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CETYWAYO

FROM THE

BATTLE OF ULUNDI

TO THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

(BY THE SPECIAL REPORTS OF THE "CAPE TIMES.")

CAPE TOWN, SEPT. 16. 1879.

Messrs. MURRAY & ST. LESER, Printers, Publishers,
and Proprietors of the Cape Times, St. George's
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————— *A. N. Murray.*

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PREFACE.

The arrival at Cape Town of Ceteywayo as a prisoner of war, is an event in the history of South Africa, upon which,—marking as it does, the most important epoch in the history of this country's civilization which the present generation has witnessed,—the future historian may enlarge with considerable effect. It may be, from the accompanying descriptive report, written as all newspaper correspondence of its class is at high pressure,—some material may be obtained for the more substantial work. That, however, was not the original intention, and the correspondence is simply reproduced with some elaboration, in consequence of there being a greater demand for the *Cape Times* on Thursday last, than the publisher that day supplied.

The fierce controversy which has raged for so many months, and been often conducted most ungenerously and unfairly towards those placed in situations of great difficulty and responsibility, is not likely to die away altogether with the luxurious confinement of Ceteywayo and his wives within the precincts of the Castle at Cape Town. And I note with regret that a new element of contention has arisen. The officers of the King's Dragoon Guards have asked through the Press, that public judgment concerning the capture of Ceteywayo may be suspended until further and fuller accounts come to hand, as they alleged that those published so far are erroneous. If the officers of the King's Dragoon Guards are in the possession of more accurate information, why do they not publish it? As their request was published the day after my report appeared, I take it that I am amongst the guilty ones. I must plead that my guilt extends no further than that I published what I was told, and I have given my authority for every statement with a preciseness worthy of the witness-box. I may add that I have utmost confidence in every word which fell from the lips of Mr. Longcoat, whose modesty and sterling worth gained for him the esteem and con-

idence of the English Generals in the Zulu war. I do not know what the officers of the King's Dragoon Guards have to complain about as far as Mr. Longcast and myself are concerned. Mr. Longcast gave me no version of the capture of Cetwyayo. I purposely left Major Marter to tell his own story—and I suppose we will have that before long. Mr. Longcast only describes the gallant and fearless way in which Lord Gifford with his little band scoured the dense bush of the Black and White Umvoolosi. No one doubts that Lord Gifford ran the fox to earth, and that Major Marter bagged him—all honour to them both.

Cetwyayo's prowess, and his views concerning recent events are not unnaturally of the deepest interest just now to all who concern themselves about South Africa, or the *potestas* of England. In this country we wish to discover what manner of man is this great chief whose name has been so long a terror to the advance posts of civilization in this land, and there is great curiosity at Home regarding the barbaric warrior King—who for so long a season defied the armies of England—whose warriors at the commencement of the campaign inflicted a disaster on our troops such as shocked the whole world. In my hastily written letters I have endeavoured to show that those who expect to find this cruel King the possessor of a brutal face will find themselves much disappointed, and those critics who have so savagely attacked the policy of Sir Bartle Frere for having commenced what they assert was an uncalled-for war, could call no worse witness for their side than Cetwyayo. The King does not disguise that he was playing a bold game in Zululand, and being defeated he accepts his position to-day as a natural consequence of failure.

In concluding these prefatory remarks, I may say that the custody of Cetwyayo has been undertaken by the Cape Ministry, at the request of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and that the ex-King will remain in Cape Town until Her Majesty's pleasure is known concerning his future disposal.

R. W. M.

Cape Times Office, Cape Town,
15th Sept., 1879.

CETYWAYO!

HIS ARRIVAL IN SIMON'S TOWN.

THE STORY OF HIS CAPTURE AND
SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

(By our Special Reporter).

What will they do with him, has been the prevailing question, whenever we have spoken of Cetywayo, since the news of his capture was so expeditiously flashed from Ulundi. And during the last few days, "When will he arrive in Cape Town?" has taken the place of the more important question. Of course no one could tell. I say of course, because I suppose everyone is aware that Cetywayo is zealously guarded, and protected by that hydra-headed monster—Red Tape. There never was a more cunning device than that of red tape for making the easiest thing difficult, and for creating mountains out of mole hills. And as red tape had taken charge of Cetywayo, I repeat, of course, no one knew anything about the arrangements made for him. It occurred to me as not impossible that the officer in charge of the lighthouse at Cape Point, not having been trained in the Circumlocution Office, would be able to give me a prompt and decisive reply, so I sent word that when the *Natal* here in sight to telegraph me her direction. This was done so promptly and so well, that I was able to reach Simon's Bay from the metropolis within half an hour of that steamer's anchorage in the Bay, on Tuesday night. As I drew up at the Post Office in Simon's Bay I was received by a fellow sufferer of the fourth estate, whose sorrowful visage bespoke the direst distress. "It is no use," he almost cried,

"They will not let you see Colywayo." The port captain cheerily repeated the information, to which was added that Colywayo had a tent on deck because for odorous reasons he could not go below. When I suggested that the arrangement seemed to me an admirable one I was regarded as a rebel, and when I refused to bend a deprecating to march forth with to Admiralty House, and insist that Colywayo should be handed over to the "almshouse press," I was at once checked off as a traitor unworthy of belonging to the crew. "Then what are you going to do?" I was asked. "Going to bed," I replied, and to bed, sweetly and kindly prepared, did I go.

