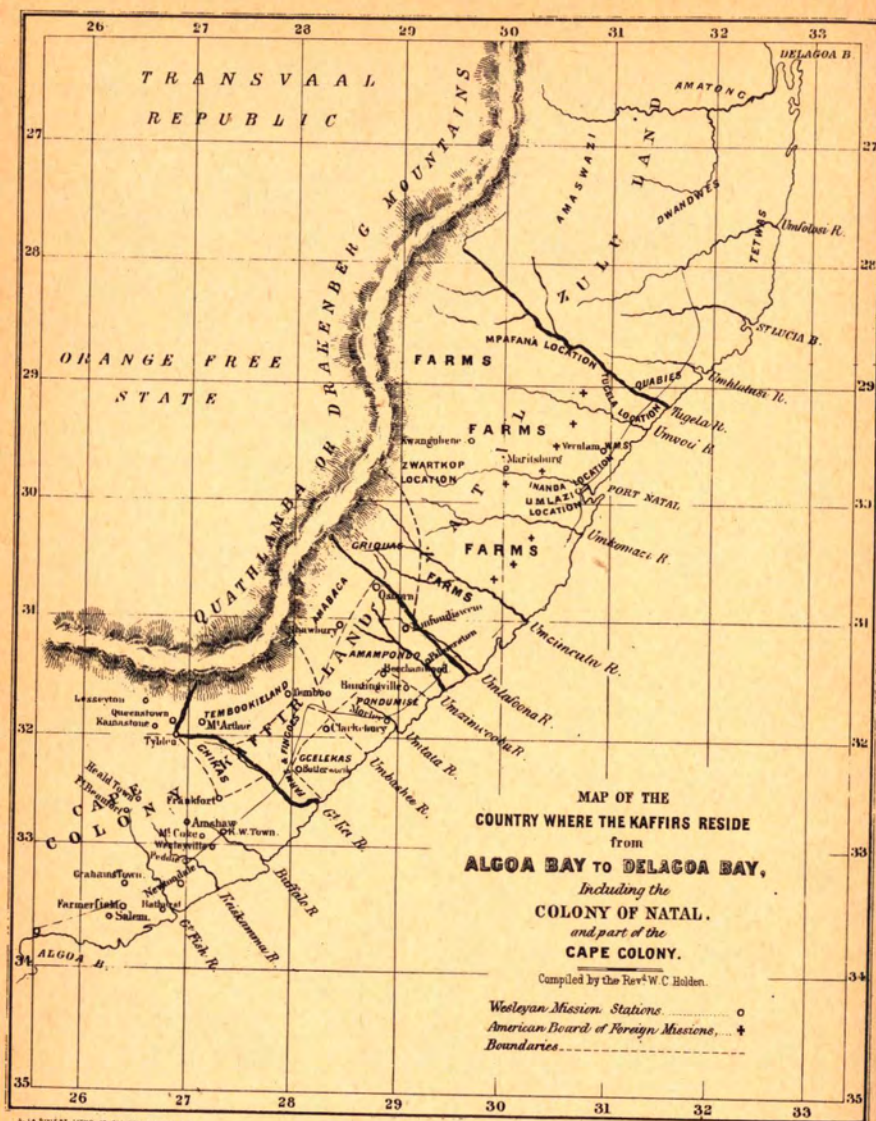


A. T. BRYANT
HISTORY OF THE ZULU
& NEIGHBOURING TRIBES

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

During one of my visits to Dr. Killie Campbell's Africana treasure room in Durban, Dr. Campbell drew my attention to a typed manuscript containing articles by the late Dr. A. T. Bryant. These articles were published between 1911 and 1913 in "Inzindaba Zabata", a periodical published by the Brothers of the Mariannhill Monastery.

Because this series of articles contains important material which cannot be found in Bryant's other publications, we sought Dr. Campbell's kind permission to publish the group in book form.

The last article ended with the phrase "to be continued", but no continuation of the series has been found; nor has the archives of the Mariannhill Monastery a record of any further articles.

The map and three illustrations are reproduced from the Rev. William C. Holden's "Past and future of the Kaffir Races" and from "History of the Colony of Natal".

Printed in Cape Town by
GOTHIC PRINTING COMPANY LIMITED

CONTENTS

I	NEIGHBOURING TRIBES	1
	The Swazis. The Ndwandwe Clan, 12; The Masha- bana or Manukuza Clan, 15; The Myeni Clan, 19; The Zikali or Mbila Clan, 20; The Mngomezulu Clan, 20; The Nyawo Clan, 22; The Matenjwa Clan, 23; The Emahlutjini, 24; The Emazizini, 29; The Ema- abheleni, 34; The Dlamini Clan, 38.	
II	SHAKA'S FIRST NATAL CAMPAIGN	48
	The Emacubeni Clan, 40; The Embo Clan, 50; The Emasomini (Hlombe), 54; The Ngcolosis (Bhengu: Nhwane), 55; The Emakabeleni (Slomo; Makaye), 56; The Emapepeteni (Gwala: Nzimande), 57; The Nxamalalas (Zuma), 58; The Enadi (Zondi: Mpumu- za), 59; The Emaxasibeni, 60.	
III	SHAKA'S SECOND NATAL CAMPAIGN	64
	The Ngcobo Tribe	
IV	SHAKA'S THIRD NATAL CAMPAIGN	74
	The Dunge Clan (Mkateni; Ciliza), 74; The Mapu- mulo Clan, 76; The Emangengeni Clan, 77; The Hlongwa and Tshinga Clans, 79; The Bombo Clan, 80; The eNywamvwini Clan, 81.	
V	SHAKA'S FOURTH NATAL CAMPAIGN	84
	The Celes, 84; The Ndlovus, Emasomini & Other Clans, 88; The Lutulis and Ematulini, 90; The Last of the Lala Clans, 92.	
VI	SURROUNDING TRIBES	97
	The Tembe Tongas, 97.	
VII	THE GREAT NGUNI TREK	113
	When it occurred, 113; Which was the Route, 118.	
VIII	EARLY ZULULAND AND ITS PEOPLE	125
	Zululand, 125; The Zulu-Nguni Clans, 131; The Abazantsi, 131; The Abazantsi and The Qwabes, 133; The Abazantsi and The Dubes and others, 138.	
	INDEX	142

PART ONE
NEIGHBOURING TRIBES

THE SWAZIS

The map of South Africa during the past 400 years has been quite kaleidoscopic in its ever varying arrangement of its Native tribes. In the last series of articles on our present subject we related what we knew of the Tembe people, resident between St. Lucia Lake and Delagoa Bay, and stated that they represented the extreme van in the southward movement of the Tonga or East-Coast Bantu group.

In medieval times, the Zulu-Nguni Bantu group, whose territory coincided roughly with the Zululand of more recent days, was encompassed on all sides by a congeries of peoples which can only be termed hybrid in their nature, representing, as they did, sundry species, all in various stages of intermixture or transition, combining some Zulu-Nguni with Suto blood (hence termed Sutoid or Suto-Ngunis, as, for instance, the emaHlutjini and emaBheleni); others, Zulu-Nguni with Tonga blood (hence termed Tongoid); or Tonga-Ngunis, as for instance the Lalas of Natal); others again, Sutoid with Tonga blood (for convenience termed Swazi-Ngunis and exemplified in the aboriginal clans of Swaziland, as well as in the eMbo and Dlamini tribes of Natal).

If we now turn to the map of South Africa, as in these present days constituted, we shall observe a considerable piece of territory marked 'Swaziland' lying immediately upon the northern border of Zululand. It is somewhat surprising that this country, notwithstanding its proximity and notwithstanding that it was inhabited by clans wealthy in cattle, should have escaped the militant attention of Shaka. To be overrun by Shaka's legions signified annihilation to all local humanity and black desolation to all the land. Swaziland escaped this calamity, and despite the fact that it was Shaka's nearest neighbour, it retained its independence continuously, throughout all the period of South African tribal dissolution, until the white man's advent in these present days. This unusual good fortune was in no wise due to the invincibility of its people, nor yet to the impregnability of its fastnesses. Neither of these conditions ever restrained or baffled Shaka. What then, is the explanation? It is this - either Shaka died too soon, or Sobhuza, the Swazi king, was too wise to necessitate a forceful submission. Captain Gardiner who visited Dingane at his capital only seven years after Shaka's demise, found there a deputation 'from the people of Ngwane, ruled by Sobhuza', who explicitly

acknowledged to him the subjection of their tribe to Shaka.

We have said 'Swaziland'. As a matter of fact Shaka knew neither Swaziland nor the Swazis. The term may rightly pass currently to-day; but in his time it had no meaning, no existence - the Swazis and their land had not yet evolved.

Many persons are still under the delusion that the name 'Swazi' indicates a specific aboriginal Bantu clan. Not so. The name 'Swazi' signifies nothing more than a quite recently constituted Bantu nation, or amalgamation under one supreme head or king, of divers Bantu clans, mostly of the Sutoid-cum-Tonga type. The word therefore indicates neither race nor clan.

In the days when Jama, grandfather of Shaka, was reigning over the Zulus (approximately between the years 1774 and 1792) the country now designated Swaziland was populated by a motley assortment of more or less independent clanlets. Along the Drakensberg Mountains forming its western boundary, each cave was the periodical hotel of some family of itinerant Bushmen. Throughout the broken and rocky highlands of the middle region, the stone kraals of the Mnisi branch of the great baPedi tribe (probably of the Suto-Nguni stock) dotted the landscape everywhere. Although at the period mentioned these people comprised one of the very largest local tribes, subsequent warfare so completely ruined them that scarcely a representative of their name is at present to be found within the borders of Swaziland. They were locally ruled by a chief named Njinji, son of Manjoli, son of Kundla, son of Manyovu; but this chief was himself subject to the paramount overlord (most likely Mashile, son of Sikukuku the First, and father of Sikwata) of the whole Pedi family, resident more inland in the Lydenberg district of the Transvaal.

Then down along the Sutu river valley, dwelt the Maseko clan governed by Ceca, son of Kubonya, son of Ndlovu, son of Madlangla. These Masekos (whether rightfully or not, we cannot affirm, claim to have been of abaNtungwa extraction and consequently to belong to the Zulu-Nguni group.

Other clans of repute originally located within the confines of present Swaziland and belonging, some to the Sutoid-Nguni, others to the Sutoid-Tongan group, were the Shabalalas, the Hlatjwakos, the Magonondos, the Mahlangus, the Tabetes, and the Magagulas on the Komati River.

Having thus given a rough general picture of the distribution of the clans in those parts in pre-Shaka days, we shall now take up in a more special manner the story of the origin and development of that particular clan ere long destined to become paramount among the rest, to mould them together into one great Bantu nation and to affix to that nation, as its distinguishing title, the name of its conquering chief.

During the 17th and 18th centuries the Tembe tribe (whose tale we have already told) appear to have been supreme over all the terri-

tory, with its numberless tributary clans, comprised within a considerable radius of Delagoa Bay. But during the latter half of the 18th century, civil warfare broke out at the tribal headquarters on the Mtembe river and a general dissolution of the tribe and its dependencies set in. One outcome of the civil strife was that a large portion of the Tembe people moved away en masse to the south, crossing the Mabhundu river and no doubt, in doing so, displaced certain minor clans already settled there. At any rate it is about this period that we hear for the first time of a particular party (it may have been merely a solitary family) reported to have come down from a former home further north, and now wandering about the sparsely inhabited district betwixt the Lubombo Mountains and the sea in search of new pastures.

The origin of these people is obscure and uncertain. No less an authority than Mbandeni, Swazi king and of their own royal house, is said to have declared that they were of pure Tonga extraction; were part and parcel of the disrupted Tembe tribe; were, indeed, a branch of that tribe's royal family. Philological evidence, however, strongly refutes such a supposition, and would lead us to prefer to believe that, although they may well have been tributary to the Tembe overlord, as a Bantu type they were absolutely distinct from the pure Tongas, belonging rather, along with the Nyawos, the Hlatjwakos, the eMbos, the emaKuzeni and other clans then domiciled in those parts, to the Sutoid-Tonga group.

Further, who their Moses may have been on this particular exodus to the south, is a matter of dispute. Some, with Mbandeni, give the honour to Dlamini, son of Hlubi (approximately between the years 1761 and 1779). Others favour Sidwaba-selutuli (the Leathern kilt already dusty), a personage of much greater antiquity, and whose name, they declare is commemorative of this very trek.

The first item of historical knowledge regarding these people, possessing any degree of certainty is that, at the time of the disruption of the Tembe tribe during the reign of Mwayi, about the year 1794, they had already permanently established themselves in the unoccupied parts of the Lubombo range, adjacent to the Pongolo river, under a chief called Ndungunya (or, as others have it, Sigodze), son of Ngwane II, son of aforementioned Dlamini II, son of Hlubi, son of Ludonga I, (of Mavuso, of Langa, of Nkosi II, of Nkomokabako, of Zamuketi, of Msimude, of Sikulu-Maloyo, of Mswati I, of Mbhodlo, of Nkabingwe, of Sihubu, of Dlamini I, of Cebisa, of Ngwane I, of Nkosi I, of Sidwaba-selutuli, of Kulwamba, of Kuwawawa, of Mkulunkosi). In sooth a most noble pedigree! - were it at all reliable. For despite the fact that this is the lineage supplied to us by the most trustworthy authorities of the royal coterie of Swaziland, we prefer to place but little value on that array of names (some of doubtful orthography) enclosed above with parentheses. In Bantu genealogies, as elsewhere, there governs a certain 'law of averages' (based here

upon the similarity of the powers of human memory) which places everywhere alike a same fixed limit, beyond which only the 'rare exception' may pass. The average genealogical range for South African Bantu races seems to be about 9 or 10 generations and no more. Upon the truth of so much we may, in the rule, reasonably rely. All beyond it we may, in the rule, as reasonably hold doubtful.

Naturally, we may suppose the Nguni clans already in possession of the Pongolo district would be strongly averse to this intrusion within their vicinity of an undesirable colony of foreigners. But as subsequent history beareth witness, Ndungunya and his family had come to stay. So planting his foot down firmly there where he stood, he next proceeded, by a system of forceful persuasion, to improve his position and extend his boundaries; so that when he died (about the year 1815) and the reins of government fell into the hands of his son, Sobhuza (sometimes called Somhlola), he had already fully demonstrated to his hostile neighbours that he was a power quite to be respected.

This was the period in which Dingiswayo, king of Mtetwaland, was in the height of his fame and success as conqueror of Kaffirland. The most conspicuous at the moment of the tributary chiefs was the youthful and valorous Shaka, who had but recently inherited the chieftainship of his own Zulu clan and had already gained considerable prestige in the upper districts by his new and effective mode of fighting, exemplified in his crushing victory over the large Butelezi clan a couple of years back. True, Dingiswayo had not yet quite succeeded in making himself master of the recalcitrant Ndwandwe tribe, who furnished a strong buffer-state between him and Sobhuza. Nevertheless, the whole outlook along the southern horizon was distinctly ominous to the latter. If destruction was to be prevented, an immediate strengthening of his position was necessary. So he bethought himself of vigorously prosecuting the work of local conquest so modestly initiated by his revered parent. Whatever minor clans were still outstanding on his northern side of the Pongolo he immediately proceeded to gather into his net, and their men-folk he drafted into his army; until ere long his sway extended over the whole of southern Swaziland. Then, with an inflated estimation of his power born of too rapid success, he became reckless. He had the temerity to provoke a quarrel over some rubbishy fields, with the mighty Ndwandwe chief, Zwide, living on the southern side of the river. This was Sobhuza's first and fatal faux pas. The black multitude of a punitive expedition waded towards him through the Pongola, and duly impressed upon this audacious Tonga upstart the wisdom of letting sleeping lions lie. But the lesson was dearly bought; for it forced him to evacuate, for a time at any rate, all the territory along the Pongola, which he and his father had already laboriously conquered.

Sobhuza with his following now sheered off to the north, there on easier fighting grounds to repair his damaged reputation. One after

another, the several small Tekela or Sutoid clans, dispersed about the low veld, succumbed to his triumphal progress and surrendered their modicum of warriors to swell his growing army. Then he sought out for himself a snug corner in the Sutu valley, north of the Mankayiyana hills. There he built for himself a permanent home. But not yet did he rest. He now ascended to the rocky holdings of the mountain clans, and evicting the Suto Pedis (or Magadisises), he drove them off northwards to their brethren under Sikwata (or his father Mashile), in the Lydenburg district.

Although Sobhuza continued to reign over extensive territory throughout the whole terms of Shaka's military career, his protecting idlozi (ancestral spirit) successfully preserved him from the catastrophe of an invasion by that all-conquering despot. Sobhuza may have been unaware of it, but most certainly Shaka had his fighting-eye intent upon him. Zulu traditions inform us of bodies of spies constantly kept moving abroad in Shaka's secret service. Mampontje, that innocent chief enjoying life 'far, far away to the north', was quite unconscious of being a familiar topic among gossipers in Zulu kraals. So was Mangondowane, another guileless potentate away north, 'with the leopard as watch-dog'. Was it possible that Sobhuza could have escaped the notice of these keen-eyed and keen-eared watchers of the Zulu kind? Verily, all his comings and goings were duly noted and every byway in his land well mapped out; so that when, on one occasion, the Zulu army must perforce traverse the whole length of his territory on the eastern side, in its quest of quarry further north, it had no need to ask Sobhuza the way. He on his part, was prudent enough not to dispute its right of passage. Thus, for the nonce Sobhuza was permitted to rest in peace if, indeed, one oppressed with the constant dread of impending destruction can be said to rest in peace. Then, all at once, in 1828 Shaka made a hurried exit from the stage. And Sobhuza rose, as it were, relieved of a hideous nightmare.

Exempt for the moment from outside dangers, Sobhuza had now to contend with what was worse - enemies within the camp. The garden he had sown only with seeds of violence could not now be expected to produce fruits of peace. So now his own children, battered on his own evil example, rose up against him and from a haughty monarch, he became a fugitive in his own kingdom. He escaped to a distant kraal of his in the baPedi country and there he was compelled to eat the bitter bread of an outcast until the wheel of fortune brought back victory to his own faction; whereupon he was able to raise up his humbled head and return to reign once more.

He was but rushing on to other troubles. Dingane, who succeeded Chaka in Zululand, was mortally oppressed by the appearance on his southern borders of a new and most alarming species of aggressor, in the shape of emigrant Dutch farmers. From these he had just received at the Ncome river a most staggering blow, losing in the fray

three thousand of his braves, and leaving his great capital at Mgunundlovu in ashes. Shaka's invincible army had at length been smashed and the throne of his empire was tottering to the fall. But, thought Dingane, maybe the heavy losses of territory and prestige suffered in the south, could be compensated for by a corresponding extension of dominion in the north. Hence, with whatsoever of his fighting-men as were fit, he sallied forth in September 1839, with the firm intention of adding Sobhuzaland to his diminishing kingdom. Four somewhat bedraggled regiments, weary and disheartened from their struggle with the Boers, went forth to confront the warriors of Sobhuza assembled in battle array, supposedly near the Ntabankulu hill on the Mzimpopu river. Four melancholy remnants returned leaving most of their strength stretched on the field. Nothing daunted, (for this was his last hope - the ukulahla amatunga or throwing away of the milk pails, as the Zulus say), Dingane sent post haste to his brother Mpande for a reinforcement of another two regiments. Now, Mpande had no love for Dingane and hated all his works. Instead of expediting the despatch of the support asked for, he (perhaps intentionally) bungled the whole affair; and when Ndlela, Dingane's induna, personally arrived in order to investigate the delay, Mpande calmly packed his belongings and, followed by practically the whole of the Zulu army (with their families remaining at home), marched away in exactly the contrary direction. He crossed the Tukela and entered Natal, where he offered the hand of friendship to those very white men from whose clutches Dingane was now vainly struggling to retreat. Abandoned in this distress plight, Dingane allowed himself to be escorted by a beaten army back to the blackened site of a vanished capital.

Sobhuza had the satisfaction of seeing the last of the Zulus depart and his empire saved. He had won his last and greatest victory against the invincible Zulu. Then for him the play was over. In the zenith of his glory, the curtain fell, the lights went out and impenetrable darkness enveloped him.

Mswazi was the name of Sobhuza's heir; but he was still a minor; so the reins of government fell temporarily into the hands of Sobhuza's eldest son, Malambule. When the terms of Malambule's regency had expired, he deemed himself justified in retaining for himself a certain portion of the royal herds. Mswazi thought otherwise, and despatched against him an impi which compelled him to disgorge the purloined property and to seek an asylum with Sigweje, chief of the ekuNene branch of his family, and son of Mngayi, son of Madontsela, son of Ndungunya. This action naturally diverted the wrath of the king against these unhappy ekuNene folk. Mswazi now attacked them, and Malambule fled for protection to a certain Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. James Allison, who, with Mswazi's permission had settled amidst these people about the Mahamba Mount, near the Mkondo (by Europeans wrongly named the Assegai) river. But Mswazi was not

to be humbugged in his own kingdom by such childish tactics; so he unceremoniously bundled the whole party of missionaries and ekuNene people together out of his dominions. Upon reaching the sources of the White Mfolozi, the exiles paused awhile in their march, as it were, to scent the wind. Danger was ere long detected threatening from the south-east where Mpande, the Zulu king, was reported to be considerably incensed by their trespass into his domain and was inclined to be bellicose. They wisely deemed it opportune to move on and following in the tracks of their former missionary, they entered Natal. There they were offered a settlement on the Zwartkop Location; but a large number of them associating together for the purpose of purchasing land about the Hlatikulu hill, near Washbank, subsequently migrated to the latter place where they still reside under Mbango, son of Lubelo, son of Sigweje.

The family squabble presented by Mswazi's subjects the first indication that he had inherited a deal of old fighting blood of his parents and that he intended to rule them with a strong hand. Born and bred amidst an atmosphere reeking with the stench of human blood and dinning with the uproar of savage warfare, what wonder that he should develop into an enthusiastic emulator in deeds of conquest and cruelty of the master type of his race, Shaka. He had in his youth no doubt passionately enjoyed stories of the unparalleled exploits and inhuman excesses of this latter. And now it was within his power to imitate. Might he not even hope to surpass? At any rate he would try.

He started, as we have just inferred, by enthralling his own subjects with the fierceness of his despotic rule. He introduced amongst his 10,000 warriors the regimental system of Dingiswayo, with the discipline, esprit de corps and consequent effectiveness which the system involved. Then came the corollary - for this standing army of hot-blooded youth he must needs find constant employment. He first of all let them loose among divers surrounding clans and these having been successfully mastered and incorporated in his empire, he despatched them to seek conquests further afield. He very wisely avoided operating towards the south. To have crossed the Pongola would have involved him in the more risky undertaking of a conflict with the Zulu power. So he turned his eye northwards where the less warlike Suto tribes would furnish him with easy victories.

Crossing the Crocodile river, he attacked and overcame the Tusi tribe, ruled by a chief named Mjanji, son of Makandeni, son of Mgodo. This Mjanji, known to the Zulus only by report, became among that people a personage of quite fabulous reputation and shared with the Tonga Makasana the honour of being the reputed owner of the locusts and therefore originator of the present locust plague. It is possible that these Sutos of Mjanji were related to the Tusi or emamfeneni clan, said to have been originally settled in Natal at the Opisweni hill, south of the Tukela, among the old Lala tribes.

From the Tuis, Mswazi's army passed onward into the territory of the Mappulanes. There practically no resistance was offered, and the invaders simply gathered up the cattle, along with a large number of women and children, and returned with them homewards.

Such easy success was encouraging; so Mswazi determined to continue operations in this direction. With especial delectation, he now organised an expedition against the old foes of his family, the Pedi Sutos, dwelling mainly on the southern side of the Crocodile. It was to Mswazi not sufficient that these inoffensive people should have already been robbed by his father of their country; for they were the aboriginal inhabitants of a large portion of Swaziland. As poor fighters, they would prove good practice for his young warriors. So about the year 1850 he set out for a little diversion in the Lydenburg district where they were living under their paramount chief, Sikwata. Out of the land he drove the Pedis, and allotted building sites to all soever of his own people as desired. Then with unabated vigour he followed the fugitive enemy right into their own mountain retreats. Here he was checkmated. He had them at bay, it is true; but as often as he attempted to dislodge them, he suffered greater damage himself; and in spite of his determined efforts, the gratification of a complete triumph was denied him. Much chagrined, he finally returned whence he came; and ere long the subjects whom he had left behind in Pediland found it politic to go and do likewise. Whereupon Sikwata and his people emerged from their mountain strongholds and reoccupied their old homes in peace.

What Shaka had neglected to attempt; what Dingane had but initiated, Mpande, his successor on the Zulu throne, gave promise of bringing to completion. Had he been a monarch of more bellicose propensities, there is no doubt but that he would have successfully accomplished the conquest of Swaziland. As it was, his enterprise in this direction was restricted to three or four winter raids, in which, however, the iziNyati or Buffalo regiment of Mswazi, so feared amongst the local clans, altogether failed to prove themselves able to stand before the sturdier Zulu warriors, invariably retreating as they did, before their approach, into the cavernous precipices and mountain strongholds of their land. On one occasion they made a bolder effort - they positively refused to budge, until all being thoroughly exhausted, both sides called for a respite. Fighting being renewed, the onslaught of the Zulus was so irresistible that their plucky adversaries were forced to yield and fly, leaving their cattle in the enemy's hands. The Zulu force despatched on the last of these expeditions (probably about the year 1854) was of more than usual magnitude. The old army had been supplemented by the addition of an entirely new regiment of hot-blooded youths called the Utulwana or amaMboza, of which Cetjwayo himself was a member and which was not to make its first experience in actual warfare. Upon the appearance of this awe-inspiring host, the Mswazi's fighting men took the precaution of im-

mediately removing their cattle over the border into Boer territory and of withdrawing themselves as usual into the Mdinba mountains. Naturally, not much remained for the Zulu army to do than to return. Nevertheless, the impression they had made on Mswazi was so profound that he immediately sent after them a number of cattle as a propitiatory offering to Mpande. Then the Boers, with whom Mswazi had placed his herds, tendered their little claim for compensation, the same to take the form of a present of slaves. These Mswazi found little difficulty in plundering from his weak Tongo neighbours; and accordingly a batch of boys and girls was sent over to the Boers.

It was now that the British Government in Natal began to view this constant restlessness of the Zulu army as a serious menace to the common peace. It therefore brought pressure to bear on Mpande that he in future desist from these ceaseless and unprovoked attacks upon a friendly neighbour. So it was Swaziland was saved and the host of Zulu warriors were held pining in the leash until in 1856, finding no outlet for their energy in foreign campaigns, they could contain themselves no longer and set about fighting among themselves.

Somewhere towards the end of the fifties (perhaps in the year 1859), the famous Soshangane, fugitive from the Nxumalo clan dispersed 30 years before by Shaka and now conqueror of most of Portuguese Tongaland, had died, having previously banished into the far Transvaal his principal son, Mzila. After his demise, another son, Mawewe, therefore ascended the throne. Ana Mzila reappeared at the gates and claimed his rights backing his claims with the potent argument of the assegai. In doing this, he conceived the idea of invoking the aid of the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay. Equally astute, Mawewe made the counter move of obtaining the support of the Swazis. The assistance which Mswazi rendered consisted in this, that he marched down and quietly sat outside the Portuguese fort at Delagoa Bay keeping the Portuguese securely imprisoned therein and so leaving the principals unhampered to fight out their duel alone. The result of the contest was the reverse of what Mswazi had anticipated; for his favourite, Mawewe was hopelessly defeated. Without awaiting further developments, Mswazi made a hurried retreat homewards, with Mawewe following close on his heels. In the Swazi country Mawewe found a safe asylum and there subsequently died.

In such ways as this Mswazi became famous and gradually raised himself to the rank of a first magnitude star amidst the galaxy of dusky empire-builders that shone forth in South-eastern Bantuland in the early and middle decades of last century. Just as Shaka had completed and consolidated the work planned and commenced by his predecessor, Dingiswayo, so now Mswazi incorporated the heterogeneous collection of his own and his father's winnings into one concrete whole, into one strong and solid nation, extending from the Pongola river on the south to the Crocodile river on the north, and from the Lubombo mountains towards the coast and beyond the

Drakensberg on the inland horizon.

But everything, even a brand new nation, must have a name. Mzilikazi had made a nation; and his mixed rabble of followers, no matter to whatsoever tribe they had originally belonged, had been dubbed, by the Sutos among whom they moved. The maTebele - an appellation which in Nguni mouths became transformed into amaNdebele. Shaka had made a nation; and the multitudinous tribes of which it was constituted, practically losing their own identity, became henceforward known among the Cape Colony Natives as simply amaShaka, and among themselves simply as Shaka's clan, the abakwa'Zulu (the family of Zulu), whereas, as a matter of fact, not more than $\frac{1}{2}\%$ of them were any more blood-members of that clan than most of my readers will probably be. Soshangane made a nation; and the Tonga mass, comprising the remnants of a hundred clans of which it consisted, proudly called themselves the amaShangane. So too here, Sobhuza laid the foundations of a nation, and his son Mswazi, raised the edifice; and henceforth all members of that nation, whether they pertained to the Mhololo, the Maseko, the Hlatjwako, the Shabalala, the Magonondo, or whatsoever clan, were now indiscriminately christened first of all, abakwa'Sobhuza (Sobhuza's people), after their common conqueror, and subsequently in the completed nation, amaSwazi (the people of Mswazi) after their common sovereign. (Among the Sutos, they were often originally referred to as baRuputsa, the people of Ruputsa, which latter was evidently the Suto rendering of the name Sobhuza.)

One of the most troublesome characters in Zululand, at the time of the Zulu war, was a certain Mbelini, who, with a following of Swazis, had been permitted by the Zulu kings, Mpande and Cetjwayo, to enjoy a kind of semi-independence within Zulu territory adjoining the Swazi frontier. When the great Mswazi died, about the year 1867, this Mbelini, his prospective heir, should have succeeded to the chieftainship; but having in earlier years brought down upon himself his father's wrath and been consequently banished from his dominions, his rights became forfeited and passed to a younger brother, Ludonga.

This young chief had the distinction of being king, not only over a native state, but also a party of full-blooded Whites. True, they were but four poor souls in all - a man, his wife and two children. It would appear that certain Boers impelled by their insuperable instinct of eternally trekking onward in search of that ignis-fatuus the promised land, had, during the year 1834, under the leadership of one, Rensburg, made the unscriptural error of seeking Canaan down Sofala way. Instead of beholding a paradise, overflowing with milk and honey, they encountered the old enemy, the Amalekites, in the guise of Soshangane and his army, who quickly surrounded the helpless Boers and summarily smote them out of existence. Only two little children, a male and female, each of about two years of age, are supposed to have escaped. These in after years married and at

length wandered into the dominions of Ludonga. This chief seems to have been somewhat scared of their presence, and took the very earliest opportunity in September 1867, of having them transported over the border into the territory of their countrymen in the adjoining Lydenburg district, where the family was duly consigned to the care of the local landdrost. Save for their white skin and the few rags that covered their nakedness, these unfortunate people were in language and habits perfect Natives.

But what had become of Mswazi's standing army of irrepressible braves? Had they had excitement and success enough that they might now retire on their laurels? Not quite. Their last abortive effort against the Pedis was felt to be, at the best, a glorious failure. They would now wipe away this dishonourable reflection on their capabilities by such an attack as would prove decisive for all time. But the Pedis were no less determined. They allied themselves with the Tuis of Mjanji and the combined clans inflicted on Ludonga's legions so staggering a blow that they were thankful to retreat homewards in a plight more ignominious than ever. No doubt, the Swazis would have returned to the fray once more after a season's recruiting; but Ludonga's career was cut prematurely short and obstacles developed at home which robbed them of all time of the opportunity of ever again being able to redeem their lost reputation.

As with the empire of Shaka and Soshangane, so was it also with that of Mswazi - no sooner had the strong hand released its hold than the whole fabric threatened to collapse. Scarcely more than half a dozen years had the young king reigned, when he was suddenly poisoned at his Nkanini kraal, somewhere about the year 1874. Then Nondwandwa (one of the principal indunas) and his family were exterminated by an insurgent force. Soon the whole country was labouring in the throes of revolution and for two long years internecine warfare was rampant. At length the forces of disorder had expended their strength and soberer counsels prevailed. The conflicting parties united in electing to the chieftainship, Mbandeni, another young son of Mswazi.

But though the integrity of the Swazi nation was thus for the present preserved, not so that of the Swazi country. Mbandeni was a prince of weak, if of peaceful character. He found himself at the helm when South Africa was entering a new stage in new development - he was lost in unknown seas. The old state of things, in which men and nations had lived and flourished solely by dint of physical might was rapidly vanishing and Mbandeni found himself stranded in a new world ruled by mind and run by wits. The first great wave of the White invasion had already crossed his borders. Powerless to stay the course of the changing tide, he deemed it the safest course and policy to allow himself to be carried along by it. He made himself the willing dupe of all manner of European sharpers and fortune hunters, and bartered away his country piece by piece for cases of

cheap liquor. When he died, in October 1889, a joint Commission of the Boer and British governments stepped in and calmly assumed possession of the land.

THE NDWANDWE CLAN

In the early days whilst Sobhuza was still building up the foundations of the Swazi nation and when Shaka was still in his 'teens, the most formidable neighbours of the former were the Ndwandwes dwelling under their famous chief, Zwide, just over the Pongola river on his southern frontier.

Among all the tribes of the Nguni group, we have come across none so large and important whose historical traditions have become so hopelessly conflicting or so hopelessly lost, as are those of this Ndwandwe clan. Even their nationality is a subject of dispute - some asserting that these people are by origin members of the abaNtungwa or abas'entla section of the Zulu-Nguni family; others as confidently declare that the originally tefula'd in their speech, and therefore pertain to the down-country or abas'ezantsi group; while still others maintain that they are not Zulu-Ngunis at all, but Tonga-Ngunis or abas'enyakato, having originally tekela'd in their speech like the Nyawos, the Embos and various other so-called 'Swazi' tribes. The preponderance of evidence nowadays obtainable leads us to place them (though with still considerable doubt) among the abaNtungwa.

The genealogical tree presented below, showing the descent of sundry members of the Ndwandwe royal house (as well as the collateral Nxumalo branch of Mkatjwa), who figured more or less conspicuously in Zulu history, is offered with great reserve and subject to correction. It represents the conclusions arrived at after prolonged and extensive enquiry - the most probable amidst a mass of doubt.

Chief Branch		Minor Branches	
Ludonga		?	Gasa
Xaba		?	Mkatjwa
Langa		?	Manukuza Malusi
Zwide		?	Sigode Sotondose
Sikunyana.	Somapunga.	Soshangane (Manukuza)	
		Mzila	
	Mgojana	Ngungunyana	
	Moya (living)		

At the period when Senzangakona was reigning over the Zulus along the Mkumbane stream, the large clan we were speaking of was

ruled by Zwide, son of Langa, and, with the tributary clans, occupied the whole of the extensive tract of territory lying between the headwaters of the Hluhluwe and the left bank of the Sikwebzi on the one hand and the Pongola river on the other.

Until this stage in its history, the tribe had been known as the people of Ndwandwe. But when now, Zwide, its chief, became sadly enamoured of a certain fascinating maiden of the clan (and therefore, alas! technically his own 'sister'), it became necessary to devise a modus operandi by which the love-sick king might gratify his desire and yet at the same time preserve his august name from the foul stigma of incest. All this was immediately attainable by the populace agreeing henceforth to refer to that branch of the family from which the intended bride was to come, no longer as the people of Ndwandwe but only as the people of Nxumalo; the girl thus becoming technically of another tribe and therefore no more the king's sister. It is not certain whose daughter she was, but it would seem that she was closely related to Manukuza (if not indeed his own child) and this Manukuza apparently was a first cousin of Zwide, being a descendant of Mkatjwa, who, in turn, was either a brother or an uncle of Langa, Zwide's father. At any rate the branch of the tribe from which the royal bride was taken, was named after this Manukuza. It is related that this latter (his mother having died during his infancy), had perforce been reared by means of the Native feeding-bottle - a leathern sucking funnel, termed in Zulu parlance, an umNxuma. What cognomen, therefore, asks the credulous Native, more suitable to this branch of the Mdwandwe family than that of Nxumalo? Credat qui vult.

Well, it was in the earlier epoch of Dingiswayo's reign that this Ndwandwe-cum-Nxumalo clan first came into historical prominence. While that great Mtetwa monarch was working out his ambitious design of first subduing and then, as he said, civilizing the whole of the Kaffir world round about him, the most refractory of the clans he attempted to tame was precisely this of the Ndwandwes. Not that these obstinate folk were more powerful than he, for in truth his legions had oft times been victorious over them. They had even captured Zwide, their very chief more than once. But as often had the Mtetwa king, in accord with the more benevolent spirit of those old times, graciously ordained that he be honourably released; 'for', he would say, 'was he not my father's friend?' Indeed, that father had even blessed him with a daughter in marriage - one of Dingiswayo's own sisters. And yet now, like so many another proud and patriotic these Ndwandwes though often vanquished, could never be subdued. They persisted in their obstinate resistance to all Mtetwa interference, until at length they were successful in the capture and murder of the great Dingiswayo himself, thus initiating the dissolution of the Mtetwa empire, and the rise of the Zulu power.

Alas! in ridding himself of the Mtetwa menace, Zwide had but

created for himself a still more appalling danger. Before one short year had elapsed, this indomitable foe of the Mtetwa conqueror and now its slayer, found himself thereby condemned to become the specially selected antagonist of that martial genius who had usurped the Mtetwa's rank and role in Kaffirland. Thrice did the doughty Ndwandwe chief venture upon a feat none other had ever the boldness to essay - he dared to beard the Zulu lion in his den. But thrice must he return utterly beaten. Once were the Ndwandwes lucky to retreat from Shaka's fierce clutches most painfully mauled, leaving their future chief, most of the manhood of their royal house and the flower of their army, stark on the banks of the Mhlatuze. Then they recouped awhile. Then they returned to the lists. Once again, less lucky still, they were well pleased to save their heads by the utter abandonment of their country and their herds into the enemy's hands. Then all that remained of the once mighty Ndwandwe clan had perforce to seek a new home in a far and foreign land. With as little pity as had been meted out to them, they fell upon the unexpectant Matiwane and his emaNgwaneni people - there about where Vryheid now stands and ousted from their fatherland a race of warriors whose martial fame was soon to eclips anything the Ndwandwes could ever aspire to. The emaNgwaneni, in their wild flight, drove the emaHlutjini and other tribes before them, thus leaving a cleared country for the Ndwandwes following in their wake. There about the headwaters of the Blood river and where the town of Utrecht now stands, Zwide and his people rested.

It was during this gloomy period of his banishment that the ancient fire began to burn low in the breast of Zwide. The warrior chief had passed through the heat of a long and arduous day, a real struggle for existence: and now he was weary at last for the evening of life was nigh. As it happened he had never thought well, while in the height of his vigour, to appoint of his harem a chosen wife who should be the mother of his successor. So it was when the battered frame had already lost both power of speech and limb, that the anxious family, in order to prevent all future dispute, (for his eldest son, NomaHlanjana, had been left among the dead at the Mhlatuze), drew round and asked, "Sire, who shall succeed thee?" Then the voiceless chief took from the fire a brand and sniffed at it. "Behold," said some "he nameth Sikunyana" (the little firebrand). "Behold," said others, "he nameth Somapunga" (he of many smells).

Now, when Zwide had already gone to his fathers and the sign he had given them had proved so ambiguous, the contending sons were perforce constrained to settle the dispute of succession between themselves. And they settled it in this decisive manner. Secretly gathering together a body of his followers, Sikunyana intimated to them the one sharp and sure solution. Accordingly, they set off and effectually blockaded the rival brother in his kraal. And yet not quite. Somapunga, equally cute, had bethought himself of the Zulu

adage, Akohlisana ehlo mile (it is when out on the warpath that they play each other tricks). He had kept his weather-eye steadily fixed on the stormy quarter; and while the investing force were chuckling over their smartness in so dexterously encaging him, he was in reality miles away, making a strategical move towards Shaka. By him he was kindly received and one of the first marks of the royal favour was the presentation of a charming bride, as Shaka facetiously said 'to take care of him.'

Seven summers came and passed in the land of their exile. Boys had grown into young men in first class fighting fettle and were restless to display their prowess. A patriotic yearning for home had come down upon Sikunyana and his people. They felt revived and strong for a determined effort to regain their fatherland and to drive out of it those tyrants who would not allow the world to bide in peace.

So the young warriors whetted their assegais and polished the fur of their shields and set out as though for a dance. The herd boys gathered in the vast herds from the veld and led them on to the down-country track. The women, bearing bundles of divers household goods on their heads and babies on their backs, plodded along in the rear. 'Home to the Fatherland' was the song in their hearts. But the eagle eye of Shaka was already upon them from afar. The distant vision of the dear old homeland was already entrancing their long-aching hearts - the fairy dream had all but become a fact within their grasp when he swooped mercilessly down upon them at the Ezindolowane Hill and slaughtered in one fell hour men, women and children alike, so that few were saved even by flight. Among the latter there chanced to be their chief. Alas! his respite was brief. The Zulu sleuthhounds were hard upon his trail; and ere long successfully tracked him down, enjoying life in the delusive security of a secluded spot in Tembuland, where he was immediately slain.

What was left of the Ndwandwe became scattered like chaff before the tornadic blast. Some were whirled away with the adventurous rabble that followed their clansman, Soshangane, into Portuguese East Africa; others went north with that other bold knight, Nxaba of Mbhekane; others betook themselves to the inland freebooter, Mzilikazi; a few found themselves swept into the maelstrom of the Zulu army. These are they whose descendants we have today, scattered here and there in our midst. A true Zulu, Shaka was ever flattered by being trusted. Where Sikunyana and his seed found only destruction, Somapunga, by his trust, found salvation; and his grandson, Moya, lives today, the recognised and only head of the once mighty Ndwandwe clan.

THE MASHABANA OR MANUKUZA CLAN

In that rather unattractive region that had the ocean coast on the one

side, and the inland Ndwandwe and Swazi nations on the other, were scattered sundry small and insignificant clans, who took little part in the making of history, and yet are not without their interest.

In ancient Portuguese books we read of a certain host of savages, muMbos, then (in the year 1592) recently arrived in Portuguese territory. The expression 'recently arrived' must be probably taken to mean, not that these people had but recently come down from the north, but that they had but recently appeared within the Portuguese preserve on conquest bent. Where they came from we shall presently see.

Two years later, to wit in 1594, other Portuguese travellers reported the existence 'south of St. Lucia Lake' of a certain vaMbe tribe. Judging from the prefix attached to this name, we may fairly conclude that these travellers were 'West Coast' Portuguese and thus acquainted with the Bantu languages spoken there (in which language the prefix va occurs as equivalent to the Zulu ba or aba); or else that they were accompanied on their travels by West Coast natives acting as interpreters. But however that may have been, what seems pretty clear to us is that these muMbos and these vaMbes were one and the same people, and that where they came from, where they dwelt, was precisely that stretch of country between the St. Lucia Lake and the Lubombo mountains to which we have just referred. Yes! that was eMbo-land, the aboriginal home of the eMbo tribe, of which the Mashabanas are a branch.

But the eMbo tribe of those times was not the eMbo tribe of these. In those early days the name covered a field much more extensive than it does at the present time. Nowadays the only portion of the family that has retained the name is that section thereof which somewhere towards the end of the 17th century, migrated away to the south, and, after having established itself for a time on the northern side of the Tukela, was eventually driven therefrom by Dingane and settled where it now is, in the region of the Lovu and Mkomazi rivers.

Aboriginally, however, the term Embo was the generis appellation of a large family of tekela-speaking Bantu domiciled along the Lubombo hills and all the country there adjacent - a family which has since become incorporated among those heterogenous conglomerations of clans known as the Swazis and (in a lesser degree) the Lalas. Certain it is, that this term EMbo was already in existence as a tribal designation and that moreover precisely in the locality indicated at the time of the Portuguese appearance there in 1594. In course of time the ever growing family naturally split up into divers subdivisions, whose tendency would be to launch out for themselves on independent careers, and that, to wit, in a southerly direction into the land now named Natal. This will explain to us how it came about that the Xosas (or Cape Colony Ngunis) called all the country beyond their northernmost frontier eMbo; and the natives resident there, 'the abas'eMbo'. Under this Xosas term 'eMbo' was consequently

comprised all the land of Natal (and even beyond) and under the term abas' eMbo were included all the tekela-speaking clans of those parts.

While treating, in a previous chapter, on the Swazis, we narrated how the Ngwane folk (who subsequently founded that nation) after their exodus from some land either of bondage or of strife, away along the Lubombo towards Delagoa Bay, wandered down the outskirts of the Malarial wilderness of modern Tongoland and ultimately reached their Pishah on the southern Lubombo range. These Ngwanes, we said, had a tradition that they were in origin an offshoot of the Tonga-Tembe tribe. Howbeit, we ourselves prefer to accept, as more consonant with other historical and philological facts, the tradition which declares them to have been a branch of the primordial eMbo tribe, and that, in migrating to the lower parts of the Lubombo chain, they were but betaking themselves to their kinsfolk, there established under Mashabana. That they were welcomed we cannot aver: for some brethren love each other the more the further they be apart. What tradition doth depose is that the parties were soon enclasped in mortal combat, the outcome of which was that the visitors ejected their host from his premises and comfortably settled themselves therein, Mashabana withdrawing himself with his following over the Pongola, towards the sea.

The children of Mashabana have now grown to a considerable clan, still resident in the vicinity of the Lubombo hills, and calling themselves variously as the Mashabanas, the Manukuzas, or the Gumedes. They are, as we have seen, a little known remnant of the ancient vaMbe folk discovered by the Portuguese. They are of the same origin as the Ngwane Swazis on the one hand, and the Natal Mkizes or eMbos (and probably also the Dlamini) on the other.

The ancestry of these people, so far as nowadays traceable, is as given below:-

ANCESTRY OF THE ABASEMBO TRIBAL FAMILY

MKIZE BRANCH

MKIZE BRANCH		SWAZI BRANCH	DLAMINI BRANCH
		Langa (d. 1707)	Mnyambane (d. 1550)
	Mlangeni (? d. 1707) (? same as)		Kuta (d. 1568)
	Mtonga (d. 1766)	Mavuso (d. 1725)	Nomagwala (d. 1586)
	Nkalana (d. 1784)	Ludonga (d. 1743)	Siqongweni (d. 1604)
	Sidlondlo (d. 1802)	Hlubi (d. 1761)	Lokotwako (d. 1622)
	Mashabana (d. 1820)	Dhlimini (d. 1779)	Lolwa (d. 1640)
	Manukuza (d. 1838)	Ngwane (d. 1797)	Lubiyela (d. 1658)
		Ndungunya (d. 1815)	Ntlontionde (d. 1676)
	Gumede (d. 1856)	Sobhuza (d. 1839)	Domo (d. 1694)
	Mhlanga (d. 1874)	Mswazi (d. 1867)	Lusibalukulu (d. 1712)
	Manaba (d. 1892)	Ludonga (d. 1874)	Dlamini (d. 1730)
		Mbandeni (d. 1889)	Buhlalubude (d. 1748)
		Bhunu (died recently)	Meyiwa (d. 1766)
			Mdlovu (d. 1784)
			Mzabane (d. 1802)
			Ngonyama (d. 1820)
			Bhidla (d. 1838)
			Zwelinjani
			Dlangana
			Sihlangu (living)

NB. An average of 18 years has been allowed to each reign and the date of death thus approximately obtained, though a margin of 10 years either way may always safely be allowed for irregularities. Many of the older names and the order of their succession are naturally doubtful.

