreary solitude at Oude Molen to Lord Kimberley, in his ease and comfort at home, are not those of an ignorant or cruel despot, but in every line they show a nobility of soul, a greatness and sagacity, a sense of wisdom and reason, which the heart of a savage could not conceive. Let England do justice to a man who is kept in a cruel and unfair captivity, who has appealed to a nation, whose might and sense

of justice he acknowledges, to help and protect him. His very loneliness and utter helplessness should appeal more forcibly than anything to every heart which is not poisoned by the gross misrepresentations of interested parties as to the state of affairs in Zululand and the wishes of the Zulu people. There is little doubt that our military prestige is much weakened in the eyes of the Zulu people. In their wish to get back their king they may reason to themselves that if the Boers can defeat us they can likewise do so. The result of this reasoning will show itself before long in anarchy and rebellion. The chiefs placed over them they neither respect nor obey, and it is in a moment like this that Cetshwayo as our ally would be most acceptable. In the *Times* of the 23d of August 1881 a letter appeared from a member of the Legislative Council of Natal in which the following remark appears :—"No colonist wishes ill to Cetshwayo. None grudge him the surroundings of a comfortable and luxurious exile." Is this meant to imply that he lives in comfort or ease? If this is the opinion of the British public I can assure them they are greatly mistaken. I have seldom seen a more dreary place of abode than that awarded to Cetshwayo; the rooms inhabited by himself and his girls of the kraal are totally

devoid of furniture of any kind; little or no amusement is provided for him; if he wishes for any extra comfort, his wants have to be made known through so many channels that it is long before he obtains what he requires. Repeatedly he has asked leave to have a little pocket money allowed him, but this wish has not been granted, and this is characterised as "a luxurious and comfortable exile."

The promise which Cetshwayo made to me in this interview he has faithfully kept; and through ten long weary months, as I write this, he has patiently awaited the fulfilment of Lord Kimberley's promise that he should visit England. The month settled for his visit was April, and, as I write this, it is now June. By plausible and illusory promises Mr. Gladstone and those in office have warded off the evil hour of inquiry into this violation of a sacred pledge. Cetshwayo still languishes in a dreary and miserable captivity.[1] In the month of December last he wrote to me and enclosed two letters, one to the Queen, and the other to the Prince of Wales, which I duly transmitted to their destinations.

[1] Since writing this, the visit of Cetshwayo to England has been definitely fixed for August, about the beginning of which month he will arrive.—(Author, 14th July 1882.)

For this attempt to make his griefs known his interpreter, Mr. Samuelson, has been taken from him, and one of the name of Dunn, a stranger to the king, has been substituted in the place of the dismissed Mr. Samuelson. The king is now a closer captive than ever. He is powerless to appeal; he is utterly helpless and alone. Will not the sense of justice assert itself in the breast of an apathetic English public? and will not that English public awake to the dishonour and cruelty of the act which stains the fame and greatness of England? The king has appealed to England: will England let his prayer pass unheeded?

The day following that of my visit to Oude Molen, Cetshwayo came himself to Government House to learn from Sir Hercules Robinson the contents of Lord Kimberley's telegram with regard to his visit to England. I was not present when the message which was to inform him of the many months which must elapse ere he could visit England was communicated to him; but I am assured by one present that the only sign this brave man showed of his great disappointment was in a slight contraction of the face and a nervous movement of the hands. In a few words he had the day before promised me to

be patient—and the promise was faithfully kept. Only those who knew his wishes could guess the hopes that telegram dashed to the ground, or the acute pain the announcement must have caused.

Later in that day I tried to cheer the king up by conducting him through the different rooms of Government House. The bedrooms upstairs, the electric bells, and the beds themselves, greatly interested him. Many were the long-drawn exclamations of surprise which he gave vent to as some new object astonished and delighted him. Mr. Samuelson, the interpreter, told me that he liked to look at the House; he would like to build a similar one in his own country whereat to entertain his white friends when they should visit him, if he was ever King of Zululand again.

Soon after this he took his leave and drove back to Oude Molen. The last words he addressed to me were to entreat me not to forget or forsake his cause. I promised him, and that promise I have endeavoured faithfully to fulfil.

With the departure of Cetshwayo to his dreary home, my story draws to an end. The following day was that fixed for our departure, and our passages were taken and berths booked on board the Union Company's steamship *Durban*, bound for Old England. We calculated on getting home in

time for the opening meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate, and the prospect of enjoying once more that "sport of kings" helped to some extent to dissipate the cloud of regret which we naturally felt at quitting a country where so much kindness and hospitality had been tendered to us on all sides. But our last evening at Government House found us all more or less sad, and we were in consequence proportionately quiet, and gaiety was less rampant than usual.

The hour of departure arrived at last, and we drove down to the quay with Lady Robinson and her daughters, who came so far to see us off. We found quite a levée of friends assembled, and the deck for a time was gay with many a brilliant uniform, conspicuous amongst which was the cocked hat of Colonel R. Thynne, which simply bristled with waving feathers. Amidst a chorus of good-byes the great vessel glided out of port, and ere long Cape Town, with its stately Lion Hill crowning the background, faded from sight. Then the misty shores of Afric's sunny land grew dim; the great sun-god shot forth his last gold ray; softly rose the queen of night to hold her reign, the dark waters of the ocean received and mirrored her pale beauty; and, as the vessel ploughed its way through the lake-like waters, phos-

phorescent lights danced and gambolled in the broad white track it left behind. Leaning over the stern I long watched these revolving scenes. In the dreams which came and went let me close this wandering tale. A moving panorama of the past nine months revolved its magic-lantern wonder before my eyes; once more arose the waving Veldt of fair Natal, the fairy nooks and sunny scenes around Pretoria, the dismal dreary expanses of the Orange Free State, and the wild uncivilised tracts of Griqualand. Over them all hovered a vision of stretching hills, of fertile valleys, of mighty rivers, and of stately men. It was a vision which came and went, bringing with it memories sad and regretful; for over these scenes of Nature's abundant beauty trembled the stain which war and blood had left behind. "What are you dreaming about?" said a voice at my elbow, and turning round I found my brother standing by me. Dreamland had fled, and in its place stood stern reality. I was after all far away from the scenes I had been recalling, and it was in dreamland only that I had wandered in Zululand again. Round went the screw with painful distinctness; hum and buzz went the tongues of the passengers. Truly it was an unpleasant awakening!

"Only living the past nine months over again," I answered. "My spirit was far away; but you have recalled it from the Land of Misfortune."

THE END.

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SIT TIGHT!

IN THE LAND
OF
MISFORTUNE

DIXIE