The south-east wind promised to help the officials in keeping Colywayo in strict seclusion. South-easters can be cold, and Stinson's Bay—natural dock as it is—can be rough, and this was proved yesterday. I did manage to get on board, and immediately on arrival was virtually told that so long as I did not attempt to interview the King my guesses was not more objectionable than it could possibly be. I was further restricted not to approach the poop deck, where the excited inquirers surveyed all his possessions—in the shape of his wives—and having made every promise received of me, I was invited to breakfast. It was a little disappointment that Colywayo was not there, and it seemed at one time as if my trip to Stinson's Bay would result in an account of the breakfast, but as there was no boat to go ashore in, the result of the morning was the following:—

THE CAPTIVE OF CETYWAYO.

"I think it very unreasonable," said Major Poole, R. A., who is in charge of the captive, "that you should wish to see Cetywayo. He is at least a King with whom England has fought and has defeated; he is now a prisoner of war, and it is not customary to permit prisoners of war to be interviewed before it has been decided what shall be done with them—if there."

The Major was courteously firm, and I at once confessed that I was not desiring to interview the ex-king of the Zulus, inasmuch as I could not talk the Zulu tongue. Some brief particulars of the escort having been given to me, I ascended on the morn-

deck, and had the good fortune to meet with Mr. W. H. Longstaff, a first-class interpreter of the headquarters staff, who told me the story of Cetyswayo's capture. I may say that Mr. Longstaff is a young man who has lived twenty years in Zululand, who owes his education to the missionaries, who has just made his first voyage, and who is acquainted with every phrase of life in Zululand. He must have been of invaluable assistance to our forces through giving the information which he was able to, and I fear that I owe him an apology for repeating roughly a story which, coming from his lips in his own modest way, seemed to me at the time peculiarly interesting. He said:—I started with the whole force under Major Barrow, which was organized at Ulundi, to catch the fugitive King. Major Barrow had under him the King's Dragoon Guards, the Mounted Infantry, Lonsdale's Horse, Capt. Norse's Mounted Contingent, Jantje's Horse, under Capt. Hayes, together with a corps of guides, under Corporal Acutt. The start was made from camp on Tuesday afternoon, the date of which I do not remember, at three o'clock, and we went off with a forced march of twenty-one hours, during the whole time of which we were in the saddle. We pushed ahead smartly all night, and thus got quickly to Zonyamma's kraal, where the King was supposed to be. Here we found the King had left the day previously, and the Zulus who were frightened at our presence readily gave us the direction which the King had taken. He had then some twenty or thirty men with him. After off-saddling for two hours the chase was resumed across frightfully broken and very hilly country and scattered bush, which was often impenetrable. The King's Dragoon Guards were left behind at this kraal, and Major Barrow continued on the scent with the remainder of the force. Lord Gifford, I may say, was with this force, and was second in command. That afternoon we successfully descended a terribly steep hill and visited a kraal where the King had been that very morning. The chase was growing most exciting, and we immediately crossed the River Moya and ascended a steep hill on the other side, on the crest of which was the kraal of Umbopas. Here we were thrown off the scent, and our hopes

were dashed to the ground. We felt certain that the Zulus knew where the King was, and if they would only give us the information he would be caught in a few hours. We tried threats and everything else during the hours of our bivouac until daylight next morning, but with no result. Having ascertained that Umbopa's son was with the King, we made Umbopa and all the people of his kraal prisoners, and carried them to the kraal of the son, which was five miles distant. Here we found some of the King's slaughter oxen, which he was taking with him in his flight. The kraal was deserted, and this showed us that the King must be close at hand, and that he and those who were with him having been surprised had taken shelter in the bush. Lord Gifford was then despatched to scour the country and to visit two kraals which were below us—about two miles distant. We were then on the top of a high range of mountains and had an expansive view of the ridges of hills and valleys of Zululand. I accompanied Lord Gifford, those whom a more dashing and intrepid officer I never met with. Half way down the mountain the keen eye of Lord Gifford saw a naked Zulu on horseback, rushing at full speed away from us down the steep mountain side. We gave chase, a break-neck ride ensued for a good two miles; Lord Gifford, being best mounted, gallantly showing us the way. I never took share in such a ride before, and that none of us came to grief is surprising. Down a mountain side, over rocks and high tall grass is a sort of cross country that does not give you much time for thinking. The Zulu saw that we were overhunting him, so he dismounted and took to the bush. We dismounted and continued the hunt on foot; but although we stuck to it for two hours, we never saw our friend again. This man afterwards turned to be Uxalo, one of the King's head servants, who had been left on the look-out for us so as to give the King warning. We then returned to the rendezvous and rejoined Major Barrow. In our absence he had brought together about forty Zulus, and we set to work to see if we could get any information from them. For a very long time we

could not get anything out of them. They were as uncommunicative under the threat of being shot as they were impenetrable to our seductive promises. At last, however, in the controversy one of the speakers accidentally dropped the information that one of the King's own servants was amongst the group. He was instantly taken aside by Major Barrow, and quietly questioned through my interpreting. We extracted from him that he had left the King that very morning, and after a little persuasion he promised to put us on the following morning into the King's trail—it was too late that day to do anything farther. This put us all in good spirits again, and we were eager for daylight with the first glimpses of which we started into the dense bush of the black Umvochoi. We were soon assured that we had struck the trail, because we picked up various things, such as calabashes and pots, which the fugitives had dropped in their flight—of course we could not tell that this was the trail of the King's party, but we saw that it was the trail of a party flying from us. We continued the chase to the Black Umvochoi, the trail getting more and more indistinct until we lost it altogether. On the banks of the Black Umvochoi we halted, having that morning scoured completely the bush for ten miles in a straight line, without seeing any living thing excepting a few Koodos. At the Black Umvochoi Lord Gifford was sent with a party to Funwayo's kraal, distant about eight miles from the drift. I may here say that I was attached to Lord Gifford's party throughout the whole pursuit. We left the drift at about two o'clock, and reached the kraal at about half-past three, which was rather a smart ride considering the roughness of the country. We there heard that some of the King's girls had been seen passing that way—some said they had passed that day, others that they had passed the day previously; we could not get a straightforward account. We sent back two men out of our small party to convey this information to Major Barrow, whilst we pushed forward. This left our party only eleven strong. A five miles ride brought us to Shemana's kraal, which we reached at dark. Here again we heard of the girls. It was said they had passed there that day. We