THE MYENI CLAN

At a period probably contemporaneous with that of the Zulu king Jame, the Myeni tribe, (owing maybe to the universal political disorganization wrought in their neighbourhood by the violent intrusion of the Ngwane people led by Ndungunya), migrated from some hilly inland region either of modern Swaziland or the eastern Transvaal, and on both sides of the Ngwavuma tributary of the Pongola. Their nationality in all probability was identical with that of the other tribes of that locality, that is to say, they pertained to the Swazi-Nguni group. The earliest of their traditionary chiefs was named Mlambo, presumably father of that Duma whose sons, to wit Ngwenya and Ntsinde, originated the two sections of the clan at present existing.

It was while thus more or less peacefully settled in the Ngwavuma district that the disturbing news first reached their ears and the martial activity of Shaka down south and the calamity that had recently befallen the great Ndwandwe clan. While still wondering what might be the next turn of events the first wave of the coming upheaval bore rapidly down upon them. Lubelo, at the head of his roving Mngomezulus, appeared on the inland horizon. Vuma, son of Ntsinde, then ruling one section of the Myeni people, valiantly attempted to cope with the invader, but in vain; and he and his people, as also his brother, Mdolomba, son of Ngwenya, governing the senior branch of the clan, were compelled to fly.

In order to secure themselves against further molestation, Vuma and his followers went south and sought the protection of the already renowned Shaka, who permitted them to settle in the country heretofore inhabited by the Ndwandwes, on both sides of the Mkuze river, under the immediate care of his cousin, Mapita. The party under Mdolomba, recognising the wisdom of Vuma's action, hastened to reunite themselves with him in the new land. Thus, by tactful submission to the stronger powers, the Myenis preserved themselves from destruction and were permitted to retain their tribal integrity in comparative peace.

In modern times, soon after the Zulu war, private suspicion or dread impelled Memezi, son of Sihlahla and grandson of Mdolo'mba, to vanish unexpectedly from his people, in company with his wife and infant heir, Madlaka. Flight, however, did not secure safety, for he was ere long murdered in Mngomezululand by order of Mbikiza, the local chief. Fortunately his wife, with her infant son, escaped and sought refuge, first with Sambane, chief of the neighbouring Nyawo clan, and subsequently with Mtjelekwana of the Batenjwas. When at length Madlaka had grown to man's estate, he was duly recalled by his tribe and even now (1910) reigns over them.

Vuma, in his branch of the tribe, was succeeded by Maguma, and he by Sipiki, whose son Mkwakwa died only in recent years. Sipiki,

for some reason, seems not to have been content with life in this land of his people's adoption south of the Mkize. So, with a considerable following, he betook himself to Swaziland, whence again, finding the environment not congenial, he besought Mbikiza, the Mngomezulu chief, to sanction the reoccupation by him of a patch of the aboriginal fatherland, close by the Ngwavuma river, from which the Mngomezulus had driven his ancestors. The prayer having been granted, there at last Sipiki found peace. There in the land of his fathers, he laid his bones to rest, and there his people still remain. Evidently homesickness was the malady under which Sipiki had been for so many long years repining. No human heart but feels and owns - there is no place like home.

THE ZIKALI (OR MBILA) CLAN

Although the clans originally inhabiting modern Swaziland were, one after the other, duly conquered by the invading Ngwane folk, nevertheless all were not embodied within the future Swazi nation. (Some, as we have just seen with the Myenis, elected rather to move on and seek their freedom or tender their allegiance elsewhere.)

Among such were the Zikalis (or Mbilas), who, perhaps in the days of Ndungunya, migrated under their chief, Ngwedula, from their former home about the Pongola into the northern parts of the Mtetwa domain, south of the Mkize river and adjacent to the location of the emDletjeni people. In more recent years their head Mgongobali, father of Jumbane (now living) was accused of witchcraft by the neighbouring Mkwanzazi chief, Somkele, and was compelled once more to remove with his clan to the spot where they now are, along the coast to the north of St. Lucia Lake.

THE MNGOMEZULU CLAN

In the early days, the Mngomezulus dwelt on the northern outskirts of the Ndwandweland, that is to say, in the vicinity of the Pongola's southern banks. They were subject to the Ndwandwe clan, under Zwide, but as was the case also with that clan, their real nationality or origin is enshrouded in doubt. We have been informed that they were not only subjects but blood relations of the Ndwandwes, to wit, to that branch of them to which Soshangane, Sigode and Manukuza belonged; and there is reason for believing this to be probable. Then, again we have heard from actual living acquaintances of Lubelo (the clan's great warrior-chief) that he and his kindred tefula'd in their speech, and must consequently rather have been cousins of the Mtetwa and others of the abas'ezantsi group; but this too we have heard of the Ndwandwes. Others, again, aver that the Mngomezulus were

akin to the Nyawos and cognate tribes, and were accordingly of Swazi-Nguni origin; while still others state they were abaNtungwa.

However, it may have been, these Mngomezulu people were among the first to reel under that terrific shock caused among these northern clans by the sudden and utter extinction by Shaka of the powerful Ndwandwe buffer-state protecting them from him on their southern frontiers. They had owned allegiance to the conquered Zwide and must perforce now participate in his misfortunes. Rather than be cast helplessly adrift on their own resources, their chief, Zondiwe, elected to accompany his suzerain into exile, and accordingly migrated with him away into what is now the Utrecht division of Natal; and, for the nonce, was safe out of Shaka's reach. Other, however, tarried as homeless wanderers in the old neighbourhood and ultimately united themselves with the miscellaneous rabble that soon after passed northwards towards Portuguese East Africa, led by the famous Soshangane or by Nxaba of Mbhekane.

While resting peacefully in his remote inland retreat, Zondiwe died, and a more restless spirit assumed the reins of Mngomezulu rule. This was Lubelo, his son, who, wearying of the monotonous inactivity of peace, resolved to go forth and see things. The recklessness of youth had not quite so blinded him that he should fail to discern that only grim and certain death stared in the face on the south where Shaka was already becoming active and the redoubtable Matiwane barred the way. Towards the north the outlook, albeit not actually inviting, was nevertheless decidedly less forbidding. So, with his following northwards he went, and soon began to realise that he was a trespasser within a domain which Sobhuza, the Swazi king, had already named his own. Whether or how he succeeded in compounding matters with that potentate, our present information doth not tell. At all events he passed through the breadth of his territory and ultimately came out into sight, as an ominous apparition, on the inland horizon of Myeniland, away along the banks of the Ngwavuma river, on the slopes of the Lubombo hills.

Lubelo was a leader furnished by nature to meet the season's needs, and the favourable environment in which he was born and rapidly developed within him that fighting spirit then so endemic throughout Southern Bantuland and so indispensable to the preservation of each tribe - the struggle for existence, with its periodic weeding out of the unfit and thus the survival of the fittest.

Somewhere or other within the four corners of his own little world, Lubelo must perforce find a home for his clan, even though he and his have to fight for it and become extinct in the process. So it was not long (probably somewhat prior to the year 1828) that he found himself in conflict with Vuma, chief of that section of the Myeni people dwelling in his immediate vicinity on the banks of the upper Ngwavuma. These Lubelo had little difficulty in sweeping away holus bolus into the solitudes of the neighbouring Lubombo mountains,

whence they subsequently migrated south into Shaka's dominions. Whereafter Lubelo proceeded to parcel out the country among his own people.

In the early forties he turned his attention to the Batenjwa clan, which had adjoined the Myenis on their northern flank. He experienced little difficulty in forcing these likewise to execute a hurried march to the south where they sought and obtained the protection of Mpande, at that period, king of the Zulu nation.

Having thus through human flesh and blood savagely carved his way to the pinnacle of his glory, a contravening anticlimax proportionately inglorious was now all that remained for our warrior-chief.

Ntini, the neighbouring Gumbi chieftain, was, it is true, for Lubelo quite an insignificant antagonist; but behind Ntini were hidden consequences which Lubelo, alas! failed to discern. So while he was still pluming himself over the easy conquest of the former, he was not a little perturbed to behold Sambane, the Nyawo chief, rise up in his ire in Ntini's cause; and Sambane was a fighting-general concerning whom Lubelo entertained considerable misgiving. Sambane, then, proceeded to action forthwith; and so successfully did he avenge the death of his Gumbi friend and ally, that Lubelo was constrained at last to descend to the ignominy of flight. Off to Zibhebhu he fled. But before he could attain the sanctuary of Zibhebhu's country, the Nyawo pursuers were upon him and put a period to his career.

Lubelo perished; but not before he had safely carried his people through critical hours of storm and stress, and had preserved his clan, which even today, under the rule of Mbika, his son, still flourishes on the old kraal-sites, on the Ngwavuma banks, erst stolen from the Myeni folk.

THE NYAWO CLAN

When the days of his pride were o'er, the Zulu king, Dingane, hunted by vengeful Boers and rebellious subjects, fled with some of his retainers to seek refuge among the hitherto despised Nyawo tribe, inhabiting the Lubombo hills midway between the Pongola and Ngwavuma rivers. There, in the Hlatikulu forest, the fugitive king found sanctuary, though not, alas, safety. And this hunger, as shall in due time be shown, led him to his death.

These Nyawos, like most of the northern quasi-Tonga tribes were by nature disposed rather to the arts of peace than to those of war. This characteristic stood them to good account in the day of their peril, for it led them to adopt the wise and sober course of submitting to the invincible and of calmly tendering their allegiance to Shaka, thus preserving to themselves their country and their tribal integrity.

Yet, when need arose, with better measured foes, they were quite prepared to bravely enter the lists and shiver a lance, as the quite

triumphant expedition led by Sambane against Lubelo and his practised Mngomezulus doth attest. The sequel, alas! of that brilliant exploit was sadly disappointing: for when Zibhebhu (to whom Lubelo had fled, but never reached) arrived in force with his Zulus to avenge the royal dead whom he could no longer protect, Sambane, and his warriors preferred the security of their inaccessible mountain and forest fastnesses to the risks of an open contest, so that Zibhebhu, we fear, was reluctantly constrained to retrace his steps without having achieved his purpose, at any rate to his perfect satisfaction. But the tribe was saved all the same - which, for it, was the supreme desideratum. Hence it endures today, there where it has dwelt throughout the whole length of the historical period, seawards of the Lubombo hills, after its old and wearied chief, Sambane, son of Ntlongaluvalo, son of Diambula, only in this last-gone year gave up his spirit to his fathers and laid his bones to rest and rot.

THE MATENJWA CLAN

The fortunes of the Matenjwas (or Batenjwas) along the lower Sutu river, were less stable and felicitous. Like the Myenis, whose immediate neighbours they were and (?) from whom they sprang, these people received little attention or inconvenience from Shaka's warlike activities. But the hostile visitation, in the early 'forties, of Lubelo and his perdatory Mngomezulus, was scarcely less disastrous; for the Batenjwas, even as their neighbours the Myenis before them, were expelled precipitantly from their country. They too moved off towards the south and were allowed by Mpande - Shaka having been already unceremoniously bundled into his grave at Dukuza, and Dingane into his at Hlatikulu - to build in that portion of former Ndwandweland, which he, Mpande, had but recently conferred on his mother's clan, the Hlabisas, under their regent Mbopa.

After tarrying there awhile - their conqueror, Lubelo, being dead - the Batenjwas discovered that the northern portion of their old country, adjacent to the Sutu river, had been left unoccupied by the invading Mngomezulus and was still vacant. Back then they harked to the dear old scenes, and yet, alas! only to be ere long again expelled from them by Mpande's order. So crossing the Sutu river, the exiles wandered into territory nominally belonging to the Portuguese. Then, in 1887, came the British annexation of so-called Tongoland, and the inauguration of the Pax Britannica. Now at length was Mtjelekwana son of Sihlahla, permitted to re-establish himself and his people in peace in their ancient fatherland, where (1910) he may still be found 'drinking beer' - as the Zulu picturesquely describes the 'enjoyment of life'.

THE EMAHLUTJINI

In the sunny past, when Zululand was an African Arcady, Kaffir fatherlands were oft times no larger than English parks. Amidst such quiet rural scenes, those woody gladelands or woodless stretches of down-like veld, the Native boys and girls grew up knowing no more of God's great world than was comprised within the limited prospect environing the parental kraal. What was beyond that was to them a terra incognita and frequently remained so all their lifetime. Even strong men, warriors of repute, (unless peradventure commissioned as messengers of their chief), rarely hazarded a journey beyond the narrow habitat of their clan. The natural outcome of this solitary and secluded existence in so tiny and so simply a world was the development in the national character of a sense of suspicion and fear that rendered travelling abroad always unpleasant, if not decidedly risky. Foreign clans, even though no further away than over the river or beyond a divide of hills, were veritable foreign nations. There, while friendly acquaintances and marital relations were always welcomed with abounding hospitality, unknown strangers were apt to be distrusted as ill-boding intruders. And to intrude within the sacred precincts of a clan's private estate was almost tantamount to invasion.

With these things in mind, one may the better appreciate the uncommon daring of the youthful Dingiswayo, when, flying from death in his Mtetwa homeland (an event which we shall in due time more fully relate) he, a solitary and unprotected boy, tramped boldly and unscathed through a dozen unknown and awesome clans, until, one hundred and fifty miles from home, he ventured to beg adoption as a menial among a tribe of foreigners in whose midst he then chanced to find himself. These foreigners proved to be part of a very large clan, of the type we have termed Sutoid or Swazi Ngunis (that is, combining at once something of the character of the Sutos and of the Zulu-Kaffirs). They named themselves the emaHlutjini. To the Mtetwa lad they were entirely a new race. Their language was to him a down-country tefula-speaker, only with difficulty comprehensible. The familiar sights of headring and furry umutja (loin-girdle of the Zulus) had completely vanished. In their stead a soiled and unsightly cloth was wound round the hips and between the legs (uku-subela); while the head was covered by a matted cap of long hair stringlets (umYeko), greasy and black, falling limply from the crown over the face, like an inverted mop. Yes, these were they whom the Zulu-Kaffirs had nicknamed the iziYendane (the people with heads like a bunch of drooping millet).

At the time when Dingiswayo discovered them, the emaHlutjini were ruled by a chief, Bhungane (died c. 1800) son of Ntsele (d. 1782) son of Mashiyi (1764) son of Hadebe (1746) son of Mlotja (1728) son of Mashwabada (1710) son of Buswebengwe (1692) son of Mtimkulu-

wanqangi (1674) son of Musi (1656) son of Mhlanga (1638) son of Dlamini (1620). Naturally, we do not offer so long an ancestral list as gospel truth; and this notwithstanding that we have received it as such from one of the most ancient and noble scions of Mtimkulu's house still living.

A few short years passed after Dingiswayo's arrival and Bhungane went to his fathers, the sceptre passing into the hands of his son, Mtimkulu, by him ere long to be lost forever to the house of Hadebe. For Mtimkulu, along with well nigh all the chiefs of surrounding Bantuland, was doomed to suffer the extreme sorrow of being robbed of his kingdom and of witnessing his family and tribe, after so many long generations of glorious tranquility, ruthlessly driven from their homes and homeland never to return.

It was about the year 1819 that Matiwane reigning over the emaNgwaneni clan, dwelling about the Ntabankulu mountain in the Vryheid district, was routed by the Ndwandwe chief, Zwide, on his desperate flight from the onslaught of Shaka. Matiwane in turn, with the suddenness and force of a thunderbolt, fell upon his immediate neighbours, the emaHlutjini, located in the country intervening between him and the Mzinyati river, which he was intent on crossing. Without even time to expostulate, the emaHlutjini found themselves involved in a terrific struggle for life. The result was less surprising - the emaHlutjini were glad to save their heads by abandoning their country and wheeling off in an inland direction. Mtimkulu, however, was killed in the melee, and his house seems to have been ruined beyond repair. Yet from amidst the wreckage, sundry sons ere long reappeared, striking out for themselves, this way and that, careers of their own.

One of them, called by the Sutos Lesephho, marched off with a band of followers and attempted to oust the maPhuting Sutos from their location about Standerton, but in the effort he fell and the strength of his following with him.

A further small remnant of the tribe (afterwards headed by another son, Langalibalele) contrived to hover about the vicinity of the old country until they found an opportunity, probably with Shaka's sanction, of re-establishing themselves in the Utrecht district. For some reason or other, after Shaka's demise, they deemed it wise (in 1833) to proclaim themselves subjects of Mshweshwe, the paramount chief of the Sutos. But scarcely five years had elapsed before they found it expedient to re-transfer their allegiance back again to the Zulu king.

It was in 1837 that the baTlokwa Sutos living under Sikonyela son of Mokotjo, about Harrismith, swept down upon Langalibalele's people and carried off some 300 head of cattle. Now, under Zulu law, all cattle of subjects were technically property of the king. So when Dingane heard of the raid, he at once despatched couriers to Sikonyela, demanding a return of the stolen beasts, covering his demand

with the ominous hint that 'no doubt Sikonyela was not aware the cattle belonged to him.' The reply of Sikonyela was an insulting challenge. 'Go', he said, 'and say to the boy that he is big enough now to be circumcised, and if he will but come here, I shall perform the necessary operation on him'. While the Zulu king was still burning with indignation at this unparalleled impudence of a mere umSutu, Pieter Retief and a party of unkempt Boers appeared at the gate - they would but beg the king's permission to settle in Natal. Very well, thought Dingane, whether they get the permission or not, as a condition precedent to a palaver, let them first of all recapture from Sikonyela the stolen herd. Forthwith the Boers set out. Arrived at Commando Nek, they quietly outspanned at the base of Sikonyela's stronghold. Then they sent a polite invitation to the chief to honour them with a friendly visit. Much flattered, the chief walked proudly down and found himself a prisoner of the wily Dutchmen! Nor was there any prospect of escape, until he had disgorged the whole of the plundered cattle. These having been duly handed over, Pieter Retief and his crafty companions galloped off, no doubt chuckling over the ease with which they had duped a 'stupid Kaffir'. They found Dingane sitting in his emGungundhlovu kraal, and they delivered the booty to him. He in turn hospitably invited them to a beer-feast within the kraal and when they were all well within, promptly had them every one murdered.

Twelve years after this event, Dingane being dead, Langelibalele had the misfortune to fall into disfavour with Mpande and to be expelled by him (in 1849) from Zulu territory. He appealed for relief to the British Government in Natal and was allotted by them a location firstly in the Klip river district and then about the source of the Bushman's river. There he afterwards defied the Government by refusing to deliver up certain unregistered guns. A force was accordingly sent against him, but he escaped over the Drakensberg into Basutoland, where, in December 1873, he was ultimately arrested by the Cape Mounted Police. He was tried and sentenced to banishment for life, but after passing a part of his sentence near Cape Town, he was granted a reprieve (in 1886) and permitted to return to Natal, where he passed away in 1889, and the emaHlutjini chieftainship with him; for his son, Siyepu enjoys no longer any official status in his tribe.

But the main portion of the emaHlutjini people undoubtedly disappeared altogether from this part of Bantuland. They set off immediately after their dispersal in a south-westerly direction, under the leadership of the most famous of Mtimkulu's offspring, Mpangazita, so renowned a figure in the subsequent history of the Sutos (by whom he was called Pakadita).

In the north-eastern corner of what now constitutes the Orange Free State, was a spot called Safate, and here about dwelt the clan of the Tlokwa Sutos under their chief, Mokotjo. At one time these baTlokwa

had been the dearest friends of the emaHlutjini, but now they were their bitterest foes. This sudden transformation of feeling was due to a certain induna of Mokotjo's named Mochodi, who, it happened, had married a daughter of Mtimkulu, chief of the neighbouring emaHlutjini. This headman, rebelling in 1819 against Mokotjo, was by the latter condemned to death. As a consequence, his wife, with what embellished reports we know not, fled for protection to her home-kraal at Mtimkulu's, and from this little episode sprang the endless feud that cost both tribes the expenditure of so much useless hate and so many valuable lives. For when, a few months later, this widow's brother, Mpangazita, was himself driven forth into the world by Matiwane, he directed his course almost naturally towards the Tlokwas, over his south-western borders, on them to vent his spleen and pay off old scores. There he found the royal culprit, Mokotjo, already dead, but his widow Mantatise (the heir, Sikonyela, being still a minor) reigned in his stead, and she must now bear the guilt of his crimes, no less than the honour of his crown. A more game adversary Mpangazita could not have selected; for this Mantatise proved to be no ordinary Kaffir umfazi, but a born Amazon. So when Mpangazita came like an avalanche upon her, the impact, though terrific enough, was that of the collision of two equals pitted against one another and flung, each considerably damaged, back in opposite directions. Mpangazita moved off from the fray this way, and Mantatise that. In reality, however, they set about unconsciously wheeling round on each other for a second collision. Conceive then, the surprise of Mantatise, when, after many lengthy wanderings, she one day encountered the face of Mpangazita at Mabolela (in which congenial locality he had thought to settle permanently). Once again the warrior chieftainess offered a brilliant fight, but was at length compelled to retire in the direction of the Caledon. Once safely over the ford, she turned about and fiercely kept Mpangazita at bay. The on-coming darkness came to her aid and with the morrow's dawn she was relieved to discern the landscape freed of all traces of the enemy. Ah! thought she, well satisfied, with the wounds already received Mpangazita has gone home to recruit.

The nightmare vanished with the dawn. Mantatise felt herself at ease to turn awhile from the hideous pursuit of war to the sweeter responsibilities of a tribal mother. The plaintive cry of the little ones of the clan, who, during the precipitate marches of the previous days had received but scant attention, now appealed irresistibly to her maternal heart. So, while the day was fair, she would despatch her warriors on a foreign expedition for the little ones. Scarcely had they gone from sight, than the enemy reappeared, surging down upon the camp over the opposite hills. Verily was the valorous queen now in desperate straits - alone in the camp with weeping infants and frantic women! Her superb martial genius failed her not in the supreme test of this sudden crisis. Unable now to smite the foe with

force, she would conquer him by strategy. So she hurriedly gathered in the herds from the veld and collected them in a mass on the summit of a hill, along the brow of which she marshalled in lengthy file her army of women and children. The enemy, still distant, watched with surprise the long dark line continuously extending itself along the skyline. So the Tlokwa men at home thought they, and unassailably arrayed. Let us then hence! And forthwith they sheered off and vanished. Soon the foraging warriors returned. The cries of the little ones were appeased, and the Tlokwa clan hurried onwards on its long and wearied search for a new homeland. Many nations have had their Boadiceas, but none a greater than Mantatise.

That new home, however - if indeed by home we signify a settlement in peace - the Tlokwas never found. From their first expulsion from the fatherland by Mpangazita, in 1819, until their final destruction as a tribe by Mshweshwe, on the 22nd of October, 1852, their record is one continuous running fight with a score of different enemies. After the ultimate dispersal of the clan, Sikonyela, their chief, fled south into Cape territory, but his brother, Mota, moved eastward into Natal, where his son the late Hlubi, was after the Zulu war placed in charge of a considerable tract of territory in Zululand, as chance would have it, immediately adjoining the aboriginal country of their national enemies now long departed, the emaHlutjini.

To return now to the latter. Were we to follow them in all their wanderings, to name all the battles they fought and the clans they harassed or ruined, we should have to conduct the reader almost throughout the whole entangled mass of tribes at that time peopling the Orange Free State and western Basutoland. Their existence was a continuous campaign, such a tale of endless misery and bloodshed as had probably never before found place in the simple annals of those hitherto peaceful people. They had jeered at death and courted destruction and at length they were to taste of both abundantly. About the year 1824, they had the ill fortune to cross the path of a horde of savages more ferocious than themselves. Near Ladybrand, on the Caledon river, they ran counter for the second time of the fateful Matiwane and his ema-Ngwaneni, by whom Mpangazita was slain and his followers cast to the winds, never again to bully the humblest tribes, but to be its slaves. The scattered fugitives craved adoption among all manner of strange peoples, and their offspring may be found today sprinkled everywhere from the Vaal river (or IGwa) in the north as far as Queenstown (or kwa'Komani) in the South.

In the vast region stretching from the Drakensberg at the Tukela sources, to the lower Sutu river towards Delagoa Bay were, besides the emaHlutjini tribe, numerous other minor clans, some closely related to them, all pertaining to the same aboriginal family-group of Sutoid or Swazi Ngunis. On the one hand, towards the south, they had the emaBheleni, the emaZizini, the Dlamini and the Embos; on

the other, towards the north were the Mavundlas and Heledwanes (their own first cousins) the people of Mabhokwe, the Simelanes, the Madunas, the Masekos and divers other folks, many of whom were subsequently absorbed into the Swazi nation, while others participated in the flight and misfortunes of the emaHlutjini as above related.

THE EMAZIZINI

The various Nguni sub-races and their component tribes populating this corner of Africa had, during the lapsing ages, come to be shuffled about their little world in a somewhat promiscuous fashion. The down-streaming Tekela-Ngunis, after leaving the Swazi region, found their passage blocked by a large batch of pure Ngunis (the so-called Kaffir-Zulus) who had failed to accompany their Xosa brethren into the more southern parts of the continent. This obstruction caused the procession to split into two branches, one of which deviated towards the coast and continued its course along the unoccupied littoral. These were the Lalas. The other branch sheered off to the west and circled round the Zulu-Kaffirs on their inland flank. Finally, after the lapse perhaps of centuries and when already a great diversity of speech and physique had arisen between them, both parties re-met along the southern borders of the Zulu-Kafir domain, in the uninhabited land of Natal - those of more recent arrival by the inland route (and consequently still preserving a much greater resemblance to the remnant left behind in Swaziland) spreading themselves over the cool open plains of the up-country grass veld, while the Lalas (who had become separated from the rest at a much earlier period) pervaded the semi-tropical bushlands of the coast and midlands. We shall visit the up-country or quasi-Swazi Tekelas first.

Amidst that panorama of natural grandeur and romance which stretches along the Drakensberg from Mont aux Sources to the Giant's Castle; that superb picture of craggy fells and snow-capped peaks, of emerald glens and crystal brooks, the tekela-speaking emaZizini, under their chiefs Henqwa, Mkuli, Makaluza, Dlangamandla and Dweba, flourished in pastoral opulence and tranquility. Nor they alone. To those beauteous solitudes two fast-dying species of man and beast, the eland and the yellow-skinned Pigmy, had made their last retreat from Nimrod and extinction. Both were fair game to the emaZizini; and many a tiny Pigmy damsel was captured and wedded to a less supercilious Zizi man; so that we need not be astonished at the marked traces of Bushman blood and Bushman features prevalent among the members of this clan. The elands too failed not to play an important part in Zizi history. Nothing more serious than the carcass of one of these led to a family squabble which culminated in the revolt of a section of the Zizis, who under Mahwebi, went off in a huff over the Drakensberg into the great unknown beyond. This

occurred somewhere about the year 1780, and in that portion of the Zizi tribe governed by Munyane, son of Mswabi, son of Tibela, son of Zeze, son of Sitjato, son of Langa, all of whose bones rest in peace near the sources of the Tukela.

Having clambered over the Drakensberg Mahwebi and his followers leisurely pushed their way long the Caledon river (which sprang from a point just over the Mont aux Sources) until at length, just when the Thaba Bosigo mount hove into sight, he died. His son, begotten of Ngwanamang of the Kwená tribe was named Makowane. Mayidi, daughter of the Phuti chief, Tsosane, was the pretty maid that captivated Makowane's heart and bore to him a child Morosi, who as lord of the combined Phuti and ema-Zizini clans, was destined to become the hero of a whole chapter in future South African history.

Morosi had already made his debut as a warrior and won his spurs in a tournament with Sir George Cathcart, when that General had presumed to invade Suto territory in 1852. And now in 1879 he was about to defy and outwit the ablest military geniuses of the whole Cape Colony army.

When ultimately Sutoland fell into British hands, Morosi was found comfortably established in its south-western corner, in a patch of country bestowed on him and his tribe by the then paramount chief, Mshweshwe, for distinguished services rendered in divers Boer and British battles.

Now, Morosi had a proud and patriotic scion named Dodo. Last and only bearer of so ancient and venerable a name, Dodo scorned the degradation of paying tribute to a mere handful of white-skinned filibusters, and he successfully dissuaded a number of similarly minded youth from doing so also. Alas! such patriotic sentiments only led them to incarceration in the local gaol. More exasperated than ever at this humiliating miscarriage of his good advice, the irrepressible Dodo marched in force to this latter by no means impregnable fortress, and boldly released his friends.

It happened that the Cape Mounted Rifles (popularly known as the C.M.R.) had recently been installed as the custodians of political peace in those outskirts of the empire. Fifty-men from the flower of this corps were therefore hurried to Morosi to demand the surrender of Dodo forthwith. Without any doubt the unsophisticated savage potentate quailed tremuously in the face of such a demand suddenly thrust upon him at the point of the bayonet. Indeed so manifestly perplexed was he, that for the moment he could conceive of no better reply than the inane request for a week's grace wherein to consider the matter - as though indeed there were anything to consider at all.

The week passed into a second, and seeming Morosi was still considering. Then the British Lion which had been reposing hard by, recollected his mission, yawned, pompously rose, wagged his tail ominously and proceeded to interview Morosi. Arrived at Morosi's camp, the British Lion was received by a bevy of ancient females

who evinced considerable surprise at his coming and knew nothing of any ultimatum and still less of Morosi!

As a matter of fact, Morosi was still considering the matter in an almost impregnable stronghold twenty miles away, to which he and his whole people had quietly retired while his guards were dozing. The flat, grass covered top of the precipitous retreat was liberally furnished with perennial springs, and was abundantly stocked with corn and cattle, the whole being crowned by a magazine of six or seven tons of gunpowder. Amidst such strength and plenty were gathered several hundred lusty braves all armed with guns and dwelling in congenial company of all the brides of the clan, together with the children. Morosi felt very comfortable. Obviously the British general had been sadly hoodwinked by the astuteness of this simple savage.

A stitch in time saves nine, says the homely proverb. So, owing to a slight neglect, this miserable Dodo hunt, from a mere police parade, developed into a long and serious military campaign. First of all, 250 men of the C.M.R. were drafted up to survey the position and guard the mountain. Then three brand new regiments of yeomanry were recruited from the whole Colony, for this grand occasion only, and, having been duly formed, were held capable under cover of the four cannon that accompanied them, of capturing the stronghold at a walk.

This capture had been already elaborately worked out on paper and nought now remained but for the combined force of police and yeomanry, covered by the booming of their big guns, to march out (in May 1879) and put the ingenious scheme into immediate execution. The end of the month found a beaten army sitting disconsolate at the bottom of the hill, with 20 of their comrades missing, while Morosi and his compatriots were complacently regaling themselves with utjwala beer at the top.

Another two months went by before the besiegers had raised sufficient heart and strength to repeat the attempt. But now the storming was to be rendered so thunderous and terrific as to prove absolutely irresistible. A more skilful general, accompanied by another troop of C.M.R. and a further reinforcement of burghers and Hottentots, were despatched to shed extra wisdom and lustre on the proceedings and to force the project through without fail. The grand assault came off duly and the climax was reached in a repulse more humiliating than ever, 34 of the British being laid low, against practically no loss on the other side.

And more than that. The Natives naturally inspired by these persistent successes, now ventured outside of their fort. From defenders they became aggressors. Many a sortie did they make into the enemy's camp, and in one of them they succeeded in slaying 17 of the besieging party.

At this shameful development certain of the Colonials grew desperate, and recklessly scrambled up the mountain side one night to

inspect the enemy's fortifications. But instead of surprising the Phutis, they were themselves surprised, and one of them was actually taken prisoner. Next morning his head was seen projecting above one of the schantzes, stuck on a pole - a grim caution to all other such foolhardy youths as knew not the Bantu.

Troubles never come single; but, in this present instance, the added misfortunes came very seasonably, (in more senses than one), and supplied the Colonials with the much needed opportunity for reconsidering the matter and for reorganisation. The winter had overtaken them, and quite a large percentage of them somehow got sick, and their steeds as well, many of which succumbed. Diminished numbers, reduced food - supplies and the numbing cold of winter combined to render continued operations difficult, and a large number of the besieging force, having accomplished nothing, were glad to be returned home. Further, the enemy might very wisely be left in peace awhile, killing himself slowly without giving any extraneous trouble, by simply exhausting his food supplies.

However, in October, when the warmth of summer had returned and instilled new life and vigour into all creation, Colonial impetuosity would brook no longer delay. Another commander-in-chief, Colonel Bayley, appeared on the field. Naturally he brought along with him new plans, the wisest of which was first of all to rid his machinery of cobwebs and other matter out of place. So he summarily dismissed all the fine regiments of yeomanry and burghers and Hottentots, and remained alone with about 350 men of the C.M.R. and four guns. A capture by escalade was decided upon: for, you must know, the unsophisticated Native had rendered his fort well-nigh unassailable by surrounding the slopes of the mountain with tier upon tier of loft stone walls termed schantzes, which enabled him to move up and down and about without being seen, much less being harmed.

For the accomplishment of such a plan, therefore, besides ladders, a mortar or two were very necessary, in order therewith to clear the schantzes. A piece of ordnance of this description was ultimately unearthed in Cape Town, where it was said to have done good service, throughout a period of 70 years, at the doors of the local museum. The guarantee of its antiquity was emblazoned upon it in the eloquent device 'Georgius Secundus Rex 1802'. After having been dragged with unexampled patience and perseverance for a distance exceeding 600 miles, over mountains and plains, through bogs and sandy places, it was eventually found, upon arrival, that the fuses of the thing would not work - unless, indeed, to the mortal peril of any such artillery - men as were foolish enough to remain in its vicinity when fired. But the inventive geniuses of the army, putting their heads together, soon removed this temporary check by manufacturing fuses of their own. Then the scaling-ladders, which had been hurried up from Aliwal were discovered to be either too short or else so fragile as to collapse under the weight of four men. However, by the simple ex-

pedient of binding two ladders together this defect was likewise overcome. But perhaps the most effective detail in the new plan was the tempting bait, held dazzling before the men of a reward of £200 for the person of Morosi, dead or alive, a similar sum for that of Dodo, and finally a gift of £25 together with promotion to him who should first attain the mountain top.

All preliminaries arranged, the final bombardment of Morosi's stronghold was inaugurated by a preludial cannonade, continuing almost uninterruptedly during four days and four nights, wherein the mortar and guns vigorously competed in raising such appalling thunder and in pouring over the schantzes such a hail of missiles, that the disconcerted natives could not but be convinced that now in truth the day of doom had come. While beside themselves with terror at this unprecedented outburst of fury, behold! precisely at 12 o'clock in pitch darkness the whole vault of heaven became suddenly ignited by three streaks of lurid flame flying skywards above their heads. Woe! woe! hideous sight! And what evil fate can this portend? And while still they gazed, dumbfounded heavenwards, at this diabolic pyrotechnic display, Lieut. Sprenger and his troop of C.M.R. noiselessly clambered up the ladders already in position against the lowest of the schantzes. But hardly had the plucky lieutenant gained the top, when the woolly pate of a native calmly appeared over the wall and considerably remarked, "Don't come up here baas; I shoot you". "Fire away", replied the lieutenant. And as the artless native bobbed up again to do so and exhibited a human target no greenhorn could miss, the lieutenant placed a bullet through the body, which tumbled down among the attackers.

The firing immediately aroused the whole native camp from its reverie. Alas! it was too late - the C.M.R. were already among them. Soon they were charging along the flat summit of the hill, shooting or bayoneting all resisters, and driving the rest over the precipices into the yawning krantzes of the swirling Orange river below. Morosi was discovered and slain in a cave; but Dodo had vanished, and may even yet not be extinct.

At 5.30 a.m. Morosi's head went up on a pole in the Colonial camp, and a siege of nine months was ended - this chapter of unsurpassed British military bungling and native military skill; this not inglorious contribution of the little known emaZizini clan to South African history, was completed.

It was, however, only a small fraction of the emaZizini that had crossed the Drakensberg at the said remote period and had mingled themselves with the Phutis there. The great mass of the clan had remained in peaceful seclusion in the beautiful Berg country until the day of universal misery was born with Shaka.

It was in 1819 that the emaNgwaneni under Matiwane ejected from their own home beyond the Mzinyati by the routed Ndwandwes, and now transformed into a roving horde of human demons, swept sudden-

ly down upon them. Against such a mad and unexpected onslaught the emaZizini were unable to cope; and leaving land and stock to their fate, they saved their own heads by making a precipitate retreat towards the Cape territory, whither their neighbours, the emaBheleni, were already wending their way before them. Skirting the lower slopes of the Drakensberg, they first encountered their kindred, the Tolo (or Zolo) clan under Ngonyana, on the upper Mtjezi river, and another section of the same clan, under Tunzi established in the region of the upper Mkomazi. Unable to dillydally over pourparlers, they unceremoniously drove these people before them; and the whole scared and scurrying multitude hurried forward over the Cape frontier, where they gradually dispersed themselves as subjects or menials among the somewhat startled Mpondo and Xosa peoples.

EMABHELENI

Somewhere between the years 1820 and 1828, owing to the universal political upheaval caused by Shaka's conquests, divers parties of wanderers from some unknown tribe became conspicuously evident in the southern Zulu border-lands. The local Natives regarded these intruders at first with considerable suspicion; for there were sinister whisperings abroad that they were none other than clandestine cannibals! A longer acquaintance, however, dispelled these fears and proved the newcomers to be mere innocent exiles or quite respectable connections. They were, in truth, orphans bereaved of their chief and banished from their fatherland, now come to throw themselves as vassals on the mercy of the mighty Zulu chief. Heartless enough of their foes, the Zulus were ever hospitable to the needy stranger; so to these homeless mendicants they sympathetically opened their doors and the reputed cannibals entered into the bosom of the Zulu-Kaffir family. So rapidly did they succeed in effacing their past history, in forgetting their mother tongue, and in identifying themselves with the tribes of their adoption, that ere long they became altogether indistinguishable from them. Within the space of a single generation they had become to all intents and purposes Zulu-Kaffirs, so that the younger folk grew up in the fond delusion that they were abaNtungwa of the first water. Their elders, however, avowed a Sutoid origin. As a matter of fact, they were what we have termed Sutoid or Swazi-Ngunis, from the northern district of Natal. They were of the same original stock as the Dlamini, the emaZizini, the eMbos, the emaHlutjini, the Swazi tribes and the people of Sikwata, all of whom for want of a clearer knowledge, were commonly confused by the Zulus with the totally different Suto people beyond them, to whom they were related only in a remote degree, and between whom and the Zulus they represented an intermediate or transition type.

Now, among these up-country tekela-speaking Nguni clans was one of considerable magnitude, peopling at the end of the 18th century the whole country bounded by the Biggarsberg Hills, the Klip river and the Tukela. It was subdivided into several sections, ruled by various chiefs - the Ntshangases, dwelling probably in the Klip river district, under Qunta, the paramount Bhele chief; the Shabanes, under Hlati; the Memelas, under Mdingi; along the Sunday's river, the Ntulis, under Mahlapahlapa, between the Lenge hill and the Mzinyati; and others under Maliwa and Jojo - which unitedly formed the large emaBheleni tribe.

At the time in point, the tocsin of doom had already rung out in the north, and the curtain had risen upon the incipient tragedy of Shaka's life. The preludial clash of arms had driven the ema-Cunwini, led by Macingwane, flying towards the Mzimkulu, with the Tembus, under Ngoza, at their heels. And while the emaBheleni, now exposed to the full brunt of the on-coming storm, with no longer a buffer-tribe between them and the Zulus, were still standing aghast at such terrifying events, a third host of maddened fugitives, with firebrand and dripping assegai, were beheld swooping down directly upon them from a northerly direction.

It would seem that away in the north-east on the further side of the Zulus, the valiant Zwide, with the great Ndwandwe tribe, had at length, about the year 1819, succumbed to the irresistible Shaka, and that in his headlong flight past the Ntabankulu mount, he had scattered the surprised emaNgwaneni like terrified sheep from his path. Matiwane, their chief, too discreet to hazard further disaster by delay, immediately proceeded to gather his people together, and at the assegai's point, to follow in the train of Macingwane and Ngoza towards the Cape.

Abandoning the land of their birth with scarce a moment for a sigh, with infuriated desperation the emaNgwaneni threw themselves upon the emaHlutjini barring their way to the south; then over the Mzinyati, upon the dazed and weakly emaBheleni. Needless to say, no quarter was given there. Those of them who, dwelling in the more upland and northern localities (as the people of Qunta and Hlati) chanced to be athwart Matiwane's path were mercilessly burnt or butchered, infants and females, aged and sick alike, in true Matiwanean style, till not a body was any longer seen nor a foot-fall heard in erstwhile emaBheleni-land.

And for those few still remaining undisturbed to the east, a like hard fate was not long postponed. Shaka's legions had already crossed the Rubicon, and had commenced working havoc amongst the impotent Lala clans betwixt the Tukela and Mngeni. Aye, even now they were hastily beating their way upland in relentless pursuit of Ngoza and Matiwane, who for the nonce were evading their clutches and were vainly hoping for a short respite, in the immediate neighbourhood of the remnants of the emaBheleni, in the country between the upper

bend of the Tukela and the Drakensberg. To the heartless Shaka, who was already contemplating the wholesale roasting alive of his own mother's family, it made little difference that from these luckless emaBheleni, his father, Senzangakona, had taken to wife the charming damsel, Bhibhi, daughter of Nkobe, of the Ntuli clan. Wise enough to place no reliance on mere sentiment in Shaka's regard, Mdingi, a chief of the Memela emaBheleni; Nombewu and Baleni, of the neighbouring enTlangwini; Boyiya and Nkani, of the trans-Tukelan Ndunges; Mkalipi, of the eNywamvini; Mahawule, of the Fuzes, and later Noqandambedu, of the ama Gwanyane, judged it expedient to remove themselves forthwith from the inevitable danger. Individually too weak to escape, united they might fight their way through the everywhere encompassing tribes. So, as a confederated force, they boldly struck out for the south; drove through unscathed, the Wushe armies arrayed from Maritzburg to the Karkloof, to prevent their passage; and ultimately reached the Cape tribes who were still enjoying undisturbed ancient peace. Here the amaBhele of Mdingi met again the compatriots who had preceded them under Qunta and Mabhungane (or Hlati), and were glad like them to be at any rate permitted to live as menials in the local kraals, and, among the Fingoes of the Old Colony, representatives of the emaBheleni are still numerous.

But what of those forlorn stragglers who had thought to elude the gory grasp of Matiwane and Shaka, not by flight, but by refuge in the shades and crannies of their old mountains and forests? True, they had still some of their old chiefs, as Mahlapahlapa, left among them; but the mere presence of these, without their protection, was small consolation. Too soon did chiefs and people alike discover that for the one sharp pang of the assegai they had but substituted the more lingering tortures of starvation. A distressful existence was of course obtainable for a season from nature's frugal table. But soon the winter came and nature's larder grew empty, when, in the snow and sleet and biting winds, it had best been full. And then? Then dogs and the most disgusting of beasts and reptiles and carrion became delicacies rarely procurable. And then? Ah! then man, almost unreasonably tenacious of life, found himself face to face with the hideous fact that he could only live now by sacrificing his brother man. Now at last he must close his eyes and resolutely wring from his breast all that there is of tender sentiment of sympathy, of love - or die. Former friendships petrified into merciless hostility. Love of father for son, of mother for child, was crushed savagely out of the human heart; and once again in his evolution, man devoid of feeling and conscience, became an irrational and irresponsible beast.

To this sad climax many of the Ndunges and Kanywayos, were finally driven; but of all these human man eaters, the emaBheleni were the most dreaded. Their stronghold about the eLenge Hill near the lower Waschbank river, became the most shunned and perilous spot in all the land for any solitary traveller to approach. When

Macingwane, the famous, now the fugitive chief of the great ema-Cunwini tribe, in his return flight from the south had been so ill-starred as to pass within its neighbourhood and so into the cooking-pots of the ema-Bheleni; when the Ndunges had already been reported to have devoured their own chief, Boyiya; then Mahlapahlapa, head of the remnant Ntulis, came to make the alarming discovery that not even the sacred person of kings was longer respected by these quite too excessively cannibalistic subjects of his, and that if he would save his own flesh for himself, it were wise to place some distance between his people and his person. He consequently drove them over the Mzinyati river, where they came into contact with the Zulu clans under Shaka's more orderly rule. Amidst such surroundings they found themselves compelled to forego their cannibalistic propensities, and to lead more respectable, if servile lives as menials in the Zulu kraals or as recruits in the Zulu army. There, amongst the Zulu people, they became known, not as the emaBheleni, but as the people of Ntuli - the cognomen of that particular section of the tribe to which they had originally adhered.

Among these recent arrivals was a man named Ndlela, who, born at the eLenge, was a son of Sompisi, a near relative of that selfsame Nkobe, who, many years before, had given his daughter, Bhibhi, in marriage to Senzangakona, Shaka's own father. Within a short five years this erstwhile cannibal, by his wonderful deeds of prowess, grew to be the outshining star among the Zulu braves, and so ingratiated himself with Shaka, that he was ultimately appointed to the charge of a considerable district running along the Tukela, between the Mpapala and the Mfongosi, the aboriginal Lala inhabitants of which had been already subjected or expelled. When Dingane ascended the throne, Ndlela attained to the pinnacle of power, becoming the king's prime minister, the most important personage in the whole Zulu nation. Such is the caprice of Dame Fortune.

Throughout all the stirring episodes of Dingane's reign, Ndlela figured largely. In part responsible for the massacre at the emGung-gundlovu kraal of Piet Retief and his sixty Boers, he must likewise bear the guilt of the subsequent slaughter at Weenen and of many other foul acts. When, in after days, the combined forces of Mpande and the Boers invaded Zululand, Dingane's army was commanded by Ndlela. Alas! fickle fortune favoured him no more. Wounded, yet fighting valiantly, he lost the battle, and the enraged master whom he had served so well, as kings are wont, ordered him to be slain, a victim of failure.