slept at the kraal, and on the following morning, taking two boys as guides, we struck across for one of the King's kraals which was a long way down the bush, in the direction of the coast. All this time we were pushing through bush, thick in some places as our clothes can testify, and high grass. We arrived at the kraal at midday and found only two men in charge, who could give us no information. We were off the scent here. I omitted to mention that both at Fuvwayo and Sbeuzana's kraal we heard that the King was going across country to the Ikaubla Forest, so instead of harking back on our trail we made for the open country, so as to intercept him if he endeavoured to reach the forest. We got that night as far as Umgityu kraal, which stands on the highland overlooking the bush in which we believed the King to be. The inmates of the kraal were most friendly, but could tell us nothing about the King, and probably knew nothing. The next morning we visited a small kraal where the Zulus denied any knowledge of the King, or anything belonging to him. I entered one of the huts and immediately recognised two of the girls as belonging to the King. I may say that I lived twenty years in Zululand, and I knew the King and his people. They denied they belonged to the King, but it was no use as I pointed out to them by reference to their bundles. They denied ever having seen me before, but it was no use their doing so, as I knew them, and we took them with us to another kraal, which overlooks the pass where the Black and the White Umvoosel join. Here we caught one of the King's own servants. He was armed, carrying a double-barrelled muzzle-loading fowling-piece, and two assegais. He denied knowledge of the King's whereabouts, and pretended he was only a common Zulu. We half believed him but we undid his bundle, and inside of it we found one of the King's own rifles, a Martini-Henry of the latest pattern and a costly weapon. Lord Gifford has it, and a valuable prize it is. Upon this discovery we made a prisoner of the man, and took him to this kraal. This kraal was in a splendid position, for we could see any one coming out of the bush; they could not escape us, and as our horses were

hidden out of sight, no one could detect us. After a while the men made a confession, and told us that he had left the King on the day we left Major Barrow, and made for the bush. At about nine o'clock this morning Capt. Hayes came up with Jantze's horse, and reported himself as under Lord Gifford's command; Major Barrow had then gone back to camp. As it began to rain, and it was very cold, it was decided to take a day's rest here, as the position was a very commanding one if the King tried to get into the forest. Both horses and men required rest, for the work had been enormously heavy. We carried no provisions with us, but lived on what Kafir food we could pick up at the kraals, whilst we assisted ourselves to cattle for meat. Lord Gifford is a capital hand at this scouting work, for he can live as hard as anybody—he is no carpet soldier. During the day we caught seven girls, a young man, and a boy, who told us that they had left the King two days ago, and reported that he was caught. On investigating this report we found the real truth to be that those people had run away from the King's party on the day when we encamped with Major Barrow on the banks of the Black Umvoosi. You may conceive our chagrin when we ascertained that on that day we encamped within three hundred yards of the King, and those people really thought that Major Barrow had captured him. We let the girls and the boy go free—there was no good to be obtained in keeping them. We slept at the kraal that night, and next morning, with fine weather, we decide upon scouting the bush back again to where we left Major Barrow and to take up the trail from there. That day we took up three or four false trails, they being the trails of game-trappers through the bush. This night was spent in the bush, and the night was pleasant enough to those who like the life, for the weather was warm, and good Zulu beef, with good Zulu beer to wash it down, is not bad fare. Lord Gifford seemed to think so; he was in capital spirits; we, the guides, and men who know the country thought the game was up, but he never thought so. On the following morning we dis-saddled at Funwayo's kraal where we found a party from camp with provisions for us. That day we bent about

the bush of the black Umwacooli gave to the knalls from where the chase had started. We slept at Umbog's son's kraal, the son just escaping us. At daybreak a party of us went to Umbog's kraal and took all the people—except the old weak-kneed who was not fit for war—prisoners, and on they would give us no information, which we knew they possessed, we burst the kraal and took the cattle. We then returned to the main body of Lord Gifford's party, and there a small boy told us that beer was occasionally being carried to the King, and that the men must know where he was. By proper preliminary measures one Zulu was induced to make a confession, and promised to take us to where the King had been the day before, and where he was still. The Kafir led us into the bush, but as we foolishly had not fastened him, he gave us the slip. This was the joke of the chase. The Kafir pointed out the bush to us which hid a deep gorge, into which we looked from a high precipice. Lord Gifford placed pickets round the bush; every man dismounted, and the man entered the bush on foot. We had not gone far when a shot told us that something was up, and we got out just in time to see the prisoner disengaging into the bush. We sent a few shots after him, but missed him. We searched the bush thoroughly, but never saw a Kafir, prisoner, or anybody else. We saw two places that evidently had been a guard for the king, but he had never inhabited them. We returned to the knalls which we had now made our headquarters; we kept there that night, and next day we were rejoined by Major Burtow. On this day Lord Gifford took a few men and did some scouting, but the day was generally given up to refreshing our tired horses. Good Gifford once across two men who professed to be Okom's people and loyal to us, and we, believing in them, sent them out to splice to gather information for us. Whilst they were away a little boy we had with us who belonged to the King's party and whose father was with the king, told us that one of the men had been with the king down in the bush, so we went to this kraal where they rejoined us, and getting everyone together in the kraal, we gently led them. It was no use their