The rise of Ndlela to power marked the dawn of redemption for many a less lucky clansman. No longer needing to lead the life of serfs among an alien people, straggler after straggler arrived and clustered round their exalted brother, in the piece of country under his charge about the Mfongosi river or at the Mpapala. There the old tribe was resurrected once more under a new-made chief.

Godide was Ndlela's principal son and like his sire, he perished in the service of his king. He was slain fighting for the loyalists in the memorable battle between Cetjwayo and Zibhebhu fought, subsequently to the restoration of the former, at the Ondini kraal on the 21st of July, 1883. Leaving no heir to succeed him as headman of those Ntulis who had gathered round his father at the Mfongosi, the charge passed to a younger brother, Mpumela.

The son of Ndlela, however, next in importance to Godide, was Mavumengwana, who had been raised by Mpande to the rank of induna of Cetjwayo's Own, otherwise the amaMboza or uTulwana regiment and had become the recognised head of that section of the Ntuli clan gathering together at the Mpapala near Eshowe, and in these days ruled by his son Mfungelwa.

Upon the inauguration of peace in the land, consequent upon the establishment of the British power in Natal scattered individuals of the emaBheleni clan began to collect together from all directions also in that colony, and finally united under Ndomba, son of Qunta. The remnants of the Memela section regathered round Mdingi's son Mshukangubo, and settled above the Dronkvlei. Others again gravitated naturally towards their ancient homeland assembled about the upper Mzinyati, and afterwards, in Mpande's reign feeling the attraction of their kindred living under Godide, in Zululand, migrated in a body and settled alongside them at the junction of the Mzinyati and Tukela rivers. Nevertheless, a large proportion of the emaBheleni people, descendants of those who accompanied Qunta and Mdingi to the south are still to be found scattered about in every part of the Cape Colony.

THE DLAMINI CLAN

All the pastoral highlands from beyond the Mooi River to the Drakensberg, and constituting what are now the upper districts of Natal, were in Senzangakona's days, but sparsely populated. Each of the tribes then in possession - the emaBheleni, the emaZizini and the Dlamini - had appropriated to itself a piece of territory of unusually extensive range. This would seem to suggest that these inland Sutoid Ngunis were of comparatively more recent arrival in these parts than the thickly-massed Lala or Tonga Ngunis, adjoining them on the seaward side, and that, prior to their arrival, these regions had been unoccupied save by roving Bushmen.

The Dlamini tribe, in four different sections, had, already at the period we are considering, distributed its kraals over all the territory intervening between the emaBheleni on the Biggarsberg and Mzinyati river on the one hand and the emaZizini halfway up the Bushman's River and the Wushes about the upper Mooi River on the other. Like the emaZizini and the emaBheleni of whom we have already re-

lated, they were Tekela-Ngunis of the Sutoid branch, and hence more closely allied to the Swazi tribes northward of Zululand than to the tekela-speaking in their immediate vicinity, belonging to the Tonga or Lala branch. They were one of those tribes that boasted of an extraordinary long pedigree, the more ancient and nobler moiety of which we accept only with the proverbial granum salis. They called themselves the people of Dlamini, because all their divers sections claimed a common descent from an ancestor of that name.

This Dlamini had belonged to a certain tekela-speaking clan (which, none now can indicate) away in the neighbourhood of Swaziland, from which region he had migrated southward, in all probability about the commencement of the 18th century, between the years 1712 and 1730. Whether he was himself the scion of a noble house, or not, there is now no explicit evidence to tell; but considering the very grandiose list of ancestors he brought along with him, we must needs assume that he was. For his father (said he) had flaunted the regally-sounding title of Lusiba-lukulu (He of the Long Feather), and was, moreover, the son of Domo, son of Ntlontlonde, son of Lubiyele, son of Lolwa, son of Lokotwako, son of Siqongweni, son of Nomagwala, son of Kuta, son of Mnyambane.

Now, calculating from the present chief backwards to the last-named ancestor, with an average (according to our rule for these Bantu sovereigns) of 18 years to each chieftain's reign, we find that Mnyambane must have wielded the sceptre somewhere betwixt the years 1532 and 1550. Such is, then a truly princely ancestry, and a rather interesting one withal; for this name, Mnyambane (from whom, not only the local Dlamini, but an equally multitudinous progeny away behind took their descent) is suggestive and leads one to wonder whether peradventure the well-known spot on the East African coast, yclept eNyambane (Portuguese, Inhambane) had any connection with this individual, or he with it. Even so, although perfectly aware that these Sutoid-Ngunis are reported to have cultivated a veritable mania for lengthy genealogies, and although granting that the afore-given series of names may be a true list of Dlamini's more famous forebears (including divers uncles, granduncles and other such remote kinsfolk) we are nevertheless not prepared to offer it as a reliable catalogue of Dlamini ancestry in accurate sequence from father to son. We are not prepared to believe that any race of mankind of the mental calibre of these Bantu, leading the roving and precarious life they did, and absolutely devoid of any other means than the very unsatisfactory one of memory for preserving their historical data, could have maintained intact a continuous succession of names reaching so far back as the commencement of the 16th century. Counting from the present paramount chief of the clan back to his ancestor, Dlamini, we have nine generations. This is as many as we can safely credit the Bantu memory with having preserved with any assurance of accuracy; all beyond it we must declare decidedly doubtful - not

so much as regards the genuineness of the names as their succession and genealogical worth.

But the tradition that Dlamini begat four sons, that we may believe without demur, to wit, Mdineka (firstborn) Buhlalu-bude (chief heir) Dlomo and Makaza (minor sons). Naturally again, each of these bequeathed to his country his own particular legacy of offspring. That offspring has since developed into four more or less considerable clans.

Buhlalu-bude (ruling circ. 1730-1748) begat Meyiwa, father of Mdlovu, father of Mzabane, father of Ngonyama (the which was chief at the inception of the Shakan upheaval), father of Bhidla, father of Zwelinjani, who died in his boyhood, and, his mother failing to provide another male substitute, a special bride was taken and affiliated to her but for the purpose of raising up for the tribe an heir, which indeed was successfully accomplished in the person of Dlangana, father of Sihlangu, now living. This is the paramount branch of the clan, and therefore rightly assumes the title of the 'people of Dlamini' proper, though its more special designation is 'they of the ekuNene' (i.e. right hand or principal) side of the kraal or family.

A section of the tribe whose name is much more familiar to us is that of the emaKuzeni, so called after the chief kraal of its founder, Mdineka (firstborn of Dlamini), who in turn begat Sivunga, father of Dlomo (the second) father of Nomagaga (ruling when Shaka appeared) father of Miso, father of Mukulela, father of Mzikofini, still living.

Another equally well known branch is that of the enTlangwini, likewise so designated after the chief kraal of Dlamini's youngest son, Makaza, father of Tiba, who, however, dying without male issue, his brother Mabandla was deputed to 'enter' (ingena) according to Native custom, the surviving widow and thus raise up for the tribe, in his brother's stead, an heir, named Mengowa who in turn begat Gasa, father of Nombewu (contemporary of Shaka) father of Fodo, father of Nkiswa, father of Bhaka, now living.

Of these enTlangwini there exists moreover a branch. The particular Mabandla aforementioned, after having successfully functioned on his dead brother's behalf as procreator of an heir-apparent to the tribal throne, esteemed himself thereby elevated to a quasi-regal status. He accordingly withdrew with a following and assumed the rank and role of a petty chieftain in his own right, and in due course begat Mhwebu, father of Nongcama, father of Baleni (ruling in Shaka's time), father of Sidoyi, father of Pata, now living.

The last or least significant of the Dlamini clanlets is that named after esiPahleni, kraal of Dlamini's third son, Dlomo (the first) who begat Sotshenge, father of Mantayi, father of Mpumela, father of Nondaba, father of Mbazwana, still ruling.

At length in the year 1816, the allied clans, with hearts fortified by hope and eyes fixed on the distant goal, marched bravely forth, daring all soever as should be bold enough to oppose them. Alas!

they had not marched far before they encountered such in abundance. Scarcely fifty miles from home, the warlike Zelemus, led by the redoubtable Madikane, had drawn themselves up in battle array, an impassable barrier, beyond the midMngeni. A season before, the retreating emaCunwini had passed this selfsame way, causing the unexpected Lalas much misery and loss. But now they were prepared, and fiercely drove the unhappy confederates back whence they came in a more piteous state than ever.

Howbeit, to the south they must. So they enlisted the support of the Gwenyane chief, Noqandambhedu, who as an immediate neighbour of Madikane's, no doubt gladly availed himself of this opportunity of paying off old scores long harboured against him. With this considerable reinforcement of their strength, back to the fray hastened the confederate tribes, and this time not only did they effect a clear passage, but they had the extra satisfaction of ousting their erstwhile vanquishers altogether from their country and of driving Madikane, a blaspheming vagabond, before them.

Madikane, however, soon wearied of scurrying along before this hornets' nest, and accordingly, after crossing the middle Mlazi, he bore off by a more inland path; destroyed beyond recovery the Kalalo clan about Richmond, as he passed, and then suddenly found his progress stopped by the more powerful Macingwane, with his emaCunwini, now settled on the Cekwane felt at the Mzimkulu, and to whom he thought it wiser for the present to pay court.

But not yet were the confederates out of the wood; not yet had they attained to their haven of rest. Had they but known it, few among them would ever taste of earthly peace again. Life for them would henceforth be one continuous warfare against adversity of every kind, in many hideous forms, unto the end. Never for them the sunny joys of the pastoral life and a comfortable home. Only forlorn wandering plundering, slaying, violent separation from parents, from children, from friends; the gnawing pangs of hunger or of the worm of despondency; then, the climax of all, an agonizing death, without comfort or sympathy, oftentimes alone, forsaken in the caves or on the veld.

A merciful Providence had veiled all this from them now, and to-day they pursued their way, if not gayly, at any rate buoyed up with hope. From the vicinity of Maritzburg, with the Zelemus fleeing before them, they struck off for the mid Mlazi. There, while they were occupied battling their way through the Njilos under Sibenya, son of Sali, whom, moreover, they routed and drove on ahead, Madikane succeeded in escaping from their clutches by sheering off along a more inland route.

From Mjiloland the confederate army marched triumphantly on and invaded the territory, first of the emaCindaneni under Makosikazi, then that of the Ntjeles under the heroic Nomabunga between the Lovu and Mkomazi, and finally that of the Shangases further down the same watershed - all resistance on the part of these small clans

proving futile against so imposing a force.

At this point, despite their now easy and recurrent victories, some of the migrating chiefs seem to have grown disheartened. This endless roving none knew whither; this continuous agony of hunger and anxiety and cold; this purchase of life only the murder of others, had lost its novelty and relish for them, and they yearned again for the peace and plenty they had so foolishly relinquished. So back along the bloody trail of their own wanton slaughter they trudged, let us hope, remorseful sinners - Boyiya leading his Dunges, Mahawule his Ngongomas, Mkalipi his eNywamvini and Noqandambhedu his Gwenyanes - each back to the foodless and blackened waste of his abandoned country. What newer afflictions awaited them there we shall relate in due course.

But the wretched enTlangwini and emaBheleni had no homeland to look lovingly back to, no flesh-pots but those of wild beasts and cannibalism; so henceforth they continued their weary march alone. They crossed the Mzimkulu and reached the left bank of the Mzimvubu. These vast expanses of green unoccupied veld spread away before them to the horizon on their right and on their left - the long struggle had come to an end at last; now might they build themselves new homes and bask in halcyon days once more.

So enchanting a mirage, so soon to be transformed into the most hideous of realities! Madikane, whom they had imagined to be disabled and banished from their path for all time, had actually been rapidly recovering himself by the aid of their very labours and daily waxing stronger by the incorporation into his forces of those very clans whom they had striven so painfully to disperse. With such enhancement of power, continued subservience to Macingwane, a mere fugitive like himself, proved distasteful to Madikane's growing pride, and independence could now safely be asserted. So, with an augmented army he moved away and following in the wake of the last feeble remnant of those confederates who had wrought his ruin. It is said that upon overtaking them, he first of all tendered them the offer of an alliance, in which no doubt he would play the lion and they prove the ass. They indignantly refused this offer of his friendship; whereupon Madikane cleared for action.

A nine year struggle (circ. 1813-1827) for supremacy, aye! for very life, ensued, a war of the fiercest and most inveterate kind between the united enTlangwini and emaBheleni, led by Nombewu and Mdingi, on the one side, and on the other, the composite army, generated by Madikane, and consisting of the Zelemus and remnants of most of the other clans which the confederates had dispersed on their passage down. Many and sanguinary were the battles that raged there on the northern banks of the Mzimvubu, polluting the virgin sward with gore and human entrails, and the pure atmosphere with the stench of the murdered men. Loud were the curses of hate and the wails of distress that now ascended as profanations to the sunny

sky. Such was the coming of man into the hallowed paradise where heretofore nature had luxuriated undefiled in unruffled bliss. In one of those battles, Mdingi, exulted in bereaving Madikane of his dearest son, Sonyangwe, and the Zelemus of the prospective chief. In another Madikane is given his sweet revenge and by the hand of his brother, Ncapayi, slays the enTlangwini chief himself, Nombewu.

With this great loss, the heart went out from the enTlangwini, and the two last remaining parties to the confederacy, who had clung together so faithfully throughout unintermittent tribulation, finally parted company. A new host of fugitives, now from Zululand itself - the Qwabes, led by Nqeto - had recently (at the end of 1828) arrived in their vicinity. With these, Mdingi and his remaining emaBheleni allied themselves to the mutual advantage of each.

But the canker of hate endured; and when, soon after, Madikane found himself involved in battle with Nguvencuka, a Cape Tembu chief, Mdingi instigated a certain Irish trader, who was assisting him, to lodge a bullet in his detested foe; and in an instant the great warrior chief, Madikane, fell. When, but one year hence, the Qwabes in their turn were all but exterminated by Faku, the Mpondo chief, on the banks of the Mzimvubu, and Nqeto, their chief, barely escaped on horseback, Mdingi was with him. Nqeto wended his way back to Zululand to receive there a rebel's death; but as for Mdingi, from this point he disappears from the troublous page of history into the eternal calm of oblivion.

And what of the enTlangwini? After the death of their chief, Nombewu, and the clan's subsequent dispersal (c. 1828) Fodo, his son and successor, determined to forsake this ill-fated neighbourhood in which all the refuse and evils of Kaffirland had latterly accumulated. He had heard by report that the devastation of Natal, partly commenced by his own people, had been subsequently completed by the roaming impis of Shaka; and he wondered whether he might not succeed in hiding himself and his handful of people away in some secluded nook amidst the vast untrodden waste. With such of his clan as had survived their continued hardship, he quietly retired back over the Mzimkulu, and thence forward never more encountered sign or habitation of mankind - only a lonely wilderness wrapt in the stillness of universal death.

Having reached the Mkomazi, an ideal spot presented itself in that beautiful valley, some distance above the Ufafa. There, with none to molest him, freed of 'the grating strife of tyrants and of foes' Fodo erected his Dumezulu kraal, and for many years after reposed in a quite idyllic peace. The whole enTlangwini kingdom now consisted of his own and two dozen other families, fifteen of whom went forward to build on the banks of the Mngeni. But the kraals were large, for protection's sake, and comprised as many as thirty huts, representing perhaps over a hundred souls, in each kraal.

Fodo's return had been at the psychological moment; for almost

immediately afterwards, Shaka was assassinated and the reign of terror abruptly ceased. Dingane, the latter's brother, for the nonce wholly preoccupied with the details of his own usurpation of the Zulu sovereignty, at once withdrew, together with his army, from Natal into the Zulu country proper. He had scarcely done so, when, fearing lest his Natal subjects, relieved of his restraining presence, might conceive the idea of union and so rebellion, he ordered all forthwith to remove their kraals, for better surveillance, to the country northward of the Tongaat river. Still suspicious, he soon afterwards ordained that they should vacate Natal altogether, in all those parts lying to the right of the Tukela from the sea to its source, and so be placed out of the reach of any temptation to throw off their allegiance and join the white man then congregating about Durban. But this abandonment of Natal by Dingane and his Natal subjects was a welcome signal to the remnants of the evicted clans still struggling in a congested mass southward of the Mzimkulu, that now they might hazard a stealthy reoccupation of their aboriginal homelands. For with Dingane had disappeared the danger that had hitherto prevented their return; vanished the last trace of that hideous stormcloud, which, for ten years past, had enveloped Natal in once perpetual cyclone, carrying to all its corners havoc and death. The sunshine of peace beamed once more over the dismal scene, pouring comfort everywhere, kindling hope in multitudes of miserable hearts, warming almost the dead to life again.

The famished and worn-out enTlangwini too received their share of these sweets of life, but, despite so severe a lesson, had not yet learned its wisdom. Intoxicated by this sudden surfeit of mental and physical delights, they all too soon forgot their recent poverty and humiliation. Like so many other simple children before them, they failed to recognise when they were in clover, and as is wont, waxed fat and kicked. Unfortunately for them a government more stable and strong than any they had ever known, now ruled in the land. For his political sins, Fodo, in 1846, had to suffer the penalty of deposition at the hands of the British authorities, and once more to march away, an unwilling exile, to the south. Still unchastened, the ever unruly enTlangwini, belonging to the brother branch of the clan ruled by Sidoyi, son of Baleni, committed other serious state offences for which in 1857, their chief was outlawed and the tribe punished. Sidoyi, like Fodo, fled over the borders of Natal into the unannexed territory of 'No Man's Land' beyond the Mzimkulu.

When Nombewu left Dlamini-land to join the Lala confederacy, it was the enTlangwini section of the tribe alone which accompanied him. The ekuNene or principal branch, as well as the esiPahleni, elected to remain behind as tributaries of their conqueror, Ngoza, of the ebaTenjini. But the hour of retribution was drawing nigh for Ngoza, and in his adventures and misfortunes the Dlaminis would perforce become participators. Instead of escaping from Shaka, he

had, by his flight, but drawn that dreaded despot's attention more intently upon him. Not more than four seasons had come and passed since Ngoza's invasion of Dlamini-land, when Shaka's army, under his own personal command, bore down upon him. How Ngoza contrived to accomplish it no doubt puzzled many another sadly beaten chief; but the astounding fact remained that Ngoza did the impossible and defeated Shaka, who was compelled to decamp without having effected his purpose. Ngoza himself seems to have been as much amazed as was everybody else, and made up his mind not to take such risks again. He therefore packed up his goods without delay, and about the year 1818, accompanied by the whole of his people (including most of the remaining Dlaminis, with their chiefs), took the beaten track to the south.

He waded the Tukela, above its junction with the Mzinyati, then crossed the Mooi river and ousted from his path the emaXasibeni under Njoli. These scampered off to their overlord, Mahawule of the Fuzes, who, as a member of the Lala confederacy, had returned about a year before, and reoccupied his former country.

Ngoza next encountered the Nwabes, dwelling along the Nyamvuba under their chief Mhlumbi, and soon afterwards the combined Wushe tribe in four sections, to wit, those under Nqinambi about the sources of the Karkloof river, those under Nlepu on the upper Mngeni, those under Nondaba somewhat lower down, and finally, the paramount branch of the clan, ruled by Mbhedu, on the left bank of the same river. All of these Ngoza ejected from their holdings and swept off before or along with him to the south. While the majority betook themselves to their relatives, the Zelemus, under Madikane, already more than a year resident about the Cabhane river, over the Mzimkulu, others, including the paramount chief, Mbhedu, threw in their lot, with the ebaTenjini, whom they accompanied to the Mzimvubu.

A little beyond the Msunduze, the Dlamini division of Ngoza's host, made itself useful by clearing the course of the Nkabanis, living under Gawu, inhabiting the upper Mlazi district. From this point onward the road was a wilderness, having been already practically depopulated, partly by Macingwane and his emaCunwini settled on the middle Mzimkulu and partly by the Lala confederacy spoken of above.

At last the wandering multitude struck the Mzimvubu where they were brought to a standstill by the large and formidable emaMpondweni tribe ruled by Faku, towards whose borders all the riff-raff of creation seemed now to be getting swept, there to form a struggling mass of mutually plundering and murdering humanity.

What with the constant accessions gathered on the march and those picked up here in the south, Ngoza's following began to assume quite imposing dimensions. So much so, that about the year 1820, he felt himself able to aspire to the high glory of conqueror of Mpondo-land. He may have known his own strength, but he sadly underestimated that of his adversary, Faku. For this mistake he paid with his

life, as did also his ally, Mbhedu, chief of the Wushes.

After this utter defeat, the ebaTenjini wandered for some years like lost sheep over the country betwixt the Mzimvubu and Mzimkulu, the prey or the vassals of any stronger clan in the vicinity. At length, weary of so wretched an existence, like so many others before and after, they succumbed to homesickness. They re-crossed the Mzimkulu (perhaps about the period of Dingane's accession) and surrendered themselves to the Zulu power in the hope, no doubt, of being thus some day enabled to return to live in the old homeland. They afterwards availed themselves of Mpande's revolt (in 1839) to gain release once more from the hard Zulu yoke. Once safely arrived in Natal, they reassembled round Ngoza's son, Nodada, and when Mpande returned to Zululand, to wage war against Dingane, the majority of them remained behind with Nodada.

The Dlamini, however, after their return from the Mpondo neighbourhood, hazarded a visit to their old country and attempted a settlement there; but such presumption enraged Dingane, who despatched an impi to eject them. A more submissive attitude secured for them permission to settle as Zulu vassals - some on the lower Mtjezi or Bushman's river under Dingane's local headman, Sotobe; others under Ngoza (of the ekuNene branch) Mazongwe (of the emaKuzeni) and Mbazwana (of the esiPahleni), in the vicinity of their relative Fodo, in the middle Mkomazi district.

Genealogy of the Dlamini Clan

Mnyambane	(1532 - 1550)
Kutu	1550 - 1580
Nomagwala	1568 - 1586
Siqongwani	1586 - 1604
Lokotwako	1604 - 1622
Lolwa	1622 - 1640
Lubiyela	1640 - 1658
Ntlontlonde	1658 - 1676
Domo	1676 - 1698
Lusibalukulu	1694 - 1712
Lutuli	DLAMINI 1712 - 1730

<u>Mdineka</u>	BUHLALUBUDE 1730 - 1748	<u>Dlomo</u>	<u>Makaza</u>
Chief son.		(of esiPahleni kraal)	(of enTlangwini kraal)
Meyiwa	1748 - 1766		
Mdlovu	1766 - 1784		
Mzabane	1784 - 1802		
Ngonyama	1802 - 1820		

- 1 Mniki 2 Malindi 3 Dunusela 4 Sihlabebe 5 Nguza 6 Gobinca
 7 BHIDLA 1820 - 1838 (Chief son) 8 Kibengena
 1 Naloba 2 Mangxunyama 3 Ngxibongwana 4 Ngxavoyo 8 ZWELIN-
 JANI 1838 - 1856
 (chief son no issue)
 9 Dlangana 1856 - 1874 5 Tinjane 6 SHAKA 7 Qika
 (by affiliation)
 SIHLANGU (Present paramount chief)

The Emzkuzeni Sub Clan

- Mdineka (see above)
 Sivunga
 Dlomo II
 Nomagasa
 Ncashane Bulingwe MISO (Chief son) Langaeni Mazongwe
 Kukulela
 Madulini Cwi Fidi Pata MZIKOFINI (chief son)

The Esipahleni Sub Clan

- DLOMO I (see above)
 Nongogo Sotjenge
 Mantayi
 Dweba Nongwadla MPUMELA (chief son) Fuzula Nomagwala
 Dlungwana
 Nontjiza Nomagaga Nondaba
 MBAZWANA

The Entlangwini Sub Clan

- MAKAZA (see above)
 Tiba (chief son) Mabandla
 no issue Mhwebu
 Mengewa raised by Mabandla Sondam Nongcama

PART TWO

SHAKA'S FIRST NATAL CAMPAIGN

INTRODUCTION

Although we have not yet reached that page in our work, whereon we should properly narrate the personal history of the world-famous Zulu chief and the annals of his reign, even so it may be more convenient for the cohesion and intelligibility of our narrative if we make our survey of the remaining Natal tribes in the order in which Shaka visited them with conquest or destruction.

Anno Domini 1817. It was the year in which Dingiswayo had been entrapped and murdered by the Ndwandwe chief, Zwide - Dingiswayo, the great and good; Dingiswayo, king of the Mtetwas and founder of the Zulu empire.

Scarcely had the great chief been hustled into his untimely grave, than all the multitude of his tributary chieftains, commenced contending for the now-vacated paramountcy of Zulu-Kaffirland. Among all these clans, that of the Zulus led by the youthful Shaka, was by far the most ambitious and aggressive; though not as yet reputed the most powerful. In that respect the pride of place fell by universal consent to their northern neighbours, the Ndwandwes.

Now, when these latter, by a mere fluke of fortune, had killed the great Mtetwa king, they followed up their success and backed their claim to the supremacy by immediately invading the land of the Zulus, almost adjoining their southern border. To their surprise they were signally defeated; and it henceforth became apparent to all that Shaka, the Zulu chieftain, was the cock destined to rule the roost.

True, Shaka had shown his mettle already prior to this, to wit, in his conquest of the neighbouring Butelezis and the apprehension he had consequently engendered in the hearts of the adjacent ebaTenjini and emaCunwini, so much so that both these clans elected to make a headlong flight out of his reach rather than stand to face him. But still none of these clans was quite of the same fighting calibre as Zwide and his Ndwandwe hosts. Shaka, however, after overcoming the Butelezis had conceived the then quite novel idea of utterly demolishing them as a separate tribal entity by incorporating all their manhood into his own clan or following, which brilliant manoeuvre immediately reduced his possible foes for all time by one and at the same time doubled the number of his own army.

With this augmentation of strength, Shaka's ambition grew apace. He accordingly surveyed his surroundings for further promising ventures. To the north the road was risky, for the Ndwandwes, though momentarily repulsed, were far from having been destroyed. To the south the prospect was more promising. Had not the ebaTenjini chief, Ngoza, but three seasons ago, dared to evade his clutches by flight on the memorable day of his victory over that tribe's overlord, Pungashe, of the Butelezis? And had not that selfsame ebaTenjini chief had the temerity to attack and oust from their holding a certain helpless Natal clan, called the emaKuzeni? And had not this poltroon of an emaKuzeni chief scooted before the foe and craved help of him, the great Shaka? And were not these emaKuzeni 'with reddened eyes' still awaiting that help, while Ngoza and his people were lounging in their huts and tilling their cornfields, there between the Mzinyati and the Tukela rivers? Aye! to the south and Ngoza he would betake himself. But before he can reach that objective, many are the other helpless clans he must first pass through and gather into his net as he goes.

So, among the Zulus, the watchword went forth. 'To the south and Ngoza'. Before them, in that direction a vast unpeopled wilderness stretched out; for, already a year before, the large emaCunwini tribe, that had formerly dwelt there, with cattle and wives had taken their cue from the neighbouring Tembus and hurriedly removed themselves from Shaka's proximity. But beyond this wilderness Shaka knew full well was game galore.

The banks of the Tukela at that period were thickly populated by numerous clans, small and large, some on the more inland side of the Swazi-Nguni, others, lower down, of the Lala or Tonga-Nguni stock. To these Shaka now hied himself and won victories such as he had never won before - bloodless, victories yet each withal bringing its increment of territory and power.

THE EMACUBENI CLAN

The first tribe Shaka met with on this his southward course was that of the emaCubeni (cognomen Shezi) who, with their Majozi sub-clan, inhabited the region of the Nkandhlana forest. These emaCubeni were the final outpost of the abaNtungwa or up-country Zulu-Ngunis, in this direction. There were a small and insignificant remnant of the great emaCunwini tribe, to whom they are closely allied, if not indeed of the same blood. But, as the Zulu proverb avers, 'blood relations never pay each others honours' (umndini kawufakani'mbhedu), generally preferring to maintain a continuous fight over the family spoils. So, when the emaCunwini trekked to the south, Zokufa, chief of the emaCubeni, elected to remain behind. In his abandonment, Zokufa soon discovered himself to be in a sadly helpless and preca-

rious position, hemmed in as he was between the powerful clan of the eMbo on the one hand and the Nyuswas on the other, not to speak of the still more dreary outlook northward in the Zulu direction. He consequently looked around for the most promising party with whom he might best ally himself and selected Zihlandhlo the strong chief of eMbos whose subject he and his clan henceforth became. When now the inevitable happened and the irresistible Zulu army swarmed down upon the Tukela valley, along with his suzerain, he meekly submitted and with them was left in peace.

In after years, when Shaka was dead and the eMbos were expelled from their holding by his successor, Dingane, Zokufa again took the prudent course of currying the favour of the stronger party and thus once more secured the safety of himself and his clan. In the ancient homeland he was permitted by Dingane to remain and there he laid his bones to rest, resigning the tribal chieftainship into the hands of his son Sigananda.

The Zulu power having by this time practically collapsed, Sigananda enjoyed a long reign of unintermitted peace; until, in his old age the arch-disturber, Mbambada, appeared on the scene (1896) when Sigananda, lacking the prudence of his father, foolishly allied himself with him and came with him to grief. Having been duly captured by the Colonial force, he died, in the following year, a miserable death in a British prison.

THE EMBO CLAN

When the Portuguese first became acquainted with Delagoa Bay and its vicinity, their itinerant traders about the year 1594, discovered dwelling along the seaward slopes of the Lubombo range and away towards the ocean, a considerable tribe of Natives, whom (probably on the strength of information supplied them by their West African interpreters, who would naturally affix the vz prefix) they described in their books as vaMbe, but who were more probably known among themselves as the abaseMbo (i.e. the people of eMbo).

In the palmy days of the Tembe kings, when, at any rate from the year 1757 to about 1794, these Tonga potentates held universal sway throughout the whole of the Delagoa Bay region, it is practically certain that this eMbo clan was also subject to them. Indeed some important members of the clan, notably Mbandeni, a recent Swazi king, have gone so far as to assert that they and the Tembes were in origin one and the same people. Philological and other difficulties proclaim this to have been eminently improbable, albeit some close blood relationship, by affinity, may have existed between them. On the other hand, philological facts, as well as historical traditions, tend to prove that these eMbos, along with many of the then neighbouring Swazi clans and the emaBheleni, the Dlamini and kindred peoples

in Natal were all alike members of that Bantu group described ethnographically as the Sutoid or Swazi Ngunis.

However, in due course the inevitable family quarrel arose among the Tembe royalty; faction fighting followed and ended in the total breaking up of the tribe and the collapse of its supremacy, at some period antecedent to the death of the Tembe chief, Mwayi, about the year 1794.

It is precisely at that time that the eMbo traditions take their rise. These people were then, it is said, engaged tramping the Lubombo hills in search of unannexed territory and pastures new. Maybe the break-up of the Tembe tribe had cast them adrift, and they were now considering how to start anew on their own. This they set about doing in the correct Native style - by fighting among themselves. What it was all about we are unable at this distance of time to discover; but in all likelihood the main object was to establish beyond dispute the claim to superiority or precedence advanced by one or other of the contending factions. At any rate the house of Mtonga (died c. 1766) whose descendants from the modern Mashabana clan, and the house of Dlamini (died c. 1779) whose descendants subsequently founded the Swazi nation, came to loggerheads. But whether they came to a settlement of their dispute is less certain; for at the end of it each marched off proclaiming victory, in a contrary direction, the people of Mtonga sheering off seawards, while those of Dlamini made their way up to the Pongola.

But there was a third section of the tribe calling itself the house of Mkize, and which, from the fact of the aboriginal tribal name having been appropriated by it, we may fairly assume, represented the principal branch of the family. While the other brethren were engaged squabbling beyond the Mkuze, these, the eMbos par excellence, proceeded on their quest to the south.

In those early days travelling en masse was tolerably secure, for the clans were still in their infancy and far apart, and from this consciousness of weakness and feeling of content were little disposed to interfere with the doing of others. Dingiswayo had not yet arisen to form them together into one political union under his own Mtetwa hegemony. Freedom of passage, therefore, along the lines of unoccupied lands was open to all and the Mkize eMbos passed safely along till they reached what appeared to them a promising site for settlement on the northern side of the Tukela valley, between the Ntuzi stream and the Equdeni forest. There unmolested they pitched their tents of supple sticks and grass; and there Shaka found them. We are confirmed in our belief that it was at this period that they reached the Tukela valley from the fact that all their present genealogical traditions start from this date, to wit, from their royal ancestor Mavovo; and Mavovo was reigning exactly at this time, dying approximately about the year 1778.

When on this his first campaign into Natal, Shaka loomed down

like a hideous spectre on slumbering emaCubeni-land, these latter people, which prudently offered him their submission and allegiance, no doubt duly apprised their liege-lord, the chief of the eMbos of his coming. And to the eMbos on the morrow he came - there over the Ntuzé stream where they were dwelling under Zihlandlo, son of Gcwabe, son of Kabazele, son of Mavovo, son of Gubhela, son of Mdladla, son of Nomhlanga, son of Mkize, son of Macaba. There we may well imagine the warrior chief, sturdy, though astute, welcoming the dreaded monster with flattering eloquence - how profoundly moved they all were by this unexpected condescension of a visit; how unutterable was the respect they cherished for his august person; how they all were and ever would be, the most ardent admirers of his prowess, were and ever would be his faithfulest of servants.

Much to their relief, Shaka passed immediately onward. Down into the bushy, burning valley of the Tukela, swarmed the savage multitude of the Zulu army, thank God! out of sight. It immediately forded the great river and Shaka commenced a formal (and now then forceful) inspection of the dumfounded valley tribes.

Perhaps the first of the Lala tribes he made the acquaintance of was a certain branch of the emaSomini, dwelling under their chief, Moyeni, just over the river opposite the eMbos, with whom they had been hitherto united, as tributaries of Zihlandlo. Shaka quickly cleared these from his path and they scampered off to join the other branch of their clan on the Mvoti.

Proceeding inland, along the southern banks of the Tukela, Shaka soon came across another small Lala clan, the emaKabeleni. Unfortunately for him they saw him coming and vanished forthwith into the innermost recesses of the impenetrable jungle which formed their especial preserve, leaving Shaka nonplussed outside. Yet not quite; for had he not that very day enlisted into his service a new and trusty lieutenant in the person of Zihlandlo, who, dwelling there hard by, should bring to completion what he himself lacked time and inclination to accomplish, the subjugation of these emaKabeleni folk? This agreeable task Zihlandlo found huge delight in executing, and about the year 1818, he destroyed every emaKabeleni kraal and settled his own people on their vacant sites.

Zihlandlo henceforth proved himself to be one of Shaka's most active and capable satellites, and won his favour in a way that few others did. With his liege-lord's sanction he inaugurated and successfully carried through several minor private campaigns of his own.

After the break-up and return of the Lala confederacy (of which we have already spoken when dealing with the Dlamini people) the reoccupation of his desolated homeland, in view of the very improbable prospects of any further independence no longer appealed to Mkalipi, chief of the Nyamvwinis. So, perhaps during the year 1817, he united himself and his following with the more powerful eMbo people.

Boyiya, however, the returned Dunge chieftain, though equally destitute and discouraged, had failed to take this salutary step, deluding himself no doubt with the hope of re-living once more the former days of peace and freedom. But times had galloped on since then, and Boyiya was sadly out of date in his musings. It did not take Zihlandlo long to discover and take advantage of his weakness. So he paid the Dunges a visit in force; but rather than submit, their chief preferred to see the utter destruction of his clan, many of whom, now destitute and starving vagabonds, rapidly developed cannibalistic propensities and took their revenge by speedily devouring Boyiya himself.

The remnants of another small Lala clan, the Njilos of Noqomfela and Noqosela, likewise incorporated themselves with Zihlandlo's people after their return (c. 1824) from the Drakensberg, whither they had betaken themselves in the vain hope of obtaining safety in the protection of the mighty emaNgwaneni chief, Matiwane, who alas! had himself now (c. 1822) succumbed to an onslaught of Shaka's army and been driven over the Berg.

Perhaps about this same period Zihlandlo came across another branch of this selfsame Njilo clan (the followers of Sibenya, son of Sali) wandering with their wives and stock forlorn about the veld. Not being willing to surrender, he attacked them, relieved them of their cattle and no doubt embodied the survivors of their male folk in his own fighting force.

In this way under the aegis of Shaka's favour Zihlandlo and his tribe waxed in magnitude and strength, until ere long he grew to be an object of intense jealousy and hatred to the other great ones of Shaka's entourage and especially of the royal brothers, none of whom was permitted even a semblance of such kindly independence and state as was enjoyed by Zihlandlo, whom, to make matters worse, Shaka had fondly referred to as his elder brother.

From the hour when Shaka fell by Dingane's hand, the fate of Zihlandlo too was sealed. Yet even the wolf must urge some tale of justification, however transparent, before proceeding to his meal. So when the first stormy years of Dingane's usurpation had blown safely by and he at length found himself firmly sitting on the Zulu throne, he soon found the long wished for leisure to wipe off old scores with Zihlandlo. What is this I hear? he plaintively asked. Zihlandlo, they say, declares his isigodlo (harem) to be as great as that of the Zulu king! Nous verrons.

Ere long he despatched a friendly note to the eMbo chief, requesting that the manhood of his tribe be permitted to come up and build for him a nice new kraal. They were accordingly marshalled and sent off forthwith. But that was the last march of the eMbo warriors - they were actually walking to their funerals! In one dark hour they and their chief at his eKwanini home were wiped off the face of the planet; and half of the eMbo clan was bundled into Sheol together,

about the year of grace, 1832.

What was left of the tribe fled hastily over the Tukela river and stayed not their feet till they had got well out of sight, fully a hundred miles away, into the green and fertile wilderness between the Lovu river and the Mkomazi. There about their numerous offspring, with the Mabhida, emaNkonyaneni and emaLebukekeni sub-clans may still be found scattered in divers sections as the following genealogical table will show.

The Embo Family

<u>Natal Branch</u>	<u>Northern Branch</u>
Langa	Mlangeni 1707 Langa d.1707
Macaba ?d.1688	Mavuso 1725
Mkize 1706	Ludonga 1743
Nomhlanga 1724	Mtonga 1766 Hlubi 1761
Mdladla 1742	Nkalana 1784 Dlamini 1779
Gubhela 1760	Sidlondlo 1802 Ngwane 1797
Mavovo 1778	Mashabana 1820 Ndungunya
Kabazele 1796 Magabha	1815
chief son	Manukuza 1838 Sobhuza 1839
Gwabe 1814 Notjelwa Tole	Gumede 1856 Mswazi 1867
Sambela Zihlandlo 1832 Mtimkulu	Nocanca Mhlanga 1874 Ludonga
chief son	1874
Ngangezwe Msengi Siyingela Njana	Mahawule Manaba 1892 Mbandeni
	1889
Mqolombeni Munyu Ngunezi Mabhun	u Dabulamanzi Luvico 1910
	Bhunu
Sikuku (now Bangizwe	Ndabazempi
living)	

EMASOMINI (HLOMBE)

Shaka had crossed the Rubicon. His irresistible host of warriors had forded the Tukela and was already working havoc among the panic stricken Lala people.

These Lala people, as we have already stated, were a type of Bantu totally distinct from the trans-Tukelan Zulu-Ngunis, albeit in origin closely related to them. They were what one might call a debased type of Nguni, evidencing in their language, their habits and their physique, a considerable alloy of Tonga and Swazi or semi-Sutoid blood.

Their kinship with the so-called Swazi or quasi-Sutoid group we may discern in the habits, common to both peoples, of transforming the Zulu particle yo into ko (thus tandwako instead of tandwayo), and

of their substituting the particle wa for the Zulu ka (thus, usibanibani wa'Sabanibani, instead of uSibanibani ka'Sibanibani). Again, where in Zulu an n immediately precedes an m, the Lalas have a disposition to change such an n into an l (thus, abalumzane, kraal-heads, instead of Z. abanumzane), just as the Sutoid Kalaka people of Matabeleland converted the Zulu name Nombhengula into Lombhengula. Comp. also Z. um-nonjwana, a brook, with Lala um-Lambo, a river; as well as Lala nyata, to drink, with Swazi nata.

Their relationship with the East Coast or Tonga Bantu may be traced in the existence in both types of speech of such terms as umBwa (instead of Z. inJa), dog; umuNu (instead of Z. umuNtu) person; and several other similar expressions. It may be found further, in the peculiarity, common to both the Natal aborigines and the Tembes of Tongoland, of habitually inverting the c and q clicks when speaking the Zulu language, that is of placing a c where in pure Zulu q occurs, and vice versa.

As we related in our last, Shaka had commenced operations with the emaSomini. There is a tradition that this clan was at one time located on the northern side of the Tukela river. Exactly in which locality does not clearly appear, but it may have been somewhere in the neighbourhood of the district subsequently occupied by the eMbos, and it may well have been they who compelled the emaSomini to seek other quarters. At all events the latter did migrate, one section of them (that with which we are here concerned) remaining in the river's bend, on its southern banks immediately opposite eMboland, while the other section wended its way onwards and established itself on the Mvoti river.

The Tukela branch of the clan, at the period of Shaka's advent, was ruled by one, Moyeni, seemingly son of Nomadayi, the reputed great-ancestor of the combined emaSomini clans. So puny a tribe was naturally powerless to do more than offer the futilest feint of resistance to so overwhelming a force as that accompanying Shaka, and forthwith to make a strategic move out of his reach. This they did, joining their brethren already long before settled near the Mvoti. There we shall have the necessity later on of renewing our acquaintance with them, on the awful day when their doom, for the present eluded, shall at length overtake them and all but accomplish their annihilation.

NGCOLOSIS (BHENGU: NGWANE)

Next neighbours of the emaSomini, and dwelling along the Mandlalati stream, were the Ngcolosis, ruled by their chief, Mepo. The story of the eMbo and emaCubeni surrender had already preceded the Zulu army across the river. If so renowned a warrior as Zihlandlo and so powerful a clan as the eMbos felt bound to yield unconditionally

to the demands of this presumptuous freebooter, what think you, should poor Mepo and his handful of Ngcolosis hope to accomplish? Manifestly their only course was to submit with such subjectness and to flatter with such rhetoric as might (were it possible) cause that displayed by the eMbos to pale. At any rate, they made an attempt and succeeded. They had the unutterable satisfaction of seeing Shaka move on to the next, after generously permitting them to retain (which they did until his death) what already was and ever had been theirs.

They were not so fortunate, however, with Dingane, who had his doubts as to the genuineness of their florid protestations of loyalty, seeing that whisperings were constantly reaching him of their suspicious habit of hobnobbing with the recently arrived emigrant Boers. So when one day it was announced that the Ngcolosis were actually leaving their Tukela country and betaking themselves bodily in the direction of the farmers' settlements, Dingane despatched a force posthaste to intercept them. It managed to capture their cattle and to execute some slaughter among the fugitives themselves; but a considerable proportion of the clan succeeded in getting safely to the middle Mngeni region, where they still survive under Ntlokolo, son of Nkungu, son of Mepo.

EMAKABELENI (Slomo; Makaye)

Few clans have exhibited a stronger sense of patriotism than have the emaKabeleni, who, governed by their chief, Fabase, son of Kopo (unless indeed the two were identical), son of Mkulu, occupied the southern side of the Tukela valley next above the emaSomini. As we have already seen, they were willing neither to surrender to Shaka nor to be exterminated by him. So when he arrived on their location, he was amazed to find that the emaKabeleni consisted of one solitary man stranded on the veld. Nevertheless this individual appeared to be uncommonly wealthy in cattle, which surrounded him in quite considerable herds, and of which Shaka forthwith proceeded to relieve him. It need scarcely be said that the emaKabeleni were there all the time, and that from the dark recesses of the impenetrable bush, they were interested spectators of all that was going on. So, having amply replenished his commissariat, Shaka passed on his way, and among the Zulus it henceforth became a byword, when referring to a populous tribe, to say, Kanti kungumuntu munye yini, ngengakwa'Fabase. (It is then merely one man as at Fabase's).

A season elapsed when Zihlandlo, the eMbo chief on the other side of the river, either as a matter of private enterprise, or more probably, acting as a commissioner of Shaka, forded the Tukela and invaded emaKabeleland. But his invasion had to confine itself to an occupation of the vacant kraal sites - an occupation by no means com-

fortable, seeing that the everywhere encompassing bush was overrun by bands of vengeful depredators and snipers. Thus again the rightful owners of the land were morally victorious, and despite their being for the time unable to enjoy its profitable occupation, continued nevertheless to cling to its possession against all contestants.

At length the happy news of Shaka's death (1828) arrived and enkindled a ray of hope in the breast of the emaKabeleni, now for a full ten years persistently beleaguered in the wretched fortress of the bush. With Dingane, the succeeding Zulu king, Zihlandlo of the eMbos found little favour, and ere long was himself ignominiously slaughtered and his people driven by the Zulus alike from his own and from his newly acquired territory. But alas! relief had not yet come to the emaKabeleni; for the only change now apparent was that in place of eMbos, they had what was perhaps worse, a colony of actual Zulus establishing themselves in their midst. And yet they themselves, suffering every deprivation, continued clinging to their motherland, unconquered and obstinately irremovable.

By violence had Dingane attained to the Zulu throne; by a violent death must he now (1840) vacate it. With the simultaneous advent of his successor, Mpande, and the emigrant Boers, a more peaceful era was ushered in for sorely stricken Lalaland. At last, the emaKabeleni patriots (or such as survived of them after 23 years of imprisonment) were enabled to emerge from their sylvan dungeons, dank and foul, and unmolested to drink in to their fill of the glorious sunshine out in the meadows or down by the sparkling brook. And there their descendants may still be found to repeat the tale, living under their chief, Mkuzangwe, son of Gayede, son of Magedama, probably son of Fabase.

THE EMAPEPETENI (Gwala; Nzimande)

No doubt much chagrined over his incomplete success in emaKabeleland, Shaka at the head of his army pursued his march of conquest up the valley of the Tukela. He entered the territory of the emaPepeteni (with their Nzimande sub-clan) governed by Majiya - a people having the ugly reputation of being, at that time at any rate, specially predisposed to that form of leprosy known among themselves as uCoko.

Reports travel with proverbial rapidity in Kaffirland and by the time the Zulu host had crossed their boundary, the emaPepeteni had already taken the precaution to post themselves in a strong position on the Opisweni Mount. Shaka, if not indeed a born gentleman, was certainly a born general, and recognised that a general's office is not to lead in the fight, but to direct and look on. Having, therefore, commanded his army to clear and capture the mountain, he himself proceeded to seek out a secure coign of observation wherefrom to

enjoy the sport. Even as defendants of a strong position, the emaPepeteni had not the numbers or (habituated as they were solely to the hurling javelin) perhaps not the nerve, to withstand the demoralizing onrush of the newly invented Zulu method of 'charge'. So they hurled their assegais and hurled again; but the unwavering mass propelled by the consciousness of Shaka's deadly gaze being upon them, surged on all the same and in a moment was dealing slaughter right and left in the very midst of the terrified emaPepeteni.