blundering us for we knew all about them. They denied our accusation, and professed to be innocent of any knowledge concerning Cetysworo. We took them with us as prisoners, and proceeded upon the trail from what we had learnt from the little boy. We had a hard day's search in the bush, but had no find, excepting, hearing that the King had been seen two days previously, but our informants most solemnly averred, they did not know which way he had gone. For the next two days, as the people were deceiving us, Major Barrow cleared the district of cattle. It must be remembered that although Major Barrow was with us at night with his party, that during the day the two parties worked distinctly. After the two days cattle killing Lord Gifford went off with his party to make another effort to capture the King. We could get nothing from the Zulus. We were treated the same at every kraal. I had been a long time in Zululand. I knew the people and their habits, and although I believed they would be true to their King, I never expected such devotion. Nothing would move them. Neither the loss of their cattle, the fear of death, or the offering of large bribes would make them false to their King. We were returning to the place agreed upon for sleeping much disappointed, when we suddenly met a woman in the bush; being frightened out of her life by the sight of the guns and the horses she instantly told us where the King had slept two nights previously. We took her back with us to our bivouac, and as soon as it was dark we sent off a party to surround the kraal and to bring in any men who were prisoners. The party went and returned with three men who were brothers. They were questioned, but denied in the most solemn way that they knew anything about the King. We threatened to shoot them, but they said, "If you kill us we shall die innocently." This was about nine o'clock at night, a beautiful moonlight night, and the picture was rather an effective one. There were all our men sitting round at their fire places, our select tribunal facing the three men who were taken and collected, whilst we as a sort of inquisition were trying to force them to divulge their secret. As a last resource we took one man and led him

away blindfolded behind a bush, and then a rifle was fired off to make believe that he was shot. We then separated and blindfolded the remaining two, and said to one of them, "You saw your brother blindfolded and led away. We have shot him. Now we shall shoot you. You had better tell the truth." After a good deal of coaxing one told us where the King had slept the night before, and which was about fifteen miles away, and also where he had seen him that very morning. We went to the other brother and told him we knew everything, and we got from him the same information. It was now eleven o'clock. Lord Gifford gave orders for our party to saddle up, which was smartly done, and we started off with the two brothers as guides. We left the one brother behind so as to keep on the screw, and make the two believe he had been shot. They took us over as ugly a piece of country as ever horse crossed, and at daybreak we surrounded the kraal. But disappointment was again in store for us, for our bird had flown about 12 hours previously. The direction he had taken being pointed out, Lord Gifford galloped on and reached one of Umsayama's kraals, and we then found that the King was only five miles distant and had halted for the day. We reconnoitered the position, and found we could surround the kraal from the side we were on without being seen. The kraal in which the king was stood close by the side of the forest, and between us and the kraal was open country, without the vestige of a bush. If we had advanced we must have been instantly seen, and the king escaping into the forest, would have led us another dance such as we had just gone through. We heard at this kraal that the Dragoons that morning had passed and had gone beyond the bush. Lord Gifford therefore sent a note to Major Marter, who was in command of the Dragoons, telling him to be on his guard, and to watch the passes out of the bush. There was nothing in the letter about the king being in the kraal, but Major Marter questioned the Zulu messenger, and found out all about it. Major Marter immediately worked his way through the bush, and thus prevented all escape. The kraal was surrounded before Cetwayo caught any notion of his pursuers being so near, and the capture was effected without

any resistance whatever. At sun down we heard the King was caught. It was our intention to have captured him at night, but Major Marter had anticipated this. The Zulus of the Native Contingent, I am told, were the first to get round the kraal and they called on the King to come out, that nothing would be done to him, but he refused to obey their summons. When Major Marter went up and repeated the summons the King at once obeyed it, and on coming out, asked that he might be shot. The parties then returned to camp, which we reached on the 30th of August, having been out scouting for eighteen days. Cetwayo was brought in on the following day.

THE ARRIVAL AT ULUNDI.

At about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 31st August Cetwayo was marched into Ulundi under the escort of Major Marter's party. There was no one to receive him with the dignity which even a captured savage monarch could command, for he had rejected the overtures of Sir Garnet Wolseley, as he had those of Lord Chelmsford. It was not as a defeated monarch, but as a fugitive from law and order he was brought into the English camp; and he was treated accordingly. Cetwayo, who appreciates nicely the courtesies due to rank—so those who know him tell me—felt this keenly. Sir Garnet Wolseley did not see him at all, and Mr. John Shepstone only had an interview with him to tell him that he would leave under the charge of Major Poole for—no one knew where. The instructions to the Major were, on leaving Ulundi, to proceed to Pietermaritzburg via Berke's Drift, but the camp had not been left many miles behind, before a messenger to the Major from the General gave Fort Durnfort as the port of embarkation. Cetwayo spent less than three hours amidst the ruins of Ulundi, and when he left them he was not aware of his destination. His hope was that he was going to Pietermaritzburg. He used to say: "I am no longer a King; let me go and live at Pietermaritzburg like any other poor Zulu." This he believed was where he was going until he came to Kwagmagwaza, and he said: "This is not the way to

the fight. When the impi returned from Isandula they brought nothing with it, and when his warriors told him of how they had slaughtered everyone he pointed out how foolish it was that they had not taken every man who wore a sword at his side prisoners, for that would have given him a strong hand. He says he sent his forces back to plunder the camp at Isandula, which for three days after the fight had been untouched. He also states—but this I think is open to doubt—that the captured cannon were fired in his presence, and very good practice was made with them, and that they were not used at Ulundi, because he was angry with his people for fighting. He takes all the responsibility of the fight at Kumbula, but says, Ulundi was against his wishes but that his young men would fight. He saw the cavalry reconnoissance on the day previous to the battle of Ulundi, but did not see the battle itself. He asserts that he knew his people would be beaten at Ulundi, and in anticipation of it he sent his wives to their various kraals. His own view is that there will be no more fighting in South Africa, and he quite ridicules the idea of Sekukani opposing the English after hearing of his defeat. He seems to think he has been harshly treated, for he says, that he only fought and was defeated, and it is not fair that he should be sent down with treatment very much like that of Langalibalele, who was an insurgent, whilst he is a king. According to all accounts, if Cetewayo is permitted to argue out what he is entitled to, he will be able to do so with remarkable effect.

THE APPRANCE OF THE KING.

I caught a glimpse of the King as I was leaving the Natal. What this cruel barbaric monarch is like, most people are curious to know. In spite of his immense proportions I never saw a finer specimen of the native races of South Africa, or amongst them so intelligent a face. Those who have seen the photographs "from a painting" are made to believe that he is monstrous in face and in form,—a huge carcass with a scowlish countenance. He is nothing of the sort. His limbs are certainly enormous, but they are still symmetrical, and the

great breadth of chest probably prevents the corpulence from being hideous. The face is massive, open, and good-natured, and lights up quickly at a pleasant thought or a humorous suggestion. There is not a line upon the forehead, or beneath the eyes, to suggest that he has passed through years of deep anxiety or great excitement of any kind. He is altogether unlike Macomo, Sandili, or Krell. Sandili was probably taller than he, but never had the breadth of chest, or the same fine cast of features. The eyes, large and lustrous, would—in the glance I had—indicate a restless energy and quickness of comprehension. He saw me, I am told, and said "that is a stranger," but still he continued his conversation with his group. He was at this time quizzing the shore, remarking that he thought it rather a better place than Port Durnford, the surf-boats of which he probably retains a lively recollection. Never did a more smiling face mourn over captivity, or a mind tortured with anxiety permit the existence of so boundless an appetite. His women are fair (if that means lovely) and fat, of giant stature, and of contended dispositions—indeed I do not believe there is one of the party who has now the least desire to be shot. All those who see the King, will be astonished that one in such good condition, and with so good a face, should have ever been the great war spirit of the land. But no unofficial person will be permitted to see him, if the authorities can prevent it.

THE ARRIVAL IN CAPE TOWN.

This is uncertain. Along the road to Simon's Bay yesterday were people in vehicles: there were crowds at the Castle, along the Parade, and in the terminus, all eager to catch a glance of the captive king; but when I left Simon's Bay the *Natal* had no steam up, and it is most probable that when she does leave there she will be timed to land Cetywayo so that he shall be taken to his quarters when the town is asleep.

THE KRAAL ON BOARD THE "NATAL."

As soon as it was known at Port Durnford, that the *Natal* had been selected to convey Cetywayo

away from Zululand, great preparations were made for his conveyance. The wonderful stories of the King's size perhaps account for the fact that a bridge was made for the passage from the boat to the ship, and also for the erection of what is known as "the kraal" on the poop. This kraal is a wooden frame-work, covered with heavy tarpaulins, and the atmosphere inside of it on the arrival of the *Natal* in Zululand must have reminded Cetuywayo of the lairs of his beloved land. In the surf-boat Cetuywayo had his first experience of *real de mer*, and if he wanted to be shot when caught by Major Marter, it is certain that he wished he were dead ten minutes after embarking upon the pleasant waves, which break in such thundering lines of surf, along the coast of the country over which he once ruled. All the dignity with which Cetuywayo had borne his captivity gave way as he saw the sea, and realized his fate, whilst the antics of the whole party in the surf-boat is said to have been ludicrous. Nothing could persuade them to sit down quietly, and when they moved they did so crawling on all fours. In the transhipment from surf-boat to steamer they were handed not only with gentleness but with a tender consideration which approached homage. This has been considerably developed as those in charge of him grew upon terms of intimacy. Cetuywayo has been treated very much like a spoiled child, or perhaps rather as a magnificent beast whose claws having been cut, it is rather fun to pet. It was a base calumny which was uttered by my disappointed brother of the quill, who was refused a poop of Cetuywayo, and who declared to me that he was placed on deck from odoriferous reasons. The escort point out that it was simply for the convenience of the King, inasmuch as the builders of the *Natal*, never contemplated carrying a passenger who would require that four wives should sleep in his cabin with him. In the kraal, his Majesty occupied a central mattress, and his four wives and an *intombi* (young girl) had mattresses round him. Cetuywayo is given to much resting, and of this luxury there was no stint. Everything in the way of personal comfort that he asked for,

has been given to him, and Mr. Interpreter Longcuet has had a pretty lively time of it, for whenever the King requires anything which has to be communicated to the European's, Mr. Longcuet is in request.

During the voyage of the *Natal* there was one rough night and the King had a very bad time of it, but he generally kept up his spirits and conveyed in his cheerful moods his impression of new sights. The first morning when there was no land in view, he, after looking round, held up his hands in intense astonishment, but like all natives he does not permit himself to appear to be much surprised at anything. At home he was rather a considerable beer drinker, but he thinks Cameron & Saunder's very inferior stuff, and palms that off on his wives, whilst he is quite ready to do his share of "fire water," in the shape of gin. He has rather a wild way of talking to European folk and as a preliminary to a substantial feed of beef the other day he devoured a pot and a half of jam. He has not given over the assertion of his dignity, and in this, I think, he has been very much encouraged by the amount of waiting upon which he has received. On Saturday last after promising to have his photograph taken, he kept photographer and everyone else waiting upon his pleasure for some hours, was pleased to be gracious enough for a few minutes and then went back degradedly to his seclusion. His observations often show, as his face would convey, that he possesses no inconsiderable fund of humour. He was good enough to come out of his shell during the time his photograph was taken, and the smiling face he put on, as his photograph will show, proves that he is not altogether unacquainted with the ways of the world. It was evident that he intended that Cotywayo would show his face—if he was compelled to show his face—smilingly to the world. A portrait of Dabulamanzi excited a desire to make as good a picture, and he readily threw aside his blanket so that civilization should see Cotywayo in only the royal attire as King of Zululand. When his wives were being photographed nothing could induce them to leave off giggling, or to sit still, until Cotywayo sternly commanded them to do so, and then at once they were as motionless as