Comfortably seated out of harm's way, Shaka chuckled with proud delight as he beheld the panic stricken emaPepeteni scatter in every direction out of the way of this cold steel administered at close quarters. Many of them, not knowing whither to turn, subsequently turned back and surrendered themselves to swell the numbers of that very army, which, the day before, had sought to destroy them. Others preferred to turn for safety anywhere than the merciless Zulus. They accordingly sought refuge amongst the surrounding clans, where had they but known it, they would ere long be called upon to run the gauntlet of Zulu spears a second time, on the day when those clans too should become the victims of another Zulu invasion and perhaps of extermination.

To all alike of those emaPepeteni who were fortunate to outlive the perilous vicissitudes of the next long twenty years, the revolt of Mpande in 1839 brought the day of redemption. Those who had thrown in their lot with the Zulu army came over with the fugitive Zulu prince and sought a peaceful refuge in the then practically depopulated valley of the Mngeni; and to them the other scattered elements of the tribe were gradually attracted. Yet not they alone. The poverty-stricken emaPepeteni kraals seemed to exert quite a magnetic influence over the fine cattle owned in vast herds by the neighbouring immigrant Boers. Indeed, so powerful did this attraction soon become and so suddenly prosperous the emaPepeteni, that the irate farmers were compelled to make it expedient for these stock-lifting Lalas to scoot rapidly further down stream; where their offspring (and perchance too that of the Baas' cattle) are still flourishing under their hereditary chieftain, Kamanga, son of Myeka, son of Majiya, son of Mapinda.

THE NXAMALALAS (Zuma)

We shall now bid the Lala people a short farewell, and make a detour among a few of the foreign Swazi or Sutoid-Ngunis clans in this vicinity.

Snugly ensconced in the nook formed by the Mooi river, (the river Beautiful of the early Dutch) and the great middle bend of the Tukela, dwelt under their chief, Msholozzi, the Nxamalala clan, the lowest in this direction, of the Sutoid-Ngunis. Suddenly the ancient

peace was broken by the flooding of their land with a host of flying humanity from over the Tukela. These were the emaBomyini people, who had just received a rude awakening to the already initiated reign of terror through their chief, Nzombane, having been barbarously plucked of both his eyes while on a friendly visit to Shaka. With the mighty torrent of the Tukela as a barrier between them and the dreaded Zulus, the emaBomyini people ventured to tarry a season in the neighbourhood of the Nxamalalas and watch events. Either at this period or it may have been before it, the Nxamalalas seem to have become subject to or closely allied with these emaBomyini; so that, when in the near future, the latter felt it prudent to tender a quiet submission to the Zulu despot, the Nxamalalas were held to be included in that submission. Both tribes purchased for themselves a measure of toleration by this wise step, and throughout the whole of Shaka's reign they were vouchsafed the uncommon grace of being left untouched amidst the encircling ruin.

During Dingane's reign, however, the Nxamalalas were so ill advised as to essay a secret flight, as so many clans around them had already done, to the south and thus hopefully free themselves from the Zulu yoke. But the ears of the Zulu king were long and a pursuing impi overtook them and slew their chief, even before they had reached where Greytown now stands. Much crestfallen the bulk of the clan went back once more to the old homes they so fondly imagined they had forsaken. But a certain son of their royal house, Lugaju by name, was more determined and vanished to hide himself at the Zwartkop near Maritzburg, till more propitious days should dawn and he might either rejoin his people or they him. The long hoped for opportunity came when Mpande rebelled against his brother, Dingane, and with a large following passed over into Natal. In the general excitement and disorder which followed, the bulk of the Nxamalalas moved off and rejoined their brethren at the Zwartkop. The house of Msholozzi having apparently been exterminated in the fight with the Zulus, the clan now elected as their chief the Lugaju aforementioned, son of Matomela, who was presumably a brother or other near relative of the deceased Msholozzi. There at the Zwartkop, under his descendants they may still be found.

THE ENADI (Zondi: Mpumuza)

As we have above noted, Shaka, after having duly settled matters with the emaPepeteni, had no need to continue onward up the Tukela valley into the corner appropriated by the Sutoid Nxamalalas and emaBomyini, these he had already conquered by mere force of prestige. So wheeling about in a southward direction, his army forded the Nadi stream, and spread consternation among the people of the eNadi clan dwelling thereabout in three sections - the Zondis, governed by Nom-

agaga, along the Badi, the Mpumuzas, under Maqenge, on the upper Mpanze, with their relatives the Madlalas, under Njeje, lower down the same stream.

These people were close kindred of the large Dlamini tribe of Sutoid or Swazi-Nguni extraction, on the opposite side of the Tukela. Aye more, some even claimed that the house of Zondi was of more ancient origin than that of Dlamini and further, represented the higher branch of the family, and was therefore the paramount clan in this particular group. Howbeit, these ambitious pretensions did not suffice to scare the dauntless Shaka from their door. He simply walked in and not only contested the high sovereign rights of the Zondi chiefs, but, by appropriating their whole wealth of stock and that of their people, had them degraded in the twinkling of an eye to a state of abject poverty or vassalage. What became of the chiefs does not appear, but many of their people, grown suddenly wise by this chastening, now loudly declared that only Shaka was king and were forth with incorporated within his army. Others, careless now of tribal rights or kings, fled desparately whithersoever safety seemed to lie - mostly to the Nxamalalas (already secure in Zulu favour) and other surrounding tribes.

Already in Dingane's reign, numbers of these Zondis deserting from the Zulu country or returning from their wanderings in Natal, began to collect in the Zwartkop district, where they still continue to reside under Magqubu, son of Mzimba, son of Dibinyika. Many adherents of the Maqenge section, however, so soon as the way was clear, gravitated back to the beloved Mpanza stream, and built there under the rule of Jangeni, Maqenge's son.

THE EMAXASIBENI

We now pass up the Mpanza stream and, about its sources re-enter Lalaland. There between the Zondis and the Ngongomas, we make the acquaintance of Njoli, chief of the emaXasibeni. We find no record of these simple folk having displayed any very heroic opposition to the Zulu invasion (1871). In any case it must have proved quite ineffective; for, immediately after, we hear of them as refugees in the territory of the neighbouring Ngongoma chief, Mahawule. There the Zulu army had no present intention of following them - these little conquests were mere diversions by the way, preliminary canthers before the great event still to come. So it crossed the Mooi and Tuke-la rivers without delay and headed direct for its real objective, the fugitive Ngoza and his ebaTenjini.

No sooner had the danger passed on and the emaXasibeni recovered their breath, than they set about returning from Ngongomaland and reoccupying their old country. They had scarcely settled down in their new-built huts than a moving multitude of flashing spears set

in a background of clouds of dust, there over the Tukela, proclaimed (as it seemed) the return of the Zulu army or the oncoming of another invasion. Off then flew the emaXasibeni once more, abandoning all to the approaching invaders. The enemy, however, on this occasion proved to be not Shaka's army, but the ebaTenjini had conquered him and caused him to go right home with his army, sorely disappointed. Of course, Shaka was not the man to submit thus calmly to defeat. Nor was Ngoza so foolish as to risk the loss of his present fame in another encounter. So, donning the laurels he had already won, he moved triumphantly off with all his people in the opposite direction - those Elysian fields supposed by every straitened Kaffir tribe to exist somewhere away to the south. Victory was added to victory as he progressed, until eventually he chanced to meet in conflict Faku, the redoubtable Mpondo chief, and in one unlucky hour to lose both his bay-leaves and his head.

The emaXasibeni, after this their second expulsion from the motherland, sought shelter as before beneath the protecting wings of Manaswale of the Ngongomas. With him, they thought they would be safe. Only one short year did this fond illusion last. With the return of the fighting season (1819) Shaka's army reappeared with augmented force and drove to the winds Ngongomas and emaXasibeni together.

The latter now resolved to work out their own salvation and to trust to none. They would go right away from all this wickedness and bloodshed and would seek peace and plenty in that Utopia whither all others were flying - there far off in the south. To the south in sooth they duly came and found a hell such as they had never known before, a pandemonium in which all the evils and evil one of Kaffirdom had come together to each other's dire affliction. And from this hell they found no channel of escape; until at length the white skinned saviour came and brought them redemption and rest. There on the confines of Mpondoland the main body of the clan still thrives unmolested and prosperous, while a smaller remnant may be found between the middle Mkomazi and the Mahwaqu Mount.

If, with the junction of the Tukela and Mzinyati rivers as a centre, we describe a circle stretching twenty miles in every direction, we shall encompass that extent of country which Shaka operated in, conquered and annexed in this his first Natal campaign, probably about the year 1817.

The following season (1818) saw him in combat with the great Qwabe tribe ruled by Pakatwayo, whose domain extended from the sea to the Nkandla forest. Powerful as they were, the Qwabes were no match for the Zulu army in its present augmented state, and they succumbed to the same fate as the most insignificant clanlets. Their chief was captured and they themselves hopelessly overcome at the Hlokhloko ridge near Eshowe. Their numerous adherents became absorbed into the ever-growing Zulu nation and their extensive territory annexed to enlarge the boundaries of the Zulus' land.

Shaka's next military enterprise, perhaps in this same year, was also in this direction. Continuing from the Hlokohloko ridge in a southerly direction he crossed the Qwabe border near the Ntumeni hill and made his second appearance in Lalaland where he had certain business to transact with Sihayo, chief of the Nyuswas. The outcome of that interview may be readily guessed. We shall tell the tale in our next.



THREE KAFFIR FIGURES SHOWING THE ZULU AND NATAL WAR DRESS.

PART THREE

SHAKA'S SECOND NATAL CAMPAIGN

THE NGCOBO TRIBE

The ignorance and confusion now universally existent in the minds of young Natives of Natal in regard to the true nationality of their own persons and to the great distinction in race and origin among the multitudinous local clans, is much to be deplored. Practically all the youth of Natal is growing up in the delusion that they are 'Zulus' and that, not solely by conquest, but by blood. As a matter of fact perhaps two-thirds of them are of Lala or Sutoid extraction, as their clan-names indisputably attest.

At one time no doubt the Natal Lala clans were in possession of all the coastal territory from Saint Lucia Lake southward as far as the Mngeni. Then came the abaNguni from some more inland region and, forcing their way to the sea cut off the tail of the Lala procession, leaving a few minor clans (as the Zikalis and Sokanes) about the Saint Lucia Lake and driving the bulk of the family southward into what is now Natal, where they subsequently wheeled round and marched up country until they reached the great Tukela bend, where they were confronted by their cousins of the Sutoid or Swazi group.

Thus it was that the northern boundary of Natal Lalaland was now exactly coincident with the course of the Tukela when Shaka commenced his work of conquest. There were still some Lala clans domiciled along the Tukela valley in what is now Zululand, chiefly between the Mamba stream and the Ntuze.

The largest and most important of these clans was that of Ngcobo. Indeed, it was no longer a single tribe, but a family of tribes, each with its own separate location, its independent chief, and in several distinguishing cognomen. All these people claimed descent from a common ancestor, yclept Vumezita (though less reliable authorities call him Bambula, others again Sibiya, son of Tondo). Where Vumezita had his home or whence he took origin, tradition has long ago forgotten. It can say no more than that he dwelt 'away to the north-east' (enyakato) and this was very probably somewhere within the tract of country lying between the Mhlatuze river and the St. Lucia Lake subsequently occupied by the intruding Mtetwa Ngunis and their kindred.

Now this Vumezita was blessed with two sons (at least) of whom

the principal was named Ngcobo and the lesser, Mkeshane alias Shangase. The large cluster of clans whose acquaintance we are now about to make is the offspring of the first named individual, and is therefore known after him, indiscriminately as the people of Ngcobo. His younger brother, a less fruitful patriarch is represented by but a single tribe of descendants called after him, the people of Shangase.

It was probably during the reign of Ngcobo's successor, Nyuswa (1710-1730) that the whole Vumezita family either spontaneously or owing to pressure by the encroaching Zulu-Kaffirs, trekked en masse from their more northern coastal location to the southern Tukela highlands in which Shaka found them and where we shall now visit them.

Stepping therefore over the Qwabe border at the Ntumeni Hill, near Eshowe, we pass out of Zulu-Kaffirland and tread on Nyuswa soil. These Nyuswas represent the principal branch of the whole Ngcobo family, and their chief is paramount over all the Ngcobo clans. Their kraals, in the early days, were wholly in present Zululand, dotting the dales and hillocks along the Mamba stream, from the Mpapala heights away down to the Tukela. The chief whose ill-starred fate it was to be governing when Shaka commenced his career was named Sihayo, son of Mapolobe, son of Mbhele, son of Maguya, son of Zonca, heir (though said not to have been the son) of Nyuswa, son of Ngcobo, son of Vumezita - Sihayo, father of Dubuyana, father of Deliwayo, which latter passed to his ancestors but a few years back.

Sihayo first appears on the historic scene soon after his ascent of the Nyuswa throne (c. 1810) playing the role of a budding conquistador in a small way. On the southern banks of the Tukela, immediately opposite his own preserve, dwelt the Hlongwa people, against whom he harboured a grievance and who possessed with a very enviable patch of country. Sihayo patiently bided a favourable hour of reckoning, and when the psychological moment came and the Hlongwa fields were heavy with waving masses of red ripened sorghum, he mustered his troops, forded the river, harvested the grain and annexed the country, the startled Hlongwas meanwhile precipitately flying for refuge to their brother-clan, established a day's journey to the south, across the Mvoti river.

In the good old days when wives were cheap and many, a high-class Kaffir kraal was organised in two distinct sides or branches. There was the ekuNene (or righthand side) whose huts ran up on the right side from near the kraal entrance till they reached and included the iNdunkulu (or Great-hut) occupying exactly the central position at the top of the kraal; and there was the iKohlo (or lefthand) branch, whose huts forming the opposite side of the circle, stretched away from the kraal entrance towards the Great-hut above.

It was the high office and privilege of the Indunkulu or Great-hut (or rather of the iNkosikazi or Great-wife enshrined therein) to pro-

vide for the tribe in its future chief. She was therefore selected after consultation with the elders of the clan, and was generally lobola'd that is, purchased, by them for their chief. But inasmuch as generative potency and the ability to produce male children was ever one of the uncertain elements in marriage, the Great-wife was everywhere supplemented by a kind of understudy (technically known as the iQadi or iNqadi), that in the event of her failing to play her part, her substitute might assume the role for her.

In the Ngcobo case the Great-wife discharged her duty wholly to the satisfaction of the tribe, whom she presented with an heir apparent, whom they christened Nyuswa; while the iQadi understudy on her part, did likewise and provided them with a son Dingila, who, in the case of extinction of the male issue, in the higher place, should inherit the chieftainship. From this Dingila (himself also termed the iQadi of the ekuNene or righthand side of the family) was descended that considerable section of the Ngcobo clan called the emaQadini (i.e. they of the iQadi side) and nowadays ruled by Mandikayise, son of Mqawe, son of Deabeka, son of Dube, son of Silwane, son of Njila or Bhebhe, son of Ngotoma, son of Dingila, son of Ngcobo.

Looking up the kraal from its entrance, the ekuNene group of huts, under the dominion of the Great-wife and her son, occupied, as we have just observed, the righthand side; while those of the left pertained to another branch of the royal family, socially quite independent of and unconnected with the ekuNene, and presided over by a certain lady, termed along with her son, the iKohlo, or left hand of the family. This privileged personage was always one of the chief's older wives, most often his 'first love' and the exceptional rights bestowed on her person and family were held to be a requital for her own loss of position and the debarment of her son (generally the eldest son of the royal family) from his inheritance of the chieftainship, owing to the appointment of a special Great-wife. Who this iKohlo son may have been in the Ngcobo family does not appear.

But the perfect organisation of the Kaffir family was not yet attained; still other emergencies had to be provided for. It was more than likely that so soon as the head of the house had been duly laid out of the way in his grave, the iNkosana or heir-apparent and the iKohlo or eldest son would come to blows over the booty, unless there be some mutually recognised authority there to adjust their disputes. It was meet, therefore, that still another appointment be made, in the person of a wife, whose son (to be known as the isiZinda or inZalamuzi) while precluded from any claim to kraal property or tribal rank and consequently from having any personal interest in the general scramble following the parent's decease, should receive as his sole inheritance the honour of performing the latter's duties as guardian of the Great-place and keeper of order in the family. There down at the lowest end of the kraal by the gate shall he erect his hut, silently observant of the comings and goings of all, yet bound to none

and subject to the kraal-head alone. And when this latter is no more, to him shall all refer their domestic quarrels; and when all else have abandoned the old home and gone abroad to raise establishments of their own, then he alone shall remain, a last faithful and unrewarded sentinel, a living memorial over the parent's grave.

To such an honourable inheritance was Xonxo called - the isiZinda of the Ngcobo kraal who shall maintain law and dispense justice therein when old Ngcobo is gone and his relicts and sons are wrangling over the spoils. Alas! scarcely had the old chief closed his eyes, than this hitherto sedate kraal waxed as merry as a beer garden with the lights gone out, and Xonxo as the most riotous figure in the fair. Naturally, at a distance of 200 years, it is impossible to fathom the meaning of their dispute; but the tribal tradition suggests that Xonxo, instead of supporting and safe-guarding his half brother, Nyuswa in his rights, strove to rob him of them! - verily a lamentable attitude for so decorous and unbiased a person as an isiZinda to assume. But there! rumour was ever a lying jade.

At any rate it were safe to say that Nyuswa, the chief, and Xonxo, the judge, were not the best of friends. And in this disagreement, Xonxo would seem to have been supported by the sympathy of their common uncle, Mkeshane (alias Shangase) Ngcobo's own full-brother. So it came to pass when Nyuswa the head of the house, in accordance with Kaffir custom order the periodical removal of the family to newer and fresher kraal-sites, that the Xonxo Shangase faction declined to comply. Despite the fact that the women had already removed (fuza) the old grass from the hut frames (in order to facilitate the transportation of these latter) they were now directed to re-thatch (fulela) them and let them remain where they were. This action won for these two branches of the Ngcobo family the derisive epithet of "ufuz afulele njengenyamazane" (they who uncover the grass, then cover it up again as do the antelopes). Strange to say, this unflattering insinuation so tickled the fancy of the Xonxo faction that they henceforth proudly adopted it as their own distinguishing title; so that we find today both these branches of the Ngcobo or rather Vumezita family - the descendants of Shangase and those of Xonxo - everywhere calling themselves the abakwa'Fuze or the people of Fuze.

From this it will be apparent that the cognomen Fuze nowadays affected by two or three of the Ngcobo sub-clans is not a true tribal name (or isiZalo) indicative of any origin at all, but simply a sobriquet testifying to the fact of these people having once combined in a piece of tribal insubordination. The descendants of Mkeshane are now more commonly described as the abakwa-Shangase i.e. the people of Shangase, which likewise as we shall see later on, is nothing more than a nickname. The descendants of Xonxo or properly called the abakwa'Ngongoma, i.e. the people of Ngongoma - this having perhaps been the appellation of Xonxo's kraal.

No doubt all the Ngcobo people, upon their first arrival from the

north, originally resided together along the banks of the Tukela - the Nyuswas at the Mamba tributary, the Ngongomas on their more inland side of the river adjacent to the Ntuze stream and the Shangases opposite them on the southern side of the river. But already prior to Shaka's time, owing either to pressure on the part of the powerful eMbo and emaCunwini tribes on their inland flank, or else to a recrudescence of the ancient family feud with their brethren, the Nyuswas, below them, the whole Ngongoma section of the Ngcobo clan had already vacated their former location beyond the Tukela and had crossed to the southern side of the river.

Passing through the settlement of their relatives, the Shangases, they entered the domain of the Dunge clan, by whose chief they were permitted to re-establish themselves on an unoccupied spot about the upper Nyoti river. There they increased and multiplied to such an extent that in course of time they had appropriated all the high grasslands stretching away to the west almost to the Mooi River and the Greytown area.

Even before this period the Ngongoma had already developed among themselves into two distinct and independent branches, originating respectively in the two sons of their founder Xonxo. The head of the combined clan sub-clan at this particular moment was Bofungane son of Mavela, son of Ndaba, son of Mashiza, son of ?, heir of Xonxo. Today this branch is ruled by Mbozane, son of Sipandla, son of Magongosi, son of Bofungane. This Mbozane is the direct inheritor of the rights and title of his ancestor, Xonxo, in the Ngcobo tribe, of which he is accordingly the isiZinda or inZalamuzi.

The petty chief governing the lower section of the Ngongoma sub-clan was, in Shaka's time, Mahawule, son of Nonyanda, son of Dlo-mo, son of Sokebi, son of Dindi, son of Mdunane, son of Sanimuse, son of Xonxo. Its present head is Langalake, son of Hemuhemu, son of Madlenya, son of Mahawule.

The remarkable fact that man's closest friendships are generally formed outside of the family circle is typically expressed in the Zulu proverb which affirms that 'relatives do not present each other with neck-rings' (umndeni kawufakani 'mbhedu) - these having been valuable gifts customarily bestowed by a chief on his favourites. But few years have elapsed since the arrival of the Ngongomas in the upper Mvoti region, when the inevitable family quarrel arose and wrought estrangement between the two sections of their house. Accordingly ere long we hear of the head of the sub-clan, Bofungane, accompanied by his particular following, wending his way back over the Tukela and re-establishing himself in the old neighbourhood about the Ntuze, where no doubt circumstance had now become more favourable. There it was that his fate awaited him.

About the year 1818, the Zulu legions, as we have previously stated burst for the second time into Ngcoboland, not now to put order into their house, but to sweep it entirely away. They slew their para-

mount chief, Sihayo; obliterated every vestige of former human habitation in the land, and then marched away in triumph with the whole accumulated wealth of the vanquished. All such as could manage it, made a headlong dash for the Tukela bush, in the impenetrable entanglements of which a heterogeneous mass of Nyuswas, emaQadini, Ngongomas and emaLangeni found themselves huddled together under the headship of their most important surviving chief, Dube, of the emaQadini house.

The other branch of the Ngongomas, that had remained behind under Mahawule, in the Greytown country, was naturally saved participation in these stirring adventures. Yet it had its experiences scarcely less exciting. Unlike their relatives north of the Tukela, these had deemed it wiser to anticipate events. Two years previous to the occurrences just recorded, they had united (c.1816) with certain other Lala and Sutoid neighbours and had succeeded in forcing a passage for themselves away to the south, as they believed out of the reach of Shaka's army. The details of this march have already been related in the chapter dealing with the Dlamini's. As was there stated Mahawule upon reaching the Mkomazi river, for some reason not apparent, determined to retrace his steps and return whence he had come. In doing this, he was but walking straightway into the lion's jaws. A single season passed when Shaka's army, under his own dread command crossed the Rubicon and inaugurated the conquest of the cis-Tukela Lalaland. eMbos and emaCubeni (on the north of the river) Ngcolosis, emaKabeleni, emaPepeteni, NxAmalalas and ema-Bomvini (on the south) were all brought under subjection in that campaign (c. 1817) of which the uninterrupted success was only checked by the setback that was received by the Zulu army at the hands of the ebaTenjini under Ngoza.

The following year (1818) was that which witnessed as related above, the devastation of Ngcoboland situated somewhat further down the Tukela than the region traversed by the Zulu army the season preceding and in which dark day the Ngongomas of Bofungane had met their fate. Still a season, and the unsparing Zulu army forded the Tukela for the second time, and the doom of the Ngongomas of Mahawule was therewith decreed. In vain did Mahawule and his handful of warriors try to stay the onslaught of so insuperable a host. Wisely they took the safe course, and, sacrificing their cattle, found escape for themselves in flight to the forests away to the south at the Kar-kloof and upper Mlazi.

With submission and spoils any conqueror should be satisfied. Shaka having helped himself to the one, Mahawule soon after tendered him the other, and was thereupon graciously permitted to return with his people and reoccupy his former country. True, residence there was no longer enjoyable. All that was beautiful in life, all its pristine tranquillity and sunshine had suddenly vanished, and the whole pandemonium of evil spirits had been seemingly let loose on each and driven

mankind morally mad. The Zulu armies, debauched with blood and every species of devilry constantly crossed and recrossed Ngongomaland, ruthlessly killing and destroying as they went. Then in this supreme moment of their distress, as though their cup were not yet full, these pitiable Ngongomas, incapable even now of controlling their racial vice, must needs set to and fight among themselves over such an obvious inanity as their already demolished chieftainship! The impropriety of waging war in the very presence of his own army, and the presumption of settling their political disputes without reference to him, their suzerain, amounted in Shaka's eyes to an intolerable contempt of court, if not indeed an actual lese majeste. Wherefore he sent down a strong force which drove the whole quarrelsome clan from the country for good and all. Henceforth, these Nongomas even as their relatives in the Tukela bush, led the 'simple life' of wild beasts, ranging the hills about the upper Mngeni and Mlazi and living on such fare as the veld and forest could supply.

What may have been the exact number of wives with whom old Vumezita enjoyed the amenities of married life, a considerate tradition has veiled from the curiosity of posterity. Of this we may be certain, that he was not an absolute celibate; for two sons at any rate he had, Ngcobo and Mkeshane, whose offspring we have here today before us.

Ngcobo then and Mkeshane were two brothers, the only boys of the one same hut, the former being the elder of the twain. Yet, as brothers no love was lost between them, as the following little incident will show.

But before we proceed to the story, let us first inform our readers on an interesting point of Native law and custom. By that law, whenever a married man dies, his widows, without further ceremony save their own consent, become the wives of the deceased man's surviving brother. It sometimes happens that the wives of a man become so enamoured of a handsome brother-in-law as to indulge in a secret longing that the days of their lawful spouse may be appreciably shortened and thus those of their own joy hastened. Such a contingency is at all times decidedly risky for the hapless husband; for Kaffir wives, in pursuit of fresh paramours, are said to have certain sinister methods of their own for ridding their path of obstacles and are proverbially unscrupulous in applying them.

Now, old Ngcobo knew this better than you or I. So he cutely organised a nice quiet little beer-feast at which he took care his wives and his rival brother should alike be present. In vino veritas, a shrewd old Latin once observed; and when all had quaffed to such a degree as sufficed to set their tongues a-wagging, in a humorous way he suddenly popped the question "Now, wives of mine" said he, "When I am gone whom are you going to marry?" "Ah!" they all replied significantly, "you ask us this? Is there then any other to whom we should give ourselves than to this much loved, understood

brother of yours, Mkeshane? He alone shall have us".

That was sufficient for old Ngcobo. "Just as I thought," he said. And he forthwith proceeded to hatch a plot for his brother's removal. Alas! the plan was given away before it matured, and Mkeshane cleared for Guam.

Whither he betook himself we cannot exactly state: but, wherever it was, it was not all clear sailing. From one hornet's nest Mkeshane found he had fallen into another. Too much wanted at home, he was not wanted here at all, and accordingly the local potentate made ceaseless efforts to eject him from the hive. In other words, Mkeshane must either fight for life, or lose it.

At length rumours of his brother's whereabouts and his hazardous position reached Ngcobo's ears. Regret filled his heart, and he commissioned an army to go forth and release his lost brother and to bring him home.

The fugitive duly returned, the chief Ngcobo thus addressed him. "Mkeshane", he said, "you have been wandering about, where then did you get to (Mkeshane, wabe ushange, waya-pi)? " To which he replied, "No, so it was, sire; I have been but travelling. (Amanga 'nkosi; ngangihambile nje)". Then said the chief "You roamed, you roamer (Washange, 'Shangase'.)" Whereupon he sent men to build a kraal for his brother and from that time on it was no longer said, this is Mkeshane, but this is Shangase. And so it is to this very day.

In days of yore the offspring of Shangase had their settlement inland of the Krantzkop, probably between the Dungen and the Ngcolosis. There they flourished under Mshiqyne, son of Gusha, son of Ndaleka, son of Mvula, son of Shuku, son of Majola, son of Tomani, son of Shangase. But alas! the fighting propensity was as strong as heretofore among any other of the children of Kaffirland then or since. We are therefore not surprised to learn that, even before Shaka came down upon and dispersed their Nyuswa kindred on the northern banks of the Tukela, these Shangase people had already, by civil warfare, quite effectively destroyed themselves. Shaka sought in vain for a Shangase tribe; for they had no longer any tribal organisation - their former location under the Krantzkop lay vacant, their chief had disappeared and their membership had been scattered to the winds. Whether or not the so-called Shangase people said to have been met with on the mid Ilovu river and dispersed by the Lala confederacy, led by Mkalipi and others, on its flight to the south, were a remnant of the tribe we are here considering is not clear. Probably they were, since we are unaware of any other local clan bearing this cognomen.

At any rate, the royal family of the clan was discovered a few years later, enjoying a peaceful exile, undisturbed by tribal dissensions and unencumbered with tribal responsibilities, in a quiet nook by the lower Mngeni. When the first white settlers appeared at Durban,

this family, for protection's sake, made itself subject to them. And there they continued to remain, until the scattered remnants of Lalandom accompanied Mpande, in 1839, back from Zululand into Natal, what time their chief having revealed himself, the Shangases re-assembled around him once more. In latter days they have been ruled by Zikulu, son of Macebo, son of Mnguni, son of Mshiyane.

Besides the clans referred to above as directly originating in Vumezita or Ngcobo - the Nyuswas, the emaQadini, the Ngongomas, the Shangases - there have arisen since those early days minor off-shoots of the family so numerous and widely distributed as to prove this to be one of the very largest tribes now inhabiting the province of Natal and Zululand. There are the Wosiyanas, the Ngidis, the Gwacelas, the emaGangeni, the eNywamvwini, the Mutwas, the emaMfeneni and several other clanlets.

But the one most conspicuous in Zulu history was that tiny branch of the Nyuswa house known as the emaLangeni. These were the people of Bhacela, son of Tondolozu (living in Shaka's time), son of Tayi, son of Mabhejane, son of Muji, younger son of Nyuswa. In the days of this latter, this portion of his family was settled with its presiding wife, in a particular kraal remarkable for its chronic dearth of food, owing no doubt to its being situated in some hot and dry locality in the ehlanzeni or bush-country, probably somewhere in the Tukela valley, on the northern side of the river. On account of this peculiarity the kraal became familiarly known as the emaLangeni or 'Out in the sun' kraal - a name which subsequently clung to the offspring of this branch of the Nyuswa family.

As we shall see later on there seemed to be something peculiarly attractive (probably a fairness of complexion) about the beauty of the daughters of this clanlet, to whose charms the royal house of the Zulus repeatedly succumbed.

About the Mpembeni Hills, along the upper Hluhluwe river, beyond the Mfolozi, we nowadays find a small clan established, calling themselves the Hlabisas - a name since come into notoriety by the fact of its having been dignified as the official designation of the local magistracy. And who were these people? They are a minor branch of the emaLangeni off-shoot of the Nyuswa family.

In the days when the tiny Zulu clan was still settled on the Mkumbane stream, southward of the white Mfolozi, and ruled over by a chief named Ndaba, great-grandfather of the renowned Shaka, a certain Nqina, son of Ngono quarrelled with his chieftain, yclept Tayi, of the emaLangeni Lalas. The result of this was that Nqina deemed it advisable to remove his family and seek a home elsewhere. After tarrying a while at a place called Silambo, he afterwards espied a more comfortable kraal-site (probably over the Mfolozi river, about the emaBedhlane hills) within the territory pertaining to the Zulu clan, under Ndaba. Thence, with the chief's permission, he moved once more and there permanently settled.

Now, Nqina chanced to possess a remarkably large and fine herd of milk-white cattle; and so lavish was he in his slaughter of these for the entertainment of his visitors, that his overlord, Ndaba came to dub his kraal as kwa'Hlabisa - 'there where they well entertain with meat-feasts'. By this pleasing appellation the kraal and its people became henceforth universally known, and their previous emaLangeni cognomen sank into such utter oblivion that nowadays, few are any longer aware that these people are of Lala origin and not of pure Zulu-Kaffir extraction.

When Senzangakona became chief of the Zulu clan, Ngotja, being of Nqina, was elevated to the rank, first of inceku or butler, then of father-in-law to that chief. For Ngotja was blessed with two wives of whom the principal Dingase, bore him two sons (Mposwa and Wolizibi) and one pretty damsel a typical beauty of the pure emaLangeni stock, named Zongiya. So enamoured did Senzangakona become of this charming girl, that he married her, and she subsequently bore him the future Zulu king, Mpande, father of Cetjwayo and grandfather of Dinuzulu.

Ngotja died during the reign of Shaka and his heir, Mposwa, grew up under the guardianship of that king. Somfula was Mposwa's heir, and in time begat Lokotwayo, father of Sitozi (recently deceased) and Mtekelezi, for whom (he being still a minor) his cousin, Ntimboti, son of Mkonto, son of Somfula, now holds the reins of tribal government.

When, in due course, Mpande became king of a greater Zululand, he bestowed upon his mother's people the patch of country they at present occupy at the Mpembeni hills, now technically known among the Zulus as kwa'Hlabisa.

P A R T F O U R
SHAKA'S THIRD NATAL CAMPAIGN

INTRODUCTION

Out on the grassy plain, amidst the blue forget-me-nots and the pink gladioli, placidly moved the grazing herds, while groups of merry herdboys, clad only in the sheen of the setting sun, fluted plaintively on their panpipes hard by, as though to say, 'Sun! goodbye, goodbye! ' Away in the distance, circles of brown grass huts, each with its attendant patch of waving millet were scattered here and there where, had we approached, we should have found the elder folk peacefully assembled - busy women in their leathern kilts and swarthy damsels in their girdles of fringe, moving artlessly to and fro, while the men squatted leisurely about, plying their simple trades of wood-carving or basket making, little knowing that the angel of death even then hovered above them.

Such was the pleasing idyll that everywhere rejoiced the traveller's gaze as he passed through the breadth of Lalaland betwixt the Tukela and the Mngeni in the year 1810. And with the dawn all this picture of living loveliness was to be blotted out. The reign of Appollyon would enter in the night and this happy spot would become the Armageddon on which the corpses of the wood carvers and basket makers would be strewn o'er the plains. Infants would be pinned to the backs of their slaughtered mothers, tender trembling children would be struck down in their homes, cattle and panpipes would be swept furiously from the hillside - bloody devastation would stalk triumphant through the land and beautiful peace would die a violent death. Yes, these were the clans - and each clan a battle-field - wherefrom the on-coming Shaka was to draw such diabolic sport as would agreeably pass the days of his third Natal Campaign (c. 1819).

THE DUNGE CLAN (Mkateni; Ciliza)

Having hunted Mahawule with his Ngongomas and their comrades, the emaXasibeni, until their tracks were lost amidst the bush of the Kar-kloof, the Zulu army returned on its path to feast awhile on Ngongoma beef. Ravenous once more - for in Shakan warfare feasts came only when the battle was won; on-spurring hunger before - the Zulus had

wended their way into the adjoining country of the Dungen (or Mkatenis) about Eland's Kop. Boyiya son of Mdakuda, chief of the clan, was one of those who, three years before (1816) had conceived the plan of uniting and trekking out of harm's way to the south. With Mahawule, however, he had retraced his steps after reaching the Mkomazi, and would fain have reoccupied his forsaken border.

Among the clans thus disturbed was that of the eMbos under Zihlandlo, on the northern side of the river. Although this latter had already tendered a nominal submission to the Zulu monarch, this was merely a subterfuge whereby to curry favour for himself or to gain time and opportunity for ridding himself of the galling yoke. It was therefore probably on Shaka's commission that, after the unsuspecting Boyiya and his famishing people had re-erected on their mother-soil an humble shelter wherewith to cover their heads, Zihlandlo, at the head of a great army (fresh, no doubt, from his scouring of the adjacent locations of the emaKabeleni), crossed their frontier and scattered the hapless Dungen like sheep before a pack of wolves (c. 1819).

We have already, when treating of the Dlamini alluded to the tremendous wave of mutual destruction set up in every direction by the violent irruption of the ravaging Zulus among the thickly clustered surrounding tribes. Whenever and wherever the dreaded Zulu army moved, clan was unavoidably driven upon and annihilated by clan in the common struggle to escape; until among the thousands of wandering, homeless, foodless units there prevailed a universal anarchy, wherein reigned none but the last brutal law of self-preservation, from which all sense of right and human sympathy had been necessarily excluded. Fragments of ejected clans, remnants of murdered families, in mortal dread each of the other and all alike encountering the ever-roving Zulu army, roamed the veld and hills in search of some edible substance whereon to exist. What disgusting objects were readily and greedily devoured in this sad plight may easily be imagined. But at last the inevitable came. The meagre provisions of nature failed before such an abnormal demand; and desperate humanity was compelled to descend to the level of beasts, to hunt and devour its own kind! Of the ferocious cannibalism of the amaBheleni and the enTlangwini, in the upper districts, we have already told. And now a band of brutalised Dungen, headed by Mdava, ranged the middle zone in search of human prey. Even the comparatively sleek carcass of Boyiya, chief of their own clan, head of their own family, became an irresistible titbit. He was accordingly stalked, and, while helpless and alone, fallen upon and unceremoniously devoured.

This hideous climax was sufficient intimation for Dontsela, the late chief's son. He recognised forthwith where the greater peril lay, and decamped over the Tukela and enlisted in the Zulu army, feeling himself safer in the enemy's camp than among his own rela-

tions. In after years he was one among the thousands of deserters who fled from Shaka and Dingane to seek peace and protection among the white men then recently settled about Durban. He became the protege of Fynn, and established himself on that colonists' location at the Mzinto river, where, as opportunity offered, the scattered members of the Dunge clan gradually reunited around him.

THE MAPUMULO CLAN

Adjoining the Dungen, betwixt the Hlimbitwa and Tukela rivers, the Mapumulos, along with their near relatives the emaSelekwini (or more correctly Selekus) had their home, governed by Dibandhlela, son of Lubheleni, son of Masiyana, son of Lusibalukulu, son of Zulu, son of Zukuzela, son of Mgobodo. The Mapumulos represented the principle branch of the family, and the wag of the clan has placed it on record how they came into that dignified position. While the two parties, as he informs us, were wrangling over their respective claims to the chieftainship, "Oho," cried one, "there comes a carcass of beef rolling down the flood!" And off scampered the Selekus forthwith to the river to possess themselves of the prize. They got their "beef" such as it was; for it turned out to be nothing more toothsome than a log of ruby wooded isiHlakoti (or red currant tree) and they lost the chieftainship; for on their return they were amazed to find that judgment had been given in default and the process won by the Mapumulo claimant.

Naturally enough the Selekus fiercely resented this base reflection on their intelligence, and offer us in its stead an explanation of their own position, which we have no hesitation in accepting. They affirm that Seleku, their ancestor, was the isiZinda in that same particular royal family of which Mapumulo was the inKosana or crown prince. What the office and dignity of the isiZinda may be in the economy of the Kaffir family scheme, we have already explained when dealing with the Ngcobo tribe - how that as a sort of tardy amends for having been condemned throughout all their palmy days of the family's existence, to play a menial part of gatekeeper of the premises and policeman of the general kraal-goods, this son of the family finds himself, after the father's demise, to have inherited nothing more substantial than the hollow honour of being entitled "warden" of the family, coupled with the doubtful privilege of remaining to look after the grave, when everybody else has cleared away to look after himself. Such was Seleku in the Mapumulo family.

Apparently an important personage among Mapumulo royalty was a certain Ndimandwe. This gentleman, it is said, was blessed with twin sons, respectively called Gewantsa and Mzwilini, after whom the two sections of the Ndimande sub-clan are now named. The emaYizeni are another offshoot of these Mapumulos.

In the collateral branch of the family, Seleku is said to have given birth to two principal sons, Duma and Vangisa, of which named only the former seems to have been preserved as the isitakazelo or cognomen of this higher section of the Selekus's house. Other offshoots of the Seleku family are the Ginindas, and perhaps the Bongas and certainly the Bhuloses, who in turn have themselves given birth to the Ngcesanes.

Apparently an important personage among Mapumulo royalty was a certain Ndimande.

Although the Mapumulos were by no means an insignificant tribe their record of the Shakan invasion is remarkably meagre. A futile resistance (if indeed any at all was made) appears to have ended in a speedy dispersal by the Zulu army within which most of the survivors were subsequently swallowed up, others wandering about the solitudes of the veld or seeking refuge in the kraals of the mighty ones of Zululand. Mtimkulu, the youthful heir to the Mapumulo throne, chanced to survive the general ruin, though only to be ere long slain by Dingane's order, for what reason tradition telleth not. A still younger child of Dibandhlela, by name Mashimane, though of a minor house, met with a better grace, and was spared the fate of his half-brother. In the confusion, which accompanied Mpande's flight, the Mapumulos were also enabled to kick off their traces and to re-assemble in the lower Mlazi district, round the only surviving scion of their royal house, where they may still be found, ruled By Jeje, son of Mangcingei, son of Mashimane.

THE EMANGANGENI CLAN

Adjoining the Mapumulo on their eastern frontier dwelt three clans which, although all offshoots of the great Qwabe tribe (and therefore really abaNguni) had, by Shaka's time, through intermarriage and intimate social contact during many generations become to all practical purposes amaLala. The largest and most important of these were the emaNgangeni. Originally resident on the Matigulu river in Zululand, they had migrated to the south and crossed the Tukela already while Lufuta was the Qwabe king (perhaps about the middle of the 18th century). In Shaka's time they were the most advanced Qwabe outpost to the south, occupying all the country from the vicinity of the sources of the Nonoti (where they had the Celes, under Mande, as their neighbours) away towards the northern bank of the Mvoti, along which they spread themselves till somewhat beyond the point where that river is joined by the Hlimbitwa.

On their north-eastern flank - about the esiLevwini hill, was settled a branch of the emaNgangeni, named the Hlopes, under Gajul, son of (?) Fezane, along with a further offshoot of these latter, called the emaNtlekwaneni (if, indeed, these last were really in existence

at that early period).

Northward of all these, immediately on the Tukela's southern banks, dwelt the Makanyas, who like all the preceding clans were also of the Qwabe stock, though perhaps Lalaised in a somewhat lesser degree.

It was while the emaNgangeni were ruled by their chief Sokoti, that Shaka's army swept down upon them. Knowing that resistance would be of no avail, they abandoned their herds and country to the invaders and themselves retreated to the south.

When, a year hence, the subjugation of the Lala people of the Tukela and Mvoti district had been brought to a successful completion, the Zulu induna, Sipingo, was appointed to act as governor-general over the conquered territory. Under his supreme command all such of the Lala menfolk as had surrendered themselves to the Zulu army were incorporated into two great regiments called respectively the white and the black Hlomendlini. Having thus firmly established his sovereignty in the land Shaka and his army much satisfied with their work, wended their way home.

Upon hearing this comforting piece of news, such of the emaNgangeni as had fled to the south now ventured to stead cautiously back to the wreck of their homeland. There as chance would have it, they found the Hlomendlini regiments to have quartered themselves beyond the sources of the Nonoti. However, the induna, Sipingo, graciously permitted the men to enlist themselves in his army and their womenfolk to build along with sundry other Lalas in the country round about.

There they remained for the rest of Shaka's reign and for about four years of that of Dingane (under the latter's induna Sotobe, now general of the Hlomendlini regiment). Then Dingane, irritated by the constant flight of his people of the kindlier whiteman at Durban, ordered all Zulu subjects to cross to the north of the Tukela. The emaNgangeni accordingly removed to a location on the northern side of the river, the White Hlomendlini regiment being quartered about three miles from the Tukela twenty miles inland, while the Blacks were stationed lower down, about eight miles from the sea.

Desertions, however, from among the emaNgangeni, continued to be so numerous that Dingane threatened to exterminate the whole clan, unless they ceased. The mere threat sufficed for the emaNgangeni. The following morning disclosed their location to be empty - the whole tribe had bodily vanished in the night and taken the road to a more agreeable despot in the person of John Cane, at the Mngeni, whose subjects they became. Others proceeded further afield and settled on the Mlazi and Mbilo rivers, in Mnini's land, chief of the emaTulini clan.

When six years later, Mpande, brother of the Zulu king fled into Natal with half the Zulu army, the sole survivor of the royal house of the emaNgangeni was a young soldier in his following. This was

Manzini, son of Magalela, son of Sokoti, son of Mdingi, son of Magojolo. Once out of Dingane's reach, Manzini preferred to remain under the aegis of European protection: and around him the survivors' of the tribe regathered about the middle Mlazi, where they may still be found, under the son, Loktwayo.

THE HLONGWA AND TSHINGA CLANS

The Tshingas occupied the flat country about the middle Mvoti below the emaNgangeni, under their chief, Mangcuku, son of Jele; while opposite the emaNgangeni on the southern banks of the river dwelt the Hlongwas, governed by their chief, Zwebu. A few years previous to the Shakan invasion, these Hlongwas had been joined by another branch of their family, hitherto resident under their chief, Mjulela, near the Tukela, where the Mpisi stream enters it, whence they were expelled by Sihayo, the Nyuswa chief over the river.

All these clanlets, together with the emaNgangeni (of whom we have already related), the Mbhidamkonos and others, now met with the same fate at the same time. The Zulus were upon them. Leaving their cattle in the enemy's hands, they saved themselves by making a headlong dash for the south and safety.

Some of the Hlongwas got so far as the Mzimkulu; but upon finding things there already much more lively than they had anticipated, after seeing Novanywa, the younger surviving son of Mancuku, fall in the fray (probably with some local tribe) on the banks of the Mzimkulwana, they considered it wiser to retrace their steps to the more promising neighbourhood of the Mzumbe. Here they came across their comrades in flight, the Tshingas, and, with the object of conquering for themselves a new country, the two clans united and attacked the Lutulis, resident about the Mkomazi under the headman, Magela, son of Nkolongo. Frustrated in their hopes for victory, they returned somewhat dejected to their home on the Mzumbe river, where they enjoyed a sojourn of two or three seasons without molestation.

But to seek to evade Shaka's clutches was like dodging the angel of death himself; and as vain. Almost imperceptibly he had worked his way to the south, trampling down or killing all as he went; and at last his gory hand fell for the second time on the combined Tshinga and Hlongwa clans. Many escaped as before by a timely flight. After aimlessly wandering awhile, they followed the example of so many others and sought (c.1825) the surer protection of the white immigrants, offering themselves as subjects to Fynn, under whom they spent another few years, the Hlongwas at the Mbhokodweni river and the Tshingas at the Lovu.

Soon after the month of June, in the year 1833, Dingane's army returned from the expedition into Ncpayi's country beyond Mzimkulu. As it approached Durban a false alarm was raised that it intended

attacking the European village and now already large Kaffir settlement. Without any apparent cause the Zulus by the refugee Natives at the Bay, under the leadership of certain white. Although the astonished Zulus speedily fled before the thunder and shots emanating from the bush, the fear of reprisals by Dingane so disturbed the white settlers at the Bay, that they deemed it expedient to remove themselves and theirs to beyond the Mzimkulu. In the following of Fynn went also the Hlongwa people, though the Tshingas for some unaccountable reason remained behind at the Lovu.

It was this fact perhaps that excited suspicion in the mind of Fynn regarding the loyalty to him of these last-named folk. At any rate, after his return from the Mzimkulu nine months later, he seems to have discovered that two headmen of the Tshinga clan, Mzoboshi and Beneni by name, had been playing him false and making unfounded charges against him to the Zulu king. So to the Zulu king Fynn also betook himself. Having proved himself to Dingane's satisfaction to be a perfectly innocent and much maligned person, Fynn received authority from the Zulu king to remove the calumniators. This he proposed to do by despatching a punitive expedition into Tshingaland; but whether it was altogether successful is doubtful, for some assert the Mzoloshi was merely wounded instead of being killed, and subsequently escaped to the south. The tribe, however, still remained in the Lovu district and is there even today, under Mzingelwa, son of Sontsukwana, son of Ndelu, son of Mangcuku.

When Fynn returned from the Mzimkulu after his flight from Dingane, the Hlongwas considered it too risky to accompany him, and had accordingly remained where they were. But now (1840) that Dingane had himself been removed and Mpande gone back to Zululand, the way seemed clear. So gathering together their goods and chattels, they bid farewell to their Mpondo neighbours and betook themselves to their former location on the Mzumbe.

It was at the same period that Joli, son of Mjulela, chief of that section of the Hlongwa clan which had formerly resided on the banks of the Tukela, found the long-desired opportunity of escaping from Zululand in the company of Mpande and of rejoining his own people at the Mzumbe. Subsequently the British Government permitted them to return to their original fatherland on the banks of the Mpisi stream, where a large portion of them still are.

THE BOMBO CLAN

The Tshingas, of whom we last related, were probably a section of a larger clan called the Bombos, whose kraal were scattered throughout the whole country stretching from near the Mngeni as far as the Mvoti. Mbhedu was the chief of this tribe; but when Shaka came down upon them he was already dead, and his two sons, Manyonyo the

principal, and Magwenyane had divided his people between them.

These Bombos, probably fired by the martial spirit of their leader, Magwenyane, seem to have been a fighting clan of some repute. Not only were they specially called in by the oft-mentioned Lala confederacy, after its repulse by the Wushes, to assist it in breaking through to the south, but when, soon after their return from that expedition they were themselves subjected to the murderous attentions of Shaka's army (c. 1819-1820) they actually defeated it. However, they evidently did not appreciate their victory as of much value, for it had no sooner been gained, than they made hurried tracks towards the Mpondo country. But even there they found no rest, and subsequently returned into Natal, where the one party resided at the Xuba under Kulu, son of Mtukuteli, son of Manyonyo, and the other under a son of Neemy, son of Magwenyane, at the Mku-zane hill near the Lovu river.

The Kambules, under Pambasayi, and the Cakus under Vapi, both resident in the Blinkwater region, south of the Mvoti, probably became extinct as clans at the same time as the Bombos.

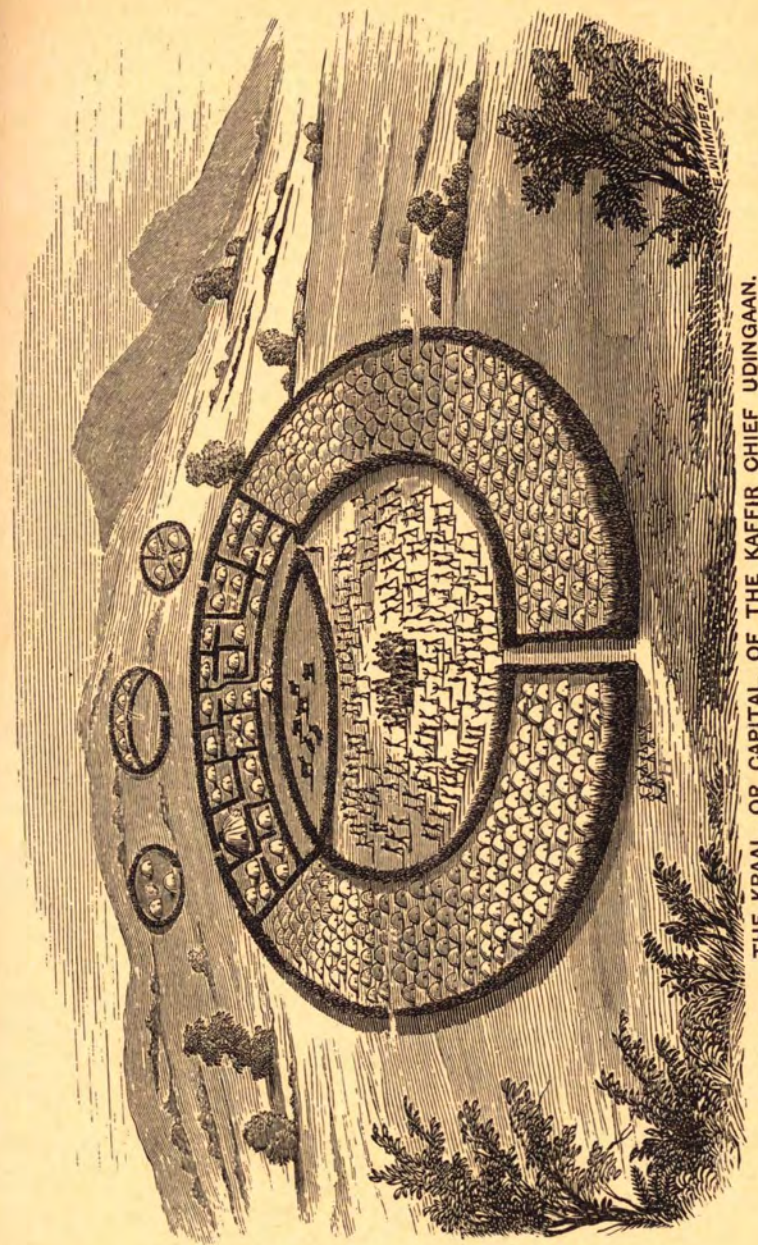
THE ENYWAMVWINI CLAN

Immediately above the Bombos, on the southern side of the Mvoti, dwelt the eNywamvwini, about the Sikoto stream. Their chief's name was Mkalipi, and they themselves were a minor branch perhaps of the Fuze section of the great Ngcobo tribe.

It was early in the year 1816 that these people were startled by a great multitude of emigrants passing hurriedly through their land on their way to the south - it was the emaCunwini in their flight from the Zulu menace. This was the first disturbing event that opened the eyes of the eNywamvwini and neighbouring chiefs to the danger of their own position, with the result that a few months later, they combined and were themselves following in the tracks of the emaCunwini. Mkalipi was one of the leaders of the migrating confederacy, but upon reaching the Mkomazi he changed his mind and returned home.

It chanced to happen that, just at the period of the return of the eNywamvwini, Zihlandlo, the eMbo chief, from over the Tukela, was conducting a small military undertaking of his own along the Tukela valley. Indeed he had already penetrated so far as to reach and devastate the country of the very next door neighbours, the Dunges, who, along with the eNywamvwini, had but just returned from their abortive flight to the south. Rather than involve himself in the like disaster, Mkalipi hastened to proclaim himself (c. 1819) the lifelong friend and faithful ally of the eMbo conqueror. This tactful move ensured for the eNywamvwini some degree of present security, but it also involved them in corresponding responsibilities; and when, some years later (c. 1832), Zihlandlo was put to death and the eMbo tribe

to flight by the Zulu king, Dingane, Mkalipi and his handful of subjects had to participate in the common misfortune. Whilst the eMbos stopped short at the Mkomazi river, the eNywamvini pushed on ahead and amalgamated themselves with the motley horde of Zelemus, Wushes and others (afterwards comprised under the Zulu nickname, amaBhaca) who had assembled beyond the Mzimkulu, firstly under Madikane, now under his son Ncapayi. The news of Dingane's death sufficed to bring back the eNywamvini towards home again; but they proceeded no further than the Mzinto river, whence they returned back to the Mzumbe, where they now are under Mgomeni, son of Ndimdwane son of Mkalipi, son of Nombuya. The small Sani clan, under Jiji, son of Mtala, living in Mkalipi's territory, was probably closely related to these eNywamvini Ngcobos, and it passed through the same historical vicissitudes as they during the Shakan period.



THE KRAAL, OR CAPITAL, OF THE KAFFIR CHIEF UTINGAAN.

PART FIVE

SHAKA'S FOURTH NATAL CAMPAIGN

THE CELES

Had the British Army in 1879 found Zululand occupied, not by a single united nation requiring only a single concentration of attention, but by a hundred independent kingdoms, each demanding separate treatment; had that army consisted of but a single battalion of a few hundred strong, which was all Shaka at first could muster; and had it been equipped with a single assegai per man and lacked all commissariat, we should have been enabled to understand more clearly the vastness and the complexity of the task undertaken single-handed and accomplished without hitch or hindrance by the mighty Shaka in his conquest, not only of Zululand, but, of the whole region between Delagoa Bay and Mtata. We are no longer surprised at his untiring activity. To achieve such a tremendous result and that within the space of a short reign of less than 20 years, uninterrupted warfare was of absolute necessity. Hence it was that almost every succeeding autumn or winter season witnessed the inauguration of its own campaign of aggression.

At the period (c. 1820) at which we have now arrived only ten years after Shaka's succession, the whole mass of tribes inhabiting Zululand had, one after the other, been separately conquered and absorbed. Not one solitary clan any longer retained its independence. To these, a year ago, on the completion of the conquest of the Tuke-la valley, a large number of alien tribes there domiciled had been superadded. And now the current season was to witness a further accretion of nearly all that remained of Laladom, to the rapidly expanding empire.

The extreme southern limit along the coast of the Zulu-Ngunis was conterminous with the southern boundary of the Qwabe tribe along the course of the Nonoti stream in present Natal. From this point southward dwelt the Celes. Although at the period of our narrative these people, by habitat, speech and customs, must most certainly be classed as of the Lala type, nevertheless there was among them a tradition that aboriginally they were the kinsfolk of the Mtetwa people of the Nguni stock. Whether this were really so, or whether they rested on no other foundation than a remembrance on the part of the Celes of a previous residence (along with other Lala clans) in

the Mtetwa country prior to the arrival there of the last named Nguni tribe, is at this distant date impossible to decide.

The Celes were a large tribe divided into several sections each bearing its own cognomen, as for instance, the emaDimeni or Shanges, the emaNdlanzini (then resident at the mouth of the Mhlatuze, in Dube-land adjoining the Mtetwas, in which place either they had continued to remain after the migration southward of their brethren, or else to which they were subsequently returned) the Mbutos, the Komos, the Mdabes and others. However, in Dingiswayo's days, all were still united under the common chief, Dibandlela, son of Mkokeleli. From the Nonoti their country extended southward along the coast as far as the Tongati river and for about twelve miles inland. A very large portion of it was overgrown by dense jungle, harbouring herds of elephants, leopards and many species of antelopes and on the outskirts lions and hyenas galore.

Dibandlela, like Mpande, had the misfortune to behold his sons contending over the succession while he himself was still amongst them. This was one of the unavoidable results of the Kaffir system of royal succession by which a younger son, oftentimes an infant, generally became heir to the position, wealth and power of the chieftainship, while the eldest son of the family sank to the rank almost of a commoner in the tribe. Certainly among a people with whom life was cheap, and the greed of power strong, such a system ensured a greater measure of peace and safety for the person of the chief during his own lifetime (and this, indeed, was all he cared about) but, owing to the family feuds it almost invariably gave rise to, it was highly injurious to the prosperity and solidarity of the tribe after his death. So in regard to the Celes, Magaye was the constitutionally appointed tribal heir, but Mande was the elder half-brother. Mande and Magaye therefore, no sooner beheld their august parent to be physically declining than, as became royal brothers, they immediately came to blows over the prospective spoils.

While still vigorously belabouring each other into a mutual understanding anent their respective rights and inheritances, Dibandlela having already passed to the fathers, there appeared on the scene that most efficient of arbitrators, Shaka. With characteristic promptness, he forthwith undertook to adjust for them their dispute. And this is how he did it. Being away from home and hungry, he sent forth messengers, first of all to Mande, demanding not solely his prompt submission, not indeed to Magaye but to himself, and, further, an equally prompt present of selected beeves, that he and his hungry army might eat and gain strength, if need be, to fight. Mande, pointing to a bony dog (probably an uncommonly vicious one) addressed the messengers, saying, "Behold your food. Take it and go". Having taken due notice of this audacious insult, the Zulu ambassadors next proceeded to Magaye and repeated the like demand. Wise enough to learn from many lessons of the past, Magaye entertained the royal

emissaries with quite sumptuous hospitality and readily responded to their every demand. Whereafter they went home to report.

Soon afterwards the hungry Shaka appeared in propria persona. Magaye regaled his army with such a lavish supply of prime beef, that an ignorant stranger might have surmised he actually welcomed it as a godsend. Mande, on the other hand did not wait to be asked for that dog. He simply described a straight line, he and his people, into the most impenetrable patch of coast jungle then attainable (which happened to be that extending from the mouth of the Tongati to that of the Mdloti) leaving his herds of fine cattle in the enemy's hands as the price of his insolence.

This sudden fall from the princely state to one of abject destitution did not at first prove by any means an intolerable fate to the unhappy Mande. Indeed, the fleshpots were kept more abundantly supplied than they had ever been before! For full two years bush life proved eminently endurable, thanks to the herds of Magaye and his people so conveniently grazing just beyond the Tongati river and from which Mande liberally helped himself. And when all these had been duly devoured and real famine grimly stared him in the face, Mande, never nonplussed, boldly requested their owner, his mortal foe Magaye, to intercede with Shaka on his behalf! This Magaye generously did, and in response to his prayer, Shaka most willingly consented that the offending brother, who had so long baffled him in the bush, should now be permitted to come out and reoccupy his former district (presumably at a safe distance from any risk of jungle).

A year elapsed. By that time all were well out of the bush and securely re-established on the open veld. Then suddenly messengers from Shaka reappeared in force. Their mission they said was to slay that dog - and the dog was Mande himself! The people of this latter hereafter became the subjects of the more submissive Magaye, who was no more pestered with contentious brothers.

Thus Magaye found favour in Shaka's sight and continued to do so till that despot's death. Indeed, in course of time the latter came himself to make his home in Magaye's very kingdom, at Dukuza (now Stanger) in Celeland. The penalty of such marked favour was that the removal of Shaka, which brought salvation to so many, to Magaye brought destruction. The policy of the anti-Shakaites, with Dingane at their Head, was too thorough, that, while ridding the world of Shaka, it should permit his supporters to remain; and so Magaye was called upon to follow his royal master in Sheol. For a brief two years his son, Mkonto, was tolerated; then he too was hustled after his father into eternity, about the year 1831.

And what became now of the Cele body-politic, bereft as it was of helm and helmsman? Some drifted into the Zulu army; others drifted into the service of the white man already settled about Durban. Both sections of the clan were destined ere long to be brought into touch again in rather a strange and unpleasant manner.

Dingane, it would seem, having like Shaka to keep his rowdy army somehow in constant employment, had sent a force to chastize Neapayi, the Bhaca chief away over the Mzimkulu. This army (among whom no doubt were many of the Celes who had joined the Zulus) having on its outward journey, taken a more inland route, had passed southward quite unbeknown to the white men and their natives at Durban. The first intimation they received of its presence to the south of them arrived in the form of a report announcing the slaughter by the Zulus (in June 1833) of a certain wagon party (consisting solely of Hottentots) on the banks of the Mzimkulu. Unfortunately, this comparatively insignificant incident had become so magnified in the passage from Native to Native along the line, that by the time it reached the Port, it had become transformed into an absolutely unfounded, though highly disquieting report of an intended massacre of all the Europeans in the land. And when now the news arrived that the Zulu army, returning from the south, was already approaching the Port, the disturbing rumour seemed to be fully confirmed. The Zulu army, then, being quite innocent of this false alarm, a certain section of it - perhaps that having many of its friends and relatives in hiding on the white settlement - had separated itself off from the main body travelling further inland and had taken a more coastal route. Upon passing the Berea bush, however, instead of obtaining the surreptitious interview with their friends as they had anticipated, they were greeted by them and their European masters with such a shower of assegais and bullets as made them skedaddle posthaste in their comrades without any further desire to meet their refugee friends.

But their unfortunate contretemps in no wise allayed the apprehension of the white man, who now felt more certain than ever of Dingane's vengeance. They therefore fled without further delay to the country beyond the Mzimkulu. With them too went the Celes as subjects of Fynn though that section of them which had originally constituted the Mande section, availed themselves of the occasion to separate once more from their brethren, so into the local bush they went, and then, under Mande's son, Xabashe, established themselves as comfortably as possible, until the storm was o'er.

After spending a couple of years beyond the Mzimkulu in constant expectation of the relaiation which never came, the major section of the Celes ventured to return homewards, but they did not attempt to approach any nearer the Port than the Mablongwa river south of the Mkomazi. In 1836, their hereditary chief, Magidigidi, son of Magaye, hearing of their whereabouts, managed to desert from the Zulu army and rejoin his people at the place. More than twenty years later, after Natal had already become a British colony, he moved away with a large portion of his people and reoccupied their former holding over the Mzimkulu, where they still flourish. Those that remained behind on the Mahlongwa were placed in charge of Mtungwana, a brother of Magaye.

The Mande faction, however, after their emergence from the bush (about the year 1834) selected for themselves a snug little valley on the southern side of the lower Mlazi, whence their chief Xabashe, subsequently removed to a spot some twenty miles up the Mzimkulu, on its northern side, leaving the remnant at the Mlazi in charge of Msutu, son of Sotukuza, son of Kibandlela. Xabashe, however, was not the inheritor by birth of Mande's chieftainship. The rightful heir was Manqaba, but this having died without male issue, it became by native custom, Xabashe's duty to ngena (or sexually enter) his deceased brother's wife in the hope of thereby raising for him a direct heir. Of this union Ndunge was the offspring, and in due time Ndunge became the principal chief in this Mande section of the Cele tribe, which indeed he still rules at the Mlazi.

THE NDLOVUS, EMASOMINI & OTHER CLANS

Returning to that point in our narrative where Mande found it advisable to abruptly close his contest with his brother, Magaye, and to start a sylvan residence down on the coast between the Tongati and Mdloti rivers, we shall recollect that this particular jungle to whose saving depths he committed himself, was already beyond the confines of Celeland, on foreign soil. It pertained to the domain of a certain tiny clan, bombastically calling themselves the Ndlovus or Elephants, and who held the strip of littoral between the two just-mentioned rivers, and for about four miles inland. But Mande selected the spot advisedly; for, although on foreign terrain, he would be still at home, his sister being the beloved consort of the reigning local monarch, Nzala, son of Mangcash. Alas! a few short weeks and the mighty Nimrod popularly nicknamed Sishaya-kasishayeki (Who strikes but never gets stricken) came along with his army of destroyers, and the Ndlovu monarch and monarchy became as extinct as many another tribe of African 'elephants'. Many scampered off and co-mingled with their neighbours, the Celes; many others to the white man at the Port.

It is sometimes asserted that these Natal Ndlovus were of Sutoid and not a Lala origin. But this supposition is supported by no other evidence than that of identity of tribal cognomen; and upon that circumstance alone the delusion seems to be based. The sole fact that there existed among the Sutos a large clan named after so notable an animal as the elephant (Suto, Tlov; Zulu iNdlovu) by no means proves that another and quite distinct clan, though similarly named, could not have existed likewise among the Lalas.

Alongside the Celes, further up the Mvoti river, dwelt the emaSomini, under their chieftain Nkuna. They too were swept away by the Zulu army about this time (c. 1820). In fleeing southward, they

were hotly persued by the Zulus as far as the Mona stream, a tributary of the Tongati. There the invaders invaded and overtook and surrounded them, slaughtering indiscriminately men, women and children, till almost the whole tribe had perished. Their chief, however, saved his own head by a timely surrender. His submission was at first accepted by the Zulu conqueror; but subsequently the clemency was withdrawn, and Nkuna now the only surviving remnant of the royal house of the Mvoti branch of the emaSomini clan, was slain by Shaka's orders.

A portion of this tribe had originally dwelt under their chief, Moyeni, further north on the banks of the Tukela, next below the Shangases. Precisely who ejected them from their settlement, whether Shaka, Sihayo the Nyuswa chief, or Zihlando chief of the eMbos, is no longer clear. But it was about the period of Shaka's first appearance in the Tukela valley that they migrated bodily and united with their relatives on the Ntsuze tributary of the Mvoti river.

The slaughter at the Mona stream therefore included both sections of the clan. There being no longer any representative existing of Nkuna's family, such survivors of the clans as were still left subsequently gravitated towards Moyeni's son, Kude, dwelling when the Boers arrived in 1838, on the lower Lovu river. A small remnant of these people may still be found near the mid-Mlazi, under Homoyi, son of Nahawule, son of Goba, son of Singile, son of Moyeni, apparently son of Nomdayi. The emeYiwas are an offshoot of this emaSomini clan.

The upper Mona river, where the massacre of the emaSomini occurred was not, however, included within the territory of those people, but within that of the Lumbis, a clan, small forsooth, but socially so far 'advanced' as to have entrusted its government into the hands of a mere umFazi (woman) - a state of affairs totally repugnant to the political ideas of the pure Nguni race, though not so with either the Sutoid or the Lala peoples. But this Mamtunzini (or She of the Shade) proved herself, in the hour of her people's need, neither a Boadicea nor a La Pucelle. She led not her people on to victory, but, if we may judge from their complete disappearance from the land, in all probability to utter extermination, maybe along with the emaSomini at the Mona stream.

Whether the Zelemus, ruled by Mpeshwa, and dwelling between the Mngeni and the Inanda, were related to that other tribe of blood-thirsty warriors bearing the same name and resident under Madikane in the Maritzburg district, cannot be definitely stated. They probably were. They are said to have been first dispersed by Shaka, and then annihilated in their flight by the surrounding tribes.

A like fate befell their neighbours, the emKulwini, who occupied the country about the Tafamasi and were governed by one, Mambane, probably another umFazi.

THE LUTULIS AND EMATULINI

It was in the halcyon times, long before Shaka came to disturb the political peace, that Shadwa, son of Dode, son of Sivuba, son of Madlanduna, son of Lutuli, son of Mavela, son of Zakwe - a succession of names proudly offered us by the tribe, but of whose accuracy we are not prepared to vouch - quarrelled, at the Mpapala heights, about the source of the Matigulu, with his relative, the then reigning chief of the Lutuli clan. What they were quarrelling about was in all probability the royal spoils. Anyhow, Shadwa thought to deal his kingly adversary a final and decisive master-stroke when he purloined the latter's state bath and ran off with it over the Tukela and beyond any possibility of pursuit. This royal bath of umLalazi, we may state, was a foot square slab of hollowed sandstone, something after the fashion of the national grindstone, in which his majesty was wont to stand while being washed with the magical medicaments and lotions of his office. What happened when he found the tribal mascot missing we do not know; but he was no doubt fearfully dismayed, and rightly so, for after that the Mpapala Lutulis fell into utter insignificance and oblivion, and all the glory of the tribe seemed to have gone off with Shadwa and that section of the clan which accompanied him in his flight southward.

Over the Tukela and along the coast he went till, finally reaching a beautiful marine lake, encircled by a woodland - which placid waters he (or somebody else) nicknamed the iTeku or One-testicled thing - he settled.

Shadwa had now lost all touch with the parent clan at the Mpapala and set about founding one all his own. This he called, no longer, as the tribe had been hitherto wont to name itself, the people of Tule, or, to give the full nounal prefix, Lutuli (which, being interpreted, means, the people of Mr. Dust), but by perhaps the more suitable cognomen of the amaTuli (the Dustmen) alias the emaTulini (or They-in-the-dust).

A short and uneventful period followed, then two quite epoch-making occurrences startled the tribe - first the coming of the conquering Zulus on the scene, then the all-annexing white man. Whereas the Lutuli section of the clan still remaining at the Mpapala, was eaten up by Shaka, without even as much as a protest, the Shadwa branch of the family away in the Tekwini woodlands, owing (so the tribal lorists averred) to their being in possession of the tribal talisman, though (as we prefer to believe) more probably to the impenetrable cover of their jungle surroundings, continuously evaded every effort of the Zulu army to overcome them, even to reach them.

At this time our emaTulini folk, although not remarkable in point of numbers, had at any rate appropriated to themselves a quite unusually extensive tract of country, stretching in one uninterrupted stretch of littoral in parts thirty miles broad from the Mngeni mouth

southwards to the mouth of the Mkomazi. Shadwa had long since gone to his ancestors, and Fica, son of Nkolongo, son of Myebu, son of Shadwa, reigned in his stead at the Bluff. Several subordinate potentates, ruled around him over divers sections of the clan, as, for example, Ndlebende alias Mwahleni, son of Myebu at the Mngeni mouth, and Ntaba, likewise of Myebu, about the Mansimtoti. Yet when about 1820, the Zulu army came down upon them in spite of all their brave array of chieftains, this Dustmen did not succeed in leaving on record any remarkable feats of martial prowess other than that of making a wise and hasty movement into the bush, abandoning their fine herds into the hands of the foe.

With an invincible Zulu army constantly hovering in their neighbourhood, and with no further facilities for cultivation of the soil, hard times began to stare them in the face now that their last year's harvest had reached its end. So much so that the Ndlebende or Mngeni section of the family, following the example of several other of the dispersed Lala clans, rapidly developed a taste for human flesh. It is related that the Zulu army, boldly marching along the Mhlathuzana river, suddenly alighted one day on quite a busy settlement of them. The bare sight of this ugly apparition was sufficient to rob the Dustmen of all further appetite for the feast they were even then preparing, and to cause them to leave their village deserted as the Kalahari. When the invading force arrived famished they were rejoiced to find an array of flesh-pots already simmering on the fire and emitting a savour such as might have made the mouth of an epicure to slaver. Exulting over their good fortune, they rushed to the pots and greedily opening them beheld a mixed assortment of huge feet and scraggy legs - they had fallen among a colony of cannibals! Flinging down the pot lids they fled precipitately from the unhallowed spot. Thus it came about that, for this occasion only, the emaTulini had the rare pleasure of putting a Zulu army to flight.

At last the storm passed over and the encompassing enemy went home, and the emaTulini ventured once more to emerge from their hiding places in the Bluff and Berea jungle, alas! only to find a still more insuperable enemy in possession of their land. On the calm waters of their marine lake rocked a ship, and on its shores were scattered the shanties of pale-faced strangers. These were they who came up from the Cape - Fynn and Ogle and Cane and others - bent on the peaceful errand of trading with (or should we say on) the unsophisticated savages of these parts. Thus it was that to the emaTulini came the distinction of being the first among the Bantu tribes of Natal and Zululand to make the familiar acquaintance of the white man. Fica had already been laid to rest in the Bluff bush, and his prospective successor, Munini, might have been seen herding, with other boys, the cattle of the Zulu king grazing on the Kangela flats. But the dark eyed dusky damsels of the Dustmen clan were comely to behold and their charms seductive and from the numbers the pio-

neers of civilisation soon selected for themselves many a domestic helpmate.

There in the primeval bush, between the iTeka lagoon (now the Durban Bay of the usurping white man) and the Mkomazi mouth, the remnant of the emaTulini clan may still be found, ruled by the successor of Mcotoyi, son of Mnini, son of Manti, son of Nkolongo. How it came to pass that, with the resurrection of the tribe subsequent to the establishment in the land of the Pax Britannica, the sceptre of chieftainship passed from the hands of Fica's house into those of Mnini, his nephew, we are unable to explain. We may, however, reasonably opine either that Fica's house became extinct with the demise of his son, Bhoshogweni, or else that the direct line was through his brother, Manti, and that Fica was therefore never more than the regent for Manti's son, Mnini.

THE LAST OF THE LALA CLANS

Before passing further down the coast the Zulu army no doubt deemed it advisable first of all to sweep into their net all such Lala clans as remained still unconquered behind. From the Lutulis about the Bay they swerved round and marched in an inland direction.

Following the course of the Mngeni, they encountered in the country extending from the Mgeni to the Mlazi, between the Ntjangwe hill and Camperdown, another tribe of Ndhlovus, governed by one, Belesi. Whether these people were amaDobe and consequently akin to their neighbours, the Nyambus, or whether they were a branch of the tribe bearing the same cognomen settled beyond the Mdloti, we are unable to say. However, Shaka experienced little difficulty in driving them pell-mell out of his way and into that of the prowling bands of Dunge and emaTulini cannibals following in his wake, who successfully captured the chief and whatsoever else of sleek personages the clan possessed and unceremoniously made a meal of them. The few survivors straggled on to the neighbouring Nyamva and Njilo tribes, whom they subsequently accompanied on their journey to join Mati-wane, the renowned emaNgwaneni chief, then sojourning under the Drakensberg.

Next above the preceding, from Camperdown away towards the Table Mount, dwelt the Madlanyawos. This little clan no longer exists in anything more tangible than the name of its ancient chief, Magadaza, still marking the spot where the vanished tribe once flourished, though scattered members of it may still be found along the Mngeni and beyond the Mzimkulu.

Along the southern banks of the Mngeni, above and below where the Msunduze enters it, were the Nyamvus or Mdlulis, ruled by Mcoseli, son of Sali, while on the opposite side of the river was the Njilo clan, under Noqomfela, probably merely a branch of the former.

Another section of these Njilos existed likewise on the southern side of the Nyamvus, about the Mlazi river, where they dwelt under Si-benya, brother of Mcoseli. These latter were they who had the misfortune to be on the line of march of the Lala confederacy, already told of, on its migration southward, and by whom they were scattered.

The romantically beautiful Mngeni country, with its deep winding valleys and towering hills all thickly overgrown with bush, saved these small clans resident in that vicinity from extermination and their cattle from being completely plundered. But amidst the universal anarchy then prevailing in which each man slew his brother at sight it was manifestly neither pleasant nor safe for these helpless and defenceless fragments of obliterated tribes to continue in their old lands. They accordingly united and moved off, early in 1822, to place themselves under the powerful Matiwane, of the emaNgwaneni fugitives at that time settled in territory he had recently conquered from the emaZizini along the base of the Drakensberg.

Scarcely had they arrived than the dreaded Zulu army, so long expected by Matiwane actually appeared. Matiwane did not wait for a conflict, but, with most of his people and whatsoever cattle he could collect, clambered over the Drakensberg mountains and entered the domain of the Sutos. The Lala refugees, however - the Nyamvus, the Njilos, the Madlanyawos and the DlanyoKas - with their women and children still footsore from their recent long travelling, were unable to participate in the mountain-flight and had perforce to risk remaining where they were. No sooner had the emaNgwaneni departed than the remaining Lalas conceived the idea of enriching themselves at the expense of their erstwhile protectors by reaping into their own cribs the whole countryside of standing corn abandoned by them. The eagle-eye of Matiwane from his eyrie-shelter on the mountain top witnessed their knavish tricks, and hearing furthermore that their next step was to be the attachment of all such emaNgwaneni cattle as had been left behind on the Bushmans river, came to the conclusion that the loyal professions of these Lalas was nought but a cunning device to batten on his own misfortunes. So he promptly sent down upon them a punitive force, which slew both of their chieftains and drove the rest from the country.

The unhappy Lalas, now miserably reduced in numbers, not knowing where else to turn, retraced their steps to their native land on the Mngeni. With lawlessness and villainy everywhere rampant, they dared not build for themselves any type of visible habitation; indeed they were grateful to be able to creep into the comfortless caves and rest. Yet man liveth not on peace alone, and on the morrow the men-folk must needs go forth and forage for any chance supplies still available from their old fields along the Mngeni valley.

It chanced at the same time and in the same neighbourhood that certain bands of cannibals were abroad on a like errand. Suddenly emerging from the hillside jungle, they beheld a spectacle that would

have caused the heart of any anthropophagous sportsman to leap for joy - whole family parties of toothsome morsels, tender children and helpless women all there ready for the pot! Without delay they whipped together the wailing herd, and drove it along to their own settlement. Among the captives was a boy, Nomsimekwana by name, son of Mcoseli, chief of the Nyamvu clan. As a special mark of esteem he was deputed to carry a broad earthen basin, which he was given to understand would serve as a lid to the pot in which he would be stewed. The idea, however, was premature, for when passing a rush grown river soon afterwards, the boy plunged in, and working his way forward under water, was soon able to view the discomfiture of his captors from amongst the rushes. When they had passed on he emerged and made his way to the men who had gone foraging, to whom he related the doleful news. This boy lived to become the chief of what was left of his clan. On another occasion certain members of the clan, who, since its dispersal had been wandering abroad, hearing that their compatriots had already reassembled in the old homeland, hastened to join them. While still afar, their hearts were gladdened by the inspiring sight of peaceful kraals and ripening cornfields. But when they reached this oasis in the wilderness, all they found of human being was the well picked bones and heads vacantly staring at them from the tops of waving cornstalks!

The handful of these tribes that managed to outlive all these continued hardships and perils, at length resolved to bow to fate and to betake themselves to the Zulus. In a land practically abandoned to roaming cannibals and so infested by packs of wild dogs and fierce hyenas, that no child or female dare be known to exist nor solitary man appear, life was no longer endurable. Crossing the Tukela therefore they entered Emboland, on the Ntsuze river, where Zihlandlo still reigned as tributary to Shaka. There too, women-folk remained and built, while the able bodied men and youths were drafted into the Zulu army. These were soon after required to take part in the last of Shaka's campaigns (that against Soshangane) in which many of them succumbed to the malignant fever of Tongaland.

Nomsimekwana, however, still survived, and when, about 1832, Zihlandlo was killed by Dingane, he fled from the Zulu country. Step by step he moved onwards towards the wilderness that had once been the happy home of his clan and his childhood, and in the third season succeeding his escape, after having patiently suffered and outlived so many cruel vicissitudes and tribal calamities, he had the unspeakable satisfaction of once again building himself a comfortable home amidst the dear old scenes by the Table Mount, where, upon the assumption of government by the white man, the few survivors of his clan regathered around him and have dwelt in peace ever since.

On the opposite bank of the Mngeni, between it and the upper Mqeku and down along that stream, there lived a small tribe of Dlan-yokas or Langis, governed by one, Nonganga. They were completely

broken up by the Zulu army at the same time as the preceding tribes, and their chief having been slain and their cattle captured, they accompanied them on their flight for protection to Matiwane on the Drakensberg. After the subsequent expulsion of their companions, the Nyamvus and Njilos, by Matiwane from the locality, some of the Dlan-yokas worked their way southward along the Drakensberg until they came across the emaCunwini, under Macingwane, on the upper Mzimkulu, to whom they subjected themselves. Others went back with the Nyamvus to the Mngeni, to become there practically extinguished by the cannibals.

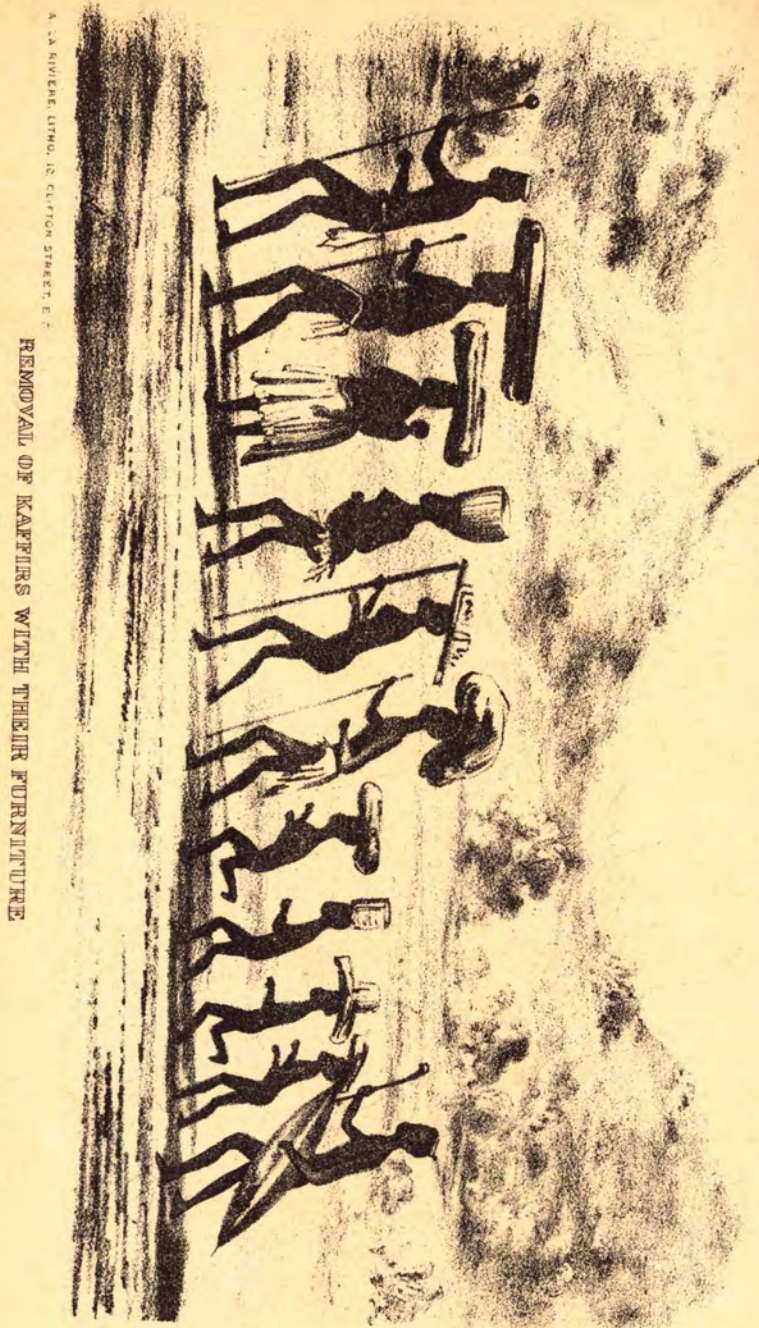
Along the south coast of Natal were divers small clans, which were so completely annihilated or so thoroughly swept out of the country by Shaka's army, that local tradition has preserved nothing beyond the bare name and location.

Thus, there were the amaMbenge, inland of the Lutulis, about the Lovu river, and the emaMbhilini at the mouth of the Mkomazi, with the amaMbovone still more inland.

The emaShobeni, the Nomandlas and the Vundles succeeded each other along the southern banks of the latter river, above the amaMbovone.

From the lower Mzinto river along the coast towards the Mkomazi, dwelt the Banganes, ruled by Ngoyi, and who like other perhaps of the smaller clans just mentioned, were tributary to the neighbouring Lutulis.

Inland of the Vanganes, about the upper Mzinte river, where the people of Dumisa are now located, was the Ndonyela clan; while over the Ntwalume, extending away towards the Mzimkulu, were the Gwayis.



PART SIX

SURROUNDING TRIBES

INTRODUCTION

We have now related all we have been able to gather so far, both from Native informants and from earlier printed documents, anent the Tukela-Kaffir clans encircling the more properly termed Zulu-Kaffir peoples. But the series of historical sketches hitherto appearing in this paper were but the continuation of another and much longer series which had already been published elsewhere; and as nearly all of our present readers will probably never have seen the latter, we think we shall be doing nothing undesirable if, for their enlightenment and in order to make the present series more complete, we repeat again here such of the previously published articles as had reference to the "Zulu and Surrounding Tribes". Of those 'Surrounding Tribes' but one of any importance, now remains, viz., the great Tembe (so-called Tonga) tribe dwelling beyond the north-eastern frontier of the Zulu-Nguni domain, and whose story formed the final article in the preceding series. With these Tembes therefore, now to be considered, we shall complete the circle of the encompassing clans; after which we shall proceed to deal with those of more purely Zulu-Nguni origin.

THE TEMBE TONGAS

Perhaps the strongest evidence we have that our much vaunted civilization is still far from having reached its apogee, and that the essential nature of the most enlightened of men, when freed of the delusive glamour thrown upon it by mere brilliance of intellect and washed of its thin veneer of mere utilitarian morality, is still deplorably brutish and gross, is to be found in the fact that exhibitions of sheer animal energy and might do still command the highest admiration of mankind. Deeds of bloodshed and devastation still tend to make men and nations more famous than do the arts of culture or the wonderful accomplishments of the mind. The names of men like Napoleon occur and reoccur ad nauseam on the pages of the world's history; and yet it would be difficult to point to any real lasting blessing such have conferred on their country or the world. If, indeed

monuments with greatest propriety to those who have benefitted their kind in the highest degree, then assuredly he who blessed the world with the supremely useful match were more worthy of a statue in imperishable brass, then he whose exploits consisted solely in organizing destruction, in multiplying misery and pain, and dealing death. That the former has never yet received any recognition from a predominantly sensual world simply proves the truth of the reflection on our civilization to which I have just referred.

The Zulu-Ngunis, in the person of Shaka and in the achievements of that king's army, have won for themselves a world-wide celebrity. But their fame is of the gory kind, born of marvels of brutality, of deeds that brought down no benison on themselves or their country, nor furnished any inspiring lesson to mankind around them. The very names of surrounding Tekela-Nguni clans who were tortured out of existence, or forced into flight, by this phenomenal display of blood-thirsty vigour and unexcelled cruelty, go down to posterity unknown and unpraised; and yet perchance, in the quiet pursuance of their pastoral and industrial occupations, they were each one of them, infinitely more profitable to their own little world, and conferred a much larger measure of happiness and fortune upon it than ever did the whole army of Zulu warriors.

The reason of this inequitable appointment of fame lies solely in the fact that whereas to the Zulu-Kaffirs was given the vocation of making, what is popularly deemed, history, the fate of the Tekela-Kaffirs was to suffer it to provide simply the arena for their play; that while on the one was bestowed the knife that carved the names, the other only held the slab. And yet, in their whole make-up of body and mind, these Tekela-Kaffirs, these mere Lalas and Sutos and Tongas, were not one whit less admirable, less noble, less brave, than were their conquerors, and, led on by the master mind of such an arch-demon of iniquity as was the Zulu Shaka, would most assuredly have proved themselves not one whit less sanguinary and cruel. Without any question, they were a good deal more industrious and more civilised, exhibiting as they did, numerous proofs of simple skill and inventive art conspicuously absent among the Zulu-Kaffirs. Indeed, it was precisely in these higher virtues that their greater weakness lay. On account of their more peaceful habits was it that they were esteemed the less by their warlike neighbours who, themselves incapable of reaching the higher intellectual level, were compelled to confine their activity and ambition to feats of animal strength and passion practised on the weaker tribes around. Yet, in the struggle for existence, brain is no less indispensable than muscle. If it was the Zulu arm that wielded the weapon, it was the skill of the Tekela-Kaffir that very frequently fashioned it, for with spears provided by their own forges was it that the Ndwandwes, and Lalas, and the whole Tekela-speaking world were vanquished by Shaka's legions.

Strange indeed does it seem that, though living, so to say, next-

door to the Zulus, these Tongas were never conquered, nor even attacked, by them throughout the whole of the period in which their only ambition seems to have been to destroy every other clan or to incorporate it within their own. And it was well for the Tembes that it was so, for the Tongas were pre-eminently a people of peace, and, notwithstanding that they often had their own little political faction-fights, they must have played a sorry role had they been brought face to face with Shaka's warriors. As it was, they figured not on Zulu battlefields, nor participated in the bloody parturition of the Zulu nation. But what is infinitely more honourable, in the Zulu home their social influence and activity was greater perhaps than that of any other alien people. They were the skilled craftsmen of all the Native industrial arts, the traders par excellence of this corner of Bantuland, the commercial travellers or middlemen between the interior Native states and the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay.

We have applied the appellation of "Tonga" to these particular neighbours of the Zulus; but whether we have done so correctly or not, demands some enquiry, seeing that the people themselves scornfully reject the title.

That there are people in Bantuland who pride themselves in possessing this as their own tribal designation, is well known to all (save perhaps to the Zulus!) but, as far as we are aware, these people are nowhere nearer Zululand than is the river Zambezi, along whose banks we meet with successive clans of baTonga (by some tribes pronounced baToka), as well as on the shores of Lake Nyasa. Aye, so far away as the region of the river Gaboon, in West Africa, do we find Bantu people bearing this Tonga clan-name. Yet it is none of these (of whose very existence he is totally ignorant) that the Zulu indicates by the term. He applies it indiscriminately and generically to the Tembes, the Ntlwengas, the Nyembanes, in a word to every variety of East Coast Bantu people dwelling between himself and the Zambezi, and not belonging to the Suto or Nguni group - peoples, all of whom, strange to say, declare that they are not, and never were, Tongas!

Undoubtedly there is a certain physical, social and linguistic likeness general to all these East Coast and Zambezian tribes, which marks their common origin and distinguishes them from the two neighbouring Bantu groups just mentioned. At the same time, each and all of them (save in the one locality mentioned below) possess their own appropriate tribal titles (which is that of Tongas only in regard to those few tribes above referred to). Most of those to whom the Zulus affix the appellation indignantly refuse to have the name thrust upon them, regarding it as a contemptuous epithet. Amour propre and national pride are as strong with them as with the average English schoolboy, who becomes immediately bellicose (though one scarcely knoweth why) when dubbed a compatriot of the French president or the head of the Hohenzollerens. So, too the patriotic Ntl-

engwa or Tembe resents being called a Zulu. Are then, the Zulus wrong in applying this title to him?

To this we can answer neither Yea or Nay. Maybe in centuries long long past, the aboriginal Mr. Kaffir or the real Mr. Tonga (of Zambezian domicile) were much nearer neighbours than they are now. Owing to their innate migratory, and perhaps also bellicose, propensities, the parting was sure to come some day. And come it did; whereupon Mr. Kaffir moved on ahead, into the distant south. The young Kaffir offshoots, born in the new land duly learned from their forebears their old neighbour's name; but not having known him personally, missed the true point of its significance, and so began applying it, in a random way, to all soever who came within their ken and were held by them to possess some supposed resemblance or relationship with Mr. Tonga's family, as, for example, to the Tembes, the Ntwengas and others, all of whom were probably more Tongas than the Zulus are Xosas.

Or, again, the process may have been reversed. The present day Zulu use of the expression as a generic term, denoting a certain 'Tonga' branch of the Bantu family, as a term akin to that of 'Nguni' and 'Suto' may be the correct one. Those younger scions of the Tonga house who in olden days wandered forth to the south (as the Tembes and others) in the course of the passing centuries may have come to forget their family connections (but which relationship the foreign Zulu ever discerned unmistakably imprinted on their cheek and in their speech), and finally to disown them altogether. Obviously the Zulu must have got the name from somewhere and the source of it does not seem to be among those tribes now in his immediate vicinity who never use the term. We shall nevertheless follow the Zulu use in these pages, employing the word as a convenient generic term denoting the particular branch of the Bantu race now mainly inhabiting Portuguese East.

For there would be nothing unusual in such a supposition as that just mentioned, is proved by the Kaffirs themselves, who nowadays are almost ignorant of what was probably their own original generic name, viz., abaNguni - the term Kaffir of course, being of foreign invention.

There is also another striking circumstance, perhaps unique in Bantuland, which seems to lend strong support to this latter hypothesis. From the Victoria Nyanza, to the Southern ocean, the Bantu family is everywhere systematically divided, firstly into language groups (as the Kaffirs, the Sutos, the Kuwas, etc.) and then, again into clans (as the Zulus, the emaMpondweni, the Makhwakhwa, etc.). But in Portuguese East Africa in a region extending almost from Delagoa Bay to the Zambezi and having Sofala as a centre, this regular ethnological organisation fails us. There we find a heterogeneous mass of nondescript Bantu, speaking it in true divers dialects of the common East African type, but devoid of any common family

name and absolutely ignorant of any system of chieftainships or clans - a people in a word, aware of no mutual relationship, who have somehow lost caste en masse, and, as a natural corollary, something else of their character. Whence this chaos in the midst of order? We think there is an answer, and that it may be found in Zimbabwe - the Zimbabwe of the medieval period. The foreign works of those extensive gold mines and the consequent commercial activity in the territory betwixt them and the coast, must have necessitated the gathering together in the region of multitudes of blacks, indigenous and imported, who, through many generation, living under Arab rule, had separated themselves from their kith and kin, until they had lost all touch with them. Finally the Arabs vanished, leaving the blacks a disordered mass behind, without chiefs or cohesion, unpossessed of any common name or common chieftain.

It is a long way from Tongas to cats; likewise from Tongas to locusts. But Zulu imagination covers the distance in one flight. To the king of the Tongas and the little tabby cat it affixes the one zoological label Mangobe. How it accomplishes that feat, and how the Tongas are concerned with locusts, we shall see later on.

That cats were denizens of the primeval forest long ages before the Neogrogenetic dwarf invaded Africa, none will care to gainsay. That cats were known to the aboriginal Bantu family even prior to the breaking-up in East Africa, three or four thousand years ago, is attested by the fact that the same nominal root (which, moreover, does not appear to be onomatopoetic; occurs in divers forms, universally throughout Bantuland from one extremity to the other (thus, Swahili, Paka, Comore Islands, m-Baka, Paha, Rua, lu-Baka; Nkonde, Maka, Yao, m-Baka, Zulu im-Paka).

The commoner Bantu term, however, seems to be Nyawo, in one or other of its various dresses. This is obviously onomatopoetic, as was also the ancient Egyptian mau. En passant, we may observe that the circumstance of these Egyptians having interpreted the cat's cry, like ourselves with an m (thus 'mew', mau) and not with a n, as all true African are wont to do (thus Zulu nyawo, etc.) provides a neat little philological argument - if, indeed, any be still needed - that this wonderful and mysterious Nilotic race was not primarily of ur-African extraction (as some of the latest speculators are inclined to believe).

On the other hand, that the cat was ever kept in a domestic state by the ancient Bantu, is by no means sure. If perchance it was, then the Kaffirs, in their rambles about the continent, must have left their cats behind; for with them the cat, as a domestic institution, is quite a modern importation; and the imPaka they brought along with them as an ugly tradition never suggested itself to them as a desirable pet. Instead of erecting temples in its honour, after the famous people of the Nile, the Kaffirs were of one mind with the mediæval Europeans, in that they shunned the animal as the common familiar and emissary of that two-legged "evil one" whom they call an

umTakati (i.e. a person who works evil). The professors of the black art are said, even today, to habitually retain an imPaka of this kind, generally kept hidden out of sight in the hinder recesses of their hut, for the express purpose of despatching it at night to any particular kraal, in order to gather therefrom stray tatters of bodywear (izi-Dwedwe). These scraps of soiled apparel are then carefully preserved by the umTakati in a special pot (umPandaz ewule) concealed away in the adjacent bush or out on the veld, and are valued for the precious particles of body-dirt adhering thereto, which, as occasion require, is capable of being employed as a potent charm against its original owner. The presence of the imPaka in any kraal is and was consequently tantamount to a conviction of witchery and infallibly brought its owner to the end of the impaling stick - as many luckless abaTakati, real and imaginary, have painfully experienced from Shaka's day to this.

Nunc demum tempora mutandur et mores in illis. Suddenly the domestic cat became an agreeable inmate in every Zulu Kraal! Who wrought this wondrous transformation? Whence came the domesticated cats? From none other than those Tonga hawkers of whom we have already spoken. Knowing something of the periodical plague of rats down south and with a naturally keen eye for 'good business' they soon came to the conclusion that this useful little house-mate of the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay would prove an extra good attraction to their customers in Zululand. So they brought him along with them. Nor were the Zulus slow to recognise that the harmless, friendly, aye even serviceable habits of this new house pet proved it (at any rate to their mind) to be a totally different creature to the traditional imPaka of such unhallowed repute. We say 'traditional' because, cats not being indigenous to the Zulu country, were at that time, save as an evil tradition, quite beyond the ken of the present race of Zulus. Hence it was that the presence of the new arrival, imported by the Tongas, was everywhere welcomed; and not being, in their estimation, an imPaka, they accordingly created for it a brand new name - they christened it facetiously uMangobe (which was the name then (c. 1757-1777) of the reigning Tembe-Tonga king!).

Probably all this happened even prior to the days of the Senzangakona; but during the turbulent times of Shaka and Dingane the little Mangobes, were sadly neglected and could oftentimes only save themselves and their race by betaking themselves to the freer life of the bush, where they reverted to a 'wild' state and became known as izimBhodla. But some followed the happier times of Mpande, when not only such cats as still remained in the homes permitted to multiply in peace, but also the younger generations of Zulus left a certain amount of freedom to travel abroad and see the world. Now it was discovered that plushy, purring puss was the common pet of every Durban household. Her true fatherland had at length been found, and her rightful name discovered to be, not uMangobe, but iKati (Zulu-

ised form of 'cat') which title in Zulu parlance, she henceforth assumed, and her former nickname was allowed to fall into oblivion.

Northern Africa was in Moses' time in some respects, at any rate, like Southern Africa in our own; it had its pests - and probably more than ten, had but Moses known them. Not only had it its plague of rats, but also what was ten times worse its plague of locusts. The bitterest lamentations ever drawn from the lips of a Hebrew prophet was perhaps that uttered by the prophet Joel over this universal curse of the earth known as locusts. He, good man - but how righteously, we know not - boldly laid the charge of their coming on the Lord 'who sent them among you'. The Zulus, however, (as though desirous of removing the unpleasant ambiguity that might attach to so shocking an accusation) explained that 'the lord who sent the locusts' was in reality, not the Deity, but that wicked potentate, Makasama, king of the Tembe Tongas!

The evidence proving this - all incontrovertible in the eyes of this reputedly logical people - was said to lie in the fact that their disappearance was coincident with the king's death! Whither they had gone none could divine; so it was decided they must have been buried with him! When he and his property went down into the grave, we are not told; but the Portuguese records inform us that in the year 1823, he was still quite vigorously alive, and was withal a very amiable gentleman. Maybe the locusts met with by Captain Gardiner, when traversing Zululand and the Transkei in 1835, were portions of his swarms; so that presumably he himself was even still then existent, directing their operations!

However, a long truce was granted the Zulu country soon after that year; so that a whole generation was able to grow up and pass away without as much as ever having beheld this tiny but unconquerable foe. Until at length there appeared on the Bantu world stage another infamous villain, now of Sutoid extraction, probably known among the Zulus as Queen Long-breasts (uMabele-made) though among her own people as Majaje (Zuluised Mjanji). This unholy personage is said to have conceived the impious idea of digging up from Sheol the locust-plague that had so thankfully gone there with the neighbouring Tembe king, Makasana. No sooner had she conjured them back from the nether world into the light of earth-day, than she despatched them forthwith to work devastation in the land of her old foes, the Swazis, whence they subsequently proceeded into the lands of the Zulu and the umLungu (i.e. white man). Such was the origin of the recent locust plague, against which the combined forces of the South African governments were so long waging war in vain. Having attained the purpose of their mission, presumably they have now gone back with their mother to Sheol, whereto Queen Long-breasts betook herself in the year 1895.

In the malarial waste of bushy flats and sandy swamp lands that stretch northwards along the coast from the Zulu border to Delagoa

Bay, the traveller will come across the sparsely scattered kraals of a very large tribe of foreigners, very unlike any others in these parts. Their isizalo, or clan name, they will inform him, is Tembe and their isitakazele of cognomen is Mbhudu. The chief of these people of Tembe in these days is Ngwanaza, son of Noziyingili (reigned c. 1854-? 1886), son of Hluma (c. 1823-1854), son of Makasana (c. 1797-1823), son of Mwayi (c. 1777-1797), son of Mangobe (c. 1757-1777), son of Mbhudu (c. 1737-1757), son of Silomboya (c. 1717-1737), son of Mdwarumba (c. 1697-1717).

Behold here Makasana the lord of the locusts! Behold too Mangobe the namesake of Miss Pussy, whose pushful subjects, from the European marts at Delagoa Bay, purveyed for their customers in Kaffirland those precious rings of rough copper and brass (umDaka) afterwards to be transformed into wrist-cuffs (inGxote) for the king's courtiers and arm-rings for his wives (iSongo); those pretty red beads (inGwele), Shaka's favourite body ornament, and the black ones (isiSimbula) and the white (iMasa) so beloved of his sweethearts; and finally, as a specially attractive novelty and effective specific for rats, pretty little, soft-coated Pussy.

These Tembe people then, mark the extreme southern limit of that group of the Bantu race which (following the Zulu custom) we have designated Tongas. Perhaps the majority of those natives passing in Natal under this latter appellation (or sometimes as Tongas of Noziyingili) belong to the tribe of its offshoots. Tested philologically, there seems ground for believing these people to belong to the more inland, Karanga-Nyasa section, of this so-called Tonga or East Coast Bantu group.

Being essentially a people of industry, and peace, they were loath to enter into any ruinous conflict with Shaka, to whom and whose successors they meekly submitted and paid tribute. But even this wise step did not entirely preserve them from a certain amount of disintegration and invasion. The great army which Shaka despatched to the north, as well as the wild and disorderly rabble of fugitives led by Soshangane, Nxaba and others, all swept through the length and breadth of their country, while large numbers of Kaffir refugees forcibly settled in their midst. The consequences of this all-permeating Zulu-Nguni ascendancy was that the distinctive Tonga character of the Tembe people became considerably modified (especially in regard to their speech), assimilating itself even more and more to the Zulu type. Today the Zulu language is quite commonly spoken among them.

But the story of the Tembe or Mbhudu Tongas has its commencement long before Shaka's time; aye, even long before the dawn of Zulu history. It furnishes us with perhaps the very earliest information we have of any South African Bantu tribe still recognisable. The founder of the tribe was presumably a personage named Tembe, and its original habitat was along the banks of the river, flowing into

Delagoa Bay, called after him, the Mtembe (abridged by Europeans into Tembe); just as the Mabhudu river (corrupted by the Portuguese into Maputa), whose debouchure is somewhat to the south of it, was christened after his successor, Mbhudu, or Bhudu. At any rate, as both of these names, alike of the people and the rivers, seem to have been in use when the Portuguese first reached these parts, we may conclude that the present day clan so described was likewise in existence.

Our first absolute knowledge of the Tembe ancestors is therefore practically contemporaneous with the discovery of East Africa by Vasco da Gama, more than 400 years ago. Upon his second voyage to these parts in 1502, one of his vessels became disabled and had to fall to the rear. It providentially managed to strike an excellent natural harbour, afterwards to be renowned as Delagoa Bay, from the fact of the Portuguese ships usually first putting in there on their return 'from Goa' in India, just as their last point of call when going 'to Goa' was at Algoa Bay now known as Port Elizabeth.

Though the coming up from the sea of this awe-inspiring monster, and its cargo of no less singular beings, must have amounted to a veritable prodigy to these uninitiated Africans, nevertheless we read that they approached the strangers with a childlike confidence and treated them as friends. The shy strangers on their part, alas! utterly failed to attain to this highest moral level; though they proved their higher intellectual smartness by kidnapping several of the trusting Natives and transporting them beyond the seas.

The echo of this infamous contrast between the behaviour of Black and White duly occurred three years afterwards, when another crippled galleon of Pedro da Nhaya's fleet was thankful to hobble into the security of Tembe haven and seek help from its so amicable Natives. Alas! when they drew nigh to the latter to beg for bread they received in response to their appeal a shower of assegais bringing an unexpected death to each of them, very few escaping - fitting echo to that disgraceful violation of the universal law of confidence and hospitality perpetrated by their compatriots.

I suppose the most 'celebrated' European (though hardly the most meritorious) who visited Delagoa Bay in those early times (A.D. 1544) was he to whom the beautiful modern town there erected is a pean of praise, Lourenco Marques - for that was the name of the insignificant individual - had been commissioned by the Portuguese authorities at Mozambique to explore, for trading purposes, the coast to the south of them. He relates that the chief, found by him, ruling over the country betwixt the Maputa river and the sea, was an amiable old gentleman with a very black skin and a very white beard. But he forgot to tell us - which was much more important - his name. Or that rather he leaves us a name we have little use for; for, thinking to discern in the sable potentate some striking resemblance to a certain friend (or otherwise) of his, and being in a sarcastic mood, he nick-

named him, without further enquiry "Governor Garcia de Sa!"

The principal discovery this Lourenço Marques seems to have made on this memorable voyage, was that the Delagoa Native possessed a large store of valuable ivory; and his most brilliant achievement was that he induced them to part with the same in exchange for a quantity of trumpery glass beads. Whereafter he returned home in triumph from a most successful expedition, and forthwith retired from business; at least the Natives, at any rate, heard no more of him. His admiring compatriots, however, duly honoured him by erecting on the sight of his exploit a beautiful town, in perpetual memory, presumably, of his keen 'exploring' instincts.

Eight years had elapsed, when "Governor Garcia de Sa" was one day amazed to behold what appeared to be another expedition, of much more formidable proportions, approaching his kraal from the south. A lengthy procession of white-skinned skeletons, haggard and tattered, in number, one hundred and fifty and more, filed dolefully along before him. Evidently this dismal company was not exploring the interest of the glass-bead trade.

The great Portuguese galleon, the SanJao had been wrecked on the 18th June, 1552, near the Mtamvuna river, south of Natal, and these were the survivors, who had wearily marched up the coast expecting to find at the Bay one of the small trading vessels which were accustomed to visit that spot. 'Governor Garcia de Sa' maintained his reputation for amiability by treating the foreign sufferers with such sympathy and kindness as the most cultured king could not have surpassed. He provided gratuitously for all their bodily needs, and despatched a party to seek and aid the stragglers. Much to his regret and in opposition to his advice, the forlorn wanderers, finding no vessel in port, continued on their dismal way, hoping, no doubt, to ultimately reach some outpost of their countrymen further along the coast. In reality, alas! from a haven of certain rescue and rest, they were marching to their doom; for they soon fell into the hands of Fuma, the dreaded king (though we opine, this must not have been his name, but merely the local expression indicating 'Chief' or inKosi) of the baRumo tribe, dwelling beyond the Mbelosi river, against whom they had been so charitably warned. Men, women and children, were there stripped of their clothing and plundered of all they possessed. Nude of person, exhausted of body, crushed down in spirit under their ever increasing burden of sorrows, poor nature at length gave way. Some became demented, others fainted away never more to rise; only twenty-two attained to the goal of victory in their struggle, throughout nearly a whole year, against continuous and overwhelming adversities.

The good old chief 'Governor de Sa' after having been the saviour of so many hapless mariners, had himself, let us hope, been safely steered into the Elysian port, when thirty seven years later, another party of stranded white men cried for his assistance at Nyaka Isle

(or, as the Portuguese write it, Inhaka) at the entrance to Delagoa Bay. The ship San Thome, caught in a gale off the coast of Natal, had sprung a leak and been hastily abandoned. The single boatload of survivors had at length safely reached the island just mentioned. There, it is said, they would have perished outright of fever, had not the attention of the Bhudu Natives on the mainland been drawn to them by the smoke of one of their fires. True to the reputation of his father and tribe the reigning chief immediately ordered out canoes to ferry them over to safety. The majority of the party then proceeded on foot to Sofala, but a number, including the ladies, preferred the less risky delights of Native hospitality, there to peacefully await the coming of the Mozambique trading vessel. In due time the happy tidings were brought that the little ship was in the Bay, and in her, after enjoying a kindly and unmolested sojourn of nearly a year's duration amidst these reputed 'savages' the two European ladies and their companions departed for more congenial surroundings.

The next party of Europeans to appear in Bhuduland, had they but served us with some account of their travels, might well have been honoured as explorers. Over well nigh a thousand miles from Algoa Bay away in the Cape Colony, where the good ship Santo Alberto had grounded on March the 24th, 1594, this imposing company of 285 individuals, black and white all told, well provisioned and well armed, had made a record march in three months through the entire length of Xosaland, Tembuland, Lalaland, Zululand and Tembeland. With the exception of a few deaths among the unfit, no untoward incident occurred. With such unique opportunities, one is fain to bewail that a thoughtful observer did not preserve for us some tithe of the wealth of his experiences. As it was, poor anxious souls, their sole concern was to pass through encompassing perils unscathed. Not for them was it to dally gathering curious or prosecuting ethnological research.

So happy a march deserved a propitious ending. No sooner was their journey concluded than their eyes were delighted to behold the Mozambique dhow, as though commissioned by Providence to meet them, peacefully lying at anchor in Delagoa Bay. Therein the majority embarked and safely reached Mozambique. Others, who could find no place in the boat, were compelled to attempt the more perilous venture of reaching Sofala overland, wherein most of the Europeans perished.

For over 150 years this plucky little Arab Dhow, which, had it but sailed in a later age, would oft have earned the 'Society's medal for Saving Life', had been making, under Portuguese auspices, periodical excursions from Mozambique to Delagoa Bay, taking to the expectant natives, the Tongas, and through them to the Kaffirs-metal-ware and beads, and returning home laden with ivory.

But now came sailing proudly in monster ships of wondrous design that threw the puny Arab craft at once into the background,

bring strangers of a paler hue, in more elegant apparel and displaying treasures of the most fascinating novelty. You were mistaken if you thought that the scramble for African markets by the European Powers was some smart conception of modern statecraft. The commercial conquest of Africa was really inaugurated in this remote inlet of the Indian Ocean, when, at the same period in the year 1688, vessels representing each of the then great commercial nations, first English, then Portuguese and finally Dutch, one in the wake of the other, quietly slipped into Delagoa Bay, and were each in turn astonished to find the others there before them. Happily, then as now, Africa, was capable of satisfying the greedy demands of all. Each band of mercantile invaders, in aggressive pursuit of its own interests, proceeded to erect its own national trading-booth and to vigorously compete with its rivals in making capital out of the unsophisticated African Natives.

When all had filled their holds with the merchandies of Tongoland, they set sail for their respective homes. It subsequently appeared that the Dutch contingent had departed with something more than a mere cargo of ivory. Somehow they had come into possession of an important trade secret, that, not alone elephants' tusks, but also a rich harvest of gold was awaiting in the hinterland the first comer to receive it. Accordingly, in 1721, an expedition despatched by the Dutch East India Company sailed into the Bay, and, in the absence of all other European rivals, set about making preparations for reaping and storing the reported harvest of gold. They constructed a strong warehouse of a permanent nature, and covered it against all aggressors, black and white, with the protection of a fort. Having completed the work to their utmost satisfaction, there calmly stalked in an enemy against whom the big guns were trained in vain. The Evil Genius of the locality, unseen, had administered to each a tiniest drop of his malarial poison and compelled them to make a speedy evacuation, without even the pretence of a fight. Their magnificent new premises were left as a trap wherein to catch the next of the unsuspecting worshippers of mammon.

The next new-comers (in 1755) chanced to be a party of Portuguese traders from Mozambique. But they did not remain long (perhaps for the same reason as their predecessors) so that when the Dutchmen reappeared, two years later, making post haste for the harbour - now not indeed in the chase of treasure, but driven thereto by the predicament of a sinking vessel - they were no longer in evidence.

In 1776 the Germans had succumbed to the irresistible spell of Africa's enchantment, for in that year there rode up to her court, here under the Southern Cross, a new suitor, bearing emblazoned on his banner the Austrian eagle. Here and there he pitched his trading-booths, under the aegis of still another fort bristling with thirteen guns, which fort being duly completed, the fever fiend came silently in as of yore, and with his pestiferous hand, gently touched

each of the unsuspecting crew. While all lay intoxicated with his poison there beneath the Phantasm of the bristling guns, the Portuguese expedition that had been despatched to eject them, sailed placidly in, captured the two vessels left unprotected in the harbour, dismantled the fort, made the dismayed intruders prisoners and vanished with them over the horizon.

Only now was it, after so many wasted lessons, that the Lethargic Portuguese came to grasp the necessity of guarding their rights, if they would retain them against the encroachments of more energetic rivals. Hitherto almost everybody but they, the first-comers, had backed his footing in Delagoa Bay with the puissant argument of a fort. Now at length they too took the needful precaution. But their flag had scarcely had time to fade on its staff, before the French frigates boldly approached (in 1796), demolished the fort and drove the Portuguese hurry-scurry into the woods behind, from which they ultimately emerged only to hasten back to Mozambique with all possible speed.

The Portuguese already a couple of years prior to this humiliating reverse, had come to recognise their inability to hold their own by sole force of arms. If they were to survive at all it must needs be by their wits. The outcome of this consideration was the initiation of quite a new line of policy. They would invoke the wiles of diplomacy, and having courted the favour of the surrounding and hitherto despised princes, would cajole them into handing over documentary evidence of their rights.

The seasonable outbreak in 1794, of civil strife among the Tembe river people - the paramount tribe of the neighbourhood - presented the opportunity. The commandant hastened to tender his assistance to the most promising faction, and after their success wheedled from their chief a deed of cession to Portugal of his whole country. As we have seen this concession did not avail him much, when, two years later, the French frigates came to prove that there was an argument more effective than paper.

This valiant captain, as we have seen, having hurriedly removed to Mozambique, his successor took the precaution of returning in 1799 with a still more imposing display of troops. This extra show of power enabled him in a degree to retrieve in Native eyes, the rather battered reputation of his nation and to succeed in gathering in still further land concessions.

But if the new policy of documentary evidence did not seem to be of much immediate advantage to the Portuguese, it might prove otherwise to these who could back their paper claims with force. When Captain Owen of the British navy, paid a visit to the Bay in 1822, having been commissioned solely survey, not to fight, he was disinclined to test his ability with the stronger argument, but held himself quite free to indulge in the more wily tactics of diplomacy. So he solicited for the members of his surviving party the protection

of the Portuguese authorities against the surrounding savages. The response they gave was the confession he had desire - that the savages hereabouts did not regard themselves as subjects of Portugal; therefore, if he would have protection against them he must protect himself. This Owen did by immediately seeking out the two most prominent Native potentates in the neighbourhood - the one on the Tembe river, the other on the Maputu - and enticing both of them to place their respective countries under the protection of Britain.

No sooner had Captain Owen, wreathed in smiles, and bearing this couple of concessions up his sleeve, rounded Nyaka Isle on his way home, than the Portuguese commandant issued bravely forth from his fort and drew, from the selfsame chiefs who had so readily accommodated Owen, a written declaration that they and their people were, and had been from time immemorial, the loyal subjects of nobody else than the king of Portugal. The exact value of all these solemn covenants, remarks Theal, was that when the Portuguese captain gaily went out with the Portuguese flag and sought to erect it within the territory of one of these chiefs, this loyal servant of the king of Portugal mustered his warriors and wiped out the captain and nearly the whole of his party, subsequently converting the flag, we may suppose, into an elegant piece of drapery for the royal loin.

It required almost 200 years to teach these voracious Powers, representing the concentrated wisdom of holiness of the Old and Christian World, the simple truth that might is not right, that honesty is the best policy. It was not till 1875 that the curtain finally fell on the screaming farce of the "Scramble for Delagoa Bay", for in that year the parties in the play, mutually consented to submit their rival claims to the arbitrament of Marshal MacMahon, president of the French Republic, who justly awarded the coveted prize to Portugal.

Such were the epoch-making events yet withal so diverting, that were being enacted by pale skinned invaders from over the sea before the eyes of the wondering Tembes in the days when their tribe was young. Such were the wild escapades of the more racy Powers in the days of their mercantile juvenility. And what of the Natives in whose 'interests' (if we had asked) so much activity was being displayed? Was their sole occupation that of ideal spectators? Far from it. Inspiring example of this kind is catching among sportive young people. So they inaugurated pastimes of a similarly exhilarating nature and set about fighting among themselves.

At the very moment when that battered Dutchman made his final entry (in 1757) into the Bay, and its crew were moodily sitting along the shore watching it gently settle down to its last berth, the nuclear or parent clan of all the Tembe folk inhabiting the country behind them, was about to enter on the painful travail, not of absolute dissolution, but of cleavage, or as physiologists might term it amitosis. Its Chief, the overlord of Kapela (as the Portuguese call him) was a

personage named Mangova - under which thin disguise we would fain believe, the identity of our old friend Mangobe, the cat man, lies concealed. Either he (or more probably) his successor Mwayi, had to live through the perilous experience of having lost control of the unwieldy nation of savages under his sway, and of beholding (in 1794) the contending factions (one of which was assisted by the Portuguese momentarily settled in the Bay) forcing on the disintegrating process of nature by a ferocious use of the assegai.

Which party emerged victorious remains untold; but henceforth in place of one clan there would seem to have grown two. Certainly it would be rather damaging to any claims the Tembes of Ngwanza might care to put forward, that the next we hear of their ancestor Makasana, son of Mwayi and king of the locusts, is that he was no longer resident in the home of his fathers on the Tembe river, but had migrated away to the south, over the lower Maputu, leaving to reign in the fatherland a certain hitherto unheard of Mazeta. These are the two chiefs, Mazeta and Makasana (both perchance descended from Mangobe) from whom Captain Owen obtained his concessions, and the first mentioned is that wily savage from whom the Portuguese commandant subsequently received, first a gushing declaration of eternal faithfulness to the crown of Portugal, and then to his death. That the favour of both potentates was equally courted by British and Portuguese alike, would seem to indicate that they were both of equal power and independent of one another.

But we must give Makasana his due. Even though, as his enemies aver, he plagued the land with locusts, he yet asked for himself, and indeed received, the blessing of a Christian teacher. It was probably when Captain Owen visited him in 1823, that he expressed a strong desire to have missionaries among his people. His prayer was duly conveyed to the Wesleyan Methodists' Society, who readily despatched the Rev. William Trelfall to his aid. Alas! then as now the Evil Genius of the land forbade and Mr. Trelfall had no sooner entered the country than he found himself fast in the grip of the fever fiend. He managed to escape, however, like so many of his forerunners, by a hasty retreat after only a few short weeks of his arrival, and no other Missionary of his Society, then or since, was unwise enough to attempt to fill the void.

Makasana's successor was Hluma: and after Hluma's death, a brother of his, Nonkantsha by name, attempted to set up in place of the rightful heir, Noziyingili, another son of the deceased chief, named Makasanyana. The rightful heir thereupon fled to the protection of the Zulu king, Mpande, who sent forth the Tulwane regiment to chastise the errant uncle. The dispute was summarily settled by the slaughter of both uncle and nephew, and Noziyingili in the space of a wink found himself the undisputed head of his tribe.

Ngwanza, son of Noziyingili is the chief now reigning over that very considerable branch of the Tembe people which followed Maka-

sana south of the Maputa, and which, immediate neighbours of the Zulu-Kafirs, figured so beneficently as metal-workers and traders, in the old social life of those people prior to Shaka's days, and in these latter times, has itself become so radically modified by the subsequent Zulu ascendancy. It is Ngwanaza's sorry lot, with whatsoever grace he can assume, to eat, in the dreary wastes of British Tongoland, the bitter fruit of all that ignorance, duplicity and greed on the part of the stronger Powers, of which we have been reading. Without any reference to him or his people, he saw his country severed in twain by an unknown President of the French, the northern half, in which stood the old ancestral kraals, being handed over to the Portuguese, and the souther, in which he at present resides, left to be grabbed by him who would.

The queen regent, Zambili (for these things occurred in 1887, in the days of Ngwanaza's minority) confounded at this, as she considered dastardly usurpation by the Portuguese, fled, in her simple trust to the British representative, Sir A.E. Havelock, in Natal; and as a result of her confidence and as the measure of relief granted her, beheld in 1895 the rest of her son's dominions absorbed within the capacious paunch of the British empire. With the completion of that act we may safely say Exeat the ancient and glorious house of Mangobe and Makasana, patron-saints of cats and locusts!

P A R T S E V E N

T H E G R E A T N G U N I T R E K

W H E N I T O C C U R R E D

We have at length completed our survey of the 'Neighbouring Tribes' and we now come to our main theme, the Zulu-Nguni people. We propose to commence at the bottom and to trace their history, in so far as we are able, from the start.

We have referred elsewhere to a migration or 'coming down' of our South African Kaffirs. Whence, and when, this coming, were apt and interesting questions indeed. Dare we hazard an answer? Does the meagre information at our disposal warrant any theorizing at all on so hidden a mystery? We think it does.

Kaffirs, Sutos, Hereros, whomsoever we ask, from the Yawos on the east of the continent to the Bihes on the West, all alike have the same reply, "We came from the north". Then from the Congo mouth we pass towards the Sudan, and Fans, Hausa, Berbers and a dozen others tell us, "We came from the East".

Yes, in the north-eastern corner of the continent, all African races, of whatever description seem to have originated. We say 'originated' not because it was there that the African peoples first came into existence, but simply that their history had there its starting point, in so far as Africa is concerned.

The Black Forest Pigmies, the Negroes and the Bantus (to whom our Zulu-Ngunis belong) on this side of the Indian Ocean, and the Negritos and Papuans on the other, are without doubt variations or developments of a common ancestral stock, now extinct, but originally placed somewhere centrally between them, either as some think, in the now submerged Lemuria, or as others, in the southern parts of present Asia.

How the Papuans became developed from the earlier Negritos and whether the Negroes were but degenerate Bantu born of miscegenation with the lower type of African Pigmies, or whether the Bantu are themselves but an ennobled species of the genus Negro resulting from the intermarriage with some higher type resembling the Nubians, Gallas, Persians, Arabians, or what not, it is not for us here to delay considering. At all events, as far as modern Africa is concerned, it seems probable that the earliest home of the Bantu people was in some unknown locality in a north easterly direction, preferably some-

where eastward of the great lakes, the Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika.

Towards the north-east of the Great Lake district, therefore, must we turn, if we would discover the aboriginal home of the Bantu race. And among the very eldest children of that home, the first-born of that Afro-Lemurian or Afro-Asiatic alliance, the very earliest of its adventurous sons to go forth and colonize the African continent, was we venture to surmise, our primordial Kaffir. Certainly he was the pioneer of his race, the winner in its march, so far as the south is concerned - ever in the van of the mighty procession, unto the finish. Thus, to him fell the task of finding the path and clearing it of Bushmen and other impediments, and the misfortune of having his language, though happily not in any large degree his blood, badly damaged in the process.

A cursory survey of the wonderful ruins of Mashonaland will be instructive at this point. En passant we may remark that this term maShona for the Karanga natives of those parts is somewhat of a philological puzzle. Nobody there on the spot appears to know anything of the word, least of all the Natives themselves, who call themselves, we believe, waSwina. But Galton informs us that the Hereros, amongst whom he travelled in 1849, long before the white man had discovered Mashonaland, named the natives dwelling eastward of Lake Ngami, the maTiona, and MacKay states that the beChwana (another name of unknown origin) were originally known as the baTuna. It therefore seems possible that the origin of the appellation maShona may have been due to the fact that the earliest European arrivals in Rhodesia had interpreters from among either the Hereros or some other West-African tribe, who either mistook these people for beChwana and so dubbed them maTiona or else corrupted the pronunciation of the word waSwina in such a way that in European parlance it became maShona.

Well, scattered throughout Karangaland (now by Europeans called Mashonaland) have been in recent years discovered great circular stone buildings, which no Bantu man unaided could have erected. The most important of these ruins are perched on the top of a certain hill (which Europeans have called the Acropolis). Enquiry among the surrounding natives elicited the fact that, although they knew nothing of the origin of these huge stone structures, they had been accustomed to make use of them as cattle-kraals, and to call them, as R.N. Hill informs us ziMbabgwe (perhaps more correctly tsiMbabgwe) a word which that explorer supposes to mean 'stone houses' (from tsiMba, hut and maBge, stones) but, which along with the cognate word tsiMbawe, designating a royal kraal, we prefer to think has the same derivation and a similar meaning to the Zulu word isiBaya (pl. iziBaya) which means simply 'an enclosure for cattle' and in derivation is perhaps akin to the Zulu root biya 'to surround with a fence or break'. Down in the valley below the ziMbabgwe on the hill-

top, stands the immense circular building supposed to have been a Sabaen temple, and which perhaps for some superstitious reason, was apparently not used by the natives as a cattle-kraal, and consequently not called by them tsiMbabgwe, but ruSingu, which term again, is probably akin to the Zulu, isiZinge, a circle.

No Bantu tribe nowadays possesses any knowledge or tradition as to the origin of these marvellous structures, standing alone in the heart of Bantuland. Scientific men have been studying them very carefully of late years, and judging from their peculiar style and formation as well as from the numerous objects found within and about them, have come to the conclusion that in all probability they were the handwork of ancient Sabaen gold seekers coming from the neighbourhood of Southern Arabia. Further, since no inscription of any kind have come to light in any of the more ancient ruins, they conclude that the structures themselves must have been erected at a period anterior to that in which the Arabs acquired the art of writing.

The Phoenicians, you know, were a race of people closely related to these Sabaen Arabs. They indulged in the selfsame commercial enterprises and the civilisation of both races no doubt proceeded, generally speaking *pari passu*. At some time about 1,000 years before Christ, these Phoenicians (similarly to our own Kaffirs) migrated from their primeval home near the Persian Gulf, and established several flourishing colonies along the Mediterranean seaboard. But nowhere among the ruins of those colonies has ever been found any writing older than about 700-800 B.C. Now, if the Sabaen gold colony in South Africa was really ignorant of the art of writing, we may reasonably infer that the time of their presence here was earlier than that date, just given, at which a knowledge of writing had become universally common among their race, in other words, that it was prior to the year 700 B.C.

Probably all have read of the statement left us by the Greek historian Herodotus, of the Egyptian king, Necho, having, about the year 610 B.C. despatched an expedition of Phoenician mariners on a voyage of discovery to the southern seas, and how these earliest of South African explorers passed round the southern extremity of the continent and returned home again through the Straits of Gibraltar, after having spent between two and three years on the trip, and periodically landed on the coast for the purpose of planting or procuring food supplies. Now, since that was precisely the period when these Phoenicians were at the height of their maritime activity, it is difficult for us to believe that others of their own or neighbouring races, failed to follow up this sensational event by many subsequent expeditions to the South African lands.

Furthermore, in the earliest centuries of the Christian era was written a book entitled "Periplus of the Red Sea", the authorship of which until recently has been a mystery. Eduard Glaser, however, has now declared the writer to have been a certain Basil, most pro-

bably a merchant of Alexandria living in the time of the Roman Emperor Nero (AD 54-68). In this book we find an account of a voyage along the East African coast past the Arab settlement of Bhapta (supposed to be modern Kilwa) and as far south as Prasum, which was plainly somewhere on the southern coast of the Cape Colony, for "there the ocean curves towards sunset, and stretching along the extremities of Ethiopia, Libya and Africa, amalgamates with the Western sea."

Again, in the year 1898 at the Mariannhill mission station, about 12 miles inland from Durban, was unearthed a small coin, embedded about $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the surface. The coin was of bronze and slightly smaller in size than a farthing. On the obverse was stamped in relief the image of a chalice surrounded by an inscription which experts in Europe have declared to be written in old-Semitic characters and to mean 'the fourth year', while on the reverse was a sunken impression of what appeared to be a vase containing flowers or berries, surrounded by a continuation of the inscription, to wit 'of the deliverance of Zion'. Upon consulting books on the subject, we learn that there were two periods in which the Jews coined their own money, one before Christ in the time of Simon Makkabi (BC 141) and another after Christ. The coins of the Makkabi or Maccaboeus are said to have been in silver and to have borne the inscription (on the face) "Shekel of Israel" and on the reverse "Jerusalem the Holy". Most modern authorities, however, are said to regard all of these supposedly Maccaboeus coins as having belong to the first mintage of the post-Christian period. This post-Christian period represented the two revolts of the Jews against their Roman masters. The first revolt was against the very Nero in whose reign Basil of Alexandria wrote of the Semitic voyages to South Africa and was continued in the reign of his successor, Vespasian. During this revolt the Jews recommenced to strike their own coinage, or as some would have it, commenced it for the first time, the coins being struck in the names of Eleazer and Simon between the years AD 66 and 70. Then came the revolt (AD 132-135) against the Emperor Hadrian, which was led in Judea by one Simon Barcochba, who, after having driven the Romans from Jerusalem, was proclaimed king and had new coins minted to celebrate the occasion. The bronze coins, representing in value $\frac{1}{2}$ a shekel, issued during these two revolts, are said to have borne the inscription "Fourth year" and "Redemption or Deliverance of Zoin". The Mariannhill coin would therefore appear to be one of them.

All this proves, then, not only that these southern and eastern parts of the African continent were well known to the northern Semites between the years BC 600 and AD 76 (the date of Nero's death) but that they were actually visited by them.

Although we do not here presume to assert that the builders of the Zimbabwe ruins were without any doubt (as R.N. Hill and others would have us believe) these ancient Sabaens and not (as Randall McIver

asserts) their mediaeval descendants, nevertheless we see no reason why, everything considered it might not have been the former. For one thing it does not appear probable to us, that 10th century Arabs would have carried about with them and lost on the Natal veld coins of 1000 years before. Nor would they have carried along with them into Central Africa astragali ingot moulds (such as were found at Zimbabwe) used by the Phoenicians a 1000 years earlier in the tin mines of England and never used by any other people since.

But whereto does all this lead us? To the conclusion that, if the Rhodesian zimbabgwe were really the work of the ancient Phoenicians or Himyaritis Arabs, then perforce South Eastern Africa must have been already peopled. For how, think you, could these Sabaen strangers have made the discovery of gold hundreds of miles inland, unless somebody had been already there on the coast to inform them? How could they obtain their supplies of ivory, unless hunters were there on the spot to roam the bushlands and to carry the tusks to the coast? That Africans of some sort were already on the spot is proven more strongly than by anything else, by the very fact of these gigantic buildings, surmounted by their various covering strongholds being in existence there. What indeed could have been the purpose of such Cyclopean structures and such extensive enclosures, unless in order to provide ample space and secure protection against external danger, for the carrying on of the work in hand? Yet who were these mysterious folk who were at once the willing guides to the Semitic gold hunters, and then their danger?

As there have never existed more than three types of aboriginal natives in South Africa, viz., the Bushmen, Hottentots and the Bantu, it must perforce have been one or other of these. That Bushmen have existed in Rhodesia is proven by their paintings in the Matoppo caves. But in our present enquiry the Bushmen are immediately put out of court by the fact that they never possessed any knowledge of metals. They may have constituted the danger against which the miners had to contend, but they could scarcely have supplied them with metallurgic information or acted as their labourers. Though the Hottentots are said to have possessed some knowledge of the use and smelting of iron, metal-working and mining was with them an industry for which they had scarcely any more natural aptitude than had the Bushmen. Further, there is no evidence that these people ever inhabited the eastern coast of Africa any further northward than the Bashee River, beyond Umtata; but of course, that does not prove that they may not have done so at the remote period we are here considering. Nevertheless all things considered, we deem it most probable that, if the ancient Semitic traders found anybody at all in possession of the East Coast at the period of their arrival; if they learned from anybody at all of the existence of gold-mines hundreds of miles inland; if anybody supplied them with the labour necessary for the working of those mines and the building of

those immense zimbabwe, and if anybody constituted the danger that threatened to drive them out, that somebody was the Bantu.

But if it were so, then the date of the great Bantu trek must have occurred earlier than the year BC 700 or at the latest AD 100; otherwise, were the country unoccupied what must have been the meaning of Phoenician moulds at Zimbabwe, of Jewish coins at Mariannhill, or the object of the Arab settlement at Bhaptā?

WHICH WAS THE ROUTE?

We frequently hear of the primitive races referred to as "savages" or "wild men". This term is generally speaking, quite inapplicable and incorrect, and as such to those persons who have never come into contact with these peoples, altogether misleading; for certainly most of them have nowadays attained to such a degree of organised society, decent habits and a mass of natural knowledge as should entitle them to be called at any rate 'semi-civilised'. Aye, and in the prehistoric age of the Great Nguni Trek, we dare opine, our primeval Kaffir had even then reached some degree of domestic refinement and social organisation; but at that stage of civilization primitive enough in all truth - we fear he has remained stagnant, with but little advance ever since.

The only religion he had learned from his parents, and which from that day to this had to satisfy all the demands of his soul and life, was a simple ancestor-worship of a most rudimentary kind, supplemented by a quatum of snake
Unkulunkulu, the creator, was none other than the Great-Great-Ancestor of his own tribe. Idols and fetish-hits utterly unknown then, were foreign importations of perhaps a thousand years later, as was also the poison-ordeal; for then, even as with our Kafirs now, evil-doers were smelt out by necromancers on direct appeal to the spirits. When our Kaffir, the first-begotten of the race, left home, his tribe had but recently emerged from the stone-age. Arts and industries had not yet an existence; therefore even today we look for them in vain in his country. The crude clay pottery and basket-work of Ancient-Egypt, 6,000 years ago; a rough iron lance, stuck in the end of a stick, to serve at once as knife and weapon; a beehive grass hut, merely a slight development of the leafy bower of the Forest Dwarf - these things will give you the exact extent of his civilization alike then as now. What did he wear? Probably nothing at all, if we may judge from the present breezy attire of Xosa men and Zulu girls. Certainly to weave a strip of bark-cloth was and is an art as unknown and impossible to him as the weaving of Manchester cotton-goods. What did he eat? Well, it would be difficult to tell, seeing that maize, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, dumbis, manioc, yams, beans, and nearly every other edible thing, were introduced into his land by the

Arabs, Portuguese and other such foreigners, not until perhaps 1,000 years afterwards. However, since it seems plausible to suppose that he had already advanced beyond that stage wherein man lives solely on the products of the forest and the chase, we feel constrained to believe that he was already in possession of his uPoko grass (eleusine coracana) and of his millets, amaBele (sorghum Karorum) and uNyawoti (pennisetum ? typhoideum), out of which three grains he was not long in discovering how to manufacture a certain intoxicating beverage called uTshwala - curiously enough one of the very first arts all races seem to have lighted on. These grains, this beer, and the milk of his cows - these were no doubt the principal articles of diet upon which the early Kaffir subsisted.

Yes, his cows! Almost more prized and more cared for than his wives! For did not the uNkulunkulu who made him, next make these bovine helpmates - him for the pastoral life, them to support the home and adorn the green veld. Henceforth the Kaffir and his cattle were inseparable. They were his food, his clothing, his currency. He thrived on the sour curds (amaSi) of their milk; he dressed in mantles and kilts of their hide; and he gave them as a fitting exchange for a wife. Could he, then, leave them behind now that he was setting forth to colonize a new land? Was he not going in every sense of the word, in search of pastures new?

Yet wherewith shall he ferry himself and his herds across the deep raging torrents by which his path is everywhere barred? See there the mighty Luwalaba (better known among us as the Congo) still full a mile in width and rushing at the rate of four miles an hour at Nyangwe town, there right abreast of Tanganyika, almost at the very door. Further ahead behold the Zambezi, a vast expanse a mile broad, and flowing with a strong current, even at Myakatoro, In Lovaleland, scarcely 200 miles from its source. And here is our artless Kaffir, with his herds of sheep and goats and cattle, going complacently forth to face those swirling and crocodile infested floods, with no nearer idea of a boat than a rolling bundle of dry reeds (isi-Hlenga) upon which a clever man, lying prone, might perchance contrive to balance himself and so paddle himself across with some degree of safety and success. Plainly to such primitive folk a straight route was impossible, and impassable obstacles must manifestly be circumvented. And more than that, a straight route our aboriginal Kaffir trekker had not desired, nor even contemplated; for he had no conception of the regions on ahead, had no definite plans already formulated; he simply groped his way along, going there where the way was easiest and settling there where the environment was most agreeable. Thus it came about that the route pursued by the ancient Kaffir, when he set out from his birthplace on his long journey to the south, roughly speaking and most probably, followed the watershed of the Congo and the Zambezi.

Wishing then, a long farewell to his home and brother-men, he

started from some inland region eastward of Nyanza or Tanganyika (though not within the immediate vicinity of either) and plunged forth- with into the unknown wilderness, to struggle for life against every danger from element and beast and plant. Slowly through the centuries he wended his way forward, there through the isthmus which separates Tanganyika from Nyasa, until having passed through what is now Bisaland, he bore round the southern shores of Lake Bangweyolo, and headed due west, avoiding the Kafuwe and other difficult rivers, for the country where now the baLunda and vaLovale reside. Biheland marked the extreme limit of his wandering towards the west, after which, turning abruptly southward, he came to the Okavango river and found himself amidst a new world and a strange people.

The solitary though beautiful wilderness of park-like woods and limpid streams through which he had hitherto been passing, had become suddenly transformed into an unlovely expanse of wandy waterless grass-plain, lively with uncountable herds of game and a population of curious little yellow skinned folk, whom, were it not for the colour of their skins, he had almost recognized as old acquaintances. For, long centuries since, thriving in the ever-night of the gloomy Aruwini forests, he had seen other such little men of this type whom his fathers had called abaTwa. But they were black of skin and lived hidden out of sight in the seclusion of the impenetrable interminable forests. Here, however, was a little people, flourishing like an oasis in the desert, who themselves yellow of skin, gloried in the sunshine of the open plain and rocky hillside. Yet these too he named abaTwa.

Of course, Mr. Kaffir ever unchanged, toured the world much more leisurely than a mordant Cook's tourist. Whenever the climate was congenial and the pastures good, he was wont to sit down awhile and enjoy the scene. And now, in Australian parlance, having discovered a "new Chum" in the person of Mr. and Mrs. Bushman, he no doubt arranged for a sojourn of a somewhat longer duration in their interesting country and company.