status—it was evident they had not forgotten the temper of the King, and the way he once reigned in Zululand. When he was afterwards asked to sit for another photograph he declined doing so on the ground that he was not going to make a fool of himself twice in one day; he would not sit with his wives because he said as having his photograph they could easily cut the group of women in two and put him in the centre, and he suggested that if other photographers wanted his likeness they could photograph his followers as often as they liked, and the pictures would sell just as well, for the white man would buy anything. The photograph will show Cetuyayo to be an enormous man of a little under six feet high, a handsome over-fed specimen of humanity with nothing repulsive whatever about him—except his history. A tape measure round the chest would probably show sixty inches, and each thigh half that number of inches, and this should convey what an immense fellow the King is. Yet he is not ungainly in figure, and there is an unmistakable dignity about him, which together with his fits of sociability have drawn towards him the good feeling of his escort. He is not unappreciative either of the duties of his rank, and I mention these incidents to indicate in some degree what the Zulu court was like, and that, although barbaric, as it was, it must have had a dignity of its own. For instance on Saturday last the medical officer in charge introduced his superior officer to the King, upon which the latter reported that the medical attendance during the voyage was all that could be desired. The whole party evince a very earnest wish for clothes, and Cetuyayo was in great delight on wearing a suit sent him by the Commodore, and strutted about quite proudly with a black "tife" which he had managed to squeeze over his head ring. He has lately developed a wonderful taste for scribbling, and in a few months under the careful tuition of Major Poole would probably become a polite letter writer. Indeed, Major Poole has the King—excepting the sulks which are exceedingly inconvenient—perfectly under control, and the attempts at letter writing are an infinite source of amusement. The wives of the King, who are his follow-

captives, are four in number, and are tall, thin, shapely women, of about twenty years of age. The photographs are not just to them for their attraction seems to be in their vivacity and their good temper. Like their land and whence they are anxious about their dress, and at the present rate of "polling" to which they are engaged no easy expert failure long to hear of their subscribing to the *Koshu Jowvo*. On Sunday Odeywayo was taken on a tour of inspection of H. M. S. *Assolda*, which visit seems to have given him a terrible shock. Such a visit a year ago might have saved England some millions of money. The tablets talk very openly about the war. A few words, the result of my own wisdom on Samsky, may be worth producing.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Odeywayo asserts that the first intelligence he had of the death of the Prince Imperial was conveyed by Lord Chulmford's demand for the return of the sword of his Imperial Highness. The King at once sent to the district in which the Prince had been killed, and the sword was sent to him. Odeywayo declares that he never knew how the Prince came by his death, and his impression is that as the outside there were not more than ten Zulus in the *donga*. Longwe, who followed the spear, thinks less.

IBANDULIA.

It is difficult, says Mr. Longwe, to get an accurate number of the Zulus who fought at Ibandulia, because the Zulu has no idea of numbers. When they speak of the strength of an army they say there were so many companions, and inasmuch as the Zulu compares things from eight to 120 hundred, it is impossible how to get the exact figure. The conclusion I have arrived at, after hearing many stories from the King's downwards is that there were at least 25,000 Zulus under Mavumunyanana and Dabhamuni at Ibandulia. This fight taking place on the day which it fell was an accident. For to use a Kafir saying, the moon was dead. The following day would have seen a new moon, and it is a Kafir's superstition never to do any work or business on the day

before a new moon—the day is always kept as a holiday. The main body of the army arrived at the range—the Isandla—overlooking the valley of Isandula on the night of the 21st January, and the stragglers only came up on the morning of the 22nd January, which was the morning of the battle. So when we pitched our camp in this valley on the 19th, there were no Zulus in the neighbourhood. On the morning of the 22nd, the Zulu army was about five miles from the camp, and it was disturbed by the mounted Basutos who were sent out by Col. Durnford to draw them on. The Zulu army was sitting in an immense half circle retaining its battle array when the left horn was fired on by the Basutos, the result being that the Zulus rushed to the fight without any order whatever. The two horns were composed of four regiments of unmarried men, the chest of the army being older men. The two horns rushed away to the attack, but the married regiments moved steadily up to to the right until they outflanked the British position when they doubled down to the left, and then the English were completely surrounded. The Zulus say the battle lasted for a little while—certainly not an hour. They did not lose heavily until the last when they got into close quarters, and they tell with admiration of how sometimes four or five soldiers would get back to back and hold their numerous enemies at bay for ever so long. One square of about sixty men defied the repeated attacks of one horn of the army, and so courageous did it become that the men used to beckon the Zulus to come on. At last by overpowering numbers, or by the exhaustion of ammunition, and through repeated charges the little square was destroyed. The Zulus say that was the only square they fought that day. Cotywayo estimates his Isandula losses at 1,000. It was reported to him that the whole column had been destroyed, and he reckoned that the column was 4,000 strong. His victory at Isandula, and his defeat by Colonel Pearson's column was almost reported to him simultaneously. He said, however, "We have done very well. There is one column we shall never hear of again." His fighting force he still reckoned at close on 50,000,

so he decided on investing the column at Etshowe, and by smothering Wood's column to lay the Transvaal at his feet. Isandula gave him great hope of saving his kingdom, and he only assented that he had not in his kraals some of the officers who died at Isandula. I mention this to show what the effect of Isandula was upon his mind. The arrangements for the attack upon the camp at Kembula were made with greatest care, and the King never dreamt of failure. The result of that fight settled in the King's mind what the end of the war would be, and when he heard of the arrival of reinforcements he was in earnest in his desire for peace. But his warriors, less sagacious than himself, would not confess that they were beaten, and the young bloods were eager to destroy the small force with which Lord Chalmers advanced upon Ulundi. And thus it is that the Zulus cannot understand why Cetuywayo has been taken captive. Dabulamanzi may be taken to represent the Zulu nation in his question as he saw the King carried into captivity. "What has he done that he should be should be punished; it is not he that has been beaten but his soldiers." On the other hand, Cetuywayo quite recognises the wisdom of the policy which takes him away from Zululand, and his only surprise now is, that a nation so powerful as England has proved herself to be, should have ever given him so much consideration as she has done. He acknowledges the generosity with which his people have been treated, and is slow to understand the leniency shown to them. From what I can gather he is much more concerned at present with his own future than that of his people, and the only bargaining he is now prepared for is that which will advance most his own comfort. It is singular that he has not the least conception of the great distance he is from his native land, and although he has seen travellers he is not aware of the power of England, or the extent of the continent in which he lives. He was in Natal when he was ten years of age; he is said to be now fifty-four years old, although he certainly does not look much more than forty, yet he never saw a ship until he was taken on board of the *Natal*. Had he have done so he might have saved many valuable lives and many millions

of money. What the use can be of now showing him the resources of England it is difficult to understand, except that it is intended to send back his followers, and to let them convey to Zululand the wondrous sights which the King's eyes have seen.

CETUYWAYO AS A PRISONER.

Mr. Capel-Piers, the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, contributes to the *Natal Mercury* of the 8th of September, an account, from which I clip the following, bearing out as it does what I have written concerning the appearance of the King:—"I have no doubt that those who are with him will, however, when describing the passage of the *Forester*, which conveys him to Cape Town, relate that he bore his fate with a quiet and dignified bearing that one cannot help admiring. I judge this will be so from his behaviour when in somewhat similar circumstances, at his capture and on his road as a prisoner to Ulundi. Even when surrounded in the kraal he had taken refuge in, and his hut encompassed and entered by the soldiery, whilst they were in the act of putting their hands on him he stepped back from them, and with outstretched arms bade them 'not to touch him,' but to kill him if they liked, and the whole way down from the Ngomo, where he was taken to the headquarter camp at Ulundi, he maintained a perfectly composed and king-like stateliness in walk and bearing. A number of men who were out, and whose smattering of the Zulu tongue enabled them to ask in Zulu for beer at a kraal as they passed, or as to how much for a few eggs, tried to aid their Zulu proficiency by coming up to Cetuywayo and calling out 'saka bona,' an equivalent for 'how do you do,' and Cetuywayo remarked to one of the guides, whom he knew before, 'a number of people seem to know me. I wonder who they are; I am sure I don't know them.'"

LORD GIFFORD, V.C., IN DURBAN.

(*Natal Mercury*, Sept. 8.)

This distinguished officer arrived in Durban on Saturday, and we believe proceeds at once to England with the peace despatches. Captain Leed

Gifford will, we presume, receive his promotion to brevet-major, which he is now fairly entitled to. Lord Gifford's present mission will give him claim to the honour of £500 which is usually awarded to the officer taking home peace despatches at the termination of a war. General Wood took the despatches home from Ashantee, and at the time he held the rank of Major. Lord Gifford leaves by the U.R.M.S. *Rames*. He made a very smart trip from Ulundi, having left there at 8 o'clock on Wednesday. He arrived here at 11 o'clock on Saturday. He was escorted by five mounted infantry and two Basutos. They had been with him throughout the pursuit.

[The *Rames* arrived in Table Bay on Sunday, and Lord Gifford is a passenger by her to England to-day.]

THE FINISHING STROKE OF THE WAR.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S ADDRESS TO THE CHIEFS AT ULUNDI.

(*Natal Mercury*, Sept. 8.)

In rows four deep with the principal chiefs in front, about 200 Zulus were seated a few paces from the flagstaff in front of Sir Garnet Wolseley's tent, a wonderful quiet and absence of chattering being noticeable, the more so as they are usually such great talkers, both as to confinement and loudness; but I suppose for once they were more anxious to hear than to be heard. I noticed Umanyana, two of the King's brothers, Umgotjuna and Siquelaquela, among the chiefs nearest to us; Umanyana, the late prime minister of the King, being a thin small man, apparently about 55, with a sharp cunning face, while Siquelaquela, a big, good-looking savage, was decidedly the most striking looking chief present. At half-past four Sir Garnet left his tent, and the whole of the Zulus saluted him as he walked towards them and took his seat with uplifted hands and shouts of "Inkosi." Having taken his seat, close to the flag-staff, with Mr. Shepstone on his left, acting as interpreter, and the rest of his staff seated behind him, Sir Garnet addressed the assembled chiefs, or rather Sir