At any rate, it is without a doubt that our Kaffir entered into quite a remarkable intimate relationship with these curious little people. For instead of hunting them from his path or exterminating them out of the land, he set about enticing them, by moral or more probably, martial persuasion to enter within the bosom of his family. By this we do not mean that so contemptible a species of humanity was straightway admitted into the Kaffir household on terms of social and connubial equality. Its status was more probably that of captured menials or slaves. Sexual intercourse was undoubtedly indulged in, and left its mark on the tribe. We believe it possible that the Sarwas of the Kalahari, the Denasanas of Bechuanaland, the Kankalas of the Kunene river, the Nenas of Lake Nyasa and certain other puzzling inhabitants of Bantuland, may all have been the children of this ancient intercourse between Bushmen and Kaffir; just, perhaps as the

Hottentots had been the outcome of a still earlier comingling of these selfsame Bushmen with some other yellow skinned race.

But while intermarriage between these two races, the Bantu and the Bushmen, was an occurrence in its duration and extent so comparatively transient and casual as to allow, upon the subsequent elimination of the Bushman element and in course of time, of an early and practically complete reversion, on the part of the affected Bantu, to their original purity of type, nevertheless it was sufficiently enduring and extensive to cause the speech of the numerous Bushmen mothers to permanently affect and disfigure with clicks and Bushman words, the language of their mixed offspring, who afterwards became the progenitors of the future Kaffir tribes.

To the Bushman, however, the Kaffir represented an advancing civilization, which, he must either accept or permit to demolish him in the course of time. Alas! born and bred in the wild freedom of the veld, this child of nature was quite unable to flourish under the confinement of a comparatively civilized kraal, and ere long, either by flight back to the slower extermination of the desert, or by extinction under the more rapid process of servitude, the captive Bushmen, and perhaps too in a measure, their half-caste progeny (the present day Sarwas and others) vanished together from Kaffir society. But as we have just said, not before they had branded the conquering race with an indelible stigma - the stigma of their own barbarous speech - and had compelled its very lips to confess for all time its pristine intercourse with them.

Rid of the presence of the Bushman, the Kaffir collected once more his goods and chattels, and, bringing to mind certain geographical warnings given him by his recent acquaintances concerning the risks of a trip through the waterless Kalahari, he leisurely sauntered along down the narrow grass-strip about the Okavango and Chobe rivers, and finally emerged anywhere between Khama's country and the Zambezi Falls - called by the modern white, the Victoria, and by the neighbouring Rotses (who got the name from their conquerors, the Kololo Sutos) the Musi-watunga or Ascending Smoke.

At this epoch in its history, the Kaffir family had attained to quite a considerable magnitude. Clan after clan had been formed from the parent nucleus and has assumed an independence of its own. Hence, when the Xosa-Tembu branch of the Nguni family determined to advance into Natal and the Cape, the Zulu section was already divided within itself, one half (the abaZantsi) finally deciding to proceed and occupy the coast-lands below Delagoa Bay, while the other half (the abaNtungwa) elected to tarry awhile where they were.

It was subsequent to and during this separation of the two branches of the Zulu-Nguni family that the one, the coastal section (or abaZantsi) came into contact, and in a degree perhaps also into blood-relationship with the Tonga-Bantu tribes, northward of them along the East-Coast; and the more inland section (the abaNtungwa) into

contact with the Suto tribes, now instreaming from the north and north-west, and representing a type of Bantu apparently intermediary between the Ngunis on ahead and the Karange-Nyasa clans in their rear.

They exhibit the more peaceful nature, the industrial habits, the social customs and the type of language of these last-named peoples, rather than the more bellicose disposition, more solely pastoral instincts of the Kaffir. They have the same fashion of subela, i.e. of wearing a loin-covering passed between the legs; they build a similar style of hut, and in their speech they evince the same preference for the trilling r instead of the liquid l and for the vowel o in place of the vowel u. That they came southward after the Xosa-Zulu Ngunis and not before, seems to be proven by the fact that they did not come into such marked contact with the South African Bushmen as did the other party, their language being only in a comparatively slight degree disfigured by clicks.

Behold, then, the route of the Great Bantu Trek. That this was the path they followed, many considerations combine to convince us. Firstly, granting that they started encumbered with flocks and herds, from some locality within the vicinity of Tanganyika, there was no other way open to them. They must of necessity have avoided all impassable rivers and selected for their occasional sojourn districts where their cattle could thrive.

Now, if you know your Africa well, you will be aware that, once out of the cattle countries of German East Africa, one may travel from opposite Ujiji on the Tanganyika, right across the continent to Biheland in Bengwela, without encountering a sign of bovine life; and from Biheland he may continue his march northwards as far as the Congo, and indeed far beyond, and still be deprived of cow's milk for his cup of tea. The local tribesman of Nyasaland, or the Zambezi as far as Kafuwe, deems himself wealthy if he possesses a few goats. In those poverty-stricken regions, where horned-cattle will not thrive, one must be content to celebrate one's marriage feast with the slaughter of nothing more lavish than a scraggy fowl, while the ancestral gods have to be grateful if they are honoured with the sacrifice of maize-meal or even fresh-water. On the other hand, if after leaving Tanganyika, one pass below Bangwelo lake, he will enter at once the land of the maShukulumbwe, on the upper Kafuwe, where horned-stock are in clover. He will find every kraal owning its herd again among the vaNjenje or baRotse, along the upper Zambezi, and among the Babbie of Bengwela; then turning the Okavango river at its source, he will be astonished at the wealth of cattle in comparatively waterless ovaMbo and Dararaland, and reaching the territory of the beChwana and maKaranga, beyond the Kala-hari, he will rest in a land flowing in milk and honey. With the intuition of a born cattle farmer, the Kaffir knew his path and avoided alike the Tsetse zones of Nyasa and Ngami and the noxious weeds of Central Africa and

Angola.

But, why, think we, that the migrating Kaffir impeded his march with the encumbrance of cattle? We judge from his nature, and from the present existence of cattle in his kraal. The race which, inter-mixing with the Negros, gave us the Bantu, was essentially a pastoral, and notably a cattle breeding race. The Kaffir, representing the Bantu in their oldest type, acquired this pastoral instinct in quite a marked degree. It being assumed that cattle were already existent in the parental land, it were quite inconceivable that this eldest son of the family should depart to found a new home and leave his portion of stock behind. We see no reason whatever for supposing that the cattle now universally owned by the South African Bantu were obtained from the Hottentots, who were there before them, or were brought down from the north only in after times; firstly, because there is no ground for thinking that the Hottentots had any cattle at all prior to the coming of the Bantu, and secondly, because cattle were abundant in the northern parts of Africa (whence the Bantu came) more than 5,000 years ago, and are nowadays to be found throughout the whole line of march as indicated by us above. Indeed it is generally held that the ox may have been indigenous to this continent. In any case, white-coloured, long-horned, humpless oxen furnish one of the commonest details in ancient Egyptian pictures, and their remains have actually been found in monuments dating from an age so old as 3,500 B.C. The waHima, that great pastoral race now domiciled in Uganda, possess large herds of such oxen even today. The abnormally large neck-hump, so conspicuous a feature in the species bred in Unyoro and among the waMasayi, waNyamwezi, waHumba and other tribes in German East Africa, was probably acquired from a newer strain subsequently introduced from Asia. But southward of Lake Bangweyolo, throughout the whole course of the Kaffir's march - among the maShukulumbwe, the baRotse, the Babihe, the ovaMbo, aye even among the Negros of the Cross River in Guinea, we find a breed destitute of humps, akin to that possessed by our Kaffir.

On assuming that this latter had started on his travels, with no other impediment than his wife, what then? Obviously, upon first thought, one would draw the conclusion that there would have been no longer any necessity to march a thousand miles out of one's way in order to circumvent an impassable river. To a highly intellectual and inventive explorer of the 20th century this might have been so. But confront even the 20th century veld-born Kaffir with the mile broad, swirling Zambezian flood, anywhere below Lovaleland, and watch developments; for you will behold a repetition of what happened to his almost neolithic ancestor 3,000 years ago. When a Kafir encounters an obstruction in his way, does he sit down and consider how to remove or surmount it? He does not and never did. He simply walks round it. And that is what he did, when three millenniums back, he came upon the Zambezi. Had he left home possessing any

familiarity with a boat, he had assuredly retained a knowledge of that useful conveyance till today. Or had he perchance, when confronted by the tumultuous sea of waters at Ujiji, or Nyangwe, or Musi-watunya, sat down and, by some wondrous effort of mind, succeeded in devising a means of transport, methinks, he must have sat so long by those waters' edge as to have acquired something very different from his present innate loathing of a fish diet, and have contrived something more elaborate and serviceable than the mere bundle of reeds, with which even in these advanced times, he can scarcely succeed in safely floating himself across rivers much less formidable in magnitude and in their array of amphibious monsters than was the ancient Zambezi. No! the Kaffir is essentially an inland, a veld-born, not a water-side, product, and in his aboriginal home, as in South Africa, he led a strictly pastoral, a cattle farming life.

P A R T E I G H T

EARLY ZULULAND AND ITS PEOPLE

ZULULAND

A thousand years maybe before Christ was born, the first Bantu family had left its home away in East Central Africa on its long trek to the South. A thousand years after that saving birth, it had probably completed its long march and entered its Promised Land. By the year 1700 after Christ, we may roughly assume, the southern Bantu clans had already selected their final locations in the southern continent, almost as Shaka found them a century ago.

The Xosas, afterwards followed by the Tembus and later by the Mpondos, had already penetrated far into the present Cape territory—that such was the order of their coming we may infer from the reports left us by the survivors of the "Stavenisse", wrecked in 1686 – and occupied the whole of the coastal region from about the Mzimkulu river in Natal, as far south at any rate as the Bashee, beyond Um-tata.

The Tekela-speakers or hybrid-Ngunis, had by that time arranged themselves in a huge circle, sweeping away inland from the Natal coast by way of the Drakensberg and Swaziland, almost as far as Delagoa Bay and thence back along the coast to Durban, and enclosing within its embrace (save for a solitary breach on the north-western arc) practically the whole of the northern or Zulu section of the pure Nguni family; for by this time the rear division of the Zulu-Ngunis, which for some generations, had tarried further inland in intimate association with the Sutos instreaming along the Central Plateau, had at length rejoined their relatives nearer the coast, in the country now termed Zululand.

This country, stretching from the Tukela to the Pongolo, was a typical African land. Here a vast expanse of treeless grassy veld rolled away to the far horizon. There a whole domain of park-like scenery, chequered with sunny glades and shady woods, enchanted the lover of sylvan beauty. Elsewhere, again, the landscape broke up into a wild expanse of broad valleys and precipitous ravines overshadowed by rocky hills and clad in forest or thorny bush. Temperate, healthy and moderately populated on its breezy, grassy highland, where lions and herds of antelopes roamed, the country in the bushy and often swampy coastlands was stifling and malarious and overrun

by elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, leopards and other fearsome beasts.

This variegated piece of territory was parcelled out among about a score of independent clans, each living for itself, ruled by its own chief, and possessing its own recognised patch of country. All these clans were aboriginally members of the same family. They spoke the same language and followed the same customs, and were distinguished from the foreign tribes surrounding them by the group-name of *abaNguni*, which they shared with their relatives, the *Xosas* and *Tembus*, to the south, though not with the *Swazis*, the *Lalas* of *Natal*, or the *Mpondos*, who constituted a group or groups quite distinct.

Generally speaking at that early period (c. 1700) no one tribe was much larger or wealthier or more powerful than another, so that there was no ground for jealousy or rivalry between them. Each was content with its own, and all lived amicably together, meeting each other in common hunts, love-dances and beer-feasts, and (since no man ever wedded within the clan) periodically sealing the bond of friendship by intermarriage. Tribal disputes were usually adjusted by a small faction fight between the parties, in which mere victory was deemed ample regard for their simple ambition. Cattle were left untouched (so long as the fight was within the family circle) and women and children were fully respected. True, the latter were frequently captured, as were also the chiefs of the vanquished tribes, but upon payment by their families of a fitting stock ransom they were invariably released unharmed.

Save for a subsequent considerable multiplication of their clans, these *Zulu-Ngunis* themselves - their habits, their occupations, their thoughts, their conversation, in a word, their whole social life and character - were probably just as they are to be found today among the old *kraal* folk, a type, alas! now so rapidly becoming extinct.

Yet although all these clans were of the one *Nguni* stock and of one blood and origin, they recognised a distinction amongst themselves. They spoke of an *abas'ezantsi* or *abaNtungwa* (or upcountry) and an *abas'ezantsi* (or downcountry) branch of the family; and between these two branches they pointed to a slight linguistic, historical and even physical dissemblance. Born in the same home, the two parties had temporarily separated on their migration southwards, thus becoming subject to different influences. During the period of their separation (which may have covered several generations) the diverse circumstances of climate, diet and society had somewhat altered their respective characters, each partly having developed its own mental and physical peculiarities and assimilated some of those of the foreign peoples with whom it had come into contact and probably intermarried.

The speech of the *abas'ezantsi* (that is of the *Qwabe eLangeni*,

Mtewa, *Dube* and kindred clans), though otherwise identical with that of the *abas'entla*, had the curious habit of softening (*tefula* as they called it) every *l* into a *y*, and of occasionally omitting the *y*'s altogether. In this, they offered a linguistic resemblance to the *Hereros* (of South Western Africa) whose language sometimes substituted a *y* (though more generally an *r*) for the *Zulu l*, and to the *Swahilis* (of East Africa) who usually dropped the *Bantu l* altogether.

These *abas'ezantsi* had no tradition, as had their upcountry brothers, of any affinity with the inland *Suto* or *Chwana* tribes, or of having 'come down with a big grain basket' (*ukw-ehla ngesilulu*) which we may take to mean that they had no tradition of ever having been within the immediate neighbourhood of those tribes, among whom this particular kind of basket (*isilulu*) is a national characteristic, and from whom the up-country clans probably picked it up on their way to the south-east. The *abas-ezantsi*, we may conclude, had already passed over the great central plateau before, the *Suto* race had descended from more northern latitudes.

On the other hand, some at any rate of these *abas'ezanti* clans (e.g. the *Mtewas*, the *Dubes*, and others dwelling along the seashore, though not the *Qwabes* and their offshoots the *eLangeni*, *emaNgadinid* etc.) appear in their coastal migrations to have come into contact with certain of the *Tonga-Nguni* peoples (e.g. the *Celes* and others, then inhabiting the sea belt) with whom they probably intermarried, and subsequently drove southward over the *Tukela* - a repetition of what was already occurring with the upcountry or *abaNtungwa* branch of their family during its sojourn in the vicinity of the *Suto* peoples.

It has been supposed by some that the *Tonga* and *Suto* *Bantu* preceded the *Ngunis* or *Kaffirs* in the order of arrival in the South African continent. But the fact that the *Kaffir* language religion and customs present invariably the more archaic forms, leads us to conclude that the *Nguni* or *Kaffir* group was ever ahead of the *Tongas* and the *Sutos* in the ancient *Bantu* migration to the south. Indeed, the swamping of the *Kaffir* language with *Bushman* clicks, and the comparative fewness of these latter in the *Suto*, and their total absence from the *East Coast* or *Tonga* languages, were alone sufficient proof that the *Ngunis* were the first to reach and settle in *Bushmanland*, which, as we know, extended from the *Drakensberg* on the east to the *Atlantic* on the west.

In turning to the *abas'entla* or up-country section of the *Zulu-Kaffir* family (including such clans as the *Kumalos*, *emaMbateni*, *Butelezis*, and *emaCunwini*) we are surprised to discover that, whereas the *abas'ezantsi* were ignorant of any common family name peculiar to themselves, these up-country brethren possessed a certain national designation of *abaNtungwa*, which, moreover, they strangely, declared to be in no wise applicable to members of the other section of the family. Whence came this distinguishing title?

It may be a futile task, generally speaking, to seek an explanation for ancient African names; but in this instance, we may reasonably

speculate as to whether it were not something of a coincidence that while these people dubbed themselves *abaNtungwa*, the terms in their speech signifying 'to put on a headring' (a custom, so far as we know, originally confined among the Zulu tribes to the Zulu-Ngunis), should have been so similar an expression, viz. *ukuTungwa* - the interposition of a euphonic *n* in the nounal form is, we need hardly remark, quite in accordance with the rules of Zulu word-construction. The fact the *abas'ezantsi* (who bore not this title) had also, throughout all the historical period, worn the headring, would not, we think, militate against this theory; for the name may have been quite reasonably coined by or for the *abas'entla* at some period subsequent to the separation of the two branches of the family. Or, again, the practice among the *abas'ezantsi* of wearing the headring may have been adopted by them (though without their receiving also the corresponding name of *abaNtungwa*) at some time subsequent to the reunion of the two parties in Zululand. This certainly did happen in regard to certain of the neighbouring clans of the *Tekela-Ngunis*, who as a race did not wear the headring. For instance, the *Wushes* (at present among the *Bhacas*), through having lived in close proximity to the Zulu-Ngunis prior to their advent in Natal, had also come to don a diminutive imitation of the Zulu headring scarcely larger than a duck's egg; while others, as the *emaTulini*, (who had originally lived near the sources of the *amaTigulu* in Zululand) did the reverse and wore a headring on a hair-grown basket rising sometimes nearly a foot above the head!

But these *abas'entla* people or *abaNtungwa* were not only distinguished by a special name. They possessed also special traditions of which their down-country relatives were altogether ignorant. They declared that, in migrating to their present location, they had 'come down with the big grain-basket' (*b'ehlangesiLulu*). Moreover, they professed a blood-relationship with the *Sutos* - a people belonging to a quite different Bantu group. The term '*Suto*' of course, is here used in the sense in which the *Zulus* use it, that is, with the wider significance, including tribes of both the *Suto* and the *Chwana* types, and referring rather to the Natives of the *Transvaal* than to those further south and less well known in *Basutoland* and thereabout.

Now, the above traditions are in perfect harmony one with the other, and they both bear witness to the same truth, namely that the *abas'entla* people entered Zululand at a period different to and after that of the *abas'ezantsi*, that in making their way towards the coast, they came from somewhere beyond or within the domain of the *Sutos* occupying the great central plateau; and that, while domiciled in these regions, they modified their blood in some slight degree by inter-marriage with those people.

The huge, globular, grass plaited basket, sometimes three or four feet in diameter, called by the *Zulus* *isiLulu*, is a national institution peculiar as far as South Africa is concerned, to the inland *Sutos*,

though, in various forms of grass-woven grain huts, the custom is found common to many Bantu tribes as far north as the *Gallas* and the *Negroes* on the *Shari* river in the central Sudan. But to the *abas'ezantsi* *Kaffirs* it was and is as unknown as are the *Sutos* themselves, though among the *abas'entla* it is still commonly manufactured for the storage of grain. When then, the latter affirm that they came down by way of the *isiLulu* they are simply selecting this distinctively *Suto* curiosity in order to indicate clearly that their own route of travel was through the neighbourhood of those tribes.

The tradition concerning a *Suto* blood-relationship, as it runs in these present days, is so emphatic and comprehensive as to amount to a declaration of absolute *Suto* descent. Such an assertion is to be regarded as a pure exaggeration; for it is quite inconsistent with the physical appearance and the character of the language and customs of these *abaNtungwa* people, which are plainly those of the *Kaffir* or *Nguni*, and not of the *Suto* type. The *Suto* blood running in their veins, when compared with the whole cannot amount to more than a mere trace. The descent from the *Sutos* to which the *abaNtungwa* tradition refers, was probably pedestrian rather than genealogical.

Notwithstanding that the very scanty traditions of these *Zulu-Kaffirs* help so little to elucidate their past history, their customs and their language, by a process of deductive reasoning, may be made to shed a still further glimmer of light upon the subject. There is in existence in the *Zulu* language a saying 'It is already the horns of the *umTini* (*seku'mpondo za'mtini* which is used to indicate 'that time of the day just preceding the dawn' when presumably this animal was just showing itself or becoming visible by its horns. But what strange beast may this 'horned *umTini*' have been?

The present day *Zulu*, when asked, points to the otter (for this is the only animal now called in his language an *umTini*); and meanwhile he wonders how his ancestors could have been so foolish as to invent an expression so manifestly absurd as that given above; for surely no otter ever grew horns! And yet the saying must have been based on some fact of real experience, and because of that, has been able to stand the test of time; for it is still employed in the speech today, though manifestly of ancient origin and fast falling into oblivion. The otter, we may add, is an animal, in the imagination of the *Zulus*, endowed with certain occult and fearsome powers, being capable under circumstances of bringing down dire ill fortune (technically termed *umMnyama* darkness or misfortune) upon any hapless human being brought under its influence. Wherefore the hunter who has captured one of these fearsome though coveted beasts, before repairing to his *kraal*, must first carefully sprinkle his body with ashes, in order to drive away the baneful consequences that might follow his act.

The only explanation we can offer for this reference in the *Zulu* speech to a 'horned otter' (a water animal you must note) is that his

ancestors at some period of their history were familiar with the existence and habits of that curious animal known to the Biher of Angola as the kiTshobo (from which the Chobe river probably gets its name, or vice versa) and to the western Chwanas as siTutunga. This amphibious antelope, markedly resembling a goat, spends its days like a seal in the water. It emerges chiefly at night, when it ruminates on the river banks, and with the advent of dawn vanished once more into the shallow waters amongst the reeds. But the important point is that, as far as we are aware, it is only known in the Chobe and other rivers of that part of Africa (though another report - of a traveller who had never been there - states that it is also to be found in the swamps of Central Africa). Is it, then, unreasonable to conclude that the curious Zulu saying mentioned above is in reality an indication that these people at some ancient period inhabited that West-African region?

From this marvellous 'horned-otter' we proceed to a consideration of the equally marvellous umMnyama of our Zulus. The word umMnyama, from its derivation, would seem to imply a certain 'occult darkness' or evil-influence which would befall one duly exposed to the proper magic. The term is then generically extended to all such charms as are capable of effecting this particular result. Conspicuous among these are the local otter (or umTini) and, in a still greater degree, a certain mysterious animal (altogether unknown to the present Zulus, and therefore referred to by them simply as the umMnyama), whose soft smooth grey-brown fur is imported from the interior by medicine pedlars and is reputed to possess the occult force of holding the evil powers of heaven and earth alike in check and able at once to ward off the calamities of lightning and the witchery of the umTakati. The animal itself is described by the Native doctors, who trade in these goods, as being 'like unto a sheep, having horns and dwelling in the river pools, there where the rainbow strikes them'. All of which may be very fantastic mythology, but it does not succeed in concealing from us the probable fact that our Zulu's umTini (or otter) with horns and the amphibious umMnyama 'sheep' are one and the same creature, and that none other than the timid and absolutely harmless water antelope of the southern West African regions.

But if this be so, then the Zulu Kaffirs were at one time domiciled in, or within the vicinity of those parts, and while there invented their proverb and superstition. Upon leaving the western country for the east, where the water-antelope was replaced by another water-animal wearing a somewhat similar fur - and, we must remember, it was mainly in the fur that the occult power resided - the old superstition was passed on to the new substitute, and the otter became called an umTini and its fur possessed of the power of working the umMnyama magic; whence arose the apparent incongruity in the phrase seku'mpondo za'mtini (it is now the time of the 'otter's' horns).

The yam, as an article of diet, is conspicuously absent from the published food-lists, of all the Bantu tribes south of German East Africa, whether it be in the Portuguese province or in Nyasaland. Yet along the Zambezi, both higher and lower, it is found, and too among the Zulu-Ngunis, and further, the name by which the Zulus call it, to wit uManga, is identical with that (viz. Manga) applied by the Totses of the upper Zambezi to the same vegetable. Nor, among any of the North-Eastern tribes, who are acquainted with the yam, have we been able to discover any, south of the Nikas opposite Zanzibar, who apply to the plant the same name as the Zulus and Totses. The Nikas call it the fiazzi-manga; but the Swahilis say simply kiazzi kikuu or the 'larger sweet potato' while the Ruas in Central Africa, west of the Great Lakes term it kulungu.

The African iDumbi (or Colacasia) again, appears to be quite unknown as an aboriginal Native food along the whole of the East African coast - albeit the Indian variety (also lately introduced by the Coolies into South Africa and known to the Natives as uDumbedumbe) is said to be known in some parts as a foreign importation. Yet along the Congo, in Negro Guinea and up the Aruwini, almost as far as lake Albert Nyanza, the vegetable is fairly common. And among our Zulus also.

The Bantu tribes of Angola are afflicted with a strange rectal affection termed by them maKulo, and which from the description given, presents close resemblance to the sometimes fatal rectal disease called isiGwebedla or inGumbane (probably a kind of gangrenous rectitis) peculiar to our Kaffirs.

No one of these small facts, if taken alone, may be of much intrinsic value; but taken together, they become the little straws that tell us which way the stream flows. They show us how a more extensive study of tribal life and language might be made to supply, in some degree, the absence of history, and in this present instance, they strongly support the Zulu tradition that their coming to these parts was from a north-westerly direction, away towards and beyond the Sutos.

THE ZULU-NGUNI CLANS

THE ABAZANTSI

Let us now go back in thought to a time, just one hundred years ago, when Dingiswayo, chief of the Mtetwas, was the greatest and mightiest king in Zululand, and when his vassal, Senzangakona, the father of Shaka, was still ruler over the Zulu clan.

Travelling up by the coast track through Lalaland, now known as Natal, we reach the lower Tukela river at a point not far from where the railway now crosses it. We wade through its turbid waters,

and ascending to the Ndongakusuka flats beyond find ourselves in the domain of the abas'ezantsi or tefula-speakers. This we deem to be that branch of the Zulu-Nguni family which has preserved the original blood in its purest form, as it has certainly become the most historically important. For the Zulus, you must remember, are of the same parentage as the Qwabes, and therefore, in their origin, of the abas'ezantsi stock; and although nowadays domiciled up-country, they are members of the abas'entla or abaNtungwa group, not by birth, but solely by adoption.

Well, to be precise, we are now in the land of the Qwabes, the largest of the aba'sezantsi, indeed of all the Zulu-Nguni clans. All the grassy flats stretching from the lower Tukela away to the lower Mhlatuze and extending for well-nigh thirty miles inland along the further banks of both those rivers; all the rolling woodlands and breezy highlands intervening between them coming up along the Ngoye range from the sea, past Eshowe, over the Mvuzane, and away to and including the Nkandla forest, all this is Qwabe territory, dotted with the kraals and herds of these Qwabe people. Their chief is Pakatwayo, son of Kondlo, son of Mncinci, son of Lufuta, son of Simamane, son of Sidinane, son of Nonjiya, son of Mahlomo, son of Songemase, son of Qwabe, son of Malandela (by his wife, Nozidiya) son of Lufenulwenja, son of Ntombela, son of Mahlobo. Of the above long ancestral list, we may observe that only those names up to and including Lufuta possess any historical certainty; all beyond that point are more or less doubtful, even though supplied us (in conflicting orders) by divers ancient member of the clan who were reputedly learned in tribal law.

To which clan Malandela (the father of Qwabe) and hence Qwabe himself, belonged is no longer known. But it is difficult to believe that the ancient tribe has entirely disappeared or the ancient tribal name fallen into absolute oblivion. Inasmuch as the word Gumedede is still retained as the isiTakazelo or title of address among the whole group of Qwabe clans, it is possible that that was the appellation of the original tribe, which appellation, upon the splitting up of the family into the Qwabe and Zulu branches, was appropriated by the higher of Qwabe house as its own peculiar name of address. Or, again, the Ntombelas, still existing as a distinct clan may have been that from which both the Qwabes and the Zulus took their rise, since the Zulus as any rate, do actually claim an intimate connection with those people. And yet, strangely, among the Qwabes we hear nothing of such a connection; just as conversely among the Zulus we hear little, if anything, of a claim to any use of the title Gumedede.

Just as we know little for a certainty of Malandela's origin, so also of his place of abode. The earliest home of the Qwabes, the major branch of the family, known to tradition is said to have been situated at Babanango hill, near the sources of the Mhlatuze. This, too, is the identical spot to which the Ntombela clan also points as its original habitat; which tradition would therefore seem to confirm

our supposition that Malandela, father of Qwabe, was of that clan and that he lived at the Babanango and there probably died. Indeed, it were quite likely that Malandela was himself the chief of these Ntombela people, especially in view of the anomaly that this tribe never has at any time within the historical period been possessed of a separate and independent chief of its own, but has throughout all that time been affiliated, as though a branch of their family, with 'the people of Zulu'.

It may have been about the period of Malandela's demise that the major portion of the family, now headed by Qwabe, moved off seawards in search of pastures new, leaving another and older portion who clung to the original tribal name of Ntombela, behind. Passing over the Mtonjaneni ridge, they descended to the Mfulu river, then on again and over the Mhlatuze, till eventually they reached an agreeable spot for settlement in the Eshowe neighbourhood. Thence, as time went on, they gradually worked their way along the Ngoye hills towards the sea, till about the lower Mhlatuze, they were confronted by the several Tonga-Nguni clans - the Wushes, the Celes, the Lutulis, the Ngcobos, and others - then settled all along the coast. These they soon dislodged, driving them southwards towards or over the Tukela, until in Pakatwayo's (i.e. Shaka's) time, the Qwabes were lords of all the country from the Nkandhla to the sea.

As we shall see later on it was during this passage of the ancient tribe from the Mtonjaneni to the Eshowe district that the emaNgadini section got left behind and subsequently formed themselves into a separate sub-clan. And it was likewise during the tribe's residence in the Eshowe country that that other portion of the family, afterwards too became so famous, cut itself off and headed by a young scion of the house named Zulu, returned up-country by its original path, recrossing the Mhlatuze and Mfulu rivers and finally settling on the Mkumbane stream beyond Mtonjaneni.

THE ABAZANTSI - THE QWABES

Among so large a tribe, one would naturally expect a certain amount of splitting up into sub-clans owing to intermarriage and family quarrels. Thus, besides the Qwabes proper, headed by the Royal house, there were the Kuzwayos dwelling on the northern banks of the Mhlatuze; the Makanyas, on the southern banks of the Tukela; the Kozas, away inland at the Sipezi hill, not far from the original Qwabe home at the Babanango; then the Yimbos, the ebuKazini, the Gcabashes, the emGobhozini, the Celes, the emaMbhedwini and others scattered here and there throughout all Qwabeland.

As we have before remarked, in their first descent towards the sea the Qwabes eventually found the way blocked by a belt of Lala or Tonga-Nguni tribes spread out before them all along the littoral from

the Tukela to beyond the Mhlatuze. But northward of these Lala-Ngunis was another batch of tribes - the Mtetwas, the Dubes, the Mbonambis and others - occupying the country from above the junction of the two Mfolozis to the sea, and aboriginally, it would seem, of the same Nguni-Zulu stock as the Qwabes, though now (in pre-Shaka days) having the purity of their blood somewhat impaired through longer and more intimate contact with the coast Lalas; so that the Qwabes, when wishing to abuse them, would even call them 'Tongas'.

But the fact that the Mtetwas and Qwabes were distant cousins did not reclude their sometimes indulging in a little mutual warfare; on which occasions we are compelled to admit, the Mtetwas were generally the victors. There being in those primitive days no such institutions as diplomacy international courts of law, all intertribal disputes were necessarily referred to the arbitrament of arms. But this arbitrament of arms, unless the case involved the person of the chief or the preservation of the tribe - as a matter of fact, it generally concerned merely boundary contentions, cattle depredations and such-like purely local disputes - never meant anything more than a small faction fight confined to the disputing parties. And, indeed, if we may believe what we are told, these intertribal tourneys, in times prior to the white man's coming, were conducted in a manner more chivalrous and humane than they are even in these present days of comparative civilization. So it came about that the Qwabes, though generally trounced by the Mtetwa warriors, suffered little beyond a wounding of their national pride. Their land, their cattle and their freedom were generally left to them.

One day, Dingiswayo, the Mtetwa chief, went out bent on the enjoyment of a little manly sport of this kind, and had the unusual good fortune of capturing first the lovely forms, then the loving hearts of the whole female portion of Pakatwayo's establishment! It is said that the Qwabe menfolk, seeing the enemy approaching, acted on the poet's dictum and judged discretion the better part of valour. They made a timely disappearance from the kraal, ungallantly abandoning the women and girls to their fate; which however proved in no wise unkind. Dingiswayo, ever generous to his enemies and gracious to the tender sex, ordered that his timid captives be removed to his own kraal, where he entertained them with a right royal dance-feast in which he himself was pleased to take a good part. He then dismissed them with a caustic reflection on their brothers' cowardice, that 'he fought with men and not with women' and when men were forced to leave their families in the hands of the foe, it was already sign enough that they had been beaten!

But soon a terrible darkness came down on the land. Those halcyon days took flight, and till now have never since returned. In their place death and devastation spread misery everywhere abroad. Dingiswayo, having won the submission of practically every tribe from the

sea to the Ngome far inland, at length met a violent death, and the troubles of his neighbours, Pakatwayo the Qwabe chief, grew apace.

Shaka, the young and recently appointed chieftain of the Zulu clan, and a distant cousin of Pakatwayo's now determined to win for himself the paramountcy over the Zulu-Kaffir tribes just vacated by Dingiswayo. On the day when that ambition was born in Shaka's breast, the ruin of the Qwabes was decreed. For Shaka's greatest rival was Zwide, chief of the large Ndwandwe tribe to the north; and in order to be able, with any hope of success, to embark on military operations against that powerful chief, it was essential that Shaka should first of all see his way clear to conduct, in case of emergency, a safe retreat; he must have something more than the exposed grassveld of his own domain - he must become possessed of the impregnable forest fastnesses at the Nkandhla, in Pakatwayo's territory, to the south of him.

He therefore proceeded to look about for a *casus belli*. By means of petty provocations, in the shape of land encroachments, he soon drew from the mouth of Pakatwayo an insulting epithet; which duly uttered, with much show of righteous indignation the wily one forthwith marshalled his forces to the south of the Mhlatuze, in Qwabe territory, and awaited the approach of the owner of the soil. The rival armies met on the morrow on the Hlokohe ridge, near Eshowe, and the Qwabes, were utterly defeated, Pakatwayo, dying on the following day from apparently natural causes. Having obtained, by right of conquest, not alone the Nkandhla fastnesses, but also the pretty sisters of Pakatwayo, who he had so long coveted, Shaka withdrew, leaving the Qwabes for the nonce otherwise undisturbed.

The chieftainship of the tribe was now assumed by Pakatwayo's elder brother, Vubukulwayo, the first named having left no male issue. But after so humiliating a defeat of this the largest of the clans by a mere Zulu upstart, the Qwabes felt no pleasure in now being made to support the very power that had destroyed them. So Vubukulwayo, followed by a certain section of the tribe, fled to the north, where he offered himself as a vassal to the Zulus' most powerful rival, Zwide. Alas, vain hopes! Ere long proud Zwide too was brought to his knees, more utterly crushed than had been Pakatwayo before him. To the Zulu upstart, then, the Qwabes must bow after all.

Vubukulwayo being dead, and their former protector, Zwide, with his tribe having been driven from the land, no further object was gainable to these Qwabes deserters by a continued separation from their brethren in the south. So they wandered back once more to the homeland south of the Mhlatuze, and rejoined the remnant left there, and under Godolozzi, a younger brother of Pakatwayo, and which had all along remained true to its new allegiance to Shaka.

The Zulu nation, as built up by Shaka was merely an agglomeration of mutually hostile elements held together by nothing more stable

than brute force. The strong hand which alone could hold these incoherent parts together having been now, by the assassination of Shaka in September, 1828, abruptly withdrawn, the whole structure threatened to collapse. Those fiery steeds, so long chafing under the cruellest of lashes, now found their opportunity of kicking over the traces.

One of the very few clans that had still retained some small measure of cohesion and vitality within it was that of the Qwabes, dwelling still under their own chief, in their old land southward of the Mhlatuze. Scarcely a couple of months had elapsed since the assassination of Shaka, when Nqeto, taking timely advantage of the political disorganization and the general yearning for release - collected his people together and crossed the Tsekela with the hope of finding a more peaceful home in the south. Had he not made the fatal mistake of carrying away with him a number of the royal cattle, he might have marched off and settled down unmolested. As it was, a force was despatched in immediate pursuit by Dingane who had now assumed the reins of Government. The two parties met at a spot situated between Pinetown and the Mngeni, after which encounter the Qwabes fled, but were again overtaken by the Zulus as they neared the upper Mbokodweni stream. The Zulus, having probably recovered the cattle they sought, and being no doubt too exhausted, after their recent return from the Soshangane expedition, for embarking on further prolonged campaign thereupon retraced their steps homewards, leaving the Qwabe to proceed to the south undisturbed.

Having crossed the Mzimkulu river, Nqeto now discovered that, as the proverb has it, from the frying pan he had leapt into the fire. North, south and east, the whole world had become, as it were, one great cauldron seething with mutual hate and warfare. His freedom, forsooth, he had won; but enjoyment of that freedom, aye his very life and that of his tribe, he could now only preserve by desperately fighting for it. Newcomers to the local tribes, were but new disturbing elements in their midst and as such were vigorously repelled. In one such of his numerous battles, fought within the vicinity of the Mzimvubu river, Nqeto, while viewing the engagement from a neighbouring eminence was wounded by a bullet fired it was said by a Dutchman named Lochenberg, who for this unlucky failure subsequently forfeited his life.

It was about the end of August in the year 1830, while Nqeto was still settled on the left bank of the Mzimvubu, that Lieutenant Farewell accompanied by two other white men, Walker and Thackery, appeared in the neighbourhood and outspanned at a place called ama-Dolo. Farewell had visited Shaka at the Dukuza kraal, some years before and had obtained from him the concession of a strip of land about Port Natal for the purpose of establishing there a market for European wares. He was now returning from the Cape Colony by the recently opened overland route, bringing with him wagons loaded with trade goods and including many presents for Shaka, of whose

death he had not yet learned.

During his former sojourn with the Zulu king, Farewell had numbered Nqeto among his acquaintances and was now gladdened at the prospect of meeting once more an old friend under much changed conditions. Faku, the great Mpondo chief, whom Farewell visited first, knowing well the animosity that must exist between the rebel chief and the suzerain, Dingane, and conscious of the universal Native sentiment that the friend of one's enemy must needs be an enemy too, dissuaded Farewell from his intended visit to Nqeto. Farewell, having, however, little experience of Native treachery, harkened not to the words of the wise. For did he not know himself to be Nqeto's friend, a man of peace withal, seeking nought but honest barter for the store of ivory reported to be in Nqeto's possession? And, goodness knows heavier risks than this must be taken to acquire that precious commodity. Accordingly he betook himself to Nqeto's kraal, and as he had anticipated met with a welcome, cheering and merry. Faku was wrong.

Meanwhile he entertained his host with his tale and unfolded his plans. But as the bright sunshine of noon gave place to the gloom of night, ugly shadows and clouds appeared gathering on the horizon. A lowering scowl played round the visage of Nqeto and an ominous change came over the behaviour of his people. So, then, this cunning white man, coming as a friend and posing as a trader, is come not to me but to my dreaded foe, Dingane; is haply none other than an emissary of his, sent to spy out the where and the how of the equally wily Nqeto! For what meaneth that speaking Zulu there, so long a suspicious wanderer in Mpondoland hardby, now here in Nqeto's kraal in the white man's following, and so ostensibly disguised in the white man's overcoat? Oh God! Faku was right? Then as a prelude he had the captured horses of Lochenberg led into the kraal - that white skinned Dutchman who had sought to kill the king and had failed. And amid the jeering exultation of the savage crowd, the poor animals were tortured, and could nowhere find an avenue of escape.

This first act over, the dark curtain of night fell upon the scene, and the actors retired to rest. But not all to sleep, for in the blackness which preceded the dawn many crouching figures, bearing newly whetted assegais, moved stealthily towards the white man's tent. In a trice its cords were severed, and this hapless victim of misplaced trust lay caught in his own trap, and was there and then, along with both his white companions, brutally murdered. Of eight native servants sleeping in the hut close by, only three escaped, after having had to shoot down three of the traitors in the effort. Ten of their twelve horses, several valuable guns, wagons piled with loads undreamed of of precious beads and costly cloths, this was the prize they won for their barbarous performance. And the mangled corpses of the slain went out to the vultures on the veld. Farewell had been the first of Britain's colonists of Natal, bringing to the

wretched natives there the comforting and helpful delights of civilization. And this was his reward!

Drunken with the sanguinary debauch, Nqeto now had the temerity to assail the powerful Mpondo king, Faku, by whom he and his tribes were crushed beyond retrieve. Headless and forlorn the tribe scattered like sheep before the devastating wolf. Some accepted a menial subjection to Faku, some gravitated helplessly back to a more miserable servitude in the Zulu army. And while others threw themselves on the clemency of Ogle, At Port Natal, and other white skinned brothers of him whom they had so perfidiously done to death, and by them they were piteously received. Nqeto, erstwhile king and arch-villain of the tribe, was being led forward by an inscrutable fate to meet his just doom at the hands of him whom he dreaded most and had above all wished to evade. Wandering along he came to the kraal of Baleni, ruler of the emTlangwini clan, dwelling near the Mkomazi river. There, with the measure of perfidy he had meted out to Farewell, was it measured out to him. Baleni secretly reported his presence to Dingane, who gave the order, which was duly executed, that he be immediately destroyed.

The flight of Mpande from Zululand in September 1839, brought over once more into Natal many stragglers of the Qwabe tribe. These gradually uniting with others of their clan till then serving under the white man at Port Natal or scattered elsewhere about the country, came to form that collection of Qwabe people in these modern days dwelling about the Mvoti river in Natal and ruled, partly by the late rebel, Meseni, son of Musi, son of Godolozzi brother of Pakatwayo and partly by Mafongonyama, son of Godide, another brother of Pakatwayo's.

THE ABAZANTSI - THE DUBES AND OTHERS

Having passed through the breadth of lower Qwabeland and taken a direction towards the sea, we shall first visit those aba'ezantsi clans dwelling immediately along the coast, afterwards taking those resident more inland.

From Qwabeland we step into the domain of the DUBE clan, with its offshoot the MBAMBOS. Their country stretches along the seashore from about the Mlazi mouth over the Mhlatuze as far as the Ntseleni river. Yes, that was Dubeland in the days of Senzangakona. Alas! it is Dubeland no more. After having had the remarkable good fortune to preserve for themselves their homeland and their integrity throughout all the dark stormy days of the Shakan dissolution, they were at length fated under their chief, Nzwakele, son of Kushwayo, son of Gwabini, son of Sodubo, to meet with utter ruin and dispersal at the hands of Dingane, most of them being nowadays scattered here

and there about Natal. The son of Nzwakele, however, Habane, by name, after having first fled to Natal, subsequently returned with Mpande to the old country and there died during that chief's reign.

Within the Dube domain, between the Ntseleni river and the sea, dwelt a collection of emaNdrazini kraals, tributary to the Dube chief. These emaNdrazini were a remnant of the large Lala-Nguni tribe of the Celes dwelling along the coast south of the Tukela. But as the Celes originally inhabited this part of the Zulu country, prior to their expulsion into Natal by the Zulu-Ngunis, it may be that this small section of the clan, by submission to the conquerors, was allowed to retain its holding; although there also seems to be a tradition that, after accompanying the mother-tribe on its flight, it returned subsequently and alone, and affiliated itself with the Dube people.

Beyond the emaNdrazini, immediately along the seaboard, dwelt the Mbonambis. Among the Kaffirs it is only the few large tribes that have any history to relate, and even they can seldom regale us with anything more inviting than the sordid of brutish fight and predatory raid. Of the smaller clans, too weak to wage war or embark on marauding expeditions, it was never the privilege to make history. But as if to make amends for their lack of history, the Mbonambis proudly pointed to a line of kings, longer if less renowned than that of many clans much greater in size and historical importance. For was not Sigota (father of Mkosana) the son of Ngibu, and Ngiba, the son of Nomaguma, and Nomaguma the son of Mananga, and Mananga the son of Gwala, and Gwala the son of Ngonyama, and Ngonyama the son of Ngawande, and Ngawande the son of Mabhodla? And did not Mabhodla accomplish a feat that raised him at once to a pedestal level with that of the world-famed Moses? This ancient chief, the Mbonambis sagely inform us, in his migration to these parts, brought down with him a magic wand or iTusi (probably copper from Katanga, or gold from same place or Zimbabwe). Finding life uncongenial in these southern climes, he determined to retrace his steps to the north. Somewhere on the journey, his way was obstructed by an unmanageable expanse of water, by present-day Mbonambis reputed to have been the sea! Bethinking himself of his magic wand, he struck the flood and lo! its waters divided and became unto him as a wall on his right hand and on his left; and he passed over on dry ground.

Now, this myth seems hardly to be a product of the African brain; it has about it a distinctly oriental flavour. The Arabs, we know, were well acquainted, through the Koran, with the story of Moses. If peradventure Mabhodla may have chanced to be anywhere in the vicinity of Zimbabwe in the mediaeval period of activity there, or if perchance a hapless shipwreck may have cast some of these Semite traders on to the shores of Mbonambiland (a contingency that may have easily occurred) he may have received both rod and myth from

them, which latter, in course of time, became transformed according to a natural African habit, into an exploit of the chief. Indeed so fascinating does this pleasing fiction seem to have been to the Bantu mind, that we repeatedly find it affixed by them to the names of their celebrated chiefs. We hear it in regard to Shaka and his crossing of the Mkomazi river, and in regard to Zwangendaba and his leading of the horde of Zulu refugees across the Zambezi.

When in course of time, the insatiable Shaka demanded a family alliance with the coastal belles, the Mbonambis, along with their neighbours the Sokulus, prudently hastened to surrender and live, rather than resist and be destroyed. Though they 'he that fights and runs away, lives to fight another day'. That fight duly came, but under much more favourable conditions for the Mbonambis, a decade or two afterwards.

It would appear that a party of Mbonambi spear-vendors had made the discovery that, on a spit of land separating St. Lucia Lake from the ocean, there dwelt a simple tribe, (probably of tekela-speakers) who though enviably rich in stock, were so blissfully ignorant of the noble art and necessity of self-defence, as to possess never so much as a spear. Here, reflected the pushful Mbonambis, is an opening for something more enriching than a mere trade in hardware. So one day these artless Arcadians beheld the erstwhile pedlars appear in force and laden with spears, no longer for barter, but for actual use, and that withal on their own helpless persons. A few days passed and none but Mbonambis and a wealth of cattle remained in the land; and the former, at any rate, have continued in possession of the conquered territory even to this present time, though of course, the majority of the clan may still be found in the original fatherland on the coast betwixt the Mhlatuze and Mfolozi rivers, under the nominal rule of Manqamy, son of Somlomo, son of Mkosana.

From Mbonambiland continuing our course along the coast, we reach the SOKULUS, southward of the mouth of the Mfolozi river. When a Zulu wishes to speak admiringly of a pretty fair skinned damsel of his race, he extols her as a 'golden-skinned beauty like unto the sun Nqoboka basks in' (isipakapaka esinga'langa l'otiwa uNqobaka). This Nqobaka, alias Mazwi, son of Langa, son of Mtiyane is the chief governing the Sokulu clan at the time of our visit. In relation to the inland tribes he dwelt away down in the east - in the land whence comes forth the morning sun, to which this yellow-skinned beauty is likened. It is noteworthy that the Zulu-Kaffirs should connect their thoughts of female beauty with this clan; for it is a fact that many of its members present quite handsomely cut features (though without any change in the dark brown skin tones) altogether unusual in the Kaffir race. This is probably due to an admixture in times past of foreign blood by intermarriage with the survivors of Arab or Indian trading vessels wrecked on their coast. One occasionally hears among

the Sokulus a claim to Sutoid origin, similar to that made by the abaNtungwa or up-country Zulu-Ngunis. More probable were a relationship with the eMbos of the wazi-Nguni family.

We now wade across the Mfolozi and, having emerged from the Dukuduku forest on the further side, the broad shallow waters of the St. Lucia Lake (eCwebeni) soon lie expanded before us on our right. Travelling along the inland banks of the lake, we find ourselves in the country of the NCUBES, eastward of the present Mkwanasidistrict, and ruled by one Magula, son of Ngonyama, son of Solamba, son of Mdungazwe, son of Sidimbane.

The neighbours of the Ncubes, on the north between the lake and the Ngalazi river, are the people of SEME, while in the low bush country still beyond, forming the promontory enclosing False Bay, the NTLOZIS have hidden themselves away. The NIBELES under Sikwayo, son of Shenge, peopling the northern shore or head of the lake mark the extreme limit of the coastal abas'ezantsi in this direction.

Most of these small clans, by prudently submitting to the superior might of Dingiswayo and Shaka, afterwards contrived to preserve to themselves the land of their inheritance. Among the Nibeles, however, a serious disturbance of a private nature occurred in Mpande's reign, owing to a feud that had arisen between two sons, Magwaza and Nyamazane of the ruling house. As a result, the former was compelled to flee into Natal; but his son, Mavuso was reinstated by Cetjwayo.

INDEX

PERSONS

- Allison, Rev. James, 6
- Baleni, 34, 44, 138
- Bambula (Vumezita), 64
- Bangizwe, 54
- Basil of Alexandria, 115, 116
- Bayly, Col., Z.S.
- Belesi, 92
- Beneni, 80
- Bhacela, 72
- Bhaka, 40
- Bhebhe (Njila), 66
- Bhibhi, 36, 37
- Bhidla, 18, 40, 47
- Bhudu (Mbhudu), 104, 105, 107
- Bhungane, 24, 25
- Bhunu, 18, 54
- Bofungane, 68, 69
- Boyiya, 36, 37, 42, 53, 75
- Buhlalu-bude, 18, 40, 46
- Bulingwe, 47
- Bushwebenge, 24
- Cane, John, 78, 91
- Cathcart, Sir George, 30
- Cebisa, 3
- Ceca, 2
- Cetjwayo, 8, 10, 38, 73, 141
- Cwi, 47
- Dabulamanzi, 54
- Da Gama, Vasco, 105
- Da Nhaya, Pedro, 105
- Dlabeka, 66
- Deliwayo, 65
- Denasanas, 120
- De Sa, Garcia, 106
- Dhlimini, 18
- Dlambulo, 23
- Dibandhlela, 76, 77, 85, 88
- Dibinyiko, 60
- Dimani, 65
- Dindi, 68
- Dingane, 1, 5, 6, 8, 16, 22, 23, 25, 26, 37, 44, 46, 50, 53, 56, 57, 59, 76-80, 82, 87, 94, 102, 136, 138
- Dingase, 73
- Dingila, 66
- Dingiswayo, 4, 7, 9, 13, 24, 25, 48, 51, 85, 131, 134, 135, 141
- Dinuzulu, 73
- Dlamini I, 1, 3, 18, 39, 46, 51
- Dlamini II, 3
- Dlamini (emaHlutjeni), 25
- Dlangamandla, 29
- Dlangana, 18, 40, 47
- Dlomo I, 40, 46, 47
- Dlomo II, 40, 47
- Dlomo (Ngongoma), 68
- Dlungwana, 47
- Dode, 90
- Dodo, 30, 31, 33
- Domo, 18, 39, 46
- Dontsela, 75
- Dube, 66, 69
- Dubuyano, 65
- Duma, 19
- Duma (Seleku), 77
- Dumisa, 95
- Dumusela, 47
- Dunge, 88, 92
- Dweba, 29, 47
- Eleazer, 116
- Fabase, 56, 57
- Faku, 43, 45, 60, 73, 74, 138
- Farewell, Lt. Francis, 136-138
- Fezane, 77
- Fica, 91, 92
- Fidi, 47
- Fodo, 40, 43, 44, 46
- Fuma, 106
- Fuzula, 47
- Fynn, Henry Francis, 76, 79, 80, 87, 91

Galton, Francis, 114
 Gardiner, Capt. Allen, 1, 103
 Gasa, 12, 40
 Gawu, 45
 Gayede, 57
 Gcwabe, 52, 54
 Gewantsa, 76
 Glaser, Eduard, 115
 Goba, 89
 Gobinca, 47
 Godi, 18
 Godide, 38, 138
 Godolozzi, 135, 138
 Gubhela, 52, 54
 Gumede, 18, 54
 Gusha, 71
 Gwabini, 138
 Gwala, 137

 Habane, 139
 Hadebe, 24, 25
 Havelock, Sir A.E., 112
 Hemuhemu, 68
 Henqwa, 29
 Herodotus, 115
 Hill, R.N., 114, 116
 Hlati, (Mabhungane), 35, 36
 Hlubi, 3, 18, 28, 54
 Hluma, 104, 111
 Homoyi, 89

 Jama, 2, 19
 Jangeni, 60
 Jele, 79
 Jeqe, 77
 Jiji, 82
 Jobe, 18
 Jojo, 35
 Joli, 80
 Jumbane, 20

 Kabazele, 52, 54
 Kamanga, 58
 Khama, 121
 Kibengenca, 47
 Kondlo, 132
 Kopo, 56
 Kubonya, 2
 Kude, 89
 Kukulela, 47
 Kulwamba, 3

Kundla, 2
 Kushwayo, 138
 Kuta, 18, 39, 46
 Kuwawawa, 3

 Langa, 3, 12, 13, 18, 54
 Langa (Sokulu), 140
 Langa (emaZizini), 30
 Langalake, 68
 Langeni, 47
 Langalibalele, 25, 26
 Lesepho, 25
 Lochenberg (Van Loggerenberg), 136, 137
 Lokotwako (lokotwayo), 18, 39, 46, 73, 79
 Lolwa, 18, 39, 46
 Lubelo, 7, 19-23
 Lubheleni, 76
 Lubiyela, 18, 39, 46
 Ludonga I, 3, 10-12, 18, 54
 Ludonga II, 54
 Lufenulwenja, 132
 Lufuta, 77, 132
 Lugaju, 59
 Lusiba-lukulu, 18, 39, 46, 76
 Lutuli, 46
 Luvico, 18, 54

 Mabandla, 40, 47
 Mabhejane, 72
 Mabhodla, 139
 Mabhokwe, 29
 Mabhungane See Hlati
 Mabhunu, 54
 Macaba, 52, 54
 Macebo, 72
 Macingwane, 35, 36, 41, 42, 45, 95
 MacIver, D. Randall, 116
 MacKay, -, 114
 MacMahon, Marshal, 110, 112
 Madikane, 41-43, 45, 82, 89
 Madikayise, 66
 Madlaka, 19
 Madikayise, 66
 Madlaka, 19
 Madlanduna, 90
 Madlangla, 2

Madlenya, 68
 Madontsela, 6
 Madulini, 47
 Mafongonyama, 138
 Magabha, 54
 Magadoza, 92
 Magalela, 79
 Magaye, 85-88
 Magela, 79
 Magedama, 57
 Magidigidi, 87
 Magojolo, 79
 Magongosi, 68
 Magquba, 60
 Magula, 141
 Maguma, 19
 Maguya, 65
 Magwasa, 141
 Magwenyane, 80, 81
 Mahawule, 36, 42, 45, 54, 60, 68, 69, 74
 Mahlapahlapa, 35-37
 Mahlobo, 132
 Mahwebi, 29, 30
 Majaji (Mjanji), 103
 Majiya, 57, 58
 Majola, 71
 Makaluza, 29
 Makandeni, 7
 Makasana, 7, 103, 104, 111, 112
 Makasanyana, 111
 Makaza, 40, 46, 47
 Makosikazi, 41
 Makowane, 30
 Malambule, 6
 Malandela, 132, 133
 Malindi, 47
 Maliwa, 35
 Malusi, 12
 Mambane, 89
 Mampontje, 5
 Mamtunzini, 89
 Manaba, 18, 54
 Mananga, 139
 Manaswale, 61
 Mande, 77, 85, 86
 Mangaliso, 18
 Mangcash, 88
 Mangcingci, 77
 Mangcuku, 79, 80
 uMangoba (Mangova), 102, 104, 110-112

Mangondowane, 5
 Mangova See uMangoba
 Mangxunyama, 47
 Manjoli, 2
 Manqami, 140
 Mantatise, 27, 28
 Mantayi, 40, 47
 Manti, 92
 Mantinti, 18
 Manukuza, 12, 13, 18, 54
 Manxaba, 88
 Manyonyo, 80, 81
 Manyovu, 2
 Manzini, 79
 Mapinda, 58
 Mapita, 19
 Mapolobe, 65
 Maqenge, 60
 Mashabana, 17, 18, 51, 54
 Mashile, 2, 5
 Mashimane, 77
 Mashiya, 24
 Mashiza, 68
 Mashwabada, 24
 Masiyana, 76
 Matiwane, 14, 21, 25, 27, 28, 33, 35, 36, 53, 92, 95
 Matomela, 59
 Mavela, 90
 Mavovo, 51, 52, 54
 Mavumengwana, 38
 Mavuso, 3, 18, 54, 141
 Mawewe, 9
 Mayidi, 30
 Mazeta, 111
 Mazongwe, 46, 47
 Mazwi, 140
 Mabambada, 50
 Mbande, 85
 Mbandeni, 3, 11, 18, 50, 54
 Mbango, 7
 Mbazwana, 40, 46, 47
 Mbelini, 10
 Mbeshwa, 89
 Mbhedu, 45, 46, 80
 Mbhele, 65
 Mbhodlo, 3
 Mbhudu (Bhudu), 104, 105, 107
 Mbikiza, 19, 20
 Mbika, 22
 Mbopa, 23

Mbozane, 68
 Mcosela, 92, 94
 Mcotoyi, 91
 Mdabuka, 18
 Mdakuda, 75
 Mdava, 75
 Mdingi, 35, 36, 38, 52, 43, 79
 Mdinika, 40, 47
 Mdladla, 52, 54
 Mdlovu, 18, 40, 46
 Mdolomba, 19
 Mdunane, 68
 Mdungazwe, 141
 Mdwarumba, 104
 Memezi, 19
 Mengowa, 40, 47
 Mepo, 55, 56
 Meseni, 138
 Meyiwa, 18, 40, 46
 Mfungelwa, 38
 Mgobodo, 76
 Mgodu, 7
 Mgomani, 82
 Mgojana, 12
 Mgongobali, 20
 Mhlanga, 18, 25, 54
 Mhwebu, 40, 47
 Miso, 40, 47
 Mjanji (Majali), 7, 11, 103
 Mjindi, 18
 Mjulela, 79, 80
 Mkalipi, 36, 41, 52, 71, 81, 82
 Mkatjwa, 12, 13
 Mkeshane, 65, 67, 70, 71
 Mkonto, 73, 86
 Mkosana, 139, 140
 Mkuli, 29
 Mkulu, 56
 Mkulunkosi, 3
 Mkuzangwe, 57
 Mkwakwa, 19
 Mlambo, 19
 Mlangeni, 18, 54
 Mlotja, 24
 Mncinci, 132
 Mngayi, 6
 Mnguni, 72
 Mniki, 47
 Mnini, 78, 92
 Mnyambane, 18, 39, 46
 Mochodi, 27

Mokotjo, 25-27
 Morosi, 30, 31, 33
 Mota, 28
 Moya, 12, 15
 Moyeni, 52, 55, 89
 Mpande, 6, 7, 9, 10, 22, 23, 26, 37, 38, 46, 57, 59, 72, 73, 77, 78, 80, 102, 111, 138, 139, 141
 Mpangazita, 16-28
 Mposwa, 73
 Mpumela (Dlamini), 40, 47
 Mpumela (Ntuli), 38
 Mqawe, 66
 Mqolombeni, 54
 Msengi, 54
 Mshiyane, 71, 72
 Mshukangubo, 38
 Mshweshwe (Moshesh), 25, 28, 30
 Msholoji, 58, 59
 Msimude, 3
 Msingapantsi, 18
 Msutu, 88
 Mswabi, 30
 Mswati I, 3
 Mswazi, 6-11, 18, 54
 Mtala, 82
 Mtekelezi, 73
 Mtimkulu, 24-27, 54, 77
 Mtiyane, 140
 Mtjelewane, 19, 23
 Mtonga, 18, 51, 54
 Mtukuteli, 81
 Mukulela, 40
 Munini, 91
 Munyane, 30
 Munyu, 54
 Musi, 25, 138
 Muyi, 72
 Mvula, 71
 Mwayi, 3, 51, 104, 111
 Myebu, 91
 Myeka, 58
 Mzala, 88
 Mzabane, 18, 40, 46
 Mzikofini, 40, 47
 Mzila, 9, 12
 Mzilikazi, 10, 15
 Mzimba, 60
 Mzingelwa, 80
 Mzwilimi, 76
 Mzoboshi, 80

Nahawule, 89
 Naloba, 47
 Ncapayi, 43, 79, 82, 87
 Ncashane, 47
 Ndaba, 72, 73, 88
 Ndabazempi, 18, 54
 Ndaleka, 71
 Ndelu, 80
 Ndimande, 77
 Ndimandwe, 76, 82
 Ndlela, 6, 37, 38
 Ndlovu, 2
 Ndomba, 38
 Ndungunye (Sigodze), 3, 4, 6, 18-20, 54
 Necho, Pharaoh, 115
 Neemy, 81
 Nero, Emperor, 116
 Ngangezwe, 54
 Ngawande, 139
 Ngcobo, 65, 67, 70-72
 Ngiba, 139
 Ngidis, 72
 Ngotja, 73
 Ngono, 72
 Ngonyama, 18, 34, 40, 46
 Ngonyama (Mbonambi), 139
 Ngonyama (Ncube), 141
 Ngotoma, 66
 Ngoye, 75
 Ngoza, 3, 5, 44-46, 49, 60, 61, 69
 Ngunezi, 54
 Ngungunyana, 12
 Nguvencuka, 43
 Nguza, 47
 Ngwana, 18
 Ngwanamang, 30
 Ngwanaza, 104, 112
 Nkundu, 56
 Ngwane I, 1, 3, 18, 54
 Ngwane II, 3
 Ngwedula, 20
 Ngwenya, 19
 Ngxavoyo, 47
 Ngxibongwana, 47
 Njana, 54
 Njeje, 60
 Njila (Bhebehe), 66
 Njinji, 2
 Njoli, 45
 Nkabungwe, 3
 Nkalana, 18, 54

Nkani, 36
 Nkiswa, 40
 Nkobe, 36, 37
 Nkokeleli, 85
 Nkolongo, 91, 92
 Nkomokabako, 3
 Nkongolo, 79
 Nkosi I, 3
 Nkosi II, 3
 Nkuna, 88, 89
 Nlepu, 45
 Nocanca, 54
 Nodada, 46
 Nokantsha, 111
 Nomabunga, 41
 Nomdayi, 55, 89
 Nomagaga, 40, 47, 59
 Nomaguma, 139
 Nomagwala, 18, 39, 46, 47
 Nomhlanga, 52, 54
 NomaHlanjana, 14
 Nombewu, 36, 40, 42-44
 Nombuya, 82
 Nondaba, 40, 45, 47
 Nondwandwa, 11
 Nonganga, 94, 112
 Nongcama, 40, 47
 Nongcola, 18
 Nongogo, 47
 Nongawdla, 47
 Nonisimekwana, 94
 Nonjiya, 132
 Nontjiza, 47
 Nonyanda, 68
 Noqandambhedu, 36, 41, 42
 Noqomfela, 53, 92
 Noqosela, 53
 Notjelwa, 54
 Novanywa, 79
 Nozidiya, 132
 Noziyingili, 104, 111
 Nqeto, 43, 136-181
 Nqina, 72, 73
 Nqinambi, 45
 Nqobaka (Mazwi), 140
 Ntaba, 91
 Ntega, 18
 Ntimboti, 73
 Ntini, 22
 Ntjingwayo, 18
 Ntlokolo, 56
 Ntlongaluvalo, 23
 Ntlontlonde, 18, 46

Ntombela, 132
 Ntsele, 24
 Ntsinde, 19
 Ntungwana, 87
 Nxaba, 15, 21, 104
 Nyamazane, 141
 Nyuswa, 65-67, 71, 72, 79, 89
 Nzombane, 59
 Nzwakele, 138, 139

Ogle, P.H., 91, 138
 Owen, Capt. R.N., 109-111

Pakadita (Mpangazita), 26-28
 Pakatwayo, 61, 132-135, 138
 Pambasayi, 81
 Pata, 40, 47
 Pungashe, 49

Qika, 47
 Qunta, 35, 36, 38
 Qwabe, 132, 133, 136

Rputsa See Sobhuza
 Retief, Peter, 26, 37

Sali, 41, 53
 Sambane, 19, 22, 23
 Sambela, 54
 Sanimuse, 68
 Seleku, 76, 77
 Senzangakona, 12, 36-38, 73, 102, 131, 138
 Shadwa, 90, 91
 Shaka, passim
 Shangase (Mshekane), 65, 66
 Shenge, 141
 Shuku, 71
 Sibenya, 41, 53, 92
 Sibiya (Vamezita), 64, 65, 70, 72
 Sidimbane, 141
 Sidinane, 132
 Sidlondlo, 18, 54
 Sidoyi, 40, 44
 Sidwaba-selutuli, 3
 Sigananda, 50
 Sigode, 12, 20
 Sigodze (Ndungunye), 3, 4, 6, 18-20, 54

Sigota, 139
 Sigweje, 6, 7
 Sihayo, 62, 65, 69, 79, 89
 Sihlabebe, 47
 Sihlahla, 19, 23
 Sihlangu, 1, 8, 40, 47
 Sihubu, 3
 Sikonyela, 25, 26, 28
 Sikuku, 54
 Sikukuku, 2
 Sikulu-Maloyo, 3
 Sikunyana, 12, 14, 15
 Sikwata, 2, 5, 8, 34
 Sikwayo, 141
 Silomboya, 104
 Silwane, 66
 Simamane, 132
 Simon, 116
 Simon Barcochba, 116
 Simon Makkabi, 116
 Singile, 89
 Sigandla, 68
 Simwahleni, 91
 Sipiki, 19, 20
 Sipingo, 78
 Siqongweni, 18, 39, 46
 Sishaya-kashishayeki, 88
 Sitjato, 30
 Sitozi, 73
 Sivuba, 90
 Sivunga, 40, 47
 Siyepu, 26
 Siyingela, 54
 Sobhuza (Somhlola, Raputsa), 1, 4-6, 10, 18, 21, 54
 Sodubo, 138
 Sokebi, 68
 Sokoti, 78, 79
 Solamba, 141
 Somapunga, 12, 14, 15
 Somfula, 73
 Somhlola See Sobhuza
 Somkele, 20
 Somlomo, 140
 Sompisi, 37
 Songemase, 132
 Sontsukwana, 80
 Sonyangwe, 43
 Soshangane, 9-11, 15, 20, 21, 94, 104, 136
 Sotobe, 46, 78
 Sotondose, 12
 Sotshenge (Sotjenge), 40, 47

Sotukuza, 88
 Sprenger, Lt. C.J., C.M.R., 33

Tanga, 18
 Tayi, 72
 Thackery, 136
 Theal, George McCall, 110
 Tiba, 40, 47
 Tibela, 30
 Tiliba, 18
 Tinjane, 47
 Tole, 54
 Tondo, 64
 Tomani, 71
 Tondolozzi, 72
 Trelfall, Rev. William, 111
 Tsosane, 30
 Tunzi, 34

Vangisa, 77
 Van Loggerenberg (Lochenberg), 136, 137
 Van Rensburg, Janse, 10
 Vapi, 81
 Vespasian, Emperor, 116
 Vubukulwayo, 135
 Vuma, 19, 21
 Vumezita, 64, 65, 70, 72

Walker, 136
 Wolizibi, 73

Xaba, 12
 Xabashe, 87, 88
 Xonxo, 66-68

Zambili, 112
 Zamuketi, 3
 Zakwe, 90
 Zeze, 30
 Zibhebhu, 22, 23, 38
 Zivledle, 18
 Zihlandlo, 50, 52-57, 81, 89, 94
 Zikulu, 72
 Zokufa, 49, 50, 55
 Zonca, 65
 Zondiwe, 21
 Zonqiya, 73
 Zukuzela, 76
 Zulu, 76, 133
 Zwangendaba, 140

Zwebu, 79
 Zwelinjani, 18, 40, 47
 Zwide, 4, 12-14, 21, 25, 35, 48, 135.

PLACES

Albert Nyanza, lake, 131
 Algoa Bay, 105, 107
 Aliwal North, 32
 Angola, 123, 130, 131
 Arabia, 115
 Aruwini forest, 120, 131
 Assegai river (Mkondo), 6

 Babanango hill, 132-133
 Badi river, 60
 Baleni, 36, 44, 138
 Bangweolo, lake, 120, 122-123
 Bashee River, 117, 125
 Basutoland, 26, 28, 128
 Bechuanaland, 120
 emaBedhlane hills, 72
 Benguela, 122
 Berea bush, 87, 91
 Biggarsberg hills, 35, 38
 Blinkwater region, 81
 Blood river, 14
 British Tongaland, 112
 Bushman's river, 26, 38, 46, 93

 Cabhane river, 45
 Caledon river, 27, 28, 30
 Camperdown, 92
 Cape Colony, 10, 16, 28, 31, 34, 36, 38, 43, 107, 116, 121, 125, 136
 Cape Town, 26
 Cekwana, 41
 Chobe river, 121, 130
 Commando Nek, 26
 Congo river, 113, 119, 122, 131
 Crocodile river, 7-9
 Cross river, 123
 eCwebeni See St. Lucia lake

 Damaraland, 122
 Delagoa Bay, 1, 3, 9, 17, 28, 50, 84, 99, 100, 102-111, 121, 125
 amaDolo, 136
 Drakensberg mountains, 2, 10, 26, 28-30, 33, 34, 36, 38, 53, 93, 95, 125, 127

Dronkvlei, 38
 Dukuza, 23, 86, 136
 Dukuduku forest, 141
 Dumezulu kraal, 43
 Durban, 44, 71, 76, 78, 79, 86-88, 116, 125
 Durban Bay, 91
 Durban Bluff, 92

 Eland's Kop, 75
 Emboland, 16
 Equdeni forest
 Eshowe, 38, 61, 65, 132, 133, 135
 Ezindolowane hill, 15

 False Bay, 141

 Gaboon river, 99
 German East Africa, 122, 123, 131
 Giant's Castle, 29
 Gibraltar, straits, 115
 Greytown, 59, 68, 69
 Guinea, 123, 131
 emGungundlovu, 6, 26, 37

 Harrismith, 25
 Hlatikulu, 23
 Hlatikulu forest, 22
 Hlatikulu, Waschbank, 7
 Hlimbitwa river, 76, 77
 Hlokhloko ridge, 61, 62, 135
 Hluhluwe river, 13, 72

 IGwa river (Vaal), 28
 Inanda river, 89
 Inhaca island (Nyaka), 106, 107
 Inhambane, 39

 Jerusalem, 116
 Judea, 116
 Kaffirland, 4
 Kafuwe river, 120, 122
 Kalahari desert, 120-122
 Kangela flats, 91
 Karkloof river, bush, 36, 45, 69, 74
 Katanga, 139

Klip river, 35
 Klip river district, 26, 35
 Komati river, 2
 Krantzkop, 71
 Kunene river, 120
 eKwanini kraal, 53

 Ladybrand, 28
 eLenge hill, 35, 36
 esiLevwini hill, 77
 Lourenco Marques, 105, 106
 iLovu river, 16, 41, 54, 71, 79-81, 89, 95
 Lubombo mountains, 3, 9, 16, 17, 21-23, 50, 51
 Luwalaba river, 119
 Lydenburg district, 2, 5, 8, 11

 Mabhudu river (Maputa), 3, 105, 110, 112
 Mabilela, 27
 Mahamba mount, 6
 Mahevaqu mount, 61
 Mahlongwa river, 87
 Mamba stream, 64, 65, 68
 Mandlalati stream, 55
 Mankaiyana hills, 5
 Mansimtoti river (Amanzimtoti), 91
 Maputa river (Mabhudu), 3, 105, 110, 112
 Mariannhill mission station, 116, 118
 Mashonaland, 114
 Matabeland, 55
 Matigulu river, 77, 90, 128
 Matoppo caves, 117
 Mbelosi river, 106
 Mbhekane, 15, 21
 Mbhokodweni river, 79, 136
 Mbilo river, 78
 Mdimba mountains, 9
 Mediterranean sea, 115
 Mfolozi rivers, 72, 140, 141
 Mfongosi river, 37, 38
 Mfule river, 133
 Mhlatuzana river, 91
 Mhlatuze river, 14, 64, 85, 132-136, 138, 140
 Mkize river, 20
 Mkomazi river, 16, 34, 41, 43, 46, 54, 61, 69, 75, 81, 82, 92, 95, 138, 140

Mkondo river (Assegai), 6
 Mkumbane stream, 12, 72, 133
 Mkuzane hill, 81
 Mkuze river, 19, 51
 Mkwanaasi district, 20, 141
 Mlazi district, 45, 77, 92
 Mlazi river, 41, 69, 70, 78, 79, 88, 89, 92, 138
 Mngeni river, 35, 41, 43, 56, 59, 64, 70, 71, 74, 80, 89-95, 136
 Mngomezululand, 19
 Mona stream, 89
 Mont-aux-Sources, 29, 30
 Mooi river, 38, 45, 58, 60, 68
 Mozambique, 105, 107-109
 Mpanza stream, 60
 Mpapala river, 37, 38, 65, 90
 Mpembeni hills, 72, 73
 Mpisi stream, 79, 80
 Mpondoland, 45, 60, 137
 Mqeku river, 94
 Msunduze river, 45, 92
 Mtamvuna river, 106
 Mtata (Umtata), 84, 117, 125
 Mtembe river, 3, 105
 Mtetwaland, 4
 Mtjezi river, 34, 46
 Mtwalumi river, 95
 Musiwatunya, 124
 Mvoti river, 52, 55, 65, 68, 77-81, 89, 138
 Mvuzane river, 132
 Myakatoro, 119
 Myeniland
 Mzimkulu river, 35, 41, 42, 44-46, 79, 80, 82, 87, 88, 92, 95, 125, 136
 Mzimkulwana river, 79
 Mzimpofo river, 6
 Mzimvubu river, 42, 43, 45, 46, 136
 Mzinto river, 82, 95
 Mzinyati river, 25, 33, 35, 37, 38, 45, 49, 61
 Mzumbe river, 79, 80, 82

 Nadi stream, 59
 Natal, 1, 7, 9, 17, 26, 29, 38, 43-45, 55, 59, 61, 64,

72, 74, 81, 84, 87, 91, 95,
104, 107, 112, 117, 121,
125, 126, 128, 131, 137,
139, 141
Ncome river, 5
emaNdlanzini, 139
Ndloti river, 86, 88, 92
Ndwandweland, 20, 23
Ngalazi river, 141
Ngami, lake, 114, 122
Ngome river, 135
Ngoye range, 132, 133
Ngwanza, 111
Ngwavuma river, 19-22
Nile river, 101
Nkandhlana river, 49
Nkandla forest, 61, 132,
133, 135
Nkanini, 11
Ndondakusuka flats, 132
Nonoti river, 77, 78, 84, 85
Ntabankulu hill, 6, 25, 35
Ntjangwe hill, 92
Ntonjaneni ridge, 133
Ntseleni river, 138, 139
Ntsuze tributary, 89, 94
Ntumeni hill, 62, 65
Ntuze stream, 51, 52, 64,
68
Nyaka island (Inhaca), 106,
107, 110
Nyamvuba river, 45
Nyangwe, 119, 124
Nyanza, lake, 120
Nyasa, lake, 120, 122
Nyasaland, 122, 131
Nyoti river, 68

Okavango river, 120-122
Ondini kraal, 38
Opisweni hill, 7, 57
Orange Free State, 26, 28,
33

Pediland, 8
Persian Gulf, 115
Pietermaritzburg, 36, 41,
59, 89
Pinetown, 136
Pongolo river, 3, 4, 7, 9,
12, 13, 19, 20, 22, 51, 125
Pongolo district, 4
Port Elizabeth, 105

Port Natal, 136, 138
Portuguese East Africa, 15,
39, 100
Portuguese Tongaland, 9
Prasum 116

Queenstown (Komani), 28

Rhapta (Kilwa), 116, 118
Rhodesia, 114, 117
Richmond, Natal, 41

Safate, 26
St. Lucia Lake (eCwebeni),
1, 16, 20, 64, 140, 141
Shari river, 129
Sikoto stream, 81
Sikwebzi river, 13
Silambo, 72
Sofala, 100, 107
South West Africa, 127
Standerton, 25
Stanger (Dukuza), 23, 86,
136
Stavenisse, ship, 125
Sudan, 113, 129
Sundays River, 35
Sutu river, valley, 2, 5, 23,
28
Swaziland, 1, 2, 4, 8, 9,
11, 19, 20, 29, 39, 125

Table Mount, 92, 94
Tafamasi river, 89
Tanganyika, 119
Tanganyika, lake, 114, 120,
122
iTeka lagoon, 91
Tekwini woodlands, 90
Tembe river, 109, 110
Tembuland, 15
Thaba Bosigo, 30
Tongaland, 17, 23, 55, 94,
108, 112
Tonga river (Tongati), 44,
85, 86, 88, 89
Transkei, 103
Transvaal, 2, 9, 128
Tukela river (Tugela), 6, 7,
16, 28, 30, 35-38, 44, 45,
49-52, 54-61, 64, 65, 68,
69, 71, 74, 76, 78-81, 89,
90, 94, 97, 125, 127, 131-
134, 136, 139

Ufafa river, 43
Uganda, 123
Ujiji, 122, 124
Umtata (Mtata), 84, 117, 125
Unyoro, 123
Utrecht, 14, 21, 25

Vaal river, 28
Victoria Falls, 121
Victoria Nyanza, lake, 100,
114
Vryheid, 14, 25

Waschbank river, 36
Washbank, 7
Weenen, 37
White Mfolozi river, 7

Xuba river, 81

Zambezi river, 99, 100, 119,
121-124, 131, 140
Zanzibar, 131
Zimbabwe, 101, 114-118,
139
Zululand, 1, 5, 10, 24, 28,
38, 39, 43, 44, 84, 125,
128, 131, 138
Zwartkop location, 7, 59, 60.

PEOPLES

Arabs, 101, 107, 113, 115,
117, 119, 139, 140
Austrian, 109

Barotse See baRotse
Batenjwa, 19, 22, 23
Bechuana See beChwana
Berbers, 122
amaBhaca, 82, 87, 128
Bhanganes, 95
emaBheleni, 1, 28, 34-38,
42, 43, 50, 75
amaBhenge, 95
Bhengus, 55
Bhuloses, 77
baBihe, 113, 120, 122, 123,
130
Boers, 5, 6, 9-12, 22, 26,
30, 37, 56, 57, 59, 89
Bombo, 80, 81
emaBomvini, 69
Bongas, 77
Boshogweni, 92
emaBoyini, 59
British Army, 84
British Government, 9, 12,
23, 26, 30, 38, 44, 50, 80,
87, 112, 137
Buffalo regiment (Izi Nyati),
8
Bushmen, 1, 29, 38, 113,
117, 120, 121, 127
Butelezis, 4, 48, 127

Cakus, 81
Cape Colony Nguni See Xhosa
Cape Mounted Police, 26;
Riflemen, 30-32
Celes, 77, 84-88, 127, 133,
139
beChwana, 114, 122, 127,
128, 130
Celes, 133
Cilizas, 74
emaCindaneni, 41
emaCubini, 49, 52, 55, 69
emaCunwini, 35, 36, 41, 45,
49, 68, 81, 95, 127

Dlaminis, 17, 18, 28, 34,
38, 39, 44-47, 50, 52, 54,
60, 69, 75
Dlanyokas, 93-95
emaDletjeni, 20
amaDobe, 92
Doyelas, 95
Dubes, 85, 127, 138, 139
Dunges, 42, 53, 68, 71, 74-
76, 81
Dutch, 108, 110

East Coast group, 1, 104
See Nguni
Egyptians, 101, 115, 123
English, 108
Europeans, 101, 104, 105,
107; Natal 87; Rhodesia,
114; Swaziland, 11

Fans, 113
Fingoes, 36
French, 109, 110
Fuzes (abakwa'Fuze), 36, 45,
67, 81

Gallas, 113, 129
emaGangeni, 72
Gcabashes, 133
Germans, 108
Ginindas, 77
emGobhozini, 133
Gumbis, 22
Gumedes, 17, 132
Gwacelas, 72
Gwalas, 57
Gwayis, 95
amaGwenyane, 36, 41, 42

Hausas, 119
Heledwanes, 29
Hereros, 113, 114, 127
waHima, 123
Himyaritis Arabs, 117
Hlabisas, 23, 72, 73
Hlatjwakos, 2, 3, 10
Hlombes (emaSomini), 54
Hlomendlini, 78

Hlongwas, 65, 79, 80
Hlopis, 77
emaHlutjini, 1, 14, 24, 29,
34, 35
Hottentots, 117, 121, 123
Hottentot troops, 31, 32, 87
waHumba, 123

Indians, 140

emaKabeleni, 52, 56, 57, 69,
75
Kalakas, 55
Kalalos, 41
Kambules, 81
Kankalas, 120
Kanyawos, 36
Karanga-Nyasas, 104, 114,
122
ebuKazini, 133
Kololo-Sutos, 121
Komos, 85
Kozas, 133
emaKulwini, 89
Kumalos, 127
emaKuzeni, 3, 40, 46, 47,
49
Kuzwayos, 133
Kwenas, 30

Lalas, 1, 7, 16, 29, 35, 37-
39, 41, 44, 45, 49, 52, 55,
57, 58, 60, 64, 69, 71-74,
78, 80, 84, 88, 89, 91-93,
98, 107, 126, 131, 134, 139
emaLangeni, 69, 72, 73, 126,
127
Langis, 94
emaLebukeni, 54
Lovales, 119, 123
Lumbis, 89
baLunda, 120
Lutulis, 79, 90, 92, 95, 133

Mabhidas, 54
Mabhulanes, 8
Madlalas, 60
Madlanyawos, 92, 93
Madunas, 29
Magadis (Suto-Pedis), 5
Magagulas, 2
Magonondos, 2, 10
Mahlangu, 2

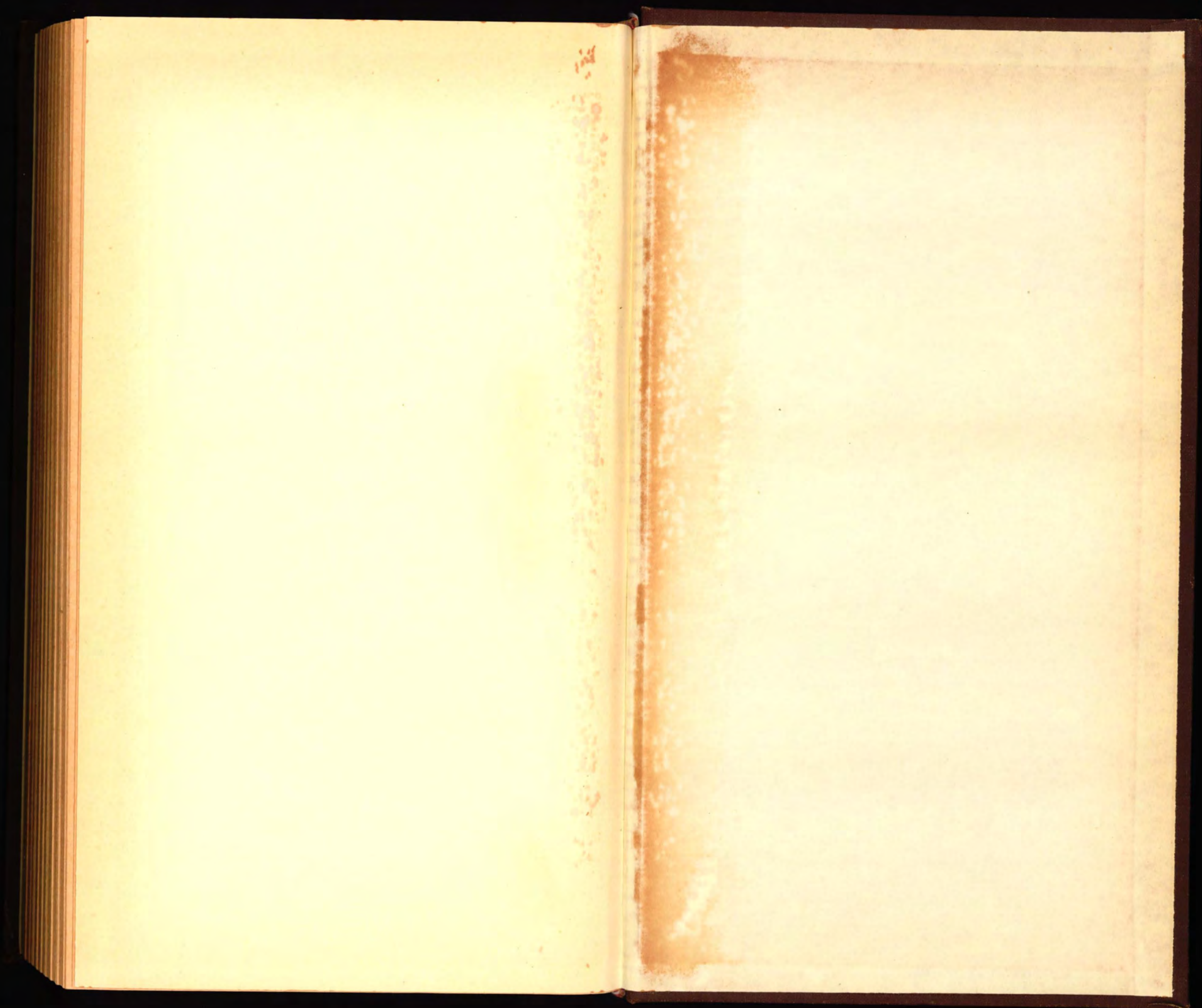
Majozis, 49
Makanyas, 78, 133
Makayes, 56
Malandelas, 132
Manukuzas, 15, 16, 17, 20
(Mashabana)
Mapumulos, 76
waMasayi (Masai), 123
Masekos, 2, 19, 29
Mashabana, 15, 16, 17, 20
Matenjwa See Batenjwa
Maundes, 87, 88
Mavundlas, 29
Mbambos, 138
emaMbateni, 127
vaMbe, 16, 50
emaMbhedwini, 133
Mbhidamkonas, 79
Mbilas (Zikalis), 20
emaMbilini, 95
eMbo, 1, 3, 12, 16, 17, 28,
34, 50, 51-53, 55-57, 68,
69, 75, 81, 82, 89, 94, 141;
abase'Mbo, 16, 17, 50;
muMbo, 16; See also Embo-
land Ovambo, vaMbe
Mbonambis, 134, 139, 140
amaMbovone, 95
amaMboza (uTulwana), 8, 31
Mbutos, 85
Mdabes, 85
Mdlulis, 92
Memelas, 35, 36, 38
Mfenenis, 7
emaMfeni, 72
Mhololos, 10
Mkatenis, 74, 75
Mkizes, 17, 18, 20, 51, 52,
54
Mngenis, 91
Mngomezulu, 19-21, 23
Mnisis, 2
Mpondos, 34, 43, 45, 46,
61, 80, 81, 125, 126, 137,
138
Mpumuzas, 59, 60
Mtetwas, 13, 14, 20, 24,
48, 51, 64, 84, 85, 127,
131, 134
Mutwas, 72
Mvotis, 89
Myenis, 19-23

eNadi, 59
 Ncubes, 141
 Ncwabes, 45
 amaNdebele, (maTebele), 10
 Ndimandes, 76
 Ndlebende, 91
 Ndlovus, 88, 92
 Ndunges, 36, 37
 Ndwandwes, 4, 12, 14-16,
 19-21, 25, 33, 35, 48, 49,
 98
 Negritos, 113
 Negroes, 113, 123, 129, 131
 ekuNene, 6, 44, 46
 emaNgadini, 127
 emaNgangeni, 77-79
 Ngcesanes, 77
 Ngcobos, 64-70, 81, 82, 133
 Ngcolosis, 55, 56, 69, 71
 Ngongomas, 41, 60, 67-70,
 72, 74
 Nguni, 12, 29, 35, 64, 85,
 89, 99, 100, 118, 125-7, 134
 Ngwanes, 55
 Nibeles, 141
 Nikas, 131
 emaNgwaneni, 14, 17, 19,
 20, 25, 28, 33, 35, 53, 92
 Nilotic race, 101
 Njilos, 41, 53, 92, 93, 95
 Nkabaness, 45
 emaNkonyaneni, 54
 Nomandlas, 95
 Ntjeles, 41
 emaNtlazini, 84
 emaNtlekwaneni, 77
 Ntlengwas, 99, 100
 Ntlozis, 141
 Ntombelas, 132, 133
 Ntshangases, 35
 Ntulis, 35-38
 abaNtungwa, 2, 12, 21, 34,
 49, 121, 127-129, 141
 Nubians, 113
 Nxamalala, 58-60, 69
 Nxumalos, 9, 12, 13
 Nyambus, 92-95
 eNywamvwini, 36, 41, 52, 72,
 81, 82
 Nyasa, 104
 iziNyati (Buffalo regiment),
 8

Nyawos, 3, 12, 19, 21, 22
 Nyembanes, 99
 waNyemwezi, 123
 Nyuswas, 50, 62, 68
 Nzimandes, 57
 Ovambo, 122, 123
 esiPahleni, 40, 44, 46, 47
 Papuans, 113
 Pedi-Sutos, 8
 baPedi, 2, 5, 11
 emaPepeteni, 57-59, 69
 Persians, 113
 Phoenicians, 115, 116
 Phutis, 30, 32, 33
 maPhuting Sutos, 25
 Pigmies, 29, 113
 Portuguese, 9, 16, 23, 50,
 99, 102, 103, 105-112, 119,
 131
 emaQadini, 66, 69, 72
 Qwabes, 43, 61, 62, 65, 77,
 78, 84, 126, 127, 132-135,
 138
 baRaputsa, 10
 Romans, 116
 baRotse, 121, 123
 baRumo, 106
 Ruwas, 131
 Sabaeans, 115
 Sanis, 82
 Sarwas, 120, 121
 Selekus, 76
 Semes, 141
 Semites, 116
 Shabalalas, 2, 10
 Shabanes, 35
 amaShaka (Zulus) passim
 amaShangane, 10
 Shangases, 41, 65, 67, 68,
 71, 72, 89
 Shanges, 85
 Shezi (emaCubeni), 49
 emaShobeni, 95
 maShona, 114
 maShukulumbwe, 123
 Simelanes, 29
 Sipezi hill, 133
 Slomos, 56

abakwa'Sobhuza, 10
 Sokanis, 64
 Sokulus, 140, 141
 emaSomini, 52, 54-56, 88
 Sutos, 7, 10, 24-26, 30, 34,
 93, 98, 100, 113, 122, 125,
 127-129
 Sutoid group (Swazi-Nguni),
 1, 5, 28, 38, 39, 51, 54,
 58, 60, 64, 69, 88, 89, 103,
 141
 Sutoid-Tonga, 2
 Suto-Nguni, 1, 2, 39
 Swahilis, 127, 131
 Swazis, 2, 10, 11, 16, 17,
 21, 29, 34, 39, 50, 54, 55,
 64, 103, 126
 Swazi-Nguni, 1, 19, 21, 24,
 28, 34, 49, 51, 58, 60
 Tabetes, 2
 maTebele (Matabele, ama-
 Ndebele), 10
 Tekela clans, 5, 98, 125,
 128
 Tembe, 1-2, 17, 35, 50, 51,
 55, 97, 100, 103-105, 107,
 110, 111
 Tembus, 43, 49, 107, 121,
 125, 126
 ebaTenjini, 44-46, 49, 60,
 61, 69
 enTlangwini, 36, 40, 42-44,
 47, 75, 138
 baTlokwa, 25-28
 baToka (Tonga), 99
 Tolos, 34
 Tonga, 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, 10,
 22, 39, 50, 55, 97-104, 121,
 127, 133, 134
 Tonga-Nguni group, 1, 12,
 38, 49, 127, 133
 Tonga-Tembe, 17
 Tongoid group See Tonga-
 Nguni
 Totses, 131
 Tshinga clan, 79, 80
 baTswana See beChwana
 emaTulini, 78, 89-92, 128
 uTulwana (amaMboza) regi-
 ment, 8, 38
 Tuisis, 7, 8, 11
 abaTwa, 120

Vanganes, 95
 Vundles, 95
 Wesleyan missionaries, 6,
 7, 111
 Wosiyanas, 72
 Wushes, 36, 38, 45, 46, 81,
 82, 128, 133
 emaXasihebi, 45, 60, 61, 74
 Xosa (Xhosa), 29, 34, 100,
 107, 121, 125, 126
 Yawos, 113
 Yimbass, 133
 emaYiwas, 89
 emaYizeni, 76
 abaZantsi, 121, 133, 138
 Zelemus, 41-43, 45, 82, 89
 Zikalis (Mbila), 20, 64
 emaZizini, 28-30, 33, 34,
 38, 93
 Zolos See Tolos
 Zondis, 59, 60
 Zulu-Kaffirs, 24, 29, 34, 65,
 73, 97, 98, 112, 127-130,
 135, 140
 Zulus, abakwa'Zulu, ama-
 Shaka, passim
 Zu u-Nguni group, 1, 2, 12,
 49, 54, 84, 97, 98, 104,
 113, 125, 126, 131, 132,
 134, 139, 141
 Zumas, 58.



A. T. BRYANT
HISTORY OF THE ZULU
& NEIGHBOURING TRIBES