Garnet gave it out in English, and Mr. Shepstone translated it sentence by sentence into Zulu. He said:—"It is six years ago on this very day, the 1st of September, that Cetuywayo was crowned King of the Zulus, and only yesterday you yourselves have seen him carried away a prisoner, never to return again to Zululand. On the occasion of his coronation Cetuywayo made certain promises regarding laws to be observed in the future, which promises he never fulfilled, and his country is now about to be divided into different chieftainships, and I hope his fate will be a warning to all of the chiefs not to follow in his footsteps, but to act according to the commands and terms given by the English Queen, who will most certainly punish any who do not do so. The interests and welfare of the South African races are very dear to the Queen, and she is anxious that the natives of this country should thrive as those in Natal have done up to the present time. She will be lenient to faults arising from ignorance; but although inclined as I have said, to deal leniently when ignorance causes them to commit faults, those who persistently go contrary to good government and peace will assuredly be punished as Cetuywayo has been. As they are aware she lives far away, but her power is very great, and she is quite able to, and will punish those who take life or make wars contrary to her orders. Cetuywayo took the lives of his people for trivial offences, without giving them a chance of defending themselves, or allowing them a fair trial; this must cease. In future trivial offences will be punishable by fines. Cetuywayo kept on foot a large and powerful army, and did not allow his men to marry without his permission; in future the young men will be allowed to marry when and whom they like, provided always they have sufficient for the support of a wife, and the consent of the girl's parents. Disobedience of this law is to be punishable by a fine inflicted by the headmen of the tribal. As Zululand is almost entirely surrounded by country under the Queen of England's rule, and not threatened in any way, there is no need of a larger army; and in future no guns or ammunition will be allowed to be imported, or to be in the hands of any Zulu. Nor will any stores be permitted to be landed on the

Zulu coast, in case, under the guise of merchandise, arms should be brought into the country. The young men are to be encouraged to labour, and are to be allowed to come and leave when they like; for only by work can they become rich and prosperous. Cetwayo encouraged witchcraft and what is known as "smelling out." That I look to the chiefs to put down, and an end to such ridiculous and foolish practices arrived at. Cetwayo by his practice of witchcraft caused many lives to be taken, and neither life nor property was safe; and each chief must clearly understand, before he signs his name to the treaty, that none of his people must be taken without a fair trial before the chief being granted, and the accused being allowed to call his witnesses. In what I have said there is nothing new, though the young men may have forgotten, but these laws and customs held good before Chaka (as) ancient laws and usages, introduced what is known as the military system. I intend leaving an English officer as resident, to be the eyes and ears of England, to watch over the people, to see the laws observed, and that the Chiefs rule with justice and equity. I am aware there are still a considerable number of rifles and guns of ours, as well as cattle scattered about the country, and those chiefs who wish to stand well with the English Queen, will lose no time in bringing them in and delivering them up to the British resident. As they are well aware by their own rules of war and conquest, Zululand now belongs to the Queen of England; she has, however, already enough land in Africa, and so she has through me, as her representative, appointed certain Chiefs to rule over districts which I shall presently name. The Chiefs elected must remember that this is an act of grace, and that what I am now doing in partitioning the country to various Chiefs is only what Cetwayo has himself done in former times. They are well aware our laws, religion, and customs are very different to theirs, and the Queen has no wish to force ours upon them. As regards the laws and customs, they are to be ruled by, they are to be those good and ancient ones, in use before Chaka's time, but life and property is to be protected, and no life to be forfeited without a fair trial. As regards religion,

there is no wish to force ours upon them, and missionary enterprise will not be encouraged contrary to the wish of the chief and people he proposes to reside amongst. The British Government is very anxious to prevent white people settling in the country, and no sale, transfer, or alienation of land will be permitted or recognised. I consider this a very important point, as in many instances land has been sold by white people to have been purchased by them from the Zulus, and given rise to very serious complications. If, therefore, missionaries do come and wish to reside among the people, all that can be permitted them to hold in land, must be a small patch for their house and garden, but none whatever must be alienated from the Zulu people, to whom it really belongs. Some of those I have intended to make chiefs, I am sorry to see, are not here to-day; but some who are here to-day will now sign a document, the purport of which I have now told you all; and the duplicate of the treaty will be given to each chief to keep, and a similar one retained by me. The boundaries of the various chieftainships will be told them, and will be clearly defined hereafter by officers sent round for that purpose.

The signing by the chiefs at once commenced. The first to affix his name to the treaty was Mr. John Dann, whose chieftainship is by far the largest, extending from the Umhlatzi River to the Tagela, and from the shore of the Indian Ocean to the resources of the Umhlatzi in the Babanango Mountain. The Zulu chiefs simply touching the pen while Mr. Shepstone made the usual cross in place of a signature.

THE ARRIVAL IN CAPE TOWN.

There has been scrupulous care that there shall be no infringement of Constitutional law in the passing of Cetywayo from Zululand to the Cape of Good Hope. The Cape has a too lively recollection of Langalibalele to repeat a similar error. Cetywayo having arrived in Simon's Bay before the warrant of his delivery had reached Cape Town, his ex-Majesty was detained for some days. Yesterday shortly after sunrise the *Natal* and *H.M.S. Forester*

were made down as standing into the bay. At quarter-past seven a.m. both steamers rounded the breakwater, the *Netel* leading. As the latter steamed into dock the *Reverer* left her consort, having successfully "protected" her all the way from Port Durnford. The *Netel* in dock, the landing of the King and party was most expeditious. Even at that early hour a crowd had assembled, and the Lancers with difficulty kept a clear way from the quay to the carriages for the captives. The first to land was the unhappy petty chief in whose kraal the King was captured, and it is not surprising the fine, stalwart figure of the old man led to the belief that this was the King. A few seconds later, however, the King himself came on shore, wearing a light suit of clothes and a tall black hat. He seemed intensely amused at the eagerness of the people to catch a sight of him, and there was an attempt to give him a cheer. When will not an English crowd cheer? Received by Lieut. Shephard, of the 4th King's Own, at the Decks, Cotywayo was driven to the Castle where he came under in the custody of Colonel Hassard, C.B., the Commandant of the Forces in Cape Town. Cotywayo was shown his quarters, which command a view of Cape Town and Table Bay, and as he walked out after inspecting them and looked down on the metropolis of South Africa, with its magnificent bay, and the shipping, and seeing the buildings which filled Table Valley, he said, "I am now a very old man."